LIVING COWBOY ETHICS

The Journal of the PARAGON Foundation, Inc.

State Sovereignty, More Important Than Ever

Vaquero Memories: The Last Interview with Arnold Rojas

Julie Chase Baldocchi: A Western Album

The Living Words of the Constitution Part 6

SPRING 2009

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Dorrance family spurs. Photography by Julie Chase Baldocchi

OUR MISSION

The PARAGON Foundation provides for education, research and the exchange of ideas in an effort to promote and support Constitutional principles, individual freedoms, private property rights and the continuation of rural customs and culture – all with the intent of celebrating and continuing our Founding Fathers vision for America.

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photo by Julie Chase Baldocchi

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photo by Julie Chase Baldocchi

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Photo by Julie Chase Baldocchi

photo by Julie Chase Baldocchi

Bill Dorrance, Ray Hunt and Tom Dorrance

GB OLIVER

Government "Rope-a-Dope"

There is a quote that says, "It's not the things we don't know in this life that will do us in, but rather the things that we do know, that just ain't so." On a daily basis, Americans feel the pressures of Government's involvement in our lives. The assumption is always that Government has the authority to do so. We assume those things because we have lost touch with the Constitution and how limited the powers of Government really are, and the power that document gives each of us.

A good example can be found in an article in this issue written by Mark Bedor, entitled "Battle over Bighorn in Idaho Sheep Country." The article focuses on Idaho ranchers embroiled in an argument with Federal agencies over the science – produced by the government – saying domestic sheep and bighorn sheep can't coexist in Idaho's Payette National Forest. To quote the article, "The battle playing out on that huge piece of ground may determine whether domestic sheep have any future at all on the public lands of the West."

If these Federal agencies can draw these property owners into Federal Court, arguing the agencies' science, the property owner has less than a 4% chance of being successful, regardless of how flawed the government science is. The question that begs to be asked, but rarely is, is, "Where do any of the agencies have the authority or jurisdiction to implement any of these programs in the first place?" The Federal Government calls them public lands, so we call them public lands. We do so without ever looking up the legal definition of the term. The Constitution and the Supreme Court have been very clear on the subject, Federal agencies do have absolute jurisdiction over public lands, but these are not public lands.

I refer you to the 108 Congress 2ND Session document 108-17, *THE CONSTITUTION of the UNITED STATES OF AMERICA ANALYSIS AND INTERPRETATION.* Under Article 1, Section 8, Clause 17, AUTHORITY OVER PLACES PURCHASED, "places"... *does not cover lands acquired for forests, parks, ranges, wild life sanctuaries or flood control.* **Collins v. Yosemite Park Co**., 304 U.S. 518, 530 (1938)**, James v. Dravo Contracting Co**., 302 U.S. 134, 143 (1937)

And surely we would give some credence to standing Supreme Court cases such as **Bardon v. Northern Pacific Ry. Co**. 12 S Ct 856, 145 US 535, 538, 36 L Ed 806, **Newhall v. Sanger**, 92 U.S. 761, 763, 23 L.Ed. 769, **Payne v. Central Pac. Ry. Co.,** 255 U.S. 228, where the Court stated: *"It is well settled that all land to which any claims or rights of others have attached does not fall within the designation of public lands."*

So, are there other claims or rights attached to these lands? Certainly there is water and water rights, and the Supreme Court in **New Mexico v. United States** made it abundantly clear that the United States can not own or control any water rights within the boundaries of any state. So, obviously, these lands do not meet the definition of public lands.

Federal agencies' successes in these conflicts lie in the fact that citizens rarely ask the proper questions. We assume that the Federal Government reins supreme, and, in doing so, stumble into Federal courts, arguing whether some burrowing mite found in domesticated animals will affect Bighorn sheep. The real question should be, "Do Federal courts or Federal agencies have any authority or jurisdiction over a private citizen of the State of Idaho or their property." Article 1 of the United States Constitution grants limited enumerated powers, and burrowing mites and Bighorn sheep wasn't one of them. The Constitution is very clear about what lands could be owned or controlled by the United States within the boundaries of each state, and National Parks and Forest systems lands were not among them. Nor did the Constitution give the Federal Government any law enforcement within the boundaries of any State, save and except those lands that have been ceded to the Federal Government by the State.

And, for those who believe that the Federal Government derives its assumed powers from the Supremacy Clause in Article VI of the Constitution, read the last sentence closely. Nicole Krebs covers this topic in her article on the Constitution in this issue.

The Federal Government has adopted the same strategy used by heavyweight boxing champion Mohamed Ali when he called his technique the "rope-a-dope," where he said he would just back up against the rope and let the dope come on in. Federal agencies must entice us into the same strategy, by luring us into a Federal court, arguing some absurd issue, when the real question should be, "Where do they even have the authority to be in our ring?"

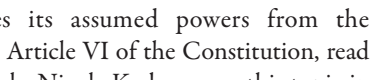


photo by Julie Chase Baldocchi

Kate, Luke and Jim Neubert

William C. Reynolds

Ranch Kids

On the cover of this issue is a picture of Ben Thompson. Ben and his sister, Hannah (see inset photo), are ranch kids. They are, in their own way, representing ranch kids all over the country. They are the future, not only of the West, but also of this country. Too many times magazines that deal with the West feature old bronc stompers or rodeo stars on their covers. Some even show celebrities. When we asked our featured photographer for this issue, Julie Chase Baldocchi, to come up with a fresh cover idea, she knew exactly what we needed – a positive look into the future – and she delivered. That picture of Ben says it all. It is important for us to take time and remember, we are only as good as our next generation and both Ben on the cover and he and his sister here on this page, have the look of hope and enthusiasm in their eyes. Today, we need that more than anything.

photo by Julie Chase Baldocchi

Ben and Hannah Thompson

Speaking of optimism and hope, this past winter, PARAGON's own GB Oliver and I had the pleasure to travel to Tucson to speak with the members of the Dude Ranchers' Association at their annual get together. If there ever was a group of westerners – both born and by choice – who ever embodied the spirit of entrepeneurism, these folks fill the bill. Imagine working dawn to dark and then opening your home up to complete strangers, feed them and then give them a never-to-be-forgotten experience by letting them see and enjoy *your* life. That, put very simply, is what a guest ranch does. It illustrates for its guests the wonders of the West – from horseback adventures to simple, quiet moments appreciating the glorious geography. Dude ranches have changed lives and perspectives, made lifelong friends and helped maintain a tradition that is part of a root-based culture in this country. Even during these "challenging" times, everyone I spoke to at the gathering was upbeat and believed that people still need their spirits refreshed and that time with family in a grand environment is a necessary rejuvenation.

When we left, both GB and I came away rejuvenated; realizing that the people we met had the responsibility of their lives and livelihoods in their own hands. They were their own stimulus package, choosing to be upbeat and encouraging. It was a message we heard over and over. It was a wonderful time and I heartily recommend if you haven't visited a guest ranch in a while, please see the story in this issue about two member ranches of the DRA. The DRA website holds all the information.

After we left Tucson, GB went on to Rapid City to speak at the R-CALF USA convention. I hope you look through the R-CALF section in this issue as there are some very important issues addressed about the maintaining of a safe and secure food source in this country. You support of R-CALF's efforts will greatly enhance their efforts on all our behalf's.

We have many great stories and features in this issue. One, which will be of great interest to many, is the last known interview with the great vaquero author, Arnold Rojas. Along with Rojas, we have a look at some of the new book-in-progress by artist and horseman, Jack Swanson. Most of our usual contributors are here again along with a writer who needs very little introduction, Darrell Arnold – founding editor and publisher of *Cowboy* magazine. We hope you enjoy all the stories and features in this issue of *Living Cowboy Ethics* along with the stunning photography of Julie Chase Baldocchi. Oh, one other thing, you probably noticed the bar code on the cover. We are proud and pleased that this issue marks our first that's going out into the world to newsstands at selected Barnes & Noble, Borders and other fine bookstores along with a number of western stores in the West. Thank you for being so enthusiastic about our magazine and the work of the PARAGON Foundation. Makes me enthusiastic, like a ranch kid.

Enjoy your spring!

# of NOTE

We continue to wander around the country looking for creative solutions that are "Made Here." It could simply be a great idea from a great person, some intelligent thinking, some great music or writing or some "thing" that is just too cool to pass up.

Here are some we found during our latest foray.

Moving Camp

Outdoor activity, with extended intent, usually requires some kind of shelter. From tents to travel trailers to RVs, Americans love to get outdoors. A little company in Cedar Mountain, North Carolina called Sylvansport, founded way back in 2004, has created a most unique travel and camping trailer. Called simply "GO," it was designed from the frame out to be a one-of-a-kind mobile adventure trailer that has the same visual and conceptual appeal of a Swiss Army knife. It's lightweight and easy to haul while manages with ease in the parking lot, garage or on the road. Weighing in at just 800 lbs, the GO can be pulled by even the smallest vehicles.

Beyond its very cool surface, you'll find that its design elements are fully functional as well, with ease of use the intent. The tent part of the outfit sets up in minutes and stows cleanly into the roof's storage box. The GO also comes equipped with a weather-tight gearbox that locks to keep your weekend camping essentials secure and ready for whenever you want to go.

One gets the feeling, chatting with the GO team, that they first and foremost designed this thing for themselves and then, oh yes!, for the public. Everyone involved with the company takes advantage of where they are. The mountains and rivers around Cedar Mountain are inspiring and beautiful, in the heart of camp country. There's an ethical element to their approach to the area, their business and the folks who come to visit. It involves self-reliance and helping others in times of need. "People stop by our offices all the time to ask for directions to a nearby trail, vista, bike route or fishing spot," says Sylvansport founder Tom Dempsey, "and we're happy to help (or join in)! Our spectacular environment and our sense of place in both our local and world communities inspire us to develop ways to make our products and our operations responsible and efficient. This

attitude is the foundation of our thinking and is reflected in everything that we undertake."

The company's design team brings decades of experience designing and making outdoor products from many of the most respected companies in the business. As founder Dempsey continues, "We offer products that blend utility, quality and value while respecting the purity of the places our adventures take us. Your never-ending pursuit of adventure drives our passion to make cool stuff."

One of the things that make the GO so interesting is that at 800 pounds, its size and weight allow for many popular ranch vehicles to pull it. And, while many outfits no longer take a wagon on gathers – replaced by pick-ups or quads – a properly outfitted ATV could probably haul one of these into most cow camps. A little unconventional? Maybe, but not a bad bit of comfort that could be a welcome addition to any outfit. Not to mention as a utility trailer or to haul to the motocross event. All in all, the GO is a rather terrific example of form following function – with style.

The GO is made in here and the nice folks at Sylvansport would love to hear from you. To find out more, please check out www.sylvansport.com

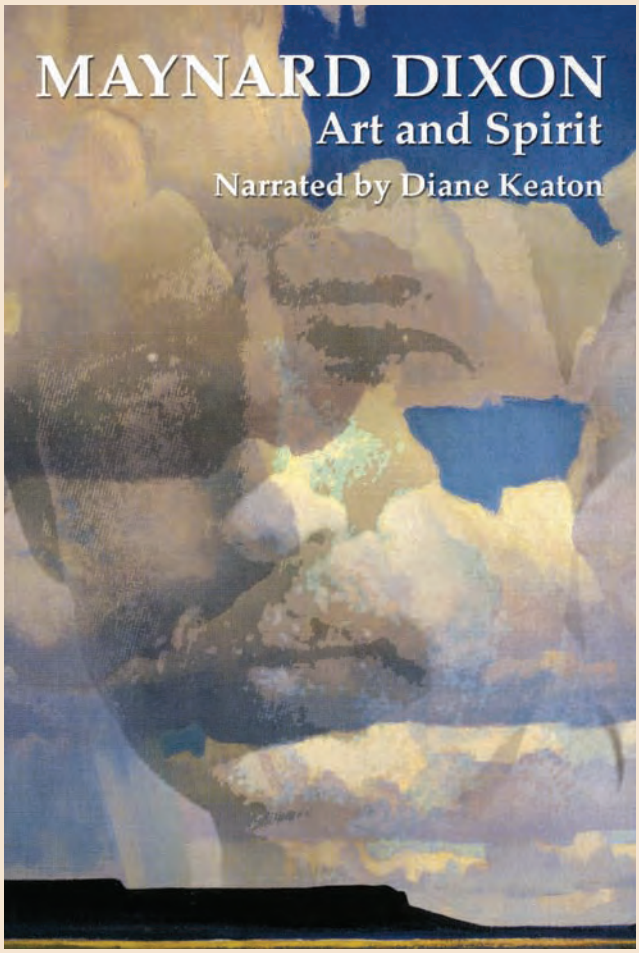
Maynard Dixon: Art and Spirit

One of our most popular recent stories was Marilyn Fisher's piece on artist Maynard Dixon (Fall LCE 2008). We came upon a wonderful documentary recently that gives an up-close view of this important Western artist. Producer Jayne McKay has created a superb documentary that profiles the breathtaking art and complex life of artist, Maynard Dixon (1875–1946). The desert was Dixon's sanctuary, a timeless place where he could forget the hurried pace of his life in San Francisco. He would often leave his wife and children, his paying work in the city and his friends in the bohemian art scene for months of solitary searching in the American West. Under the desert stars, Dixon wrote poetry. Under the desert sun, Dixon painted, sketched and drew. His travels took him to the camps and reservations of the Hopi and Navajo, where he was welcomed with reverence for his talent with pencil, crayon and paint. He lived with the Native Americans and his art became a language between two cultures. "That sense of sun and space and silence—of serenity—of strength and freedom—if I can interpret that with what I can master of technical requirements, I will have reached the best of my endeavor," Dixon wrote.

Photo courtesy William C. Reynolds

Maynard Dixon: Art and Spirit shares with the viewer the rich canvas of this important artist's life through insightful interviews with his family, friends and members of the art community. Dixon's sons, Daniel and John, share intimate recollections of their parent's complex relationship. Dixon's friends, artists Ray Strong and Milford Zornes, recall the unique character of Maynard Dixon. The film is enriched with over four-hundred Dixon paintings and drawings, portraits of Dixon taken by his lifelong friend, Ansel Adams, family photographs and rare audio by his second wife, celebrated photographer Dorothea Lange. Dixon biographers, Donald J. Hagerty and Linda Jones Gibbs share their expertise on the personal struggles that Dixon overcame to continue his quest to record the vanishing West. Film locations include Montana, Utah, Arizona, California and New Mexico, bringing Dixon's paintings and drawings to life in the breathtaking panoramas of the land that he loved so deeply.

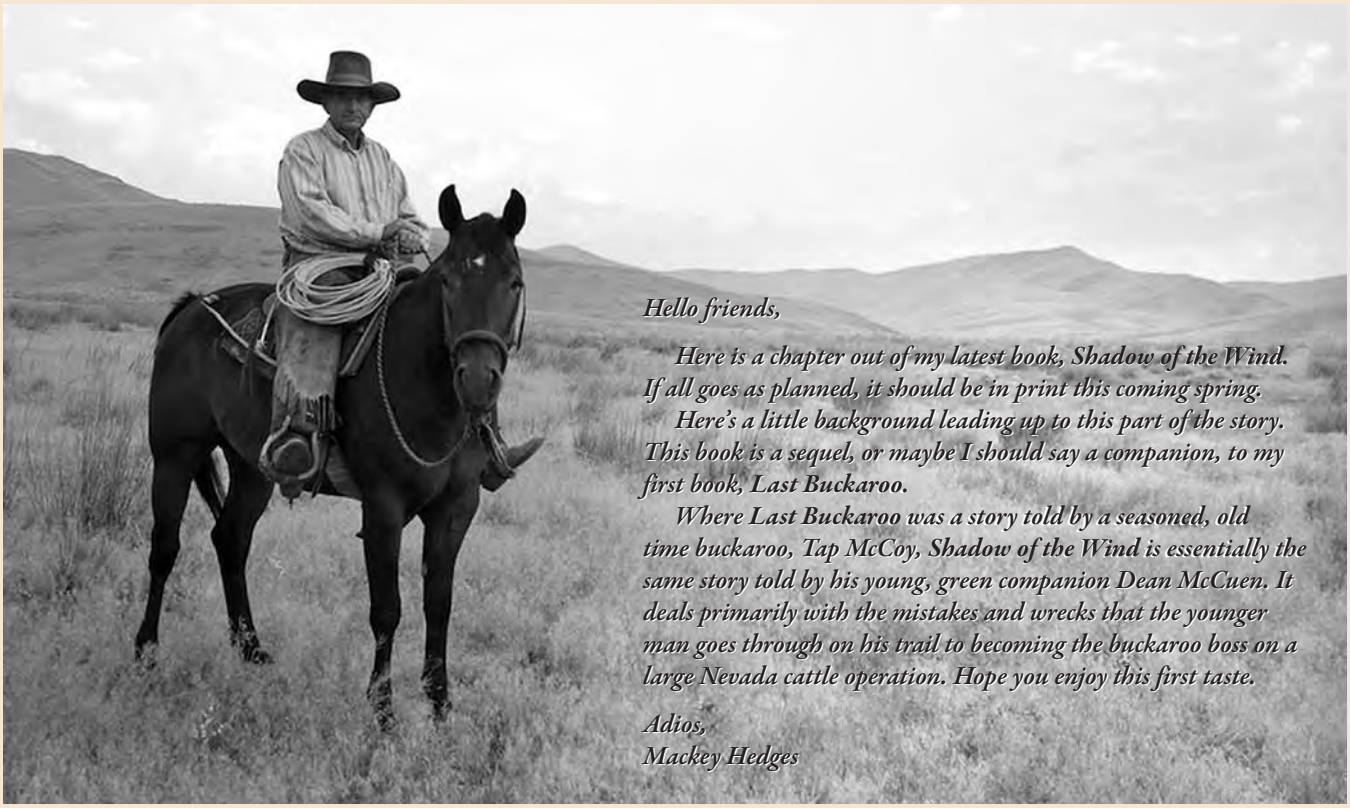
The film was written by Jayne McKay and Daniel Dixon and narrated by actress and avid Dixon collector Diane Keaton. McKay, who also directed the film, brings voice to Dixon through words spoken by cowboy troubadour Don Edwards, with music written and performed by Grammy Award winner John McEuen, founding member of the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band. To learn more about the film or to purchase a DVD copy, please visit www.maynardixondoc.com.



Courtesy William C. Reynolds

Letters from the West

(Editor's Note – One of the great books of the contemporary West was written by the "real deal," Mackey Hedges. Mackey is a buckaroo who has proudly ridden for many of the high-desert outfits of the Great Basin region of the West. Mackey's book, ***Last Buckaroo****, is a heartfelt story of a true westerner that has been widely read by those who love the saddleback ways of the horse and cow culture. Mackey is currently finishing his follow up book to be published soon –* ***Shadow of the Wind****. We are pleased to bring you an advanced look at Chapter One. In his own words, Mackey introduces and describes his new work. (We caught him just leaving for a new job at a ranch south of Eureka, Nevada.)*



Hello friends,

Here is a chapter out of my latest book, ***Shadow of the Wind****. If all goes as planned, it should be in print this coming spring.*

Here's a little background leading up to this part of the story. This book is a sequel, or maybe I should say a companion, to my first book, ***Last Buckaroo****.*

Where ***Last Buckaroo*** *was a story told by a seasoned, old time buckaroo, Tap McCoy,* ***Shadow of the Wind*** *is essentially the same story told by his young, green companion Dean McCuen. It deals primarily with the mistakes and wrecks that the younger man goes through on his trail to becoming the buckaroo boss on a large Nevada cattle operation. Hope you enjoy this first taste.*

Adios,
Mackey Hedges

Chapter One of *Shadow of the Wind*

After a late lunch, we went down to the corral where we saddled up and rode out to gather the cattle that we were to ship the following day. All of John's horses were big but the bay I was given also had a lot of hair on his lower legs and fetlocks, indicating that somewhere in his ancestry there was probably a little draft blood. John called him "Shorty Bill." He was gentle and he seemed to travel well.

As we rode to the far end of the pasture, John explained to me that there was about four hundred and fifty pair remaining in this field but we only wanted to end up at the corral with a hundred or so head of cows with their calves. These cattle would be held in a much smaller field just west of the corrals. This holding field, as John called it, had good feed and water in it but was small enough that we would be able to gather it in just a few minutes the next morning when it would be time to wean and ship the calves.

While we were riding out to gather the cattle, I could tell that John was making a silent, rough count of the animals that we were passing. When we were far enough into the pasture that John felt we had enough cattle between us and the holding pasture to fill two trucks, we split up and headed back. I maintained the same speed until I saw that John was out of sight. Then I took off at a hard, ground-eating trot, determined to impress my new boss with both my riding skills and my desire to work hard. Wasn't that what he said he wanted, someone that worked hard and did not eat much? I tore around that field like a bird dog that had been penned up for six months. I was like an un-caged wild animal. I gathered everything I saw that had ever hinted at saying "moo."

When I got back to the holding pasture, my horse was white with sweat and his sides were heaving in and out like a base drum being beaten by an invisible drummer. I had well over two hundred head of cows, most of which had their tongues

Letters from the West, cont.

hanging out from having been chased all over hell at a dead run. None of them was paired up with their calves. I was sure proud of myself for having been able to make such a good gather and was sure that John was going to be equally happy at his luck in being able to find such a competent hand on such short notice.

At the holding pasture fence, I had one heck of a time holding the cattle as I waited for John because all of the cows that did not have calves and calves that did not have mothers kept wanting to go back. In fact, it was much more difficult to hold the cattle together than it had been to gather them. By the time that John topped a little rise behind me, my horse was so exhausted that he was starting to stagger and I found it impossible to get any more speed out of him than a shuffling trot, but I still had not lost a single animal from the little herd that I had put together.

John must have been as glad to see me as I was him for he dropped the cattle that he had gathered and galloped down the hill as fast as he could. When he rode up, he immediately told me to let all the animals go that wanted to leave. He explained that we could only use cattle that had their calves with them. When I stopped fighting the herd, about twenty or thirty cows without calves, and almost an equal number of calves without cows, took off at a trot headed back in the direction from which I had come a short time earlier.

John made a rough count and estimated that we still had well over one hundred and fifty pairs. Because we only needed one hundred head of cows to fill the two trucks going to Twin Pines and an equal number of calves to fill a single truck that the buyer had ordered, we would now have to cut out fifty pair. We moved the little herd down the fence about two hundred yards until we came to a gate. We shoved the cattle through the gate and into a fenced corner not far away. Here we stropped them again for a few minutes while the cows relocated their calves. John called it "*mothering them up*."

When everything had more or less mothered up, John told me to hold the bunch while he let one hundred head of cows with their calves string out down the fence. That little chore took us well over two hours and it was starting to get dark when we took the remaining fifty or sixty head back to the gate and turned them loose.

While we were riding home, I was a little disappointed when John did not compliment me on the fine job I had done in rounding up all the cattle we needed all by myself. In fact, as he rode along all hunched over staring at his saddle horn, not only did he not have a lot to say, but he also kept shaking his head as though he could not believe what he had just seen me accomplish. I rationalized his silence by thinking that he must have been a little tired from the long drive from Twin Pines that morning and the afternoon's work.

That night, I ate with John and his family and slept in the guest room in their house. At supper, John's wife asked why we were so late. John just shrugged and said that we ended up with a few extra cows that had to be cut back.

The next morning, John got me up a little before daylight and fixed breakfast for us while the rest of the family slept in. He must have gotten a good night's sleep for he no longer seemed tired and was back to his normal, happy self again.

He talked freely as he fried the eggs and bacon, explaining that we wanted to move the cattle from the holding trap into the corral as slowly and quietly as possible. He went on to say that if we got them stirred up, the first thing the calves would do was take a crap and that meant money out of his pocket. To quote John, "*Manure in the shipping pen is money on the ground, but manure in the calf when it goes over the scale is money in the bank*." Then he laughed and said, *"Today is payday, son!"* He also told me that we wanted to work as quickly as possible because calves will shrink (lose weight) at the rate of one percent an hour just standing in a corral, so time was also very important.

When we got to the barn, we found that the horse I had ridden the day before was so stiff he could barely walk. I thought to myself, *"That's what happens when you have good help that knows how to cover the country and you mount them on old worn out plugs."* This time John caught me a slightly small roan horse. He said that this one belonged to his wife and had a lot of *"natural cow"* in him. At the time, I had absolutely no idea what that meant and was not sure if it was a joke that I was suppose to laugh at or if it was some term that he assumed I was familiar with.

We saddled up, rode into the holding pen and eased our way around the waiting herd. I was doing my best to make my horse tiptoe through the cows and I whispered *"Shoooo"* to the ones that would not get out of my way as I crept past. Finally, we reached the far end of the holding trap and started back. It was then that John noticed that we had failed to open the corral gate so that the cattle could go in. He rode slowly over to where I was and asked, in a quiet voice, if I would, *"Sneak on up ahead and open that gate, will ya?"*

As unhurriedly as I could, and as quiet as a mouse, I eased

the roan horse along the fence until I got to the corral where I slipped silently from the saddle and crept up to open the gate. I must have taken a little longer than expected because when I turned and looked behind me, John was there with the whole herd. Now he was having a hard time holding them and many of the calves were trying to go back. I saw half a dozen animals off to his right begin to mill and face the wrong direction.

From an instinct spawned by three previous generations of livestock men, I instantly recognized that we had a potential problem on our hands and I sprang into action. I "whupped" 'ol Roaney down the hind leg with my bridle reins and busted into the herd like a hot knife going through soft butter. I thought to myself, *"This must be a beautiful sight for John to behold... horse and rider working in perfect visual harmony..."*

I got to the bad spot just in time to stop the wayward calves from escaping. However, there was one minor glitch in this picture. John's cattle had obviously never been handled by anyone with quite as much equine expertise or eagerness as I had. They jumped on top of each other and fought like crazy things trying desperately to get out of my way. In the end, my fast action pushed many cattle over onto John's side and he did not have the same luck I did in holding up his end of the herd. About thirty or forty head broke behind him.

I saw this as my second big chance to show John what a great horseman I was. I took off at a flat out run determined to impress him and capture that bunch at the same time. The wayward cattle either heard the sound of Roaney's thundering hoofs or saw me coming on a high lope because they took off for the far end of the holding trap running as hard as they could go.

But, not to worry!

Like a calf roper coming out of the box, I closed the distance and was hot on their tails in a matter of seconds. Those stupid cows must have thought the devil himself was after them because, when they reached the far end of the trap, two of the old *"pelters"* tried to jump the fence. One got completely out but the other one got caught in the net wire, thrashed around for a minute or two breaking off a steel post, busting two strands of barbed wire and mashed about ten feet of the net wire to the ground before finally getting free and running back toward the herd.

As I galloped them back to the bunch that we were putting into the corral, I noticed that same look of disbelief on John's face that I had seen the day before and I sure felt proud all over again. Single-handedly I had managed to get all the cattle but one back and I had done it in no time at all. I thought to myself, *"It may not have been quiet, but it was darn sure quick and smooth. Not much of that shrink stuff there."*

By the time I got to the herd, the leaders had found the gate and were making their way into the corral. However, there were a lot of calves on the tail end. Suddenly, one of them made a break for it. With a little encouragement from me, the roan spun on hind legs and took a dive for the calf. The baby bovine made a fake to the right and then ducked hard to the left. Sort of reminded me of a basketball player we had on our team back in school. He used to use the same fake and dive tactic every time he got the ball. But, I wasn't going to be outfoxed by a dumb calf.

Again, I made a mad rush after the escaping animal. Roaney and I bounced him off the back fence just as we had the cows. He was smaller than they were so, when he crashed into the wire, he rebounded like a tennis ball hitting the court net. It's a wonder he never broke his stupid neck. After he staggered up, I pointed him toward the bunch just in time to see at least half the herd coming toward me through the opening I had left when I went after the one calf.

I thought to myself, *"What the hell is the matter with that John? He sure isn't doing a very good job of holding up his part of this corralling stuff. I'm out here running my butt off chasing the wild ones and he can't even keep the gentle ones together."*

Realizing that we were now going to have to start over, John rode over to me and said, *"OK, son, that was for practice. Now this one is the real thing. Let's try it one more time nice and easy. And, if one or two get by us, let 'em go. After we get the main bunch in, we'll go back and get the escapees."*

We let the cattle sit for a few minutes while the cows once again located their calves and then we started them toward the corral. This time we were luckier and the whole herd trailed through the corral gate just like a bunch of kids lined up at the theater door going to the Saturday matinee. Once inside, we put about half of the herd in a long working alley. This was a fourteen-foot wide lane with pens off both sides. John explained that the idea here was for me to be at one end and he

would be at the other. I was to push the entire bunch slowly toward him. He, in turn, would let the cows go by while ducking the calves into an open pen on his right. The only problem we had with this plan is that the cattle did not seem to want to cooperate with me. If I kept quiet and worked slowly, they would not move and, if I got a little more "*voiceful*" and pushed harder, John was not able to separate them and everything would run over the top of him. Realizing that this was not going to work, John said, *"Let's try something a little different. Get off your horse and come up here."*

"*Now*," he said, "*all I want you to do is bring the animals to me by class. You can even bring 'em one at a time if you want. Just don't bring 'em all mixed. Got it? Bring cows without calves or bring calves without cows, I don't care. Just don't bring 'em mixed."*

"Now lets get started, that buyer is gonna be here soon."

As I said before, John sure had some dumb cows because there was just no way I could get them separated. It seemed like there was always one calf in with a bunch of cows or a cow or two in a bunch of calves. This made it almost impossible for John to try and sort them at the gate.

After half a dozen mix-ups, he said, *"I got another idea. All you got to do is stand here perfectly still, right in the middle of this gate. If a cow comes up the alley, let her go by. If a calf comes up the alley, step into the middle of the alley and let him go through the gate and into the pen."*

"Got it? Cows go by, calves go in."

"I'll be in the alley between you and the cattle. I'll separate them one at a time. All you got to do is let the cows go by and the calves go in. OK?"

It sounded easy enough but the cattle would still not cooperate. The calves came at me like they were on fire and the cows poked along watching every move I made. When I tried to speed things up by stepping around the cows, some of them ducked into the calf pen and, when I stepped in front of the calves to turn them into the pen, a few tried to dive over the top of me. In the end, though, it did work out better than any of the other methods that we tried. In fact, we only had to get six or eight cows out of the calves and twelve or fifteen calves out of the cows. Once all those mix-ups were straight, it was time to separate the heifer calves from the steer calves.

Now, if you think sorting the cows off turned into a debacle, you should have been there for the calf sorting fiasco. It would be too time consuming to describe even a small portion of the wrecks that took place trying to get that little job done. So, let me just say, we were still at it an hour later when the cattle buyer arrived, and an hour after that when the cattle truck got there to haul the little darlings away.

It seems funny now, but I do not think it was very funny to John that day. It seemed that no matter which way I jumped, it was always the wrong direction. After the first sort, we still had over half the steers in the heifer pen and an equal number of heifers in the steer pen. We ended up separating each pen at least four times before we finally got everything straight. To make matters worse, the cow buyer sat on the top rail of the fence laughing and grinning every time I made a mistake. By the time we were ready to weigh the calves, poor John was pale white with big red splotches on his cheeks and neck.

Today, I know that my lack of experience must have cost John several hundred dollars but, at the time, I had no idea what I was doing wrong. I just knew that the cattle would not do what I wanted them to do or what I thought they would do.

After the last draft of calves went across the scale, the cow buyer came up to John and said, *"Look, I know the contract calls for a 3% pencil shrink but I think we can forget about it this time."* Then he let out a big laugh and slapped

poor old John on the back. I was not sure what all that meant but I was sure that I had screwed up and cost John some money, so I made up my mind to make up for it by working harder.

By now, John wasn't speaking to me anymore. In fact, he was not speaking to anyone. I was not sure what I was supposed to do next. I did know that the next job we had to do that morning was load the calves onto the truck. So, I grabbed a buggy whip that was leaning up against the fence and a Hot Shot cattle prod that I found on the catwalk that lead up the side of the loading chute.

With one of these weapons in each hand, I was ready to redeem myself.

The cow buyer told me to put all the heifer calves in the alley first. Then, when the truck driver called for twelve head for the front compartment of the trailer, I counted that number by me. Once I was sure of the count, with all the fury of Attila the Hun and the agility of a ninja warrior, I tore down the alley after them.

I flailed the air with my whip, shrieked like a banshee and buzzed every animal that dared to slow down with a good stiff jolt from my Hot Shot. The lead calves flew up the loading chute, slipped and skidded across the metal deck of the stock trailer, crashed into the headboard and came flying back out, actually running on the backs of the last animals that were just then making their way up the loading ramp. They jumped over the top of me crashing into the gate that the cattle buyer was trying desperately to close. The impact of half a dozen five-hundred-pound calves smacking into the gate at the same time sent the buyer sprawling in the dirt and all six animals ran over the top of him.

A couple of drafts later, I had gotten my second wind. I was flying high on adrenalin and ready to try and load grizzly bears into a birdcage. Nothing could stop me now. When the last animal was run up the chute, I let out a little sigh and leaned back against the fence. Half my clothes were ripped or torn from my body. I had a fat lip and both my shins were starting to swell. The cattle buyer was covered with corral dust and obviously mad about something but John was smiling again and that made it all worth the effort.

As John was signing the brand inspection sheet, I heard the cattle buyer say, *"Where the hell did you get that kid!!?"*

The sound of John's laughter made me feel ten feet tall. I could tell he had forgiven me for messing up so badly while we were separating the calves and it was obvious from the sound of complete amazement in the cattle buyer's voice that he was truly impressed by my enthusiasm and ability to get cattle loaded.

The look of total astonishment on the buyer's face was proof of that. In fact, I was actually surprised that he did not try and hire me right then and there to help him ship cattle. Later that night, when I got to thinking about it, I realized that he probably never said anything about hiring me then because it would not have been right to try and get me away from John when he was needing me the most. I figured that the buyer would wait until the last load of calves had been shipped before he made his proposal.

I knew I could learn a lot just being around a cow buyer but on the other hand, I did not see much future in being a professional cattle truck loader so I made up my mind to politely refuse his offer when it came. I even rehearsed the phrases I would use to decline his offer. After all, I did not want to hurt his feelings. For more www.lastbuckaroo.com.

Welcome Miller Ranch

We are pleased to welcome Rocky Mountain Clothing Company and its new brand, Miller Ranch, as a new sponsor of the PARAGON Foundation. Rocky Mountain Clothing Company has been in the forefront of creating quality western apparel for generations, with many of their current brands, such as Rockies, Cruel and Cinch, being staples in households across the West. For many, the name Miller Stockman was a brand that harkens back to the 1950s and 60s. Founder Phillip Miller's company, Stockman Farmer Supply Company, was one of the first to commercially make and sell classic western style shirts. In 1942, he changed the business' name to Miller Stockman and, in 1950, opened his first Miller Stockman store in Denver, Colorado. Now, 90 years after Phillip Miller arrived in the West, Rocky Mountain Clothing Company is revisiting his legacy by presenting "The Miller Ranch Collection," a new brand that reflects a uniquely American lifestyle, steeped in the West, reflecting the traditions and values that made the Miller name such an important part of the history of the American West.


Premium neck tape
Pencil slot pocket; carry a pen or pencil in pocket while keeping the pocket flap closed
Button down collars with hidden button loops under collar points
Traditional western front and back yokes, pockets and flaps
Branded snaps and buttons
Embroidered brand logo on left pocket
Double-needle stitched feld seams
Double snaps and buttons on cuffs; for adjustable wrist sizing


WINTER WEAR CATALOG NO. 66 - 1943-1944
MILLER STOCKMAN
DENVER, COLO.
MILLER
Western Wear
DENVER COLORADO
MILLER STOCKMAN
SUPPLY COMPANY
DENVER COLORADO
CATALOG No. 76
Spring and Summer 1948

Something for you, something for us.

Artist Shannon Lawlor is no stranger to the pages of *Living Cowboy Ethics* and we are always pleased to see one of her new paintings. This time we were both pleased and humbled as she presented PARAGON with a painting of a gorgeous bridle horse in front of the PARAGON mission statement. Shannon has graciously donated the original so we may create a limited edition of fine prints to offer members as a premium when they either renew their membership or join for the first time. For $250, you will receive a one-year membership along with an 18" x 24" signed print. The edition is limited to 250 copies. Please contact us at 575.434.8998 to donate by credit card or send in your donation with a note stating that you would like the print. Like the infomercials say, "But wait, that's not all!" Later this year we will auction off the original to some lucky bidder. Please check our website – www.paragonfoundation.org – for more information.

Here's another new piece she just finished called, *Majoring in the Minors*. It's a painting of a single, month old foal she saw at a cutting horse dispersal sale in southern Alberta. Out of 60-some reference photos she took of the little filly, she boiled them down to nine showing the filly executing every maneuver in cutting, reining and working cow horse ... naturally. Shannon says of the painting's title, "It took me months to put this concept together, and to find the right title for the piece. The title came to me while listening to Ian Tyson's new CD. (See Winter LCE issue, Out There). In the "Don Cherry" song, one line refers to Don as 'majoring in the minors, somehow Rose taught me to believe' ... Ian thought it was appropriate too, it couldn't have fit better. (Don Cherry is a Canadian Hockey icon.) Anyways, this is what I came up with."

Thank you, Shannon, for your support! www.shannonlawlor.com

In the Pendleton Tradition

In 1909, Pendleton Mills opened in the heart of Pendleton, Oregon; it wasn't a year later when the first Pendleton Round-Up was held only steps down the road. The Round-Up and Pendleton Mills are celebrating 100 years and Pendleton Mills has created a special home and apparel collection just for these occasions. There are things for both men and women, as well as for the rancho, with superb design and style being paramount. Please visit www.pendleton-usa.com/round-up or call 800.649.1512 for a catalog.

The Galisteo Basin Project

Photo by Douglas Magnus

The photo-eye Gallery in Santa Fe, New Mexico, held an important exhibition through the first week of March of this year. THE GALISTEO BASIN PHOTOGRAPHY PROJECT was a benefit exhibition by renowned New Mexico fine art and documentary photographers to raise public awareness of what may be irretrievably lost if the Galisteo Basin—a unique area defined by the meandering 55-mile long Galisteo River, born in the Pecos Wilderness and completing its westward journey as it merges into the Rio Grande River on the tribal lands of Santo Domingo Pueblo—is allowed to become an oil and gas production field.

Due to the growing awareness and outcry of residents, linked by a strong grassroots movement, both the State of New Mexico and the County Commissioners of Santa Fe halted further exploration and development for oil and natural gas in early 2008. The Galisteo Basin is recognized as a New Mexico treasure: A benchmark of fragile beauty, vast historic and archaeological resources and the traditional lifestyles of northern New Mexico.

In addition to the Photo-eye Gallery Exhibition, the online gallery, www.GalisteoBasinPhotoProject.com, featured the work of eleven other photographers as well as the work of the Exhibition photographers. For more information or to purchase a print or special boxed set, please contact Anne Kelly by email at gallery@photoeye.com.

The Exhibition Photographers included, PARAGON Sponsor Douglas Magnus (www.douglasmagnus.com) along with Tony Bonanno, Esha Chiocchio, Jay Dotson, Steve Fitch, Joan Gentry, Siegfried Halus, James Hart, Richard Khanlian, Don Kirby, Jack Kotz, Greg Mac Gregor, Norman Mauskopf, Walter Nelson, Peter Ogilvie, Edward Ranney, Jennifer Schlesinger, Robert Shlaer, Linda Spier, Martin Stupich, Nancy Sutor, Susan Hayre Thelwell, Laurie Tumer, Garret Vreeland, Dana Waldon, Baron Wolman and Zoe Zimmerman.

Fishpond

Probably one of the best combinations ever designed for getting things from here to there was the mixing of the bicycle, the messenger bag and an overly caffeinated young person with a lust for dodging traffic. And, like anything, as things evolve and calm down, design ultimately absorbs and follows. A new little company, Fishpond, came to our attention through our friend – and superb, eclectic jeweler – Nancy Anderson. Fishpond was created with the philosophy that innovation and design be the foundation of every product Fishpond produced. With its feet squarely in finding solutions for anglers and passionate fly-fishers, Fishpond has designed products that simply are too cool to pass up, whether you wet a fly or not. Here are two. www.fishpondusa.com

The Southern Cross Journal

This 162-page, leather-bound fishing journal features 16 custom photographs that represent the tradition of fishing. The journal is inserted into a soft-covered, zippered, nylon travel case. Once filled, the leather-bound journal can be taken out of its protective travel case and put on a shelf as a reminder of one's fishing travels.

The Sun Valley Messenger Bag

Built for the street. The style of this bag is exceeded only by its capacity, keeping you well equipped as you encounter the rigors of day-to-day life.

Chas Weldon

Now that you have a messenger bag and a journal, the only thing left is a proper portfolio. Chas Weldon has been making some of the finest saddles for working westerners for almost thirty years. This little portfolio was made for one of Chas' clients several years ago. It features exquisite carving, sterling silver and whipstitched edges – important things from all the major food groups. He might make one for you, once the saddle orders are filled. Email him at weldonsaddles@msn.com

Schaefer Outfitter's Original Ranch Hand Dungarees and Boot Bags

Rick and Lynn Grant's fine company Schaefer Outfitter is a valued PARAGON Sponsor and they make so many wonderful things – made here – that we had to mention a couple. Their Ranch Hand Dungarees are almost bulletproof and are available in investment grade 15 oz. Brush Cloth or 14.5 oz. Indigo Denim. Since pockets are an essential part of the dungaree, Schaefer has reinforced each and every corner with signature antique brass bull's-eye rivets. There's also the double-chain stitched waistband, double stitched rear pockets, reinforced out seams and clean finished pocket liner. No trendy sanding or washing here, just solid Texas-made dungarees, which will stand the test of time. They belong at a good Bar-B-Q or on the back of a horse, you get the idea. Made here – in Texas – from West Texas cotton. Also from Schaefer Outfitter, boots are an expensive commodity these days. So protect your investment in style with Schaefer's new Deluxe Boot Bag. Constructed of heavy duty, weather resistant 22 oz. canvas duck with a full double-zippered opening trimmed with a leather zipper pull and bridle leather carrying handle. The inside is lined so as not to scuff up the polish job you got in the airport in Las Vegas. www.schaeferoutfitter.com

Rod Patrick

For over 30 years, Rod Patrick has been "hands-on" in the boot business. Several years ago, he opened shop in Weatherford, Texas to supply customers and a few select dealers with boots that reflected not only his years making boots but also the years he spent competing horseback. The result is a boot that's designed, from the ground up, to be as comfortable and stylish on the pavement as it is in the stirrup. www.rodpatrickbootmakers.com

Painting Cowboys

Don Weller has been an icon in the graphic design business since the 1970s. Working for everyone from the Hollywood Bowl to the Olympic Games, Weller grew up horseback in Washington. After a stint – a long one – in the LA design scene, Weller and his wife, Cha Cha, moved to the town of Oakley, Utah where he rides cutting horses, paints and rides cutting horses. Did I say he likes to ride cutting horses? His book, *Painting Cowboys,* gives a loving look at the world of the working cowboy – along with his horses. www.donweller.com

Errata

In our article on the McCrea family in the Winter 2008 issue, grandson Wyatt McCrea cleared up a few things for us. The ranch is located west of Roswell, New Mexico in Lincoln County but **does not** border the Philmont Boy Scout Ranch **or** the New Mexico Military Institute. Further, the Santa Rosa Valley ranch encompasses 2,400 acres and runs 200 head of cattle. He also mentioned that his great-grandfather died in the 1930s not while in college. We apologize to the McCrea family for the errors.

New York Gallery Buckles Up

It's always interesting when the civilian art scene depicts aspects of the West in the context of a gallery. This spring, The Lyons Wier Ortt Gallery of Contemporary Art did just that with their show *BUCKLE: The Art and Craft of the Western Belt Buckle.*

As described in the show material, "The art of the buckle is one of the few bridges between the world of the cowboy, the art of the graphic designer and the heritage of the European tradition of engraving, mastered by a select few silversmiths who are making award-winning, museum quality pieces. From diverse imagery like Longhorns, broncos, chieftains and other important Western icons, to the highly customized shapes and styles of the individual craftsmen, each with his unique signature calligraphy and stamp, these buckles speak volumes. It has been said, 'The trophy buckle is the billboard of the American West.'"

The show included ranger sets (buckles, tips and keepers) and trophy buckles in cast, chased and engraved silver, many with inlay, precious stones, pierced, scrolled and filigreed surfaces and overlays of precious metals. Makers included:

The Bohlin Company (Texas)
Clint Mortenson (New Mexico)
Clint Orms (Texas)
Comstock Heritage (Nevada)
Doug Magnus (New Mexico)
Gist Silversmiths (California)
Jeff Deegan (Rhode Island)
Justin Walker (Texas)
Lee Downey (New Mexico/Bali)
Montana Silversmiths (Montana)
Scott Hardy (Canada)
Silver King (California)
Tom Paul Schneider (Arizona)
Vogt Silversmiths (California)

For information contact, www.lyonswierortt.com.

Multi-color gold and sterling buckles by James Stegman, Comstock Heritage Silversmiths

The Western Web

One of the fastest moving things in the West is the seemingly almost minute-by-minute growth of Western oriented websites. Maybe it's the economy or maybe it's the changing tastes of consumers, but, more and more, the west is "available" on the web. A couple of very informative and entertaining sites are www.buckarooguide and www.contemporarywesterndesign.com.

For everything from art and interior design to book reviews and cowboy crafts and fashion, Thea Marx has created a western world at her Contemporary Western Design website that answers almost any question one might have about style, art and who's making what. In addition, Thea has a weekly blog "visit" with readers that she writes from the family ranch in Wyoming. More than just a website, it's an in depth look into the style and grace of the American West. www.contemporarywesterndesign.com

The Buckaroo Guide is the self-described "Irreverent Guide That Takes No Prisoners." How true, how true ... as the "Guide" looks deeply into the authentic world of vaquero culture and the high-desert buckaroo. It's mission, to celebrate the authentic and to harangue the phony and the wannabe. There are tabs for individual states to see the style and substance of those who know and of those just "playing cowboy." All in good fun, the underlying statement is that folks in the buckaroo world are still making a living on horseback (or are trying to) and that the associated cowboy crafts of silver work, braiding, saddle making, bit and spur making are still alive and well. But, as Baxter Black once said, "They just may be a little harder to see from the interstate." The Buckaroo Guide's watchful cow boss, Green King, makes sure the site is always on the cutting edge of decorum while reminding visitors that we must celebrate and protect our own. One can find a number of benefit postings for folks in need who are part of the Buckaroo West. www.buckarooguide.com

Green King

Hats full of Fun – and Style

Coloradoans Trent Johnson is a superb hatter and Nancy Anderson does some very eclectic jewelry. In a move reminiscent of that commercial for peanut butter cups when chocolate found its way into a jar of PB – these two artists have found a way to work together and create a collaboration of talent, materials and style that produces some very cool and different western hats – far away from the ordinary. Silver meets fur. www.sweetbirdstudio.com www.greeleyhatworks.com

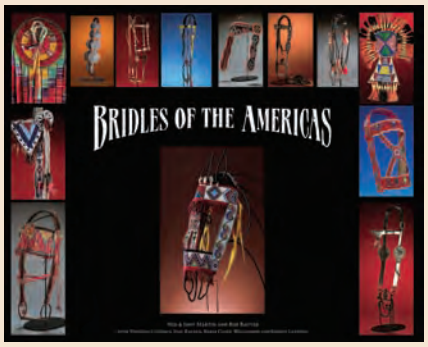
A Jacket for Town and Country

Jimmy Griscom at Cacties has created the next generation of great western jackets – lightweight yet elegant – these are at home on the range or in the Range Rover. www.mycacties.com

Come Ride with Me

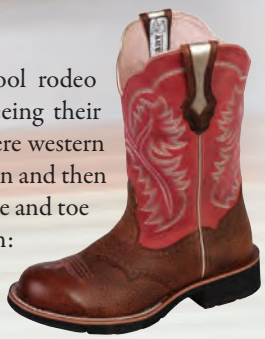
Dave Stamey has been described as the "Charlie Russell of western music." This due to the superbly visual quality of his writing. In his newly released *Come Ride With Me,* he once again hands listeners the reins of a gentle horse to journey with him through wonders of the outback west – with a little detour through the old Tonopah Club of the 1950s with his homage to saloon singer, Ruby Moore. It's a great ride. www.davestamey.com

Bridle Book



The writing team of Ned and Jody Martin and their Hawk Hills Press has brought us some classic volumes on bit and spur styles and their subjects' regional origins. The Martin's new book will be another welcome addition. Coming in summer 2009, *Bridles of the Americas*, will feature over 750 color images with descriptions and styles of bridles used during the 18TH and 19TH centuries. It will be a must for every western gear aficionado. www.hawkhillpress.com

Ariat Steals the Show



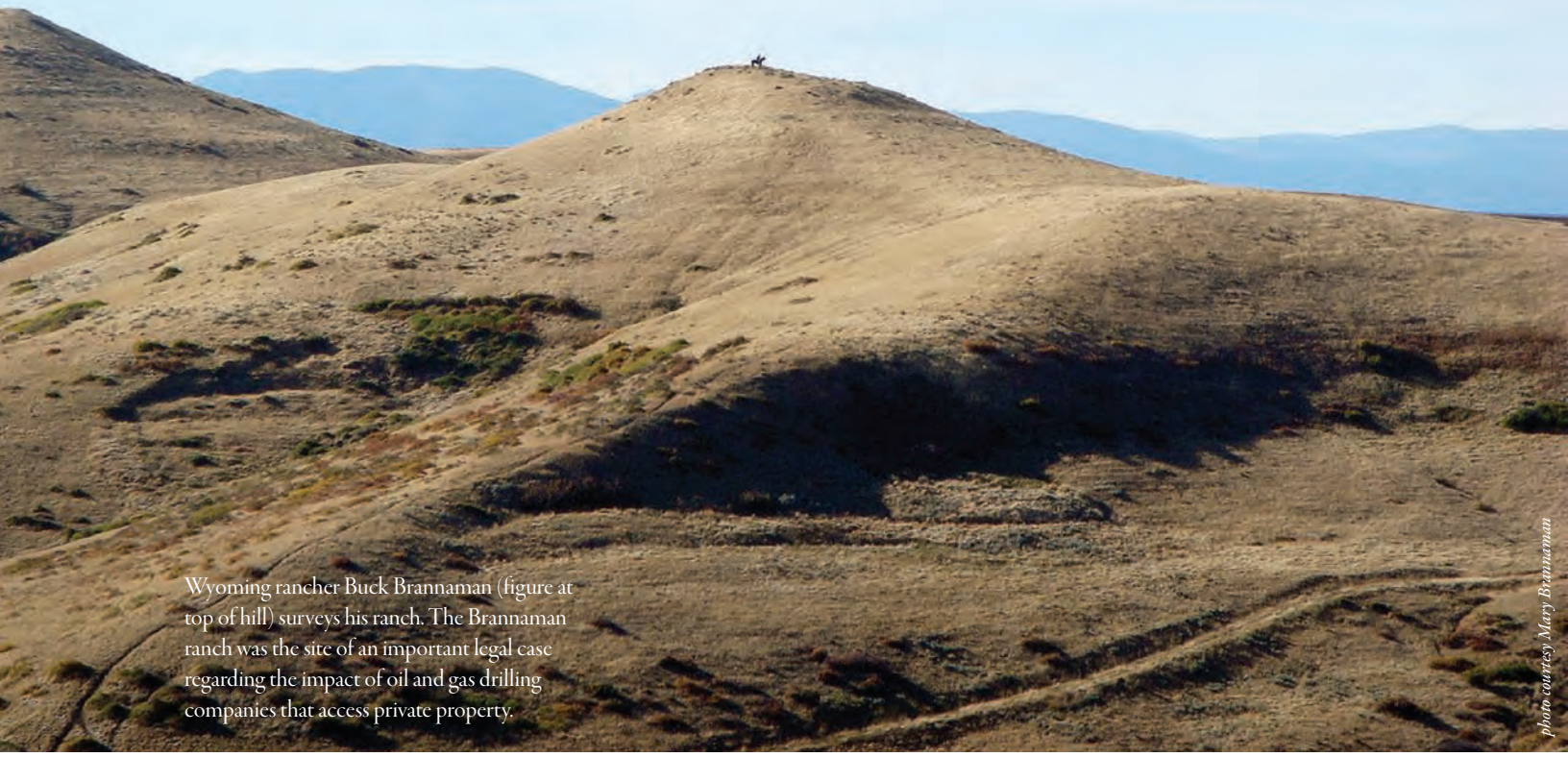
Ariat boots are always steps ahead in styling. One reason is their support for high school rodeo throughout the country. Our beloved West creates some very talented young athletes and seeing their dedication to the sport of rodeo is an inspiring thing. Ariat realizes that high school rodeo is where western style and trends are born, so not only do they support the kids in their efforts – they listen and learn and then build boots for them. The newest addition to Ariat's hugely popular Fatbaby Family offers new sole and toe options, plus a sleek profile with three new "leading ladies" in the ever-popular Fatbaby collection: the Showbaby, Showbaby Square Toe and Showbaby Square Toe Wing Tip. The boots feature:

- **Pro Crepe™ Light sole** gives the cushioning of traditional crepe soles, but is 30 percent thinner for less weight and greater flexibility
- **Duratread™ heel** provides maximum wear resistance
- **ATS® Technology** offers superior stability and comfort
- **Trend-right** square toe and wing tip style options will please even the most discerning Western fashionistas

"We're constantly evolving the Fatbaby line to give consumers that perfect mix of performance and fashion," says Ariat's Shane Johnston. "These boots have become a staple for riders looking to bring their unique sense of style into the competitive arena."
www.ariat.com

Showdown in the New West

Our quest to be free of foreign oil has created *another* new range conflict



Wyoming rancher Buck Brannaman (figure at top of hill) surveys his ranch. The Brannaman ranch was the site of an important legal case regarding the impact of oil and gas drilling companies that access private property.

photo courtesy Mary Brannaman

BY MARILYN FISHER

"Rural America has always been the backbone of this nation from its inception, and within rural America you're always going to find a moral conscience. And so, if the livestock industry goes, so will the moral conscience, in my opinion, of this great country."

– GB Oliver, Executive Vice President of the PARAGON Foundation

There's a showdown in the new west between ranchers and energy producers. It was not so long ago that "cattle was king" on the range and ranchers pretty much ruled the wide open spaces west of the Mississippi, but there's a powerful contender to the American ranching tradition. It is methane gas exploration and it ravages the western landscape in search of an invisible "gold mine" of mineral rights lying under the surface. It's an ongoing battle between those who own surface property rights and those mega gas exploration companies who lease the sub-surface mineral rights on federal lands to produce cheap energy. At risk are the rights of the ranchers who own the land they have worked for generations – those properties coveted by gas companies for the natural gas fields that lay beneath their pastures and federal grazing leases. As long as the United States consumes natural gas at

this frantic pace, the conflict between the ranching business that has prevailed for centuries in the American west providing food for a hungry nation and the relatively new methane gas exploration that provides cheap energy, will continue to heat up.

There's big money to be made by the energy exploration crowd at the expense of beef growers. In this match, the energy business dwarfs American ranching operations, and it knows it. There's a commitment to provide energy as quickly as possible to meet the nation's needs for more natural-gas fired plants, and the boom for gas production is igniting even more exploration for this popular flexible power resource. It's the second largest domestic energy resource after coal, and it emits 23% less carbon dioxide than burning oil. Some believe it's the only way to energy independence. Boone Pickens, clean energy advocate, promotes natural gas development and is quoted as saying that natural gas is "cleaner, cheaper... abundant, and ours." As long as there's political reluctance in Washington, D.C. to drill the domestic oil and gas fields in remote regions such as the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge, coupled with an addictive dependence on foreign oil for energy, the popular alternative is natural gas. It's more convenient in the short run to drill and truck natural gas in the lower forty-eight states than it is to pipe it in from the arctic regions. Prime targets for drilling below the Canadian border are the rich gas fields in the Powder River Basin, Wyoming, as well as the San Juan Basin and the Permian of New Mexico, the Piceance in Colorado, and more are discovered annually. So, for now, states such as Wyoming are tapped for production because of their relatively good accessibility by truck and pipeline, and one other factor – sparser populations. In this scenario, more densely populated states, such as California, though their resources may be ripe, are not as cooperative when it comes to natural gas or oil drilling.

What makes coal bed methane so easy to tap is that it's trapped naturally in shallow coal deposits underground and recovered by injecting nitrogen, sand, diesel fluids and other chemicals into the ground at extreme pressure to crack or "fracture" the coal and release the methane. The rich Powder River Basin coal beds typically lie less than 1,000 feet underground, making them reachable by the same technology used to sink household water wells, and the fracturing method cuts the cost of drilling deeper wells.

So, who has the rights to mine this gaseous gold? According to the Mining Act of 1872, the federal government has the authority to govern the mining of minerals on federal and public lands through the sale of leases that last 10 or more years, as long as drilling remains active. The act codified the old system of protecting mining claims on public land observed by

prospectors in the 1840's gold rush in California and Nevada. Due to the homesteading laws of the 1800s, most ranchers don't own the mineral rights they are sitting on. The rights were acquired long ago by the government when it sold surface land rights to early settlers. There's the problem – if you don't own mineral rights, then you don't have a stake in the game. The "mineral estate" rights take legal precedence over the "surface estate" rights and, by federal law, your minerals can be accessed at any time by those to whom the federal government (Bureau of Land Management) grants the right to drill. Gas mineral mining is a modern day gold rush for those companies who have developed the fracturing technology and have their drill leases ready to go.

The impact of this expansive drilling to ranching is extensive. The gas interests work hard to lobby in Washington, D.C. for federal mineral leases held beneath the grazing lands of independent cattlemen who for generations have managed their rural heritage but are undermined financially by the methane industry. The drilling rigs bring all sorts of trappings unnatural to ranching operations, like tangled grids of pipelines and

"The Coalition for the Valle Vidal"

The challenge of the natural gas dispute makes strange allies – hunters, environmentalists and ranchers band together against the forces of mega gas companies. In New Mexico, unusual political alliances are forged between liberal environmentalists and more conservative-minded ranchers, NRA members and Boy Scouts all with one goal in mind – to preserve land for hiking, ranching, hunting and scouting. One such alliance is the Coalition for the Valle Vidal national forest area formed to protect the pristine forest from gas exploration and the usual haphazard roads, pipes, storage tanks, refineries, heavy equipment and noise that go along with it. Who would have thought this combination would be a coalition, bonded around a common cause. When asked about this coalition in 2005, "Tweeti" Blancett of Republicans for Environmental Protection remarked, "Someone once said the only way the Israelis and the Palestinians are going to get together is if they are attacked by someone from outer space. Well, that's what's happened out West, where the oil and gas companies have attacked all of us, and so we have formed some unusual alliances. It's happened all across the Rocky Mountain West... we've formed alliances with people we never would have talked to five years ago." Her husband, Linn Blancett, was driven out of the cattle business when 200 wells were built on the federal land he and his family had been ranching for generations. Raising cattle became impractical with the growing number of wells. "All I ever wanted was to run cattle and be a cowboy. It was an awfully good life...," he said. When the constant truck traffic killed some of his cattle and made it difficult for his cows to move around and raise calves, he had to quit. Despite his strong conservative nature, he raised a Greenpeace banner over his property that read "Sacrifice Area" in protest to methane gas development. "They are sacrificing us... the environment ... everything to drill these wells," remarked Linn.

roads and trucks that disrupt herd routines. Wandering cattle drink overflow water from improperly contained wastewater pits at drill sites contaminated with salt, gas and a list of hazardous chemicals used in the process. These wells spend thousands of gallons of water daily, which flood and erode soil, and drain irrigation wells and creeks. It's a basic fact of ranch life – no irrigation means no hay for winter feed. Ranchers report lost forage as the foul pump water destroys their grazing lands, kills the native grasses and washes away their cattle guards. Cattle get mired down in the muddy soil, or drown in pump ditches – not to mention the contaminated run off. Livestock breeding cycles are impacted with reports of bulls going sterile and cows ceasing to go into heat due to suspected poisoning from their milling around open waste evaporation pits where fracturing fluids are processed.

The Industry swears the drill pump is no more than a water well that produces energy, and, when it stops producing, they cover it up, seal it up and everything is restored to normal – but it is rarely that easy. Eager to consume more leases, crews leave a trail of scarred well sites that don't regenerate back to normal. Often, all that is left is a lifeless, eroded hillside, barren of any vegetation and a tainted water disposal headache for the landowner. In the past, the BLM has voiced the opinion that gas companies have as much right, if not more, than the ranchers to use the federal lands because they own the mineral rights, while the ranchers enjoy only a "privilege" to graze their cattle on the surface.

In a recent southeastern Montana court case, Forrest Mars, rancher and namesake of the famed Mars Candy Company, tried to bar the door against invasive gas exploration on his ranch. There was no pity in court for his plea and Pinnacle Gas Resources made good on their promise to drill on the 10,300-acre mineral lease that lies beneath his Diamond Cross Ranch. Despite the ability of Mars to retain excellent representation in court, his surface rights could not protect him from Pinnacle, who held the mineral rights. In the Diamond Cross lawsuit, Mars strongly resented Pinnacle's waste of water in an arid west where water is already in short supply and water-intensive drilling techniques worsen the problem. A typical methane gas well expels 12,000 gallons of salty water a day – a fluid

that alters the soil and seals it, hindering crop production and forcing ranchers and their neighbors to dig ditches and channel away the salty flood. And, the idea of reinjection of surplus water back into the ground isn't an option as it can pollute the aquifer causing contamination to drinking water wells in the area. Cancer causing chemicals like benzene, dissolved lead and arsenic have been found in excess amounts in domestic water supplies near drill sites, notably in the Powder River Basin where contaminated water is discharged from the "Big George" coal seam. In one case, an unfortunate rancher in Rock Spring, Colorado was hospitalized after consuming water from his own tap tainted with benzene from a local drill site. As a result of safety issues, the Colorado Oil and Gas Conservation Commission was forced to cite four gas operations in the area, not knowing exactly which one was responsible for the well water contamination. One problem with tracking the source of water contamination is the fact that the industry is protected from having to disclose the patented chemical formula it uses to drill for coal bed methane. So, it's often difficult to trace liability back to the source.

photo courtesy Mary Brannaman

Rancher Buck Brannaman and his wife Mary's ranch was at the center of a lawsuit in Wyoming that resulted in helping ranchers gain more negotiating rights with gas drilling companies that can access private land. In their lawsuit, the Brannamans claimed that Paxton Resources LLC, did nothing to reclaim the 18,000 yards of topsoil it removed when it made roads and well pads. The Brannamans won a jury award in 2003 and the award was upheld on appeal.

Not all ranchers are opposed to gas drilling in their backyards; some diversify their income by cultivating both agricultural and natural resources. Those who own mineral rights to their ranches can lease out to gas companies and enjoy maximum benefits. The expression, "methane millionaire" applies to those ranchers fortunate to own their mineral rights and tap them. Ranchers need to research their rights and know where they stand before signing any leases with gas companies since it's a sure bet that the companies who want the mineral lease have done their research in advance. In the course of natural gas exploration, drilling begets more drilling. Ranchers who own their minerals claim that the roar of the compressor at the hissing wellhead is, well – just the sweet "sound of money."

Are gas companies accountable to ranchers for damaged surface property? Well, in some cases they'll pay restitution. According to law, ranchers have to allow gas companies to drill on their property if the companies have active federal mineral leases. However, there are ways to hold companies liable for surface damages. Take the case of Buck and Mary Brannaman of Sheridan, Wyoming. Buck Brannaman, world renowned "Horse Whisperer" and premier horse trainer, on whom the popular movie was based, entered into a five-year legal battle with Paxton Resources due to intensive scarring and erosion and poor cleanup practices around well sites on his ranch committed by Paxton crews. Small reservoirs were bulldozed into creeks and drill pads were carved out of hills with roads crisscrossing in every direction. "There's miles of roads and there's hillsides that are just carved out with bulldozers," remarked Brannaman. The end result of the drilling rigs, trenches and ditches was a wasteland left in such poor condition that it was unfit for livestock. "It's a lifestyle that's real important to us and we don't try to impose our life on anybody else. But we wouldn't want anyone to blame us for fighting to preserve our own lifestyle," he said. He proceeded to sue Paxton over the whole mess and his persistence paid off. As a result, there was a hard won victory for him in 2004 when a Wyoming Supreme Court jury awarded him over $800,000 in damages from Paxton to clean up the eyesores on his property.

How are ranching communities working to protect the rights of their ranching heritage? As usual, the grassroots citizen groups, who realize the importance of banding together for what they believe is right, can make the difference. Voters in Rosebud County, Montana made a stand when they approved a proposed land use ordinance called the Water and Soil Conservation Proposal aimed at controlling local coal bed methane development. The ordinance prevents methane companies from constructing wastewater pits in waterways, and they have to ensure that wastewater pits do not leak. It also requires methane operators to post a bond for each pit to ensure reclamation costs are not shifted to taxpayers. Surface use agreements

drawn up between the landowners and the drilling companies have modestly protected ranchers who are going through drought conditions, though this protection comes in measured steps.

On the state level, Wyoming passed a law in 2005 that requires cooperative land use agreements between drilling companies and surface landowners. Since each rancher's situation is different, surface agreements can't fully mitigate the damage for each individual case. In some cases, drilling firms provide a company-funded cash account, instead of the usual bond, that the landowner may draw on to mitigate any problems that arise that the company doesn't address. It's a source of revenue that the rancher agrees to receive as a percentage of gross income from gas sales in place of surface damage payments. It's one way to receive a piece of the gas revenue pie and recoup some losses. Buck Brannaman subscribes to the idea that ranchers should receive a percentage of the gross production of any well on their property, so that they can do their own reclamation work, even when the drilling companies fail to do so. It's minimal compensation for the loss of land usability due to unwanted exploration.

Meanwhile, both cattle and gas industries build coalitions to defend their respective cause. The gas companies have their powerful lobbyists in Washington, D.C. who have big energy proponents on their side. Whereas, the ranching interests are represented by organizations such as R-CALF USA, Powder River Basin Resources Council, The Coalition for Valle Vidal and

photo by Julie Chase Baldocchi

others who stand up for agricultural ranching interests by enacting state laws that give more negotiating power to landowners in gas drilling disputes. There's solid wisdom in what Erin Chavez of the San Juan County, New Mexico commission said in defense of ranching, "... ranching is very important to northern New Mexico. I'm worried we're losing our balance, if all we have left is oil and gas."

The challenge is very real. It's a fight for the rights of independent domestic ranchers in a world that's becoming ever more energy needy. How the ranching community will meet the challenge and find solutions to make it work in its favor will take ingenuity and perseverance. It would be a mistake to underestimate the grit of these ranchers and their communities, for they are an independent strain of Americans, fiercely dedicated to a way of life that has survived for centuries and a tradition well worth preserving for all.

References

Powder River Basin Resource Council (for ranchers), www.powderriverbasin.org (307) 358-5002
Oil and Gas Accountability Project, www.ogap.org (970) 259-3353
Coal Bed Methane Coordination Coalition, cbmcc@vcn.com (307) 684-7614
Bureau of Land Management, www.wy.blm.gov (307) 684-1100
R-CALF USA, www.r-calfusa.com (406) 252-2516
Powder River Basin Resources Council, www.powderriverbasin.org (307) 672-5809
Coalition for the Valle Vidal, www.vallevidal.org (505) 758-3874
PARAGON Foundation Inc, www.paragonfoundation.org (575) 434-8998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R-CALF USA

R-CALF USA is the only nationally recognized grassroots organization that strictly represents the interests of U.S. cattle producers on issues that directly impact the U.S. cattle industry and rural communities that depend on the economic survival of independent U.S. cattle producers.

R-CALF USA does not allow multi-national corporate packers on its board of directors. R-CALF USA believes that there is a distinct conflict of interest between U.S. cattle producers who want a fair price for their cattle and corporate packers whose objective is to have access to the cheapest cattle available from around the world thus hurting the price paid for domestic cattle.

R-CALF USA believes that with the proper tools in place to protect the market from manipulation, as well as enforceable marketing practices, U.S. cattle producers can and will receive a competitive price for their cattle. For over ten years, R-CALF USA has worked to create and maintain a creditable reputation amongst U.S. Congressional offices, States Attorneys General as well as the U.S. Department of Justice. These relationships give R-CALF USA a greater opportunity for input regarding important industry issues.

The PARAGON Foundation has dedicated the following pages to hardworking cattle producers in the United States that are members of R-CALF USA.

To become a member call 406-252-2516 or send $50 annual membership dues to:

R-CALF USA
PO Box 30715
Billings, MT 59107

Leaking Borders

Bill Bullard, CEO, R-CALF USA

Trade among sovereign nations carries both benefits and risks. Benefits include availability of goods not indigenous to domestic markets. Risks include the introduction of foreign diseases. The act of balancing benefits and risks associated with trade is reflected in U.S. border restrictions – or so we thought.

To address trade risks in cattle and beef, Congress passed the Animal Health Protection Act (Act), charging the U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA) with maintaining adequate border restrictions to prevent the introduction into the U.S. of any foreign animal disease or pest. The purpose of the Act is to protect U.S. livestock and U.S. citizens from ruinous diseases like foot-and-mouth disease (FMD) – the most contagious disease known to livestock and prevalent in most countries of the world, but not found in the United States since 1929 – and bovine spongiform encephalopathy (BSE or mad cow disease) – an incurable, always fatal disease that devastated the cattle industries of Europe, Canada and Japan and is linked to over 200 human deaths worldwide.

Initially, USDA took seriously its responsibility to prevent the introduction of ruinous livestock diseases. As recently as January 2003, for example, USDA reported to Congress that it had a robust strategy to protect U.S. livestock and U.S. citizens from BSE. USDA's first line of defense, it said, was strict border protections to "[p]revent the agent of BSE from entering the United States and infecting U.S. cattle." But, something went awry.

Later in 2003, the same strain of BSE that devastated the cattle herds of most all of Europe and in Japan was discovered in a native Canadian cow. Our U.S. borders were immediately closed and USDA scientists recommended they stay closed until Canada demonstrates that it has halted the spread of BSE within its herd. USDA's leadership had other plans. The agency blatantly upset the balance between trade benefits and risks by siding with multinational meatpackers who cried foul when they could no longer access cheaper imports of cattle and beef from Canada. USDA bent to the pressure of the multinational packers and secretly allowed the resumption of Canadian beef imports until R-CALF USA filed a lawsuit in 2004 that stopped the agency's unlawful actions.

For the ensuing six years, USDA fought R-CALF USA, seven state attorneys general, members of Congress and major consumer groups in its attempt to satisfy the multinational meatpackers' desire to further dismantle U.S. border protections. Meanwhile, the BSE problem in Canada continued to grow. Canada has now detected 16 cases of BSE in its native cattle herd, the latest detected last November. Over half of these cases were in cattle born well after the date USDA claims the BSE agent was removed from Canada's feed system. In the last few years, Canada detected more cases of BSE under its relaxed, voluntary testing regime than did many European countries subject to mandatory BSE testing. But, USDA did not let these facts get in its way.

In late 2007, USDA committed its latest and most egregious act of disease-safeguard abandonment – the agency issued a rule that threw open our nation's borders to imported cattle, and imported beef from cattle over 30 months of age (OTM cattle and beef), both of which are known to be of greatest risk for this always fatal disease. USDA's own risk modeling showed that USDA's OTM Rule would result in the importation of between 19 and 105 BSE-infected Canadian cattle over the next 20 years. Despite our organization's limited financial resources, cattle ranchers urged R-CALF USA to file its third lawsuit against USDA and, this time, R-CALF USA partnered with five national consumer groups to win a third preliminary injunction against USDA's irresponsible actions. The victory was bittersweet – the court ruled R-CALF USA was correct in that USDA did not follow its own regulations when it exposed the U.S. to this heightened BSE risk, but for whatever reason, the court ordered USDA to redo its agency rulemaking without also ordering the border be closed to these higher-risk imports.

As it turns out, the bittersweet victory was potentially more significant than originally thought. Because of R-CALF USA's lawsuit, USDA's final OTM Rule was ordered reopened just long enough to overlap into the new Administration, which means our new Secretary of Agriculture can now fully and completely overturn the OTM Rule without U.S. ranchers having to foot the bill to continue their costly court battle. Tom Vilsack is the new Secretary of Agriculture appointed by President Obama and Vilsack now has the opportunity to protect U.S. citizens and the U.S. cattle herd from the heighted BSE risk caused by the past Administration's OTM Rule. We don't know that Secretary Vilsack will do this on his own, but, if enough U.S. citizens call Secretary Vilsack and follow up with a call to their U.S. Senators and Representative to demand that the over-30-month BSE rule immediately be overturned, the United States can remain the country with the healthiest cattle herd and safest beef supply in the world. (R-CALF USA encourages you to make those calls. USDA Secretary Tom Vilsack can be reached at 202-720-3631.)

Relinquishing Sovereignty from Within: All It Takes is an Ear Tag

The U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA) is aggressively working to recruit every U.S. livestock producer into a new federal program called the National Animal Identification System (NAIS). The NAIS is touted as essential to the protection of our domestic livestock industry from disease outbreaks. Livestock producers don't disagree that improvements are needed to protect against the introduction and spread of new and existing diseases – our industry has participated in, and supported, livestock disease programs for over a century, which is how the U.S. earned its global reputation of producing the best and safest beef in the world under the best of conditions. But, what the government has in mind goes far beyond disease protection, and the NAIS is truly over-the-top.

At the heart of the NAIS is a new federal registry – a federal database containing an official listing of each livestock producer's premises (their real property) and each livestock producer's livestock (their personal property to be identified with a number and an ear tag). The NAIS, as described by the government, will next require each livestock producer to report to the federal database each time he or she moves livestock from one registered premises to another location. The obligation to register, and then continually report to the federal government as a condition of raising livestock in the United States, would be the most intrusive and most onerous regulatory regime ever imposed on the U.S. ranching industry. The impetus behind the NAIS, as one might suspect, did not originate on U.S. soil.

With roots tracing back to the United Nations, the World Trade Organization (WTO) was officially formed in 1995 – a brainchild of the Uruguay Round of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, which involved 123 countries. The primary purpose for establishing the WTO was to facilitate global trade through the liberalization of international trade rules. Livestock and livestock products presented a unique challenge to the WTO's efforts to liberalize trade, due to their heightened potential to spread disease. To address this unique challenge, another international organization – the Paris-based World Organization for Animal Health or Office International des Epizooties (OIE) – was designated by the WTO to set international standards for managing the human health and animal health risks associated with trade in livestock and livestock products within a more liberalized trade environment. Today, the OIE has 172 member countries.

The OIE faced a significant challenge in facilitating trade between less developed countries that wanted to export livestock and livestock products to developed countries like the United States, which enforced strict health and safety standards that were beyond the reach of less developed countries and protected itself from disease introduction by disallowing imports from countries affected by pernicious diseases. From their global perspective, however, the WTO and OIE members found an easy solution: convince the United States and other developed countries to lower their standards to a level that less developed countries could likely achieve. To entice the U.S. into abandoning its longstanding disease *prevention* strategy in favor of a less effective disease *management* strategy necessitated by its trade liberalization goal, the OIE offered up what it considered a global disease-management tool: a national animal identification program to be adopted by all OIE member countries. The OIE recommended that member countries "establish a legal framework for the implementation and enforcement of animal identification and animal traceability in the country." Led by USDA, the United States was among the first developed countries to oblige.

Beginning in the mid-'90s and continuing through today, USDA began systematically to lower U.S. health and safety standards to facilitate imports from countries with lesser standards. Four key safety standards were affected: 1) the removal of the requirement that foreign countries maintain food safety standards equal to those in the U.S. and the establishment of the new requirement that foreign standards need only be equivalent to the United States; 2) the relaxation of monthly inspections of foreign processing plants and

a new requirement for only periodic inspections; 3) the lifting of import restrictions for disease-affected countries by allowing imports from a disease-affected country so long as the imports originate in a region within the country where the specific disease had not been found; and 4) the dismantling of U.S. border restrictions for countries where destructive diseases are known to exit.

While USDA was systematically dismantling U.S. disease-prevention measures, the agency was simultaneously developing the NAIS, a lengthy process that resulted in the 2003 issuance of the NAIS precursor: a 70-plus-page United States Animal Identification Plan (USAIP) that was to be fully operational by 2006. In USDA's overzealous efforts to force the will of the WTO and OIE upon U.S. livestock producers, the agency overlooked an important factor: U.S. livestock producers are not subject to the whims of international standard-setting bodies and, instead, are protected by the U.S. Constitution.

Because it did not have any express congressional authority to impose the NAIS on U.S. livestock producers – and because it did not even promulgate a NAIS rule pursuant to any authority the agency thought it might have – USDA was temporarily forced to back down from its plan to make NAIS mandatory and its proposed mandatory implementation date has come and gone. However, this did not stop the agency from pursuing its goal of imposing NAIS on U.S. livestock producers, and USDA initiated a new plan – it began dolling out millions of dollars to various trade associations and other entities and is essentially paying those groups to recruit their respective members into voluntarily registering their premises under the NAIS. As a result, USDA continues to sign-up unsuspecting livestock owners even though it has no express congressional authority to do so.

R-CALF USA refused USDA's money and its membership strongly opposes NAIS on the grounds that the premises registration requirements and subsequent reporting requirements are overreaching and unnecessary to improve our nation's ability to protect against the introduction and spread of livestock diseases, as well as constituting an infringement on the rights and privileges of U.S. livestock producers. R-CALF USA has asked the new Administration to cease all NAIS actions immediately.

Instead, R-CALF USA is pursuing its member-developed policy to reinstate our U.S. border protections and strengthen our time-proven, successful disease control measures such as the U.S. brucellosis program, which would continue to incorporate existing identification systems and include state brand programs, all without infringing on the rights of U.S. livestock producers.

Justice Department Seeks Clarity on Federal Jurisdiction over Isolated Wetlands

Roger McEowen

Editor's Note - Roger McEowen spoke about Recent Agricultural Law Developments Impacting Ranchers, the Cattle Industry, Rural Landowners and Rural Communities at the 2009 R-CALF USA Annual Convention, in Rapid City, S.D. The following is an excerpt from his presentation.

The U.S. Supreme Court's fractured opinion in *Rapanos* failed to clear up the uncertainty that existed over the extent of the federal government's jurisdiction over isolated wetlands. After the Court's opinion, lower courts have reached inconsistent conclusions on the issue.

Last year, the U.S. Justice Department asked the Supreme Court to hear a case from the Eleventh Circuit. In that case – *United States v. McWane, Inc.* – the 11th Circuit ruled that the Clean Water Act's ban on pollution into "waters of the United States" does not apply to wetlands unless they have a "significant nexus" to traditional streams.

That was the test set forth by Justice Kennedy in his separate opinion in the *Rapanos* case. The Justice Department claims that the appropriate test to apply is that of the four-Justice plurality and the four dissenting Justices.

The Justice Department's appeal is actually one of two petitions asking the Supreme Court to revisit and clarify *Rapanos*. The other petition was filed in June 2008 in the case of *Lucas v. United States*, and the U.S. Supreme Court declined to hear the case on October 6, 2008. However, in a footnote in *McWane*, the Justice Department notes that it believes that *McWane* is a better case for dealing with the issue.

The basic problem is that the Justice Department views federal jurisdiction over isolated wetlands to extend to traditional rivers and their tributaries, and wetlands that are adjacent to such rivers and streams.

But, in *Rapanos*, the four Justices supporting the Court's main opinion that was written by Justice Scalia, determined that the waters protected by the Clean Water Act are only those that are "relatively permanent, standing or continuously flowing bodies of water" connected to traditional rivers or streams that can carry navigation, as well as wetlands with a "continuous surface connection to such water bodies."

Justice Kennedy, however, said that the Clean Water Act protects wetlands that "possess a significant nexus to waters that are or were navigable in fact or that could reasonably be so made." The four dissenting Justices said that lower courts could apply either the Scalia or Kennedy rationale, although they preferred the long-standing government definition that protected more wetlands from "pollution."

The Eleventh Circuit, however, in *McWane*, followed Justice Kennedy's approach, thereby vacating the defendants' convictions for dumping large quantities of untreated industrial waste water from a pipe-making foundry into a creek that flowed into other permanent streams that fed into traditionally navigable waters in the traditional sense. The 11th Circuit determined that the trial court jury instructions erroneously used the wrong definition of a wetland.

The Justice department maintains that the creek at issue flowed year-round and fed into traditional navigable waters, and would be subject to federal jurisdiction under the *Rapanos* plurality and dissenting opinions.

The U.S. Supreme Court declined to hear the case on Dec. 1, 2008.

Roger A. McEowen is the Leonard Dolezal Professor in Agricultural Law at Iowa State University, where he also is the Director of the Center for Agricultural Law and Taxation. Prior to joining ISU in 2004, McEowen was an associate professor of agricultural law and extension specialist in agricultural law and policy at Kansas State University.

In 2003, he was the recipient of the American Agricultural Law Association's Distinguished Service Award. He is the organizations immediate past president.

Producers don't plan to fail, they fail to plan.

By Bruce W. Hoffman, DVM President Animal Profiling International, Inc.

Many issues including the cost of feed and fuel continue to challenge the cattle industry. While those of us in the industry cannot impact the price of corn or diesel; we can adjust our operations in order to remain profitable despite these challenges. As a veterinarian, I understand the need to limit or reduce disease to optimize production, yet **Bovine Viral Diarrhea (BVD) is still the most costly viral disease in the United States – costing over 2 billion dollars annually.**

Starting a plan

BVD control starts at the cow calf operation. The virus is spread from animal to animal by close contact through saliva, urine and feces. A positive bull can spread it in his semen. The main source of the virus is known to come from an animal commonly referred to as persistently infected or "PI". An animal becomes persistently infected when the calf is still in the uterus. If the cow is exposed to BVD virus during the first trimester (40-130 days) a calf can become "PI" and, once born, will shed the virus its entire life and infect other cattle in its proximity. The challenge is PI cattle look healthy in most cases and show no signs of illness. The only way to find PI animals is through testing. **This is where the planning starts. Simply put, when a calf is born, it is either a PI or not.** As cattlemen, we just need to decide when we are going to perform an ear notch test to find this out.

The best time to test for PI is in combination with tagging calves at birth as it discovers PI animals at the earliest point to limit the shedding of the virus. For convenience, ear notch samples can be frozen for 30 days to prevent having to send samples every day during calving. The next best time is at branding, marking, or spring vaccination – ideally BEFORE the bulls are turned out. If the PI calf is identified before breeding, we can actually stop the disease in one year! Waiting till weaning is not ideal because if a PI is found, we'll know that it has been shedding virus to the whole herd while the bulls were out thus creating a high probability of finding more PI calves in the next year.

What about the cows?

Many people express to me that they thought we just needed to test the cows. This is a misconception. I'll explain. It is true that a PI cow will always have a PI calf. The problem is that less than 7% of PI calves born come from dams that are PIs themselves! **Most PI calves come from normal cows.** This is because the PI calves roaming around are spreading the infection…not the cows. This is why we focus on the calves. When API performs a herd screening, I like to say we actually provide a two-for-one deal by testing the calves. Why? Because if a calf is negative, we know the cow is negative. Although if a calf tests positive, it is then necessary to test the cow. API recommends that animals who test positive for BVD PI should be eliminated from the herd as there is no cure for a PI animal.

Advancing the plan

Individual identification is necessary when PI testing is performed. While a visual tag is commonly used, API offers a unique EID tag that stores the data on the tag. This is our advanced WriteTAG System. To learn more, please visit www.writetag.com.

BVD control requires a program approach involving testing for PIs, vaccination, and keeping PIs from entering your herd. API is actively working with the seedstock industry to assist in testing to make sure all the valuable animals they sell are BVD PI negative. API's low-cost testing solutions help cattlemen achieve this through a combination of working directly with them along with their veterinarian as part of our service.

We know BVD is a problem that starts at the cow calf level where PIs (persistently infected animals) are created. But it is important to remember that it does not stop there! PIs continue to be associated with increased sickness at the feedyard. Feedlot managers tell us they don't want PI animals on the yard and are willing to pay more to make sure. That is why negative animals are inherently more valuable if we see premiums at marketing.

What is important to understand here is we have the tools to not only control the disease, but to potentially eradicate BVD. Animal Profiling International, Inc. (API) continues to make efforts in educating the industry on the effects of BVD in addition to providing low-cost testing solutions to cattlemen. API provides technologies to the cattle industry in order to promote management over medicine.

Start Today!

API's advanced technology and low-cost solutions are available to find PI animals and provide operations with the ability to advance their bottom lines by quickly removing them in order to prevent more cattle from being exposed. API has been on the both the farm and ranch and have listened to cattlemen who consistently expressed a need for a quality, cost-effective service to help them find PIs and solve this problem. Through these face-to-face discussions, API has created a solution allowing cattlemen across the United States to see how easy it is to screen their herds at a low-cost and know if BVD is causing them to lose revenue. For more details use the link below to read about sampling and pricing. http://animalprofiling.com/products_bvd.html

With proper planning before the next calving season, API can tailor the best plan for you to keep BVD from causing problems on your farm or ranch. Call us at Animal Profiling International today to keep BVD from being a drain on your operation.

Make it happen. Start a plan now.

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Colorado Ranchers in a Battle with Their Own Government

Part 1

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BY DARRELL ARNOLD

"If we had a threat to this country, and they needed my ranch to train on," declares Branson, Colorado rancher Mack Louden, "they would not have to buy it. I would give it to them. The majority of these ranchers feel the same way. But that is not what's really happening with the Army and Piñon Canyon."

Mack Louden is a third generation rancher raising Red Angus cattle on the short-grass prairie of southeastern Colorado. For the past five years, Louden and a strong coalition of ranchers, environmentalists, area towns, county commissioners and others, have been forced into battle to protect their land and livelihoods from their own beloved country, specifically the United States Army.

You won't find any more ardent supporters of the United States military than western ranchers. But, in southeast Colorado, these same patriotic Americans are resisting efforts by the Army to purchase, through condemnation if necessary, what may eventually be as many as seven million acres of ranchlands. The worst thing of all is that the Army has not been completely forthcoming in presenting its plans.

Louden explains, "Back in 1977, the Army came in and told the people they needed some of this land for training. Our land is a three- or four-hour drive away from Fort Carson, the big Army base south of Colorado Springs. They wanted a training area that was convenient to where their officers and soldiers were living with their families."

The Army was smart enough to get politicians and the town governments of Trinidad and La Junta behind them by promising that the presence of the troops would provide an economic boost to the entire region.

"It was basically just us ranchers opposed to it," says Louden, "with only 10 or 12 ranches actually affected. The Army told everybody there would never be any live fire out there and that they would never take any more land. We didn't like it, but we took them at their word. Some ranchers still did not want to sell so the Army used condemnation," says Louden. There was a lot of hard feeling over that, but the bottom line was the Army got done what they were trying to do."

The Army established what became known as the Piñon Canyon Maneuver Site, 238,000 acres along the Purgatoire River. For most people in southeastern Colorado, that was the end of it. The Army started moving long columns of troops and equipment up and down Interstate 25 to and from the training area. Though the promised economic boom never occurred, area ranchers and the neighboring communities learned to live with the fact that the Army was there to stay.

Fast forward to 2004 when the surprised ranchers got

another visit from the Army. Louden recalls, "They came back in and told us, 'Things have changed. We're going to have to do live-fire training after all.' That's when people started asking, 'Okay now, what's really going on here?'" The Army then informed the ranchers that they were going to have to build a lot of infrastructure at the present site. "We asked them," says Louden, "'why do you need this infrastructure if you're not planning on taking any more land?' They told us not to worry. They weren't going to buy any more land."

At that point, the area ranchers feared something was up, so they formed two non-profit organizations, one called the Piñon Canyon Expansion Opposition Coalition and another called Not 1 More Acre. Mack Louden became one of the three-person Board of Directors for Not 1 More Acre.

In 2006, the Army came in and admitted a need for an additional 400,000 acres. This confirmed suspicions that the Army would just continue to seek more and more land, one segment at a time over a period of several years. Area citizens started hearing rumors that someone had seen an Army map delineating the entire southeastern corner of Colorado as part of their ultimate expansion plans.

Not surprisingly, the secretive Army denied there was any such map, but in August of 2008, Not 1 More Acre turned up just such a map when they challenged the Army in the U.S. District Court in Denver. The map, commissioned in 2004, showed the Army's intended expansion in stages, until it would ultimately swell the Army's maneuver site from the current 238,000 acres to potentially more than seven million acres, almost 1/8TH of the entire state.

"After that," says Louden, "we really got the ball rolling. We started out with the ranchers and then got the commissioners of six counties to oppose the expansion. We got the towns behind us, and we were even joined by several environmental groups, people we ordinarily wouldn't invite over for Sunday dinner."

By enlisting the help of state and federal politicians, the coalition got a law passed in Colorado prohibiting Army purchase of land without state approval and another law passed in Washington that has banned funding for any Army expansion activities until they justify their need. Louden says, "We're hoping to keep that ban in place until we can finally get our politicians to just say, 'No, the Army does not need any more land out there. Go away and leave these people alone.'" The implications of the Army's plans are enormous. Not only would expansion destroy the livelihood of hundreds of ranching families, but it would also displace more than 17,000 area residents.

Further, Army maneuvers and weapons testing would seriously impact a vast area of short-grass prairie and wildlife habitat, and would threaten such historical features as the Santa Fe Trail, the Goodnight-Loving Trial, Native American sites and prehistoric fossil finds. Then there's the environmental impact of taking 7 million acres out of agricultural production.

Says Louden, "We don't know what the consequences are ultimately going to be. Tanks on the land, live shells, what will it do to our environment? Will it change my weather patterns, will it increase the amount of dust that blows onto the land and covers and kills the plants? We don't know what the ramifications are to the surrounding area by changing the use of those acres to weapons testing and training."

One irony is that Louden and almost all his ranching neighbors are strong believers in private property rights. "If I sell my ranch to you, and you run horse or sheep in there rather than cattle, you haven't changed the use of the land and it hasn't affected my neighbors. But, if that piece of property next to me is sold to the government, that changes the use of that land." He continues, "There isn't a rancher alive who wouldn't like to own the ranch next to him. That's basically what the Army is doing. The difference is we ranchers have to figure out some way to finance this purchase. But the Army is coming in here with *my* money and forcing me to sell them *my* land."

"I have a lot of respect for the military," declares Louden, proudly, "and I thank the enlisted people for doing what they do to protect us. It's not about them. This is about the Army trying to take something they want but really don't need. They already own 25 million acres in the United States. I live in a community where we make hundred-thousand-dollar deals on a handshake. What is right is right. If you can't stand up for what is right, then I just can't understand you or respect you. This is just wrong what is going on."

Louden compares the gray suits in the Pentagon to prairie dogs. "They've always got somebody out there scouting new territory. When there's nothing left on this piece, they've got to go find new ground."

Louden and the other ranchers realize they have assumed the roll of David against the Pentagon's Goliath. "We all want to get this thing stopped once and for all. When you wake up in the morning and realize you are fighting the Federal Government of the United States, you are fighting the Pentagon, and it's sobering. I'm probably not going to have the belly to do this again, and I don't want somebody else to have to do it. It is very emotional."

Louden continues, "If I didn't think we could win this, I wouldn't be involved in it. You have to make a stand somewhere. This is the most important thing that I have ever done in my life and will probably be the most important I'll ever see myself doing. If we can preserve this short-grass bio-region and this way of life, then we will be making an important contribution to our country and the futures of our children."

More on Piñon Canyon

The Piñon Canyon Maneuver Site (PCMS) expansion issue is, to say the least, an explosive one for the people of Colorado. It has galvanized support and interest through a number of grassroots organizations that have formed in opposition to what is being called "a government sanctioned land grab." The line in the sand has been drawn, creating a classic confrontation between the federal government and the interests of the military vs. the ranching and agricultural communities – both in and outside Colorado. As stated on one of the many websites dedicated to educating people on the issues, www.pinoncanyon.com, one of the broad-based concerns against the training site expansion is the continued eroding of the nation's ability to protect a safe, national food source. The site states, "Agriculture is one of the cornerstones of society, even though many people take it for granted, it is very much a national security issue. The United States is already dependent on foreign oil, what will happen if we become dependent on foreign countries for our food supplies as well?" This, among other issues such as the protection and sustainability of the environmentally sensitive, short grass prairie, the local and regional economies and legacy ranch families, make this a story of fundamental importance to members of the PARAGON Foundation and readers of this Journal. In the next issue, we will delve deeper into the issue and speak with more of those involved. Included in this group is Kimmi Lewis, a third-generation rancher who has been involved with the Piñon Canyon issue since the late 1970s. This is a story that affects everyone – not only those in agriculture, but all who see the degrading of the rights of citizens and their property by those elected and appointed officials apparently willing to turn their backs on the U.S. Constitution - a document they swore to uphold. To find more about this issue and to see how you can act, please visit some of the following websites and stories. Remember, education is the gateway to self-empowerment:

www.pinoncanyon.com
A site dedicated to educating the reader regarding their view of the unnecessary efforts to expand an under-utilized training site in Colorado, the Piñon Canyon Maneuver Site (PCMS). To support their efforts, the site offers readers the opportunity to buy "One Square Inch" of Piñon Canyon.

http://pinoncanyonsqureinch.com
An association for "land owners" who have purchased "one square inch" to help support the Piñon Canyon fight.

www.globalsecurity.org/military/facility/pinon-canyon.htm
This site offers a perspective from the military although has no apparent government involvement. The non-profit site states in its "About Us" section - "GlobalSecurity.org has developed a reputation as a trusted source of military information. It is a frequently visited destination for other news organizations as they build their own coverage of developing events.

www.i2i.org/main/article.php?article_id=1286
Focused on free-market and pro-freedom perspectives, The Independence Institute is established upon the eternal truths of the Declaration of Independence. This editorial is written with input from Tamara Louden.

www.reason.com/news/show/131415.html
Very detailed story by D Magazine contributor, Trey Garrison regarding the Piñon Canyon issue and its history. Reason Online is produced by the Reason Foundation and is described as offering a refreshing alternative to right wing and left-wing opinion magazines by making a principled case for liberty and individual choice in all areas of human activity.

www.denverpost.com/ci_5225670
Story from 2007 on the Ft. Carson expansion

www.visibleearth.nasa.gov/view_rec.php?id=2214
NASA site showing photographs of the Piñon Canyon area, describing its location.

www.landreport.com/2008/09/pinon-canyon-sen-salazar-feels-the-heat/
The Land Report magazine's look at Colorado State Senator Ken Salazar's take on Piñon Canyon

www.not1moreacre.net
A petition site for those wishing to show opposition to the Piñon Canyon Maneuver Site expansion.

www.carson.army.mil
Home website for the Fort Carson Army Base. Piñon Canyon tab gives a broad perspective of the Army's take on the issue – including the General Accounting Office (GAO) documents

Farming for Life

Farming may be enough for a lifetime, but is a lifetime enough for farming?

Preparing for difficult times

BY LYNN MILLER

*(**Editor's Note** – I became aware of Lynn Miller's writing after reading his book, **Training Workhorses / Training Teamsters** after driving a friend's team. The more I looked into what he has written and accomplished, the more amazed I became. On top of his many books on agriculture and related subjects, Lynn is the founder/publisher/editor of **Small Farmer's Journal** published out of Sisters, Oregon. What follows is a piece Miller wrote in a recent issue of his fine magazine. It is both timely and telling and he was very gracious to allow us to share it with you. Since 1976, Miller, his company and his magazines have supported and celebrated the worthy and honorable life of people in agriculture – based on some very specific principles. Principles that, frankly, could be applied to any way of life:*

"Small Farmer's Journal, Inc. is a business built on strong, ethical convictions. These convictions include – but are not limited to – these principles:

- *People belong in agriculture.*
- *Farming is one of mankind's noblest crafts.*
- *The inherent sustainability of good farming must be protected.*
- *Agriculture must be labor and craft intensive.*
- *Agriculture, and thereby the soil, must not be poisoned for short-term profit.*
- *Genetic and biological diversity must be protected.*
- *The small independent family farm is vitally important to every country's long term economic stability and well being.*
- *The small independent family farm, and its neighboring small town environs, offers the safest, most comfortable, and most rewarding place for people to live and raise a family."*

Now we find out what we're made of. Every step we take, every concern we allow ourselves will define our place in these difficult times. We must protect our families and ourselves without forgetting humanity and nature. How we do that will determine the shape of the new world ahead.

Even before the planet's aggravated weather cycles could finish whuppin' our sorry butts with natural disaster after natural disaster, "our" economy goes terminally ill. The planet is sick and we made her sick. The corporate dragons who promised to feed and care for us are imploding. The coupons we were told to treat as indicators of our "wealth" have become worthless. The governments we needed to believe in have become hideously self-serving and stupid. And, irony of ironies, the very skills which have been mocked and denigrated for half a century now turn out to be the only things which can save most of us; skills such as food preservation and gardening, the craft of natural farming and the ability to heat and clothe ourselves.

Is there hope? Of course there is; hope, and real opportunity, but sadly not for those crippled by fear and angered by the loss of net worth. And perhaps most important, not for those who can't "feel" the change and the threat.

There might be a fancy scientific term for what I know as the "*boiling frogs*" syndrome. Scientists tell us that if you put a frog in a pan of cold water and set that pan on a stove burner, that frog will sit there until the water boils and the frog dies. Conversely, if you try to put a healthy frog into a pan of nearly boiling water it will immediately jump out, saving itself.

So-called advanced modern society, commerce-riddled as it has been, requires the "boiling frogs" syndrome be true of us sheep-like humans. We sit calmly in the water of our society as the temperature goes up gradually. Today that metaphorical "water" is reaching a boiling point as millions face certain unemployment, hunger and homelessness. And no effort is made by us to leave that pot of water we know as today's commerce-driven society. How do you leave that society, you ask? By taking charge of your lives, by returning to the basics of a self-sufficient existence, by "re-villaging" into communities of like-minded individuals, by growing some, if not all, of your own food, by rejoining the biological world and demanding of applied science that it truly serve humanity and the planet, by rejecting sadism, gluttony and ingratitude, by disconnecting from the electronics and chemistry which deaden us.

Comedians and politicians, working with and without script, are still heard, even in these woolly days, deriding any who would even think about growing their own food. That won't last long. We gotta eat. And the party in power better realize that soon because we are only three or four missed meals away from revolution. As fathers and mothers, think about what it would mean to you to watch your own children starve. Now multiply that in the U.S.A. by millions and apply those intense feelings of desperation, helplessness and fear up against the news stories of multi-million dollar pay packages for "hired" executives of corporations and boondoggle bribes for elected officials. (They all are employees, not owners. And they control the decision making processes which have resulted in our economic meltdown and put millions of people out of work.) That, I insist, is a post-modern recipe for a revolution, one which we would be well advised to avoid.

So, I maintain that the concept of families working with their own hands to provide some measure of their own food, shelter and heat ain't funny, it's essential. It used to be called ***self-sufficiency*** and early on we discovered that when we had more eggs, milk, potatoes and beans than our family needed we could sell or barter that excess. It was good and we called that ***farming***. Though industry took upon itself to raise large tracts of food, it was less of farming and more of agribusiness. And agribusiness with its heavy metals and toxic chemistry has had absolutely nothing to do with self-sufficiency and less to do with sustainability. Now we see the transition to a fresh form of true farming immersed in self-sufficiency. This good new farming has the power to save each of us and our planet. It will also give us, as a wonderful bonus, true sustainability.

Today, amidst the culture wars and an imploding economy, marketing professionals work continuously to claim ownership of the word ***sustainability*** for their corporate clients, a claiming race which embraces all the toxic vagaries of fashion and fad. That won't last long either.

The quest for sustainability ahead of self-sufficiency is misguided. Self-sufficiency must come first, and when it does come, sustainability will follow...

A few months back, we had returned from an extended business trip and I went immediately to turn the irrigation pump back on. The glorious summer heat held promise of damage to this farmer's hayfield if he let too much time pass without the sprinklers going. High elevation sunlight causes a more rapid transpiration of moisture than down at lower elevations. We are up against the Cascade mountains at 3,000 feet.

I opened the gate valve from the irrigation lagoon to coax water to prime the pump and mainline. Then I pressed the electric pump switch. What resulted was a terrible, irregular screaming noise I recognized as steel against steel set to in a losing battle. I turned the pump off. Not good. What did this mean? Would I need to replace that big pump and 3 phase 25 HP motor? It would be a bad time to do that. Summer is always tight with so many things demanding what few funds are available. So I calmed myself down and set to thinking about the best way to proceed. I don't like it when things feel insecure.

What does it mean to be secure? One of the hardest, flintiest first lessons of life is that there are few, if any, guarantees. We don't know what weather, money, equipment, family, friends, strangers, health and life herself will bring to us tomorrow. With or without experience of horrible and seemingly inexcusable loss, some people are terrified by the vagaries of life. Some others of us know the comfort of believing in whatever the outcome may be. They have a "faith" both generic and specific. But even with faith we still want for security in the immediate sense;

we want to know we can care for ourselves and our own on into the future.

Even in our modern form, luckily most humans still have a little of the proverbial ***ant*** in them. We, the many, busy ourselves to gather up the "necessaries" to get through the winter, get through the lean times. We gather and store. Some, though, feel the urge yet DON'T follow it because modern convenience and the industrial marketplace seem to imply a guarantee that they are being taken care of, that they will be taken care of on into the future. But, "*it ain't necessarily so.*" A lot of modern society has run on a qualified institutionalized faith. We trusted that our bank deposits were secure, we trusted that there wasn't any water in the fuel we purchased, we trusted that our jobs were somewhat secure, we trusted that the government wouldn't allow some preventable outside threat to hurt us, we trusted that the tap water was clean, that the air was breathable, that the food was safe, that the pump would go on running forever. For some, to do otherwise was to go stark raving nuts with worry. But there were, and are, no guarantees. Today is a day when more of us are feeling this reality. Today is full of the doubts about tomorrow.

People out of work and keen, if not desperate, about surviving may constitute big opportunity for the country and the world. No one wishes for or welcomes their trepidation, yet I do see these folks and their need as an opening for constructive change. They want to work, so offer them jobs to rebuild our country's crumbling infrastructure AND offer them a chance to farm a piece of ground, offer them homestead opportunities. Such ideas might anger an out-of-work autoworker or stockbroker but those stressed jobs may not be available for a very long time. In the meanwhile, good work rebuilding the country or farming will offer them a dignified alternative. Humanity needs fed. Corporate industrial agriculture tied to banking CANNOT do the job. Small independent farms scattered across the landscape, they alone can do it. We need millions of small farmers RIGHT NOW. I say we press the federal government to release large tracts of arable public land to a whole new homestead act.

It was summer time and the irrigation and pump repair guys were sure to be busy. It would cost me an arm and a leg to get anyone to come out here to service this unit. It's a big one, got to be 600 pounds all told. Luckily it's sitting above ground and in a solid little shed. That will give me a few options. What should I do? I could separate the pump from the motor to lessen the weight of each half but that would mean doing a blind surgery on the guts of the cast iron-enclosed centrifugal pump. I would need to trust that removing the nut on the end of the shaft to release the impeller would be sufficient to allow me to pry the two halves, engine and pump, apart. Not knowing what other pieces might be out of sight and potentially ruined, I hesitated. Then I remembered the adjustable pump-shaft collar that compresses the packing. I could get to that, so I removed it to check the status of the packing material. It seemed to be fine. So, that meant I was left with disconnecting the pump entirely, lifting it into my pickup truck and taking it 30 to 45 miles to a repair shop.

But first I needed to find a shop I could trust. So I called a few friends and found a good recommendation. I called that shop and the lady said that 'the repairmen are gone all day everyday doing installations and repairs.' If I wanted to bring it in she would see if they could do a rush repair.

"I can tell you one thing," she says,"it counts in your favor that you are not afraid to take it apart and bring it in yourself. These days we get so many people who don't want to get dirty and are afraid to try anything mechanical. The guys like someone who's not afraid to get greasy, oh, and I might add, also not afraid to admit when they don't know everything. That's what's moved into this area, a lot of people who claim to know everything and can't do a thing for themselves."

"TODAY, COMMON SENSE, BASIC SKILLS, AND A SELF-SUFFICIENCY MINDSET ARE POSITIONED TO ONCE AGAIN BECOME EACH INDIVIDUAL'S MOST IMPORTANT TOOLS. I AM SPEAKING OF ALL ASPECTS OF DAILY LIFE IN THIS NEW CONFUSED CENTURY, BUT MOST PARTICULARLY AGRICULTURE."

— LYNN MILLER

Today common sense, basic skills and a self-sufficiency mindset are positioned to once again become each individual's most important tools. I am speaking of all aspects of daily life in this new confused century, but most particularly agriculture. So much of farming is done in tight places, trying to get something apart or back together again. Any chance at all of success translates to a measure of self-sufficiency, which is self-fertilizing. What I mean by this is that each time you succeed with the mechanical, animal, crop and/or procedural challenges of farming, you feel thrice emboldened to deal with the next challenge. The success makes your self-confidence grow as if fertilized.

I went into the little pump shed with wrenches in hand and took everything free, especially careful to cut the power. I have a pair of heavy steel loading ramps for my equipment trailer. I took one of those and set it into the

shed and on to the bed of the truck at a steep angle. Next, using a pry bar and three short lengths of pipe, I raised corners of the heavy pump motor and slid the pipes in to make a roller bed for the motor bottom. Then I carefully rigged a short triangulated chain yoke on the pump and hooked it in to a come-along I had fastened at the back of the truck. Going slow and double-checking all anchor points, I ratcheted that pump up into the truck bed. The whole thing took three hours, what with the extra cautions and running back and forth to the phone. I felt mighty good about getting it loaded but I had a passing worry about the time spent as I should have been working getting the summer Journal done or on training my two stud colts. I had to chuckle, these were minor worries compared to what was happening around the world, to the world and in spite of the world.

I travel often and talk to a great many people. The conversations today, each today, start with shaking heads and worried glances as everyone acknowledges their worry over the economy. Some of us share talk about stocking up and fixing things so's we can take care of our families and friends when things go further down. A few express downright panic as they see they don't know what to do and are sure as heck not prepared to take care of themselves, let alone their families and friends. A few of us see these difficult times as opportunities, not to take advantage of the downtrodden but to provide for them in ways which help us as well.

Santa Barbara Spade Bit
Egg tempera by Lynn Miller

Back since February and March, when the fuel prices grew springs, the Middle Eastern wars became institutionalized, the planet went into its shake and sweat, domestic inflation went through the roof and the banking crisis announced it was here to stay, people began to mutter, chatter and worry. And, as more and more factories and corporations laid off people, the economy started to take on the causal stink of the greedy and incompetent past and present administrations.

The pump shop I took my unit to has been around a very long time and the distinctive galvanized building told you so. Driving in with the pump I noticed that the old trees had been cut down and the shop squeezed between two big new commercial developments almost complete but dangerously barren because all evidence of the contractors was gone. Another casualty of the banking crisis. I talked with the pump folks and explained my irrigation worry and the need for a quick repair. They were keen and promised results in two working days. Feeling like things were going to work out fine, I took a moment before loading up in the pickup truck and gazed around sighing, across the highway was a new Super Walmart, next door a four story resort motel half done and vacant. It was inevitable that this family pump business, supporting so many farms and homes, would inevitably be squeezed out. Another unfortunate change in the fabric of this community. I knew I wouldn't be bringing my irrigation pump to Walmart for repairs. These developments are not fed by need, they are spurred by speculation and they have already destroyed sustainable aspects of this community.

The word sustainability is used so wrecklessly and politically today that its meaning is perforated. Sad, because we need the word or its essence to hold water for us as we work to define and understand *right livelihood* and the human future on this planet. We must understand that true sustainability, that capacity for systems to regenerate and sustain themselves, is at war with the gods of commerce and the corporate ethic. And, in true Machiavellian-style, the enemy is hard at work to usurp the word "sustainability" as its own, redefined, retooled and priced to sell.

The British essayist and mystery writer G.K. Chesterton warned sixty or seventy years ago that if we weren't careful, advertising would replace organized religion as the shaper of human society. Turns out he was right. We weren't careful and it did happen. Today, millions of people go to their grave believing that their individual life had been measured by their purchasing power. There are churches today who preach that God wants us to be commercially and financially successful. I disagree. I believe God wants us to be farmers, stewards of the land and of biological life, and happy campers because we feel good about our workaday world. I refuse to believe that God cares how many homes you own or what car you drive or the nature of your stock portfolio. But there are those who will argue with me in that direction. From atheist to agnostic to raging secular hedonist we argue with one another on these questions ... and they do not matter in the final analysis. Fact is, we can care about the world we live in or we can

disregard her, it's our choice. Really our choice because those codes of conduct, moral institutions and halls of learning which gave us the credos of caring, sharing and believing, those guides of old are gone. They've gone shopping – those churches, schools, synagogs, charitable institutions et.al., gone to the marketplace, left the stone tablets and ivy covered halls behind and stuffed their wallets with little magnetically charged plastic cards. Still, whether we care about the world we live in or not is something we, rich and/or poor, have power over. This is something we can see, touch, feel. And, if we allow it, it is an involvement which can reward our peace of mind and our self-sufficiency many times over.

I returned in two days and picked up the pump, repaired, sandblasted, painted and ready to reinstall, all for half what I had expected I would need to pay. And smiles and stories were thrown into the mix by the pump shop folks as I was asked where our ranch is and if I knew so and so and how the crops were faring. Felt good. As a friend of mine sometimes says at odd moments, "We're farming now." And he's right, this is part of the intangibles of farming. It's moments shared with folks of common values, all of us appreciating who we are and what we do. Part of that right livelihood business, we know at these softer moments that we are who we want and need to be.

I drove home and readied my tools to reverse the process of loading the three phase pump and motor back onto the foundation. Rigging a chain into the rafters I hooked into the motor casing and half lifted / half drug the unit down the steel ramp. Using a heavy pry bar, I walked it into position and bolted it back into the piping. My last piece of work was to rewire the motor. I thought I was being careful to replace the wires as I had marked them. I buttoned everything up, straightened my old back and smiled at my handiwork. Now to open the water gate and turn the pump on. Sweet quiet running motor and pump but NO water came out.

I phoned my friend Larry and he confirmed my suspicion, I must have reversed the wires causing the pump to run in reverse direction. I took the covers off and redid the wiring. This time when I pressed the pump switch six hundred gallons a minute pulsed through the 8 inch pipe. "Now we're farming!"

Sustainability? Self-sufficiency? You want to know what these things are all about? Follow a farmer or rancher around for a few days.

There is no other segment of society which offers endless opportunity for regeneration and sustainability; farming is it. All other segments of society and commerce are ultimately governed by a limitation either of resources or of profitable application or of both. Humankind needs all the product of the farm each and every day. And all the product of the farm may, if we organize the farming accordingly, be part of the net gain to fertility, community and planet. We may grow beans, while improving the top soil, and extending the life of a seed variety. We may produce milk, while improving the top soil, improving a livestock strain and adding to the beauty of a landscape. We may put up hay while training work animals and improving self-sufficiency.

If we make the claim that farming is the answer and that we need more small farmers and that there has never been a better time to be a farmer, it's appropriate to ask what sort of farming we are talking about. I am want to differentiate between industrial-scale agribusiness and the craft of human-scale farming. I believe the latter serves all of us best. And I am most certainly not speaking of a return to some antiquated, nostalgic form of farming. I am speaking of a new farming, not in the distant future, but one which is already scattered amongst us today. It's a new farming whose limits are defined by values. I like to think of it in terms of the individual unit, one person's farm.

One man's farm: from its perimeter to its center never further than one might walk with a load.

One woman's farm: never less than the circumference of the dream it represents.

One man's farm: no matter the scale so long as it befit an individual imagination and endeavor.

One woman's farm: a perfect interlocking fit to the next woman's farm, or the edge of nature.

One man's farm on balance, always on balance. Balance not as of style but as of manner. That farm must be the size which fits the true manner of the man. And the farm will be the prize hard-won of the deliberate maintenance of appropriate creativity.

Why one person's farm? Why not the farms of many? The farms of many should not be measured by their outer collective boundary but by the energy of the pattern of shared perimeters. Measuring the boundary of all, of the many, gives the lie to larger singularities. It's the difference between edge defining size versus the internal weave.

In classical music, symphonic orchestration requires, demands, the composer own a level of intimacy with each and every sound, instrument, human performance aspect and sound chamber. There is no other way to achieve the powerful fertile singularity of composition. The same is true of one person's farm; that farmer must own intimacy with all aspects and components of his farm if a singularly fertile and constantly regenerative whole be the goal. At some point, increased size and quantity require abstraction and with this, intimacy is lost. Music is lost, fertility is forgotten. Regeneration and sustainability become conceptual impediments to profitability. But so what? Profitability is no measure of permanence or fertility or art or sustainability. And, as we see today, corporate profitability is off in some parallel universe with little or no use to those millions who are starving as we speak.

With a manner of persuasion born from understanding, the fertility of one small farm may be as regenerative and sustainable as the wave action of the sea. Do we measure profit from that wave action? Typically, profit is a subjective measure of income retained. The wave action of the sea is a phenomenon. The growth and produce of the soil is a phenomenon albeit one a thoughtful person might orchestrate.

There is so much we might say of profitability and all of it apology or rationale. There is so little we might say of the craft of farming and most of it promise and wealth. But this we can say, those particular demanding labors of one man's farm require of him that his mind be fully on his work. And so engaged, this man becomes his work and the work becomes the man. The farm's work takes on the manner of the man, be he artful and/or responsive – and the man likewise, be the work tedious and/or challenging. And these manners blend to a defining balance the repeating final ringing tone of which is accomplishment, tedium, labor, artistry, responsiveness, gathered gardening, stockmanship, challenges, all of the farm's fueled future towards a chance at the exhilaration of right livelihood. Farming for life. Turn the words around and inside out. A life for farming – or – farming in order to live – or – farming to create life – or – farming to sustain life – or – farming to support life. It works every way.

Farming for life now offers the grand answer to what is the collapse of the grand illusion.

Photo courtesy Dorothy Rogers

Chief Rojas

An interview with Arnold R. Rojas, the Last Vaquero

Editor's Note: *The late Arnold R. Rojas (1896 – 1988), or "Chief Rojas" as he was known, has the distinction of being the most celebrated chronicler of the life and lore of California's vaqueros. He did this in a series that he didn't start publishing until he was into his mid-50s,* ***The California Vaqueros*** *in 1953. Ultimately, he would publish seven books over the years, the final one being* ***Vaqueros and Buckaroos*** *in 1979. He wrote about what he knew and loved – the life and ways of the old California vaqueros – men he rode and worked with for over fifty years. Lucky for us, he wrote down the memories of all those years for as he said, "These are stories as seen through the eyes of old vaqueros, they are something of the splendor of those days, for there will never be another cattle ranching era in California that produced such men."*

His was a style of grace, never of anger. Of that fact, he wrote, "If I wrote in a lighter vein, it is because most vaqueros and buckaroos never took life too seriously. If what was written was pleasantry, it is because my experiences were pleasant. If I do not write of hatred, it is because I saw none."

He was a voracious reader and yet never progressed beyond the third grade in formal education; rather he worked at what he knew – as a vaquero throughout the central part of California in and around the vast San Joaquin Valley. In his writing, he constantly asserted the importance of the quiet pride the vaquero took in his work. He would, I believe, be pleased today to see once again the vaquero of his beloved West being remembered and respected for his fine ability with horses and cattle.

He was a true throwback, a man who showed respect for the old ways and for the ***viejos*** *– the old ones. Additionally, he was an important figure in ethnic writing of the era and held an uncompromising pride in his heritage – his family coming to California in the 1820s from Sonora, Mexico. His books were part of the foundation of ethnic pride that was built upon in the tumultuous era of the 1960s. Arnold Rojas has found his place in history as an important literary contributor to the legacy of a region in the west where the horse and horsemen were king and the value of a man was placed in his character and competency, not what he carried in his pocket. Simply put, in Rojas, the vaquero found their champion. What follows is the last interview Rojas ever gave. Writer Gerald Haslam interviewed Rojas in 1986 – two years before he died – for the publication,* ***MELUS, The Journal of the Society for the Study of the Multi-Ethnic Literature of the United States.***

Interviewer: How did you become a vaquero? What were the circumstances that led you to the San Joaquin?
Rojas: I came to the San Joaquin because the only work I could get in the town of my birth, Pasadena, was orange picking, and I wanted to be a rider. The way to be one was to get a job as a vaquero; besides, the only work a man of my race could get in those days was as a muleskinner or vaquero, both cheap labor.

Interviewer: Once you were on the range, was there equality between white and non-white vaqueros?
Rojas: Yes, the white respected the non-white because of the latter's skill and wanted to be like him. The white who adopted the vaquero culture was a higher class than

the "bindle stiff." The gringo vaquero was usually of Irish extraction.

Interviewer: When and how did you begin writing? Were your sketches of vaquero life published in magazines or newspapers before your initial book was published?

Rojas: After World War II, the local American Legion post put on a rodeo. I was chairman and undertook to put on an entirely horse-drawn parade. I went to Jim Day, editor of *The Bakersfield Californian*, and asked for some publicity for my enterprise. He said, "Go home and write something about your project. If I can use it, I will, and I can give you more in a newspaper than you can buy."

There were a number of old vaqueros still living in Bakersfield, men who had spent their lives riding on the big ranches. I intended to invite them to ride in the Miller chuck wagon as guests of honor.

I wrote a thumbnail sketch of Emiliano Castro, Tex Rosencrans, Frank Urrea, Emiliano Cordova and others and presented it to Mr. Day. He glanced over it. I said, "Mr. Day, I never went to school after the second grade. I ran away from an orphanage before I got into third. Feel free to rewrite it as you see fit." He said, "You don't make mistakes in English and you must have read a lot of books and unintentionally educated yourself."

A few days later, the sketch appeared in Mr. Day's column, "Pipefuls," in quotes.

I went to the office to thank him, but he was absent. Ralph Krieser, the editorial writer, was there and he said, "That's valuable historical material you have brought in. I have spent fifteen years in the research department of the *Los Angeles Times* and I know what you are talking about. Keep up the good work."

I was greatly encouraged by Mr. Krieser's words, and said, "If I were to write more stuff, would Jim print it?"

He said, "I don't know what Jim will do, but I say keep it up." God rest his soul, he was trying to encourage me.

I wrote a story and submitted it to Mr. Day and, a few days later, it appeared in "Pipefuls." Then I began to submit a story every week or two. Some months later, I opened the paper and there was one of my stories under my own byline, 'California Vaquero' by Arnold Rojas."

Immediately, Richard Bailey (director of the local museum) wrote to me, invited me to join the Kern County Historical Society and offered to have my material typed by his secretary. For a long time, all my stuff was typed at the museum office. I owe a big debt to Dick Bailey.

One day, I received a letter from James Culleton who offered to publish my material in book form if I was willing to take a chance on selling enough books to get his money back. On making inquiries, I found that he was Monsignor James Culleton who had written several books on early California Indians and pioneers of old Monterey. He had published books on California and church history at the Academy Library Guild in Fresno. He published my first three books and that is how I became a writer.

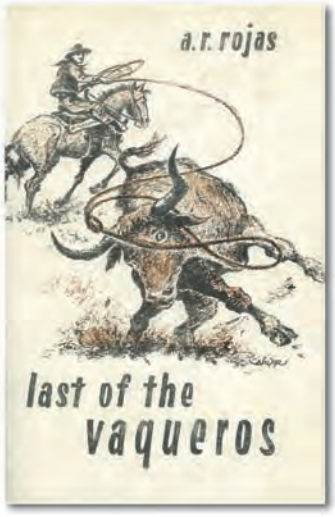
Interviewer: Let me back up and ask when and where were you born? Where were you raised? How, exactly, did you manage to find your first ranch job?

Rojas: I was born in Pasadena in 1896, raised in St. Catharine's Orphanage, Anaheim, ran away. Lived with Leonardo Ruiz in Acton. I left there on horseback to seek a living in the San Joaquin. Stayed at V7 and San Emideo ranches. Got a job by riding into ranch and asking for work.

Interviewer: More than any writer I know, your work has explored the aspects of a single topic. Have you been tempted to write about other subjects?

Rojas: No, I would like to write only about the topics with which I am familiar. I do not know enough about any other subject to be able to write factually of them. Vaqueros, horses and ranches are all I know.

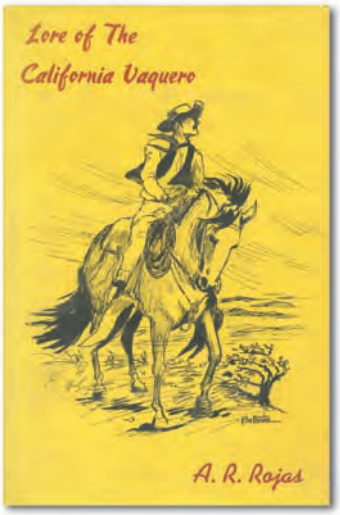
Interviewer: As you know, one influence in my life was Ramon Dominquez, who taught me more about horses and horsemen than anyone else. He used to say that he was lucky to have been born in time for the tail end of the vaquero era. Do you feel the same way?



Rojas: There was a good old vaquero named Frank Dominquez in Bakersfield who gave me a lot of good material. He had a son, Ramon Dominquez. He was not a rider but a teamster. He had the books I gave his father and probably gave you the

material his father told me. I feel as Ramon, I was lucky to have known vaqueros.

Interviewer: Can you describe the southern San Joaquin when you first worked here? How has it most changed?



Rojas: When I came here, three big companies owned most of this part of the Great Valley, and the small farmer was poor indeed. There were no beautiful, bountiful farming areas we find today. Much of the land was left for cattle range, and it was not until the deep well, turbine pump was invented that the latter prospered.

Except for the lupines and poppies, which covered the valley in the spring, the country was semi-desert and the climate was horrible, with pea-soup fog in the winter and one hundred ten degrees in summer. No one ever thought that the valley would be covered with orchards and vineyards as it is today.

Interviewer: Tell me about your writing habits? Do you work every day? Are you a morning or evening writer do you keep a journal or notebook? I, for example, jot notes in a pad, but don't do any systematic journal writing.
Rojas: I have no regular time to write. I read until I find something in a book that suggests a story. I jot it down and then enlarge it into a sketch. Sometimes I don't write for months. The old timers who told me stories are all dead, and it is getting harder to find material.

Interviewer: Who are your favorite writers?
Rojas: Some of my favorite writers are Dumas, Hugo, Balzac, Zola, Conan Doyle, Kipling, Stevenson, Dickens, Bernal Diaz del Castillo, Basco Ibanez, Mayne Reid, Harold Lamb, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, O. Henry, Washington Irving, Jack London, Robert Cunningham Graham, Howard Fast. Bless them, they taught me to write.

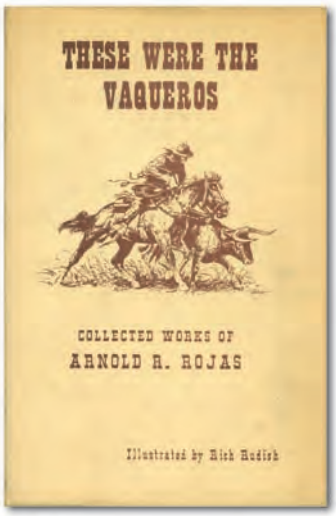
Interviewer: That's a distinguished list. How exactly did you become a reader?
Rojas: An old homesteader came to the ranch where I stayed and found me reading western stories by O. Henry in a magazine. I was always a bookworm, even when I was a little kid in the orphanage. Anyway, he was about starved out and wanted to borrow sugar, coffee and beans. I gave him some. The next time he came, he brought books, and from then on, every time he came, which was frequently, he brought more: Cervantes, Hugo, Dumas, Washington Irving. They were his way of paying for what we gave, so he wouldn't be a beggar.

Interviewer: Were many other vaqueros also readers?
Rojas: Most of them couldn't read.

Interviewer: How do you research your books, just talk to old timers, or do you actually use the library?
Rojas: I got my material around the campfire and in the bunkhouse on winter nights. I have never used a library for research. I don't think I could find factual material about vaqueros in a library.

Interviewer: You certainly wouldn't find much, but I have to kid you a bit and point out that I first read your work in the Kern County Library when I was in high school. How about material that goes beyond the vaqueros, such as what you've written about the history of horsemen, that must have come, at least in part, from books?
Rojas: That material came from books printed in Spain.

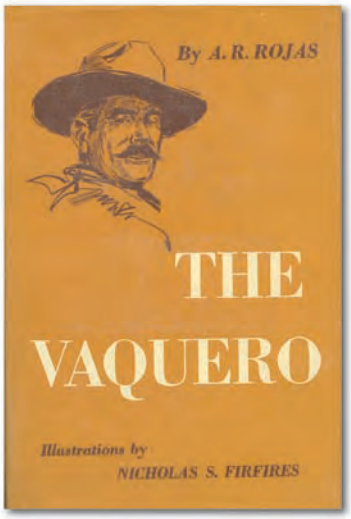
Interviewer: You heard most of your vaquero stories from old timers. Can you tell me about some of the most memorable *viejos y viejas* you remember?
Rojas: The most memorable old people were my grandmother, Rita Ruiz, born in 1836; my aunt, Concita Lopez, born in 1854; my uncle, Jim McFall, born in 1850; Leonardo Ruiz, born in 1858; Dolores Martinez, born in 1840. These were the first who told me stories of their early youths. Later, I found men like Frank Urrea, Leonardo Chavaria, Don Pedro Yorba, Don Jesus Lopez here in the valley.



Interviewer: Who was the most unusual man you ever worked with? I think about Blas the bullfighter or some of the *curanderos*, and I can't imagine who you'd choose.
Rojas: Juan Gomez was the most unusual vaquero I ever met, and Salvador Carmelo was the one I loved the most, God bless him. He was very kind to me, a waif.

Interviewer: What made Juan Gomez unusual?
Rojas: He had only one leg, yet he was one of the best vaqueros on Tejon or any other ranch where he rode.

Interviewer: How about the best horse?
Rojas: The most outstanding horse I ever rode was a brown called "Smokey," on the Tejon Ranch.



Interviewer: My own background, which is typical of long-time Californian families, includes Irish, Spanish, Portuguese, English, Danish as well as some German and Sephardic. How about yours?
Rojas: My ancestors on the Spanish side were Sephardic Jews who came to America to escape the Inquisitors. Few people know that it was the fugitive Jews from Spain who established the cattle industry in America. Rojas is an old Castilian Jewish name and corresponds to Roth and Rosen. Indians in my ancestry were Yaquis and Mayos.

The first Rojas and Ruiz to come here before DeAnza were sailors, although there was a Ruiz with DeAnza.

My grandmother's people were from the town of Alamos, Sonora. My father's folks were from San Miguel Horcasitas in Sonora and Mazatlan, Sinaloa.

Interviewer: When did your family migrate to California?
Rojas: They came in the early migration during the Spanish regime, on horses and mules.

Interviewer: How about the Sephardic roots of the cattle industry; can you elaborate on that a bit? I've heard it said before, but never had it explained.
Rojas: There were few people who wanted to come to America to be killed by Indians. The Spaniards were slaughtering the Nero Christians, Moriscos and others, until they found a use for them, which was as soldiers for Christianity in New Spain.

Interviewer: When I was a kid, a lot of my acquaintances were ashamed of their Mexican heritage and claimed to be Basque or French or something; some even changed the spelling of their names. It was sad that circumstances forced such behavior and I rarely observe it today. How about when you were a young man, was there discrimination against people with Hispanic surnames? Was there intragroup prejudice; did California Latinos resent or, in some fashion, discriminate against recently migrated Mexicans?
Rojas: The gringos taught the paisanos to be ashamed of their race, but, in late years, they have become defiant and call themselves "Mexicans." A tour of Mexico, where one finds fair people who can trace their ancestors to Europe before the conquest and who are proud to say they are Mexicans will cure anyone of being ashamed of his race. Those of muddy complexions seem to suffer the most, but one does not see so much discrimination nowadays. The "White Trade Only" signs are no longer posted and one sees Mexican boys as news commentators, speaking faultless English, as managers of stores, banks and other businesses.

According to Delores Martinez, the Sonorans who came in the Gold Rush were looked down upon by the Hispanics who lived here. Each succeeding migration met the same attitude. Lately, it has been the Mexicans from Texas who are called "Cholos." It would be funny were it not tragic.

Interviewer: You were living in Kern County in the 1960s when Cesar Chavez made it the hub of the Mexican-American Movement. My recollection of that time is that older friends, both Anglo and Latino, tended not to be sympathetic, while younger ones were. I know the *Californian* was profoundly pro-grower then, just as some big-city dailies were profoundly pro-UFW. I'm curious what your thoughts were and are those events an *el Movimiento*?
Rojas: My sympathies were with Cesar Chavez, of course, but I knew nothing of the "movimiento."

Interviewer: Even well educated people in California today seem to go no farther than the *Ramona* myth in their knowledge of our Spanish/Mexican past. Your books are the best antidote I know for that. Have people in Kern County responded well to your writing? Are your books used in schools here?
Rojas: Since the paisanos couldn't write, gringos wrote of early California. My books are used as textbooks in Massachusetts. I know of no place in California where they are used as such.

Interviewer: One of my favorite passages in your work is found in *Vaqueros and Buckaroos* where you point out that when Americans came to California they solved one racial problem by creating "Old Spanish Families" into which they could then marry, while California families "who had no lands left became Mexicans doomed to work for cheap wages and to suffer discrimination."

Rojas: Yes, if you had land or money, you were Spanish, and if you were poor, you were Mexican, even if you were cousins. The gringos invented that.

Interviewer: I occasionally see your work in anthologies of Chicano writing. What, if any, has been your relationship to the Mexican-American literary movement? Have scholars been in touch with you, for example, or has anyone suggested that you write differently?
Rojas: How my books became known to men who write anthologies I do not know, for I never had any contact with the Mexican-American Movement. A son of a friend, Louis Barraza, Jr., who teaches in a Mormon university, told me about my name being mentioned in a Chicano publication.

No, no one has ever suggested that I write differently. However, I had one bad review in the *San Francisco Chronicle*. The writer objected to my saying the real cowboys were Blacks. Very few paisanos have bought my books.

Interviewer: That *Chronicle* review was the one where W.H. Hutchinson, who is one of your fans, challenged your assertion that the cattle culture east of the Rockies was essentially of African origin, wasn't it? I've wondered about that myself: Were you referring to the approximately five thousand black cowboys who rode out of Texas? My reading has led me to believe that the basis of the cattle industry there was Mexican and that a mixed group of riders refined it, but I'm always willing to learn.
Rojas: True, the roots of cattle industry in America were Mexican, but Mexicans were not cowboys. They were vaqueros and are still prominent in Texas and here in California. They employ a different form of horsemanship, *la Jineta*, which uses the rider's body, not the bit and reins, to direct the mount. Cowboys are a different culture.

Interviewer: Perhaps the state's major myth concerns a Sonoran, Joaquin Murrieta. I read Frank Latta's book on the subject, and John Rollin Ridge's pioneering work, as well as other popular accounts. Which of the many versions do you accept and why?
Rojas: In respect to Joaquin Murrieta, his name has been a household word ever since I can remember. All my information about him has come by word of mouth, from Delores Martinez in 1910 to Teresa Murrieta of Mexicali, Baja California, in 1979. In between, I have heard a thousand stories about him. He has numerous relatives and descendants in Sonora.

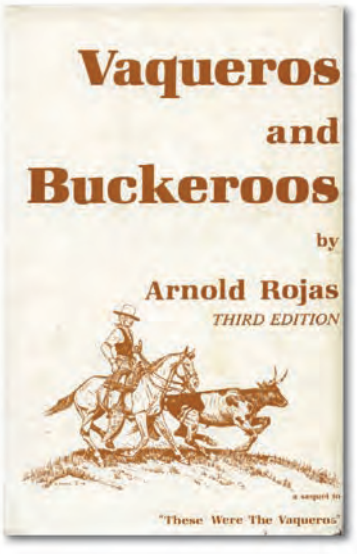
However, I have read and enjoyed Joseph Gallomb, Rollin Ridge, Walter Noble Burns and two versions in Spanish in which Murrieta is called "El Bandido Chileno," and Latta's *Murrieta and His Horse Gangs*. A long time before I knew Latta, I knew that the man killed by (Harry) Love was an uncle of the Valenzuelas who lived in Bakersfield, and with whom I had ridden the range.

Interviewer: Was Joaquin Valenzuela from the Bakersfield area?
Rojas: San Luis Obispo. He was born along the Mayo River in Sonora. Probably a distant relative of Fernando Valenzuela, the pitcher.

Interviewer: How about Tiburcio Vasquez, what was his relationship to Bakersfield?
Rojas: He was active here in the Panama District and hid away on the Tejon Ranch's Trampas area.

Interviewer: You've lived to see the age of the vaquero pass in California, although there may always be pockets where range cattle and range men exist. I don't want to put you on the spot, but I wonder how you see the direction of the state's – or part of the state's – development? I mean socially as well as economically and industrially.
Rojas: There are too many people here for the water we have. I lament the passing of the ranches, but there are many left, although smaller, and of course, I dislike the shopping centers and the smog. Some day we will have to plow up the malls to plant something we can eat.

Interviewer: If a young person from Wasco told you that he or she wanted to be a writer, what advice would you offer?
Rojas: If a young person in Wasco told me he or she wanted to be a writer, I would say, "Sit down and start. The only way to be a writer is to write and rewrite until one learns." Robert Louis Stevenson sometimes rewrote a sentence eight times, and *The Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire* was rewritten eight times and was in five volumes.



"A MELUS Interview: Arnold R. Rojas, the Last Vaquero" was first published in *MELUS: The Journal of the Society for the Study of the Multi-Ethnic Literature of the United States* and is reprinted here with the permission of *MELUS*. The books of Arnold Rojas will be reprinted this year through a private publisher with a portion of the proceeds going to support the work of the PARAGON Foundation.

States Sovereignty

Now more than ever, understanding the Separation of Powers Doctrine is very important.

BY DANIEL MARTINEZ

In this great country, contrary to government press releases and national news commentary, this country was established as a Republic, not as a Democracy. The United States is not one nation as it is a union of 50 Nations united under International Law. This means that all inherent rights lie with the people.

> "There is no such thing as a power of inherent sovereignty in the government of the United States .... In this country sovereignty resides in the people, and Congress can exercise no power which they have not, by their Constitution, entrusted to it: All else is withheld." **Julliard v. Greenman: 110 U.S. 421, (1884)**
>
> "A free people claim their rights as derived from the laws of nature, and not as the gift of their chief magistrate." – Thomas Jefferson: Rights of British America, 1774 ME 1:209, Papers 1:134

Since all sovereignty lies with the people, "We the People" have delegated to our state and federal governments some of our sovereignty, restricted and specifically as spelled out by the Constitutions both federal and state. All employees of the federal and state governments have taken an oath, a social contract, with "We the People" – that's us – to uphold these instruments. "We the People" are not a party to these instruments. This is a social contract between "We the People," the sovereigns, and our Government employees which have sworn to uphold and to bond it with their liberties.

The law requires every would-be officeholder to take and file an oath of office, see Article VI, Section 3 of the Constitution of the United States 1791.

> "With respect to our State and Federal governments, I do not think their relations are correctly understood by foreigners. They generally suppose the former subordinate to the latter. But this is not the case. They are co-ordinate departments of one simple and integral whole. To the State governments are reserved all legislative and administration, in affairs which concern their own citizens only, and to the federal government is given whatever concerns foreigners, or the citizens of the other States; these functions alone being made federal. **The one is domestic, the other the foreign branch of the same government; neither having control over the other, but within its own department."**— Thomas Jefferson [*Writing of Thomas Jefferson* published by Taylor & Maury, Washington DC, 1854, quote number VII 355-61, from correspondence to Major John Cartwright, June 5, 1824.]

Under International Law, every state of the union is a separate sovereign country.

> 16 American Jurisprudence 2d, Sovereignty of states, §281 [Legal encyclopedia]:
>
> The original thirteen states existed prior to the adoption of the Federal Constitution and before that time possessed all the attributes of sovereignty. All these attributes except those surrendered by the formation of the Constitution and the amendments thereto have been retained. But the sovereign power of the states is necessarily diminished to the extent of the grants of power to the federal government in the Constitution, and it is subject to the restraints and limitations of the Constitution.
>
> **"New states, upon their admission into the Union, become invested with equal rights and rare subject only to such restriction as are imposed upon the states already admitted. There can be no state of the Union whose sovereignty or freedom of action is in any respect different from that of any other state. There can be no restriction upon any state other than one prescribed upon all the states by the Federal Constitution. Congress, in admitting a state, cannot restrict such state by bargain. The state, by so contracting with Congress, is in no way bound by such a contract, however irrevocable it is stated to be. It is said that subject to the restraint and limitations of the Federal Constitution, the states have all the sovereign powers of independent nations over all persons and things within their respective territorial limits."** [16 American Jurisprudence 2d, Sovereignty of states §281]

The doctrine of "Conflict of Laws" or private International law is described as follows:

> Under 16 Am Jur 2d CONFLICT OF LAWS Section 2
>
> *"Private international law assumes a more important aspect in the United States than elsewhere, for the reason that the several states, although united under the same sovereign authority and governed by the same laws for all national purposes embraced by the Federal Constitution, are otherwise, at least so far as private international law is concerned, in the same relation as foreign countries." Hanley v. Donoghue, 116 U.S. 1, 6 S. Ct. 242, 29 L. Ed. 535(1885); "The principles of*

private international law or conflict of laws are of ancient origin and are part of the common law in England and in the United States" Snashall v. Metropolitan R. Co., 19 D.C. 399, 8 Mackey 399(D.C. 1890).

Black's Law Dictionary, 6th Edition, page 648. Foreign states:

"Nations which are outside the United States. Term may also refer to another state, i.e. a sister state. The term 'foreign nations,' as used in a statement of the rule that the laws of foreign nations should be proved in a certain manner, should be construed to mean all nations and states other than that in which the action is brought; and hence one state of the Union is foreign to another, in the sense of that rule."

Black's Law Dictionary, 6th Edition, page 350. Country:

"The territory occupied by an independent nation or people, or inhabitants of such territory. In the primary meaning 'country' denotes the population, the nation, the state, or the government having possession and dominion over a territory."

United States is defined in federal statute at 28 U.S.C. Section 1603 (c)**"** *The "United States" includes all territory and waters, continental or insular,* ***subject to the jurisdiction*** *of the United States.*

*"It now is settled in the United States and recognized elsewhere that the territory subject to its jurisdiction includes the land areas under its dominion and control, the ports, harbors, bays and other enclosed arms of the sea along its coast and a marginal belt of the sea extending from the coast line outward a marine league, or three geographic miles." Church v. Hubbart, 2 Cranch, 187, 234; The Ann, 1 Fed. Cas. No. 397, p. 926; United States v. Smiley, 27 Fed. Cas. No. 16317, p. 1132; Manchester v. Massachusetts, 139 U.S. 240, 257, 258 S., 11 Sup. Ct. 559; Louisiana v. Mississippi, 202 U.S. 1, 52, 26 S. Sup. Ct. 408; 1 Kent's Com. (12th Ed.) *29; 1 Moore, [262 U.S. 100, 123] International Law Digest, 145; 1 Hyde, International Law, 141, 142, 154; Wilson, International Law (8th Ed.) 54; Westlake, International Law (2d Ed.) p. 187, et seq; Wheaton, International Law (5th Eng. Ed. [Phillipson] p. 282; 1 Oppenheim International Law (3d Ed.) 185-189, 252. "This, we hold, is the territory which the amendment designates as its field of operation; and the designation is not of a part of this territory but of 'all' of it."* ***Cunard S.S. Co. v. Mellon****, 262 U.S. 100; 43 S.Ct. 504 (1923).*

36A C.J.S. **Foreign***:*

As a general rule when used with relation to Countries in a political sense, the term refers to the jurisdiction or government of the country. The term is applicable not only to countries outside the United States but also to the different states within the United States, as far as their relation to each other is concerned, although not to the Indian nations or tribes, See Indians Section 9 US – Cherokee nation v. Georgia, Ga., 5 Pet. 1, 55,8 L.Ed. 25; Ga.– Seaboard Air-line R. Co. v. Phillips, 42 S.E. 494, 496, 117 Ga. 98.

"A State does not owe its origin to the Government of the United States, in the highest or in any of its branches. It was in existence before it. It derives its authority from the same pure and sacred source as itself: The voluntary and deliberate choice of the people...A State is altogether exempt from the jurisdiction of the Courts of the United States, or from any other exterior authority, unless in the special instances when the general Government has power derived from the Constitution itself." [Chisholm v. Georgia, 2 Dall, (U.S.) 419 (Dall.) (1794)].

The U.S. Supreme Court confirmed the limited authority the sovereigns, "We the People," granted the federal government. **U.S. v. Lopez***; 514 U.S. 549 (1995):*

We start with first principles. The Constitution creates a Federal Government of enumerated powers. See U.S. Const., Art. I, 8. As James Madison wrote, "[t]he powers delegated by the proposed Constitution to the federal government are few and defined. Those which are to remain in the State governments are numerous and indefinite." The Federalist No. 45, pp. 292-293 (C. Rossiter ed. 1961). ***This constitutionally mandated division of authority "was adopted by the Framers to ensure protection of our fundamental liberties." Gregory v. Ashcroft, 501 U.S. 452, 458 (1991) (internal quotation marks omitted). "Just as the separation and independence of the coordinate branches of the Federal Government serves to prevent the accumulation of excessive power in any one branch, a healthy balance of power between the States and the Federal Government will reduce the risk of tyranny and abuse from either front."*** *Ibid.*

In light of the above, "We the People" of this great union have to understand that we are the Sovereigns and not the Government. We have to take responsibility for our "Life, Liberty and Property" and stop behaving as if we are slaves to our public officials. Remember, challenge ALL authority, because if it doesn't come from the sovereigns, "We the People," it does not exist.

"By that law the several States and Governments spread over our globe, are considered as forming a society, not a NATION. It has only been by a very few comprehensive minds, such as those of Elizabeth and the Fourth Henry, that this last great idea has been even contemplated. 3rdly. and chiefly, I shall examine the important question before us, by the Constitution of the United States, and the legitimate result of that valuable instrument." [Chisholm v. Georgia, 2 Dall. (U.S.) 419, 1 L.Ed. 440 (1793)]

It is critical during these turbulent and confusing days, when we hear different proposals and ideas spoken by our state and federal government officials, that we remember: "We The People" are the permission givers. "We The People" allow officials to act in our best interest. "We The People" have the ultimate say and we must remember that. Sovereignty lies within the individual citizen.

Contributors

Mark Bedor *(Battle over Bighorn in Idaho Sheep Country)* writes from his home in Los Angeles. His work has appeared in *Western Horseman*, *Cowboys & Indians*, *Persimmon Hill*, *American Cowboy*, among others.

Since childhood, **Guy de Galard** *(Don Butler)* has had a passion for horses and the American West. Born in Paris, France, Guy began riding at age 6. Guy first heard about Wyoming while reading *My Friend Flicka*, at age 10. A self-taught photographer, Guy first took up photography while attending business school in Paris. After his move to the United States 23 years ago, Guy started to portray what naturally inspired him the most: horses and cowboys. Guy's writings and images have appeared in *Western Horseman, Cowboys & Indians, Range*, *The American Quarter Horse Journal*, as well as French and Italian western lifestyle magazines.

Dan Gagliasso *(Stolen Cattle, Bleeding Borders and the Texas Rangers)* is an award winning documentary film director/producer and screen-writer. He recently optioned his true-life adventure script, *Lawyers; Guns & Money,* to New York City based producers, No Ego Production. A past recipient of the Western Writers of America Spur Award, he rode bulls on the amateur rodeo circuit during his college years.

Photo courtesy Darrell Arnold

Long time western writer **Darrell Arnold** *(On Home Ground: Colorado Ranchers in a Battle with Their Own Government, Part 1)* published Cowboy magazine for fifteen years from his home ranch in La Veta, Colorado. Before that he spent five years as the Associate Editor at *Western Horseman*. Darrell has written several books including *Tales From Cowboy Country* and *Cowboy Kind*.

Thea Marx *(The Wagon Rod Ranch in Southeastern Utah)* Thea Marx is fifth generation born and ranch raised on the Wind River Indian Reservation near Kinnear, Wyoming. Much of her career, including her book and website, *Contemporary Western Design.com*, has been dedicated to Western Style, but her heart will always be on the ranch.

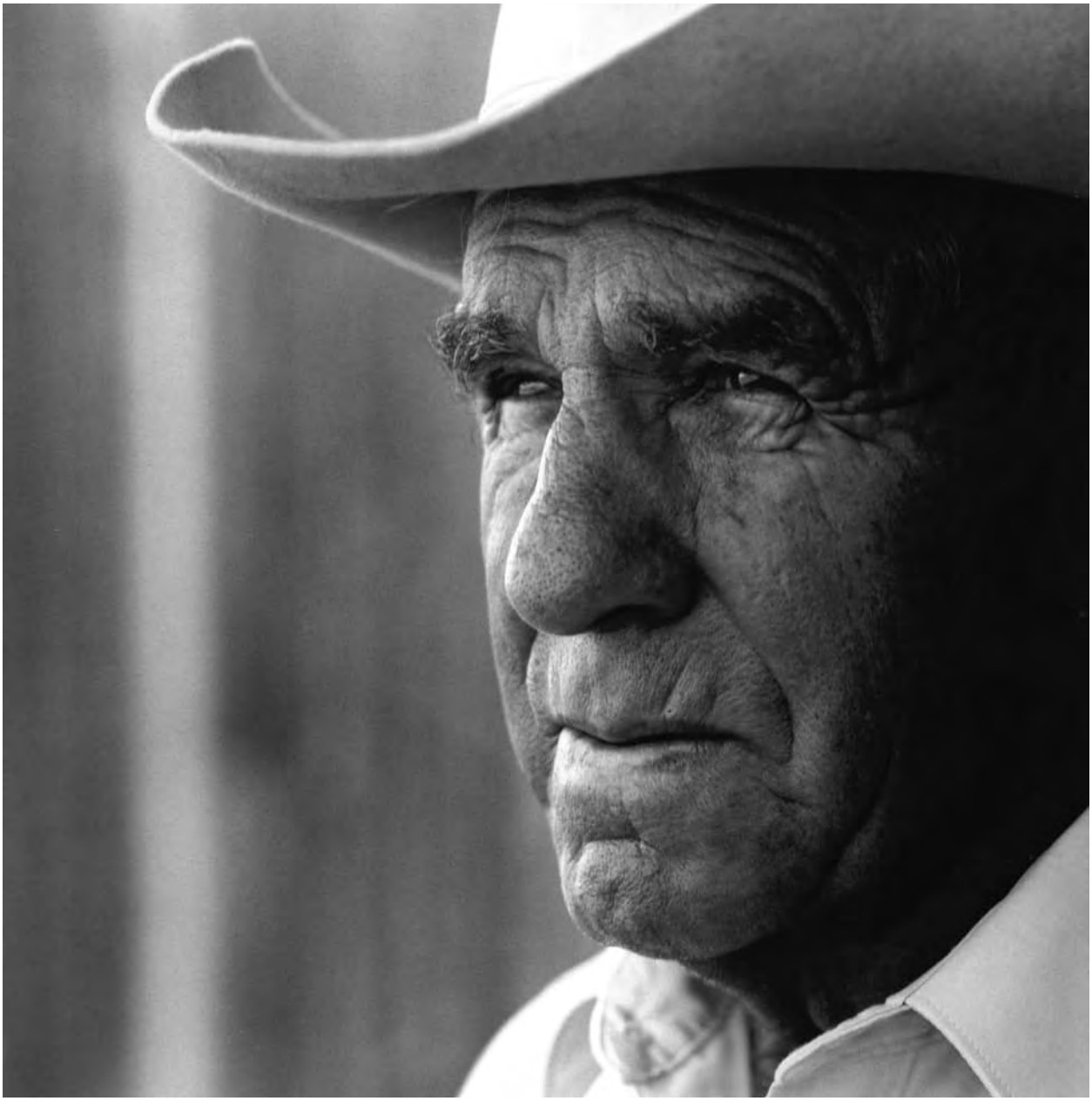
Nicole Krebs *(The Living Words of The Constitution, Part 6)* is the Associate Editor of *Living Cowboy Ethics* – as well as being the friendly voice whenever anyone calls the PARAGON office. She is married to Anthony Krebs, a sergeant in the United States Air Force, and they have a beautiful daughter, Brittany. Nicole has a rich history working with non-profits, and her list of awards is without peer. Somehow she also finds time to edit the PARAGON newsletter, *In The Loop*.

Marilyn Fisher *(Showdown in the New West)* is Curator of Collections for the Reagan Ranch and Reagan Ranch Center in Santa Barbara, California. The Reagan Ranch is owned and preserved by Young America's Foundation, who stepped forward in 1998 to save the ranch retreat of Ronald Reagan, the 40TH President of the United States. Young America's Foundation is a non-profit, 501 (c)(3) that provides student outreach to college students throughout the country. For more information go to YAF.org, or phone 1 (800) USA-1776.

Julie Chase Baldocchi – A Western Album

Kate Neubert

Randy Reiman



Tom Dorrance

Leo Berta

Bill Dorrance

Oscar Thompson with remuda

Oscar Thompson on Rancho Cienaga Del Gabilan

Brian Neubert

Drew Dorrance

Molly and Leslie Dorrance

JULIE CHASE BALDOCCHI, PHOTOGRAPHER
By Pamela Abramson

Photo by Bill Reeves

A successful commercial photographer in San Francisco, Julie was hired in1984 to turn her keen eye and camera on cowboys rather than CEOs. She was a 20-something single woman and this assignment would change Julie's life, for it was on this shoot that she met her future husband, Donald, on his family's cattle ranch near San Juan Bautista, California.

That was 24-years and two college-aged children ago. "We fell in love right away," smiled Julie, who confesses she always had a little bit of Annie Oakley in her – a role she played in the 8TH grade in Marin County, where she also had a horse named Miss America. "When I gave up riding as a girl, I kept my saddle and my gear. I knew it would come back in my life. I just didn't know how."

Julie is an active participant in the family's cattle operation, The Gabilan Cattle Company. In San Francisco, she and her husband run Pacific Nurseries, the oldest operating wholesale plant nursery in California.

The black and white photos by Julie you see in *Living Cowboy Ethics* magazine are part of a large, private collection she calls *Contemporary Western Images*. They were mostly taken in the early 1990s in Monterey and San Benito Counties, as Julie became friends with the neighboring ranchers.

Her technique is simple and soulful. In this collection, she uses only available lighting, her Hasselblad camera and a tripod she's had since high school when she started earning her keep snapping portraits of children. That was at least six years before she graduated from the Brooks Institute of Photography in Santa Barbara, California.

Most of Julie's preparation goes into getting to know her subjects. The images of these cowboys, ranchers and saddle makers, that represent this wonderful, timeless way of life, have become her photographic legacy. "I have tremendous respect for everyone in my photographs, for who they are and what they've taught me, for what they do and what they're preserving. I hope this comes across in their portraits, because this to me means more than anything I've ever been paid to do," says Julie.

Contact Julie Baldocchi at julie@pacificnurseries.com

The Living Words *of the* Constitution
PART 6

NICOLE KREBS

ARTICLE VI

The first Secretary of the Treasury estimated the debt of the Union at over $11 million owed to foreign banks and creditors (mainly France and Holland) and over $42 million owed to banks and contractors in the United States. The States themselves owed about $25 million for expenditures in the common defense. The first section of Article VI of the United States Constitution promised to pay it all. (*Making of America: The Substance and Meaning of the Constitution*, W. Cleon Skousen)

The first paragraph of Article VI reads, "All Debts contracted and Engagements entered into, before Adoption of this Constitution, shall be as valid against the United States under this Constitution, as under the Confederation."

With this paragraph in the Constitution, foreign bankers were confident in the new government, the agent the 13 states of the union created. This gave them the assurance they needed to help monetize this huge national debt and to assist in underwriting the new Bank of the United States with government bonds as its principal assets. The structure of this bank was so faulty that it alarmed Thomas Jefferson, but it was intended only as an emergency measure for a period of twenty years in order to give the American economy enough stability to get the new nation on its fiscal feet. (Skousen)

The second clause in Article VI, called the Supremacy Clause, states: "This Constitution, and the Laws of the United States which shall be made in Pursuance thereof; and all Treaties made, or which shall be made, under the Authority of the United States, shall be the supreme Law of the Land; and the Judges in every State shall be bound thereby, any Thing in the Constitution or Laws of any State to the Contrary notwithstanding."

According to Webster's Dictionary, 1828, *pursuance* is defined as, "A following; prosecution, process or continued exertion to reach or accomplish something; as in pursuance of the main design. Consequence; as in pursuance of an order from the commander in chief. And, if we look up the word *notwithstanding* in Webster's Dictionary, 1828, we find, "the participle of withstand, with not prefixed, and signifying not opposing; nevertheless. It retains in all cases its participial signification."

"Federal statutes and other federal laws are, of course, 'supreme' only if made in pursuance of the Constitution, and Chief Justice John Marshall used this language in *Marbury v. Madison* (1803) to support his argument that the Constitution contemplates judicial review. Thus, the Supremacy Clause does not grant power to any federal actor, such as Congress." (*The Heritage Guide to the Constitution*, Edwin Meese, III)

The second clause "treats treaties differently from laws. There is a textual distinction in the clause between laws 'made in pursuance [of the Constitution]' and treaties 'made under the authority of the United States.' See *State of Missouri v. Holland* (1920) ... The Supreme Court has declared that neither a treaty approved by the Senate nor an executive agreement made under the President's authority can create obligations that violate constitutional guarantees such as found in the Bill of Rights. *Reid v. Covert* (1957)." (Meese) Another pertinent case is *Medellin v. Texas.* You can read more about that case in the May 2008 issue of *In The Loop*, the PARAGON Foundation newsletter.

"The United States ... operates under the numerous restrictions of the Constitution. No matter what Congress or the states might wish to do, they have to stay within the boundaries of the Constitution. That is why the Founders are credited with the invention of a new kind of republic based on 'constitutional supremacy.' This makes the 'supremacy clause' the cornerstone of the whole American political structure." (Skousen)

The Supremacy Clause of the United States Constitution only applies to those powers delegated to the federal government by the Constitution and if a federal law is in conflict with state law, the former must yield to the latter.

Thomas Johnston, Major in the Revolutionary War, governor of North Carolina and participant in the state ratifying conventions of 1787-88, said, "The Constitution must be the supreme law of the land... I do not know a word in the English language so good as the word *pursuance*, to express the idea meant and intended by the Constitution." Another participant in the state ratifying conventions, James Iredell (Member of state Supreme Court and delegate from North Carolina) stated, "This Constitution, when adopted, will become a part of our state constitution; and the latter must yield to the former only in those cases where power is given by it." And finally, William Davie, member of the Constitutional Convention, informed us that, "This Constitution, as to the powers therein granted, is constantly to be the supreme law of the land ... It is not the supreme law in the exercise of a power not granted. It can be supreme only in cases consistent with the powers specially granted, and not in usurpations."

The third, and final, paragraph in Article VI states, "The Senators and Representatives before mentioned, and the Members of the several State Legislatures, and all executive and judicial Officers, both of the United States and of the several States, shall be bound by Oath or Affirmation, to support this Constitution; but no religious Test shall ever be required as a Qualification to any Office or public Trust under the United States."

The Founders included the first part of this clause to remind all officials, both state and federal, that their first loyalty was to the Constitution of the United States. (The word *affirmation* was added to oblige the Quakers, who were circumspect of taking oaths, as a matter of religious doctrine.) "The simple declaration to 'support the Constitution' has constitutional significance at all levels of government ... The oath was at the heart of John Marshall's opinion in *Marbury v. Madison* (1803) obliging judges to give priority to the Constitution over ordinary legislative acts. Justice Joseph Story likewise stated in his *Commentaries on the Constitution of the United States* that officers sworn to support the Constitution are 'conscientiously bound to abstain from all acts inconsistent with it,' and that in cases of doubt they must 'decide each for himself, whether, consistently with the Constitution, the act can be done.' ... Beyond the mechanism of the separation of powers, the Oaths Clause places an independent obligation on officeholders to observe the limits of their authority." (Meese)

Under Title 5 of the United States Code, "An individual, except the President, elected or appointed to an office of honor or profit in the civil service or uniformed services, shall take the following oath: "I, AB, do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion; and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office on which I am about to enter. So help me God."

"We the people" are the sovereigns and that oath is a social contract all public officials have to take. It is a bond of their liberty, alas, the term "Perjury of Oath of Office." They cannot hold title to any office without that oath or they are De Facto, not legitimate.

Article VI is the beginning of the "wrapping- up stage" of the Constitution. The Founding Fathers wanted to clarify that the new government would honor all of the obligations of the original government under the Articles of Confederation and the debts of the states. They also wanted to spell out the supremacy of the new Constitution. Finally, the Founders wanted to unify the public servants on both the state and the federal level as patrons of the Constitution.

The Wagon Rod Ranch in Southeastern Utah

A family ranch survives on hard work and courage

The Wagon Rod's summer ground, Abajo Mountain, bathed in fall color

BY THEA MARX

For Charley Tracy, taking over the Wagon Rod Ranch in 2009 is "all about heart." The responsibility gives him butterflies, but it doesn't deter him from taking it on. Ranching is all the 37-year-old Utah native has ever wanted to do. And, with his wife, Kim, by his side, he has no question about his life choices. "She is my rock, she has been beside me all the way," he says with emotion in his voice.

After much arm-twisting, his dad, Guy, convinced him to go to college and get a degree "just in case." Charley got his vocational agriculture teaching degree from Utah State University in Logan, seven hours away. "I wouldn't stay away," says Charley. "I made the trip nearly every weekend." Relieved to be back on the ranch after graduation, Charley lived in Montezuma Canyon where his mother's family had homesteaded in 1915. The canyon is the Wagon Rod's winter ground for 250 head of commercial cows and 160-acres of hay ground. Charley and Kim lived in the canyon until 2002. Then, 17 miles of dirt road, a steep grade and tight switchbacks out of the canyon on the 22-mile trek to Monticello for school and activities each day became a challenge. Grudgingly, they bought a home in Monticello and spend weekends at the ranch with the kids.

Monticello is surrounded by mountains on all sides and sits high on the Colorado Plateau at 7,069 feet. It is the county seat of San Juan County in the Four Corners area, where the Colorado, Arizona, Utah and New Mexico borders meet with geometric precision. San Juan County is significant to the history of the West. It was the ancestral grounds of the Navajo, Ancient Pueblo Peoples, Ute and Paiute Indians. Montezuma Canyon was home to many Utes and Navajos, where Navajo herders roamed the land with their herds of sheep in search of water and feed. Skirmishes between the Utes, Navajo and cattlemen continued in the area until 1923 when the "Posey War" officially ended the fighting. Though it wasn't until 1933 when allotments were settled and a more gentile life could continue.

Charley Tracy is the oldest of the Tracy bunch, but the shortest at 6'6". Kim and their three children are very involved in the ranch with Charley and his parents, Guy and Ginger Tracy. Charley is grateful for the women who make the Tracy family complete. "Playing cowboy wouldn't be as fun without Kim and my mom. They

Charley Tracy

support the cowboy life because they love it, too, even though it means endless meals, washing clothes, making sure the bills are paid." Nell Dalton, Charley's 87-year-old grandmother, is spry, witty and "never sits still." Her favorite hobby is "moki pokin'" or, in layman terms, arrowhead hunting. She and her friends get out with their canes, find a promising patch of ground and go to pokin' around. "She used to walk to town from the canyon when there wasn't a horse available," says Charley with admiration. "She's tough."

Charley's grandfather, Nell's husband Max Dalton, grew up on the homestead in Montezuma Canyon. Until his death in 2007, Max was an active participant in the ranch that his son-in-law Guy had taken over in 1986. Guy was raised in Colorado on a pinto bean farm and when his father-in-law offered him a job on the family ranch in 1970, he jumped at the chance. He learned how to run cattle on the tough ground and grow hay in the meadows in the canyon. "He is a master just like Grandpa Max," says Charley of his dad's irrigating. His shovel is worn thin and always has a shine. Hours upon hours of coaxing water from the fickle Montezuma Creek over the stand of alfalfa necessary for winter survival taught him every nuance of the land. With water enough for only one round of irrigation, not a drop could be wasted. Guy's careful tending and hardy alfalfa has proven a good mix. There has only been one year since the fields were planted that they did not get a crop. That year was 2002, when the drought was at its peak and little snow fell on the mountains. The green shoots started to take hold into viable plants then yellowed, shriveled and dried to a crisp. That was the first year the Tracys had to buy hay and the first in Max's memory that the creek hadn't run.

That year, semi loads of hay inched their way through tight switchbacks to the lower, and consequently, milder winter ground of the Wagon Rod Ranch and the cows made it through winter with good ol' Tracy ingenuity, artesian water and a hay grinder. At 5,000 vertical feet, Montezuma Canyon is at a much lower elevation than Monticello. Wagon Rod cows summer on the Abajo Mountains to the west on BLM and Forest Service leases. They are close enough to town that when a bull has had enough he'll head home. Home sometimes means detouring through town and making Charley's phone ring incessantly. That's when Charley grabs Nez, his faithful Appaloosa, and pushes the bull off the icy streets of Monticello to the ranch where he belongs.

Charley has the best help a father could ask for: his children. Guy, the oldest (who by family tradition is always named after his grandfather), is "100% cowboy," says his dad. He and his siblings, Karson, 10, and Kiley, 8, go to school in Monticello where, amongst the 300 kids, he wears his hat with pride and hangs it in a special place in the classroom each day. Karson has dibs on all the new horses –

Guy with Pard sorting cows

Karson with Dex

Guy Tracy gets ready to feed "down below"

Grandpa Max and Grandma Nell in 2003. At the time both were still very much a part of the daily operations of the ranch

"Usually," interjects Dad. He tops them off, making sure they are fit for everyone else. And, Kiley, who is, much to their surprise, quickly outgrowing her brothers, has her mind made up, "Daddy, I am going to be a dental hygienist and on weekends, I am going to help you." Proud as punch is this fourth generation rancher that his family enjoys the life as much as he does. "The kids love to go," he says. "They want to be a part of it as much as possible. They enjoy the little things – feeding, fixing fence, picking peaches." Everyday when they are not with him, they ask the same question, "What did you do today, Dad?" And he is expected to give a full report. They even beg their parents to "sell the house in town and move to the Canyon."

Riding and working cows are favorites for Charley and his family. He recalls many wonderful memories on the mountain, though some have proven hairy. One that stands out in his mind is when he sent Guy one way to move a cow off a ledge while he went the other. As Guy made an effort to move her, she bobbed her head and Charley thought there might be trouble. The next thing he knew, Guy was yelling, "Dad! Dad!" with the cow in full pursuit on the narrow ledge. Guy ended up hanging upside down by his

All photos courtesy the Tracy Family

Hay caves that can hold up to 3000 bales, blasted into canyon walls

Wagon Rod Ranch in Montezuma Canyon

boot in a cedar tree where he had jumped to save his hide from the cow. When asked about his motives, he simply said, "Well, Dad, I didn't know where else to go, so I just went for it." Another more frightening experience left the family waiting anxiously outside emergency surgery in Salt Lake City where Karson had to have the lens of his left eye replaced and sewn shut with ten stitches after a piece of brush hit him just perfectly and lodged in his eye. The courageous youngster rode two and a half hours out of Coal Bed Canyon, then an hour in the pickup before they were headed to civilization. "Its rough country out there," says Charley. "That was a pretty intense twenty-four hours." Just as ranch experiences make kids tough and resilient, ranchers develop thick skin to handle outside challenges. Mother Nature is not the only one throwing curve balls at them.

In 1987, the Division of Wildlife Resources and the US Forest Service made the decision to transplant elk into their summer range on the Abajo Mountains. The Tracys and other permittees along with local landowners were outspoken in opposition, but their voices fell on deaf ears. No one could recognize that the economic impact on the county's largest industry would be enormous. While some of the large landowners were given trophy tags that could be sold at high prices, smaller operations like Tracys only lost out. Without warning, the US Forest Service took 210 AUMs from them. (An AUM, Animal Unit Month, is the amount of forage needed to sustain one cow for a month.) That meant that 70 head of cows with calves by their side had to be shipped to Cortez Livestock Auction sixty miles away. One bureaucratic decision effectively reduced the ranch's capacity by nearly twenty-five percent.

Since the transplant, the elk have flourished. Hunting quotas are low and political value is high. Cows branded with the Wagon Rod have had to compete for their lunches. The elk are literally eating them out of house and home.

Charley wonders why the agencies could have been so insensitive to the multiple use of public lands. The question remains: Why didn't they set a limit for the elk herd then see how much grass would be needed before sweeping it away from the permitees under arbitrary terms? "The State of Utah has exercised their eminent domain without thorough consideration. The elk have had a substantial impact on the ranchers that pay for the grass and a huge economic impact on the farm land in the area."

Between outspoken sportsman's groups and an endless stream of bureaucratic red tape, it seems that no

Black Baldy Charolais Cross Calf

Wagon Rod Calves

"Down Below," as it is known to the Tracys, is south of ranch headquarters in Montezuma Canyon. It offers the most protection, a lower elevation and dependable artesian water to the Wagon Rod cattle during winter months

one cares about the ranchers and landowners. "It is a source of contention for sure," says Charley, who is the cattleman's spokesperson. "I really hope everything I am doing is not done in vain. I want to protect this right for my children." He has spent many hours trying to educate the public and those who run the government agencies. "Unfortunately, they are oblivious to how this affects us, no one is listening."

Photo by Brooke Pehrson

Guy, Kiley, Kim, Charley and Karson

But, on he will keep fighting as his father and Grandpa Max did before him because, as he says, "It would break everyone's heart to not continue ... it would be immoral." Working side by side and recognizing the lessons handed down through the generations of men before him gives Charley an upper hand. This is much different than the norm in this country where our current value systems view those who have age and experience as has-beens and fools. Ranching provides this eloquent contrast because it does allow for respect of elders and know how. In this profession, you choose to be there because you want to be, not because there are accolades or the possibility of big payouts. You grow up a certain way, learning everyday from your parents, who learned from theirs. You work side by side and support each other. It is a place where respect for wisdom and knowledge is paramount. On the Wagon Rod Ranch, Charley still defers to his father for guidance and advice as they both did to Grandpa Max. Ranching fosters a different set of values and it's proven itself out generation after generation.

In southeastern Utah, where snow on the mountain is like having money in the bank and your children are welcome to come to work with you, where trips to Disneyland are exciting but not as much as a new horse, ranching is the Tracy family way of life. "We have a blessing, it is called a ranch. And we will fight to keep it."

Here are some great reads to add to your nightstand.
Some of the books are brand new; some are older releases but are worth a look.

Elizabeth Lawson Henderson and Robert Isaacson

The Muleshoe Cattle Company
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Stories of family ranch histories can be bittersweet and many times are filled with unmasked bitterness. The Muleshoe Cattle Company is filled with neither; rather, it is a loving remembrance of special times during the early years of the 1900s when the horseback world of the west was being hurled into the twentieth century. Author Robert Isaacson tells of his grandfather's time on the ranch and the legacy his family enjoyed. The book is a wonderful read, helped by the fact Mr. Isaacson is a professor of English. It is richly illustrated with family photographs and some fabulous horse and cattle images. Like so many family outfits, the Muleshoe was later sold, but the ranch's story was saved, helping readers understand what ranch life was really like during those changing years of the early 1900s in both Arizona's Cochise County and throughout the American West.

Blaze Allan

Lillian Bos Ross
www.amazon.com

First published in 1944, this book was the follow-up to Ross' book *The Stranger*, the story of Zande Allan and Hannah, his mail-order wife, and their life together. The book was made into a film in the 1970s – *Zandy's Bride* – and was inspired from a song Ross had written in the 1920s – the classic vaquero song, *The South Coast*. Blaze Allan is the story of the fictional couple's daughter and her personal war for independence. As the dust jacket stated in 1944, "In 1891, in the rugged Santa Lucia mountains south of Monterey, it was unheard of that a girl should have a mind of her own." The book is sort of hard to find but worth the look, as is the first book, *The Stranger*. It had a title change in the 1950s to *Stranger in Big Sur*. The author was an interesting character who followed her own writing and lived a basic life in the mountains south of Monterey. Classic western stories just for fun.

Borderlands

Drum Hadley
www.rionuevo.com

For over twenty-five years, Drum Hadley has cowboyed along the Mexico-New Mexico border. An author of several books of poetry, his new book is not really cowboy poetry as much as poetry about the life seen through a cow horses ears. This new book is a quiet remembrance of a life well lived. It's a gentle book full of grace and humor, the cowboy way. Honor is a word that fits here. Hopeful while we catch the writer looking over his shoulder watching for someone to try to steal a way of life he loves. This is a rich celebration of a way of life the author has truly lived. It's about mythology and stereotypes and white hats vs. black hats, that sort of thing. *Voice of the Borderlands* is an entirely satisfying read. If you can't see yourself sitting down with a book of poetry, now's the time.

Cowboys – Past, Present & Future

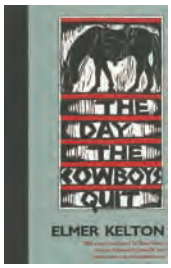
Jack Brainard
www.jackbrainard.com

"If you can't change leads, you don't know Jack!" Texan Jack Brainard has bred and trained horses for over 53 years and judged for a variety of national horse associations for over 40 years. These associations include Paint Horse, Quarter Horse, Appaloosa, Palomino, NCHA Cutting and NRHA reining shows, both in the U. S. and abroad. In 1966, Jack helped organize the National Reining Horse Association (NRHA) so he knows something about the horse business. In this book, Jack traces the development and history of the American Cowboy and anyone who has pulled on a pair of boots

will find this book informative and enlightening. "One thing that I have learned is that the Cowboy would have been nonexistent without the Great Plains grass, the Longhorn and the mustang. These were the pillars of the Cowboy's existence," he writes. At 85, Jack Brainard still has lots to do in the cowboy world, beginning his day in the round pen starting two-year-olds.

The Days the Cowboys Quit

Elmer Kelton
www.prs.tcu.edu



In this new world of "change" we find ourselves in, Elmer Kelton's novel of cowboys on strike hits an interesting chord. First published in 1971, and still in print, the book tells a story set in the West of 1883 when the cowboys of the Canadian River country went on strike against the big ranches. Kelton uses the little-known incident to focus on the changes brought to ranching by the big syndicates who fenced the range and replaced traditions and trust with written rules of employment. From the cowboys' point of view, they changed things "that ought to be left alone." When the book first came out, critics felt it out of character for cowboys to call a strike and called the novel a cheap attempt to put today's labor/management issues in the context of a western. Over the thirty-five-plus years since then, Kelton's work has been proven far-reaching as it illustrated the result of change to not only a region but also a way of life – applicable to the rest of society. Vigilance, honesty, flexibility and competence are aspects of the cowboy universe that can help us all. A great read.

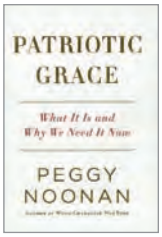
The The Legend of Colton H. Bryant

Alexandra Fuller
www.penguin.com

This is a little book about the big outback of Wyoming. It's the story of one Colton H. Bryant, described as a "soulful boy with a mustang-taming heart." And, while Ms. Fuller has created a world of interesting characters, it is really the land they inhabit that has shaped and carved their personas and characters. The author has created a symbol of the life of the title character, illustrating the change that is sweeping the West. In this case, over the past decade at least, oil companies have leased 20 percent of Wyoming's open grazing land. Both coal and natural gas booms, of a sort, are under way, with the state and the federal government's encouragement. So good or bad, in their hurry forward to "energy independence," they have transformed the landscape – and in many cases – ways of living. There is a certain obvious visual that comes to mind here – young Bud in 1980's *Urban Cowboy*. But, this is Wyoming, not Texas – and no Billy Bob's in sight. It makes a difference.

Patriotic Grace

Peggy Noonan
www.harpercollins.com



Peggy Noonan writes for the Wall Street Journal, among other dailies, and has crafted a reflective volume on the current state of America and its citizens. In her thinking, we have left control of the country to a bunch of bickering, mean spirited playground bullies. "What we need most right now, at this moment," she writes, "is a kind of patriotic grace – a grace that takes the long view, apprehends the moment we're in, comes up with ways of dealing with it, and eschews the politically cheap and manipulative."

Noonan, who wrote some of President Reagan's most memorable speeches, believes that 9/11 was the last time most Americans really came together. Our unity has been lost, or worse, set aside for other concerns. The result is making her angry. Our leaders need to focus and not only change the substance of the discussion but also the tone. Her book is a primer of deportment, not only in attitude but also in deed.

Ian Tyson

I Never Sold My Saddle
www.amazon.com

At 75 years-young, Ian Tyson is the senior statesman of western music. He has just released his 14TH album and shows no sign of slowing down – which is good for us, the people who love his music and learned, yet rapier, wit. In 1994, he, along with writer Colin Escott, crafted a fine volume about his life up through the making of his album *Eighteen Inches of Rain*. Along the way, we are treated with a picture of the artist's life – from early school days on Vancouver Island to the folk scene of the 60s to, as Ian describes, "The mystical moment of *Cowboyography* – the album that created a revolution in western music. Tyson is a survivor and a serious student of the West. Everyone has his or her favorite Tyson song from "Someday Soon" to "Four Strong Winds" to "The Gift." This book is another volume that's out-of-print but still a worthy find. It helps secure some of the moments behind the songs that have become part of the personal soundtracks of so many westerners.

Photo courtesy Fish and Wildlife Service

Battle over Bighorn in Idaho Sheep Country

BY MARK BEDOR

The American West is a vast place and Idaho's Payette National Forest is a good example. Its 2.3 million acres includes desert grasslands, deep forests and snow-capped mountains. However, all that space may not be enough for both bighorn sheep and their domestic cousins that graze there. The battle playing out on that huge piece of ground may determine whether domestic sheep have any future at all on the public lands of the West.

There were an estimated two million bighorn sheep when the wagon trains crossed the plains. But, by the mid 1970s, that number had plunged to just 15,000. Domestic sheep brought by the early settlers were blamed for that decimation, spreading a disease the pioneers called "scabies" – a highly contagious burrowing mite found in sheep and other domesticated animals.

Today, many scientists say the two species simply cannot coexist. Some docile domestic sheep with the mite can carry a pathogen that researchers say is deadly to the rugged bighorn. The bug triggers a highly contagious form of pneumonia that can wipe out an entire herd. But, some 30 years after the creation of the Wild Sheep Foundation (WSF), which has spent $50-million working to save the species, bighorn populations have rebounded, to a nationwide total of more than 70,000.

Photo courtesy American Sheep Industry Association

Studies accepted by the Forest Service says these innocent looking domestic sheep are killing the bighorn

Even with that success, the fight to return bighorns to their historic habitat goes on. The Payette is the latest battlefield. Domestic sheep producers who own grazing permits there are now fighting their own extinction.

"The controlled studies have shown that when bighorn sheep come in contact with domestic sheep ... bighorns die," states Neil Thaggard of the Wild Sheep Foundation (WSF). "And that's not my science. That's Washington State University. That's U.S. Forest Service. That's the Western Association of Fish and Wildlife agencies. That's their science."

However, domestic sheep producers dispute what Thaggard calls "the proven science." "What they have proved is, if you put a bighorn sheep in a pen in a relatively small area with domestic sheep, they do die," says Dr. Marie Bulgin, a veterinarian, sheep producer and President of the Idaho Wool Growers Association. "And actually, their research has been so sloppy, we don't even really know if there's been transmission of the disease."

Bulgin claims researchers didn't check to see if the bighorn "guinea pigs" were infected before they went into the cage. She also discredits the study by comparing a penned bighorn to schoolchildren, who never get sick while running free during summer vacation, but catch every bug that comes along when confined to a crowded classroom. And, the vet claims, there's no evidence domestic woolies transmit the disease to bighorns on the open range, adding that there are bighorn die-offs even where there is no contact with domestics. "I don't believe that they've proved it, no. It may be their science, but it's not very accurate," she concludes.

"I love Marie to death, but she's wrong," counters Thaggard. "Her group has come to us and said, 'Well, you gotta prove that it occurs out in the wild.' And we've said, 'No. You have to prove the science that we have is wrong.' And, that's not been proven. The science that is out there right now says that bighorn sheep and domestic sheep can not exist together."

And, that is in fact the science the National Forest Service is using, as it seeks to manage this conflict in the Payette. "Although limited knowledge of transmission dynamics exists," reads the agency's Draft Supplemental Environmental Impact Statement, "extensive scientific literature supports the relationship between disease in bighorn sheep populations and contact with domestic sheep."

The Forest Service was forced to address the issue in the Payette after it was accused of violating the National Forest Management Act. By law, National Forests are managed under the concept of "multiple use." Livestock grazing and wildlife habitat are two of those uses. "But when one use adversely affects another, that becomes exclusive use," says Thaggard.

Activists said the Payette was allowing domestic grazing at the expense of the bighorn, and that forced Forest Service officials to come up with a new management plan. A Draft Supplemental Environmental Impact Statement has now been crafted, listing a number of alternatives on how to best separate bighorn and domestic sheep. And, the so-called preferred option of Payette officials is a plan that would significantly reduce grazing there. The Forest Service is now accepting public comment on that Draft, as it works toward a final proposal and new grazing rules.

"If domestic sheep are making bighorn sheep sick, then something's gotta change," says Thaggard. And, the WSF is holding a series of meetings with representatives of the American Sheep Industry (ASI) in a mutual search for

Photo courtesy Fish and Wildlife Service

The rugged bighorn – something everyone wants to preserve

Photo courtesy American Sheep Industry Association

An endangered species? Sheep ranching in the West

solutions on the Payette. The Forest Service is very interested in those discussions, which are off to an amiable start.

"We want viable bighorn populations. And we want a viable domestic sheep industry," says Sheep Industry Secretary/Treasurer Margaret Soulen Hinson. "So then you need to work together to develop strategies and answers to the issues that are out there."

If only it were that simple. The WSF and the ASI do have a cordial relationship, and much in common, such as a respect for the rights of hunters, a love of wildlife and an appreciation for the critical role ranchers play in preserving open space and wildlife habitat. But, they are miles apart on the fundamental issue of disease transmission, and grazing in the Payette.

"We really haven't argued about that," says Thaggard. "They know that change is coming. And we're trying to help assist with the change to find them alternative grazing allotments or alternative solutions that keep them in business."

The WSF does in fact spend time and money trying to find new Forest Service or BLM grazing allotments for sheep producers in conflict with bighorns. Sometimes that may require a sheep producer moving to another state. It can be as simple as getting a rancher to switch from sheep to cattle – no conflict with the bighorns. But, that's not an option on the rugged Payette, which isn't suitable for cattle. "Idaho's gonna be really, really tough," admits Thaggard.

And, unlike their national association, the Idaho Wool Growers are in no mood to compromise. They are determined to fight to keep their Payette grazing permits. "If we don't fight it, there won't be a Western sheep industry," says Dr. Bulgin. "We can live with the wild sheep organization. They just want to save the wild sheep – and so do I. I have no problem with them ... Other than I think they've been misguided in their beliefs. It's the John Marvels that are the problem."

John Marvel is the Executive Director of the Western Watersheds Project, a group dedicated to the removal of all domestic livestock grazing from all public land. He was not interested in granting an interview to *Living Cowboy Ethics*, which of course is published by the PARAGON Foundation. "I'm not very interested in doing anything that may end up in anything published by the PARAGON Foundation," he said over the phone. I think they have a point of view I'm not interested in participating in about public lands management."

Marvel's view of private grazing on public land is simple: end it. "I think it's an archaic practice that is uneconomical and hugely environmentally destructive."

"John Marvel is a huge problem," says Dr. Bulgin. "He's the one that lead the legal battle to close the Payette ... using the bighorn sheep. And, once he gets rid of the domestic sheep, then he'll start in on the cattle."

"That's what John Marvel wants. We don't want that," declares Thaggard of the WSF. "The Forest Service has multiple use policies ... You got the Taylor Grazing Act, which protects the grazing community, but it has to be done within reason. And to keep our multiple use on our Forests, we're going to have to make some adjustments in our grazing ... or there'll be groups like Marvel's that'll just

Photo by Mark Becdor

National Forests – the land of many uses - are intended for both ranching and wildlife

have the laws changed and there will be no grazing."

The fate of the Payette is critically important to many people in Idaho. The Governor, the State Fish and Game and Idaho U.S. Senator Mike Crapo are all very involved in the discussions. "Everyone is searching for some solutions on how to insure the viability of the bighorn sheep, as well as have domestic sheep grazing," says Payette National Forest Public Affairs Officer Laura Pramuk.

"It's damned important," says Dr. Marie Bulgin. "Because if we lose it (the grazing rights), they're gonna lose it all over the country. It's the case that they're all waiting for."

This process has already been going on for years. Litigation will likely drag it on for years more before there is a final ruling. And, it's not an isolated situation. The BLM (Bureau of Land Management) is also redoing their range planning. Bighorns are an issue on those lands as well.

This conflict is being played out in the changing times of both economics and culture. "The domestic sheep industry is not an economically viable industry," says Thaggard. "It's not being hindered by bighorn sheep. It's hindered by the market."

Thaggard says the nation's domestic sheep herd has dropped from a high of 50 million animals in the mid 1950s to just six million today, with much of the nations wool and lamb now imported. And, bighorns are worth big bucks to the tourism business that caters to the visitors who come to see those majestic animals. "If you go to a town like Lewistown, Idaho, ask those people how important bighorn sheep are to 'em ... the people who own hotels ... the people who run river trips all summer, the restaurants," Thaggard challenges. "What's important to 'em? Domestic sheep grazing or bighorn sheep in the canyon?"

Photo by Mark Becdor

The American West – battleground over the future of domestic sheep grazing

You can sense that Doctor Bulgin knows her point of view is a tough sell in modern America, a nation increasingly urbanized, and arguably, increasingly ignorant about the natural world. "The trouble with the people in the U.S. is they eat too well," she says. "If they were a little hungrier, maybe they'd appreciate their food source and its safety a little more."

You can learn more about the situation in the Payette on the internet. Go to www.fs.fed.us/r4/payette, the home page for the Payette National Forest.

Photo courtesy American Sheep Industry Association

A declining industry still vital to many Western communities - sheep ranching

Heading West

Great getaways at dude ranches endorsed by The Dude Ranchers' Association

BY WILLIAM REYNOLDS

Editor's Note: The PARAGON Foundation is pleased to feature member ranches of the Dude Ranchers' Association. Here's a great way to enjoy the fun and ways of the west at ranches around the country that are endorsed by this fine association.

Wilderness Trails Ranch
Bayfield and Durango, CO
800-527-2624

One of Colorado's most beautiful areas is located just 35 miles northeast of Durango in the incredible San Juan Mountains. The Wilderness Trails Ranch is easily accessed from the local Durango-La Plata Airport (DRO)—serviced by United, US Airways, Frontier and Delta airlines.

Many guests enjoy seeing more of the surrounding area and choose to fly into Albuquerque, NM or Denver, CO, and rent a car. The ranch is a 4-hour drive from Albuquerque, and a bit farther from Denver. The countryside between either of these cities is packed with national parks, historic areas and incredible sight-seeing.

The ranch borders the Piedra and Weminuche Wilderness Areas, which host an abundance of wildlife, crystal clear streams, open meadows, high mountain vistas and vast mountain forests covering thousands of acres. Boasting the nickname "The Switzerland of America," this is truly one of the most beautiful areas in Colorado.

Like any great guest ranch, horses are the key attraction for most visitors but there are many activities at Wilderness trails. Go riding, work cattle, hike into 500,000 acres of wilderness at our back door, fish, whitewater raft, water ski or tube, swim, soak, indulge in a massage, join a horsemanship clinic and dine like royalty. This spring, as part of the ranch's horse program, they will hold horsemanship clinics with Lee Smith, along with a ranch-roping clinic and traditional branding.

The ranch care takes the 150 pair of cattle on permit adjoining the ranch. So, during mid-June though mid-October, guests who are solid riders will have the chance to accompany the ranch cowboys as they pack salt and doctor the herd and then move them to adjacent pastures.

Accommodations? The best! The ranch's clean, well-appointed, rustic cabins are nestled amongst pines, fir, spruce and aspen trees. Two bedroom, two bath Ponderosa cabins are ideal for families of 4-5 with a king or queen bed in one room and two singles in the adjoining room. (A rollaway can be added.) All private baths have shower/tub combinations. The newest addition is a Premiere Ponderosa with vaulted ceilings, gas log fireplace, lovely country furnishings and Jacuzzi shower baths. All cabins have coffee makers, refrigerators, iron, ironing boards, decks and daily maid service.

Cabin suites are perfect for families of 4-7 people: three bedrooms, three bathrooms, a living room with a wood-burning stove, plus a separate room with a bar area, refrigerator and coffee maker. Suites have one king bed, one queen, one single bed and a double sleeper sofa.

Families of three will be comfortable in our duplex cabin

with a queen bedroom, twin bed bedroom and a full bath.

Cowpunchers can't be their best without great food and the Wilderness Trail kitchen is superb. The ranch features a broad menu each week of made to order breakfasts, varied lunch specials always with plenty of fruits and salads and, of course, exceptional gourmet dinners ranging from our famous cowboy steak and fish cookouts to our succulent Prime Rib, Mexican, Italian and Mediterranean specialties.

The ranch has a full liquor license and we stock a variety of beers, wines and cocktails. Each evening begins with a happy hour and appetizers in the Watering Hole.

Kid friendly food is always available to cater to younger tastes. Low carb or other special dietary needs? No problem. Ranch chefs can prepare anything you need with a little advance notice. Feel free to contact them with your requests and they'll be happy to accommodate.

Gene and Jan Roberts have owned and operated the ranch since 1970. The family and their twenty-five member crew welcome guests each spring and summer to live out their cowboy – and cowgirl-dreams. For more information, visit www.wildernesstrails.com.

Mountain Sky Guest Ranch
Emigrant, MT
800-548-3392

Catering to guests who are looking for a relaxing getaway and sincere Western hospitality in a glorious Montana setting, Mountain Sky Guest Ranch, one of the nation's top guest ranch resorts, may be your ticket to paradise. Here is a small taste of what you can expect in a typical day on the ranch:

Wake up to a glorious morning: Sip on a steaming hot cup of coffee, gaze at a dramatic Montana sunrise, enjoy a crisp morning hike, energize your body with a yoga session or watch the wranglers herd the horses down the mountainside. After a bountiful breakfast buffet, ride on horseback through acres of flower-filled meadows or stroll along beautiful Big Creek.

In the afternoon: The afternoon could be adventuresome, hiking miles of trails, rafting down the Yellowstone River, exploring the wonders of Yellowstone Park or trying your hand at mountain stream fishing. Wrap up your afternoon activities with a restorative yoga session. For a more relaxing day, soak up the sunshine and views by the pool, or take time for a soothing massage.

Settle in for the evening: Enjoy a dinner ride barbecue of steaks, chicken or seafood, or savor a delicious gourmet dinner that offers the finest in continental cuisine. Learn Western dances with the wranglers, or sing your favorite western songs on a hayride or around the campfire. Top off the evening with a nightcap in the cozy lounge, curl up with a good book next to a stone fireplace, experience the tranquility of the night sounds of the outdoors or unwind with a late-night soak in the hot tub.

The history of Mountain Sky Guest Ranch epitomizes the authenticity and romance of Montana's Paradise Valley and the American West.

This warm Western hospitality and superb service enjoyed by today's ranch guests have deep roots in the ranch's history as a working and guest ranch. It's been serving guests since

1929, and the ranch and its historic buildings resonate with the memories and storied lore of the Old West.

In 1863, Ohio native Nelson Story settled with his wife, Ellen, in Montana in a log house at Alder Gulch. Three years later, he drove 1,000 head of cattle up from Ft. Worth, Texas, on the Lonesome Dove Trail to help feed starving Montana mining town residents isolated by harsh weather. He came through Paradise Valley and, beset by an early winter, he camped in a "pretty little canyon" offering protection from the elements – the present-day site of Mountain Sky Guest Ranch.

Through the early 1900s, the site served as a base camp for sheep-herders and cowboys. In the late 1920s, Charles Murphy purchased the Paradise Valley site and founded Ox Yoke Ranch, a 50,000-acre working cattle ranch.

A depressed livestock market forced Murphy to consider ways to diversify the ranch and generate income. While cattle ranching was not always a lucrative profession, dude ranches were growing in popularity in the 1920s and 1930s. When the Northern Pacific Railroad came to Paradise Valley, establishing a train station in Emigrant, Murphy seized the opportunity to be among the first Western ranchers to open the wonders of the West to pleasure travelers from the East.

Working with Northern Pacific Railroad officials in Chicago, Murphy began construction on present-day Mountain Sky's main lodge. While the dining room and sitting rooms have since been renovated, and amenities have been added, much of today's historic Mountain Sky main lodge remains structurally unchanged since the 1920s. Murphy also relocated a rustic

house on the property, inhabited by earlier homesteaders, the Lewis family, from the upper pasture to a new location closer to the main lodge. Murphy used the log home as his year-round residence and office for the ranch. This home now serves as Mountain Sky's gift shop.

In 1929, Murphy welcomed his first guests at the railhead in Emigrant for their stay at Ox Yoke Ranch. It was not unusual to see private rail cars parked for two and three months in Emigrant throughout the summer. Guests came from Chicago, Minnesota, New York and Florida to enjoy the same spectacular riding, hiking, fishing and warm Western hospitality enjoyed by today's Mountain Sky guests.

Charlie Murphy's son, Jim, grew up on the ranch and attended classes in the rustic schoolhouse at the base of Big Creek Road. He was destined to be part of one of the first great love stories to blossom on ranch grounds. Jim met his future wife, Gayle, during her family's summer stays as guests at the ranch. Jim and Gayle married and became owners of the property when Charlie Murphy passed away. They moved into historic Homestead House, filling its rooms with a romance that can still be felt in this rustic treasure today, and continued to run guest operations in the warm tradition of Murphy hospitality.

Through successive ownerships, the ranch officially was named Mountain Sky in 1979.

Today, guests share in the wonder of the "pretty little canyon" discovered by Nelson Story at the turn of the century. At Mountain Sky, it's all about western hospitality. While guests love the breathtaking views, fine food, amenities and accommodations, it's the horses and staff that make the difference. When guests arrive at the ranch, they become a member of the Mountain Sky family. A place where the romance between the land and its guests continues, warming cabins, lodge and countryside with the same Western-style friendships celebrated here since 1929. Visit www.mtnsky.com for more information.

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Photo by Guy De Galard

Don in his Sheridan, WY shop standing by his half-size Visalia A fork tree saddle with 8" seat

Don Butler

After 31 years in the saddle making business, this award-winning artisan embodies the spirit of the American West.

BY GUY DE GALLARD

Sheridan, Wyoming has earned a reputation throughout the West for saddle making and one of the best to carry on that legacy is Don Butler. Growing up on a ranch in the foothills of the Big Horn Mountains, Don was introduced to cowboy life at an early age. Early on, he discovered the town's rich history in leather craft and developed a fascination for leatherwork, especially leather stamping. Don's first opportunity to pursue his interest came when he was 12-years-old, while working on a ranch for the summer. In lieu of wages, the young cowpoke received a set of steers, which he eventually sold and used some of the proceeds from one of them to buy leather tools.

Through high school, Don taught himself how to stamp and developed his skills under the tutelage of leather craftsman, Otto F. Ernst, for whom he started stamping belts. While working for Ernst, Don observed the likes of Ed Stock, Bill Gardiner and Don King, who would become a major source of inspiration. He also hung around Lloyd Davis' shop because he became fascinated with his

tooling. Davis had built saddles all over the West and took the young craftsman under his wing. Today, Don still considers Davis one of his heroes. "Lloyd was one of the greatest stylists. His saddles stood out because there was a flair about them," he comments.

Despite his interest in leather tooling, Don still thought his future lay in cowboying. After graduating from high school, he took a summer job at a cow camp at the head of the Little Big Horn River. While taking care of 800 pairs, Don rode a string of colts he had brought with him. To occupy his spare time, he decided to restore an old saddle he had found. Following the instructions from the book *How to Make Cowboy Horse Gear* by Bruce Grant and using a "pretty sorry set of tools," Don removed the cracked and curled up skirt, shortened the cantle, added some rawhide and decided to build a saddle. "Well, it didn't turn out real good. It wasn't what I was looking for," he conveys with a chuckle.

Don's cowboying days and saddle making attempts were interrupted by a three-year stint in the service, including a tour of duty in Vietnam. "That was a heck of an experience," he comments. Upon his return from Vietnam, Don was stationed in Kentucky, where he met and married his wife, Kitty, in 1969. The couple eventually relocated to Sheridan in 1970 and had three children.

Bob Douglas was a Sheridan saddle maker, as well as a friend of Don's. In 1972, Don struck a deal with Bob – he would stamp for him for a whole winter if, in return, Bob would teach him how to build a saddle properly. In addition to stamping and learning the saddle making process, Don furthered his education and earned some extra income by building or repairing saddles as a hobby.

Photo by William Reynolds

Bob Douglas

Photo by Adam Jabel

16" Wade Saddle by Don Butler

In 1976, Don and Kitty had a couple of leases on grass for their cattle but money became tight in the cattle business. When their banker cut off their operating money, Don had to take the route of a more steady income. "At the time, I thought it was the most devastating thing that had ever happened to me, but, as it turned out, it was the best thing that ever happened to me," comments Don. During the summer of 1978, when a shop became available in town, Don moved in with a bench and a sewing machine and opened the Custom Cowboy Shop. From the beginning, Don focused on providing quality custom saddles and small leather goods on a custom order basis. "I was just hoping to make it through Christmas. That was 31 years ago. It has treated us well," he says. Over the years, and after moving three times, they expanded, adding clothing, tack and factory saddles. In 1989, the Butlers opened a second store in Cody, Wyoming. "Like every decision in my life, it was an impulsive decision," says Don. The store is currently run by Don and Kitty's daughter, Julie, and is equipped with a complete saddle shop and tack

Photoss by Guy De Galard

Don working on a fully tooled notebook cover

department, as well as an extensive selection of clothes, gifts and books. Don provides the store with a good portion of the silver work, another trade he picked up along the way and for which he has become highly respected.

Two years ago, Don and Kitty decided to close the Sheridan store. "It was becoming a job rather than a hobby," explains Don, who also wanted to devote more time to another hobby – watercolor painting and etching, which he enjoys in the privacy of a log cabin reminiscent of Charles Russell's studio. Along the way, Don made leather tools and took a secondary job as a brand inspector for the state of Wyoming, which he kept for 14 years. "I would inspect during the day and build saddles at night," he says. When he quit the inspecting in 1996, he heard of an opening as a sales rep for Weaver Leather and went on the road for them for six years. "It sounded like a fun thing to do. I've had a lot of fun and still can't figure out what I want to be when I grow up," he says.

With a career as a saddle maker that spans over 30 years, Don has had his share of satisfaction, which includes winning Saddle Maker of the Year from the Academy of Western Art in 1999, Best of Show at the Trappings of Texas the same year and Best of Show at the Boot and Saddle Makers Roundup in 2006. An acclaimed silversmith as well, Don has handcrafted saddles for customers all over the world. His work features tight arrangements of deeply carved flowers that give a true multi-dimensional feel. This year, for the 25TH anniversary of the National Cowboy Poetry Gathering in Elko, Nevada, Don exhibited a Mother Hubbard and a "bastardized" charro saddle. "It has a flat plate, a 12-inch front end and a seven-inch horn tipped at 55 degrees. I've gotten all kinds of comments about it. Some people asked me, 'What were you thinking?'" says Don.

When building a saddle, Don likes to create a piece of functional art. "Cowboys are vain and I am after a really pretty using saddle," he states. "People come to me because they like what they see. They don't just buy a saddle, but also the artwork and the tooling." Although Don has always been artistically oriented, he builds what he would use. "A good saddle has to fit the horse first, and then it has to fit the rider, with the rider sitting in the saddle, instead of on top of it. It has to be comfortable and very functional. And it has to be stout because I WILL test it," he declares. As for the wait, Don closed his books in 2000 and hasn't taken another order since. He finished the last order in August 2008 and has now started calling people on the waiting list and taking one order at a time.

Over the years, Don had many opportunities to test saddles and has loved every moment of his cowboying life. He has particularly fond memories of the Soap Creek Cattle Company, a Montana outfit where he worked in 1970. "The owner at the time, PR Krone, ran it as if it was in the 1920s. It was just a beautifully run ranch, like if you'd stepped back in time," he recalls. "No pickups and trailers. We'd trot from one camp to the next. The ranch ran big four- and five-year-old Hereford steers. Working these big ol' steers was pretty neat. Some of them had a set of antlers that were four feet wide. It was a cool, cool sight. There was an old cowboy named Hal Pilkington. Hal and I would do all the work with these big cattle. When we dropped those big steers into the corral for weighing and shipping, Hal and I were the only ones horseback. You'd better not go in there slapping your chaps leg and hollering. It was all quiet because these steers had no respect for man or beast. And they were as big as my saddle horse. One time, we were working strays. Suddenly, they blew up and just took off. It'd remind you of the stories you heard about stampedes.

Photos by Adam Jabel

Visalia A Fork saddle with Angora flap pockets by Don Butler with Dave Alderson silver and braided saddle strings by Vince Donley

Eventually, we got them all back together but they were really nervous the rest of the day. The next day, after we got all the strays worked out, we had them lined up across a ridge, which was about two and a half miles long. I was in the lead and I couldn't see the tail end. They were two abreast all that way, just walking along. That was probably my best memory of any place I've ever worked."

Along with cowboying and leatherwork, Don developed an addiction for roping. "I love to rope. If something has anything to do with roping, I want to be a part of it," he states. In the late 1990s, Don discovered ranch roping when Joe Wolter introduced the sport in Montana and became obsessed with it. It was also a better fit for Don, who had tried team roping but never really became competitive because he was more concerned about his horsemanship than the clock. Since practice makes perfect, Don eventually won the Northern Range Ranch Roping Finals once and the Winter Finals twice.

Whether it was day working on outfits around Sheridan or competing in ranch roping contests, ranch work has allowed Don to season his colts and turn them into good ranch horses, something he has always taken a lot of pride in. "I've been blessed to be able to ride good horses," he says. In 2003, however, his passion for the cowboy life almost cost him his life. Don was day working for the Sunlight Ranches near Parkman, Wyoming, helping them move 750 yearlings to a fresh pasture. Mounted on one of his best horses, a six-year-old gelding he had been ranch roping on for a year, Don was riding drag while playing at cutting some of the steers out. Suddenly, Don's horse blew up for no apparent reason. "I have no idea how it happened. I was broke before I knew I was in a wreck," says Don. The first jump drove the cantle into a spot next to his tailbone. "My guts felt like they were on fire," he recalls. His pelvis had been broken and the impact of each jump spread him wider. Immobilized in the saddle, Don was unable to ride and unable to bail. Eventually, the horse quit and Don managed to "roll over the dashboard." After losing 28 units of blood, spending 40 days in the hospital and being laid up for a year and a half, Don is back in the saddle again. "You know, considering it all, I wouldn't change a thing. I am the luckiest guy who ever walked on the face of the Earth. When I wake up in the morning, I think, 'It can't get any better than this.'"

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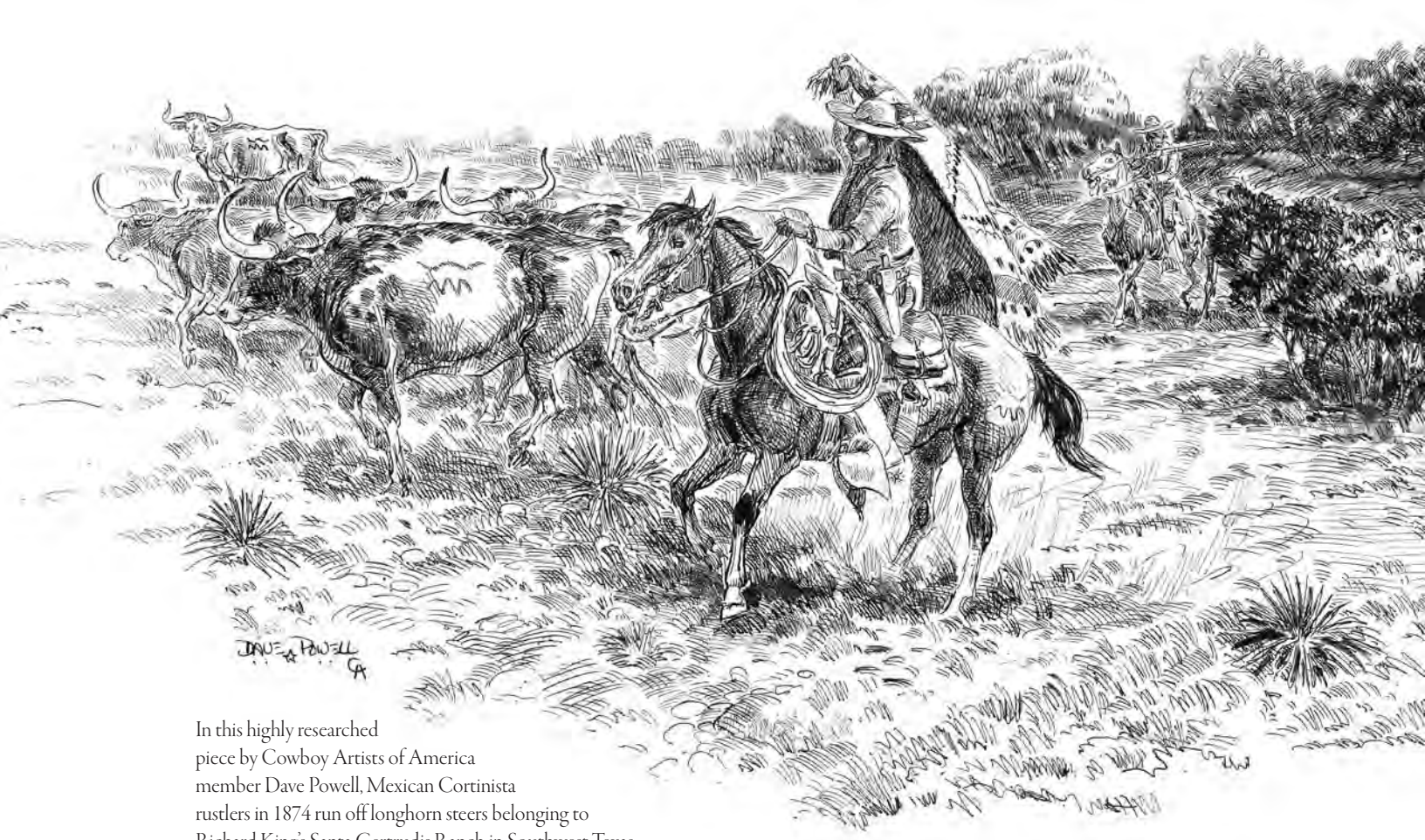


In this highly researched piece by Cowboy Artists of America member Dave Powell, Mexican Cortinista rustlers in 1874 run off longhorn steers belonging to Richard King's Santa Gertrudis Ranch in Southwest Texas

Stolen Cattle, Bleeding Borders and the Texas Rangers

The Story of the McNelly Rangers Raid into Mexico – 1875

BY DAN GAGLIASSO

Illustrations by Dave Powell

"In 1875, in Southwest Texas, cattle were worth twenty-five dollars a head, men's lives were worth nothing."

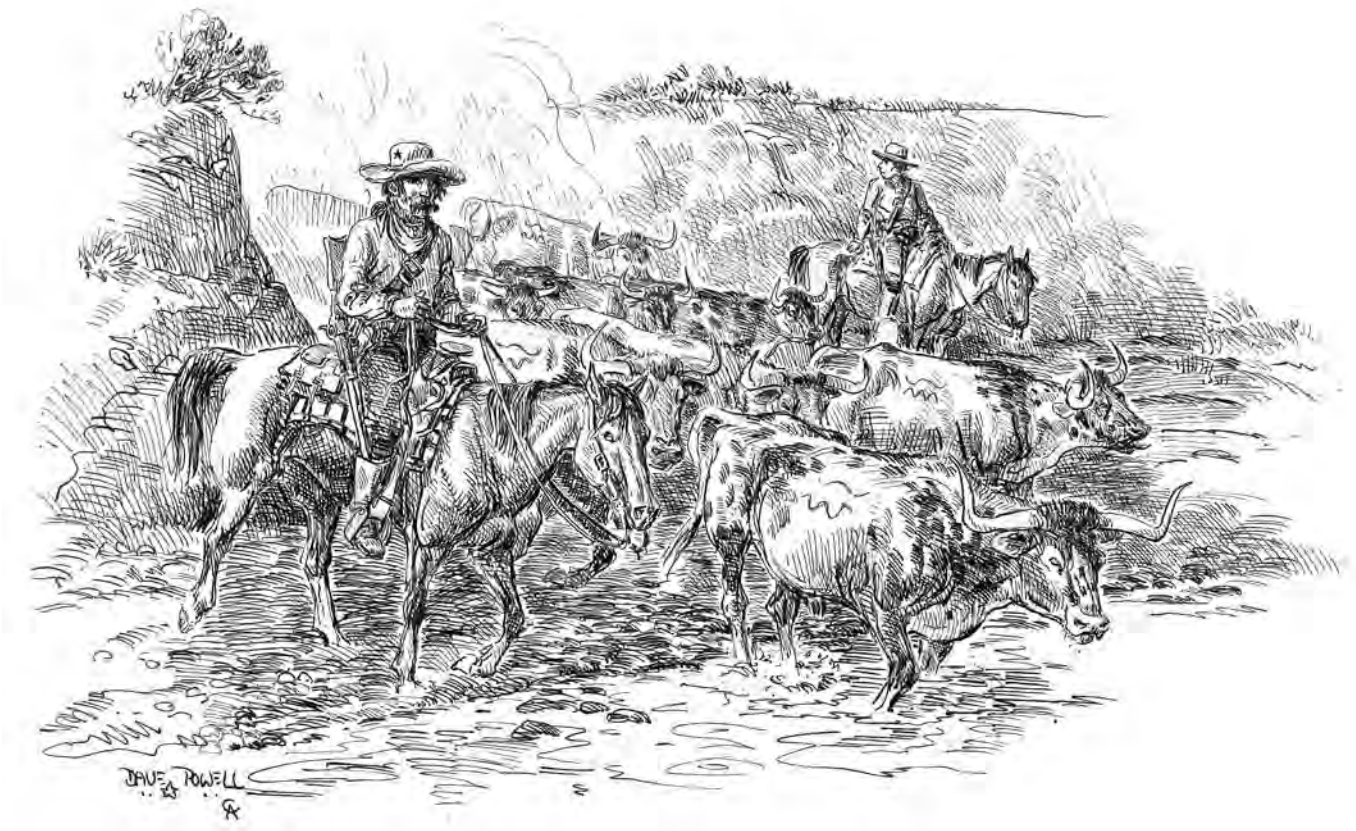
According to an 1874 Congressional report, from 1865 to 1874, over 240,000 head of Texas cattle worth nearly $30,000,000 – in 1870s dollars – were stolen by organized bandits and driven across the Mexican border. Today that loss would amount to over $600,000,000.

Like a modern day border drug lord, one man was largely responsible for most of these thefts, Mexican General Juan Nepomuceno Cortina. In 1872, the Adjutant General of the State of Texas concluded that, "The cutthroats and thieves who have collected on the border think the killing of a Texan something to be proud of, and will kill anyone, even their own nationality, should he encounter them with stolen cattle. Cortina is the recognized head and protector of all the cattle thieves and murderers from Carmargo to the mouth of the Rio Grande. His armed adherents are said to number over two-thousand."

Congressional investigators themselves, witnessed first-hand 500 head of stolen Texas beef crossing the Rio Grande River right in front of their river steamer, the *San Juan*. Another American traveler during the period reported seeing a Mexican Army captain on the Mexican side of the river commanding a herd of 400 stolen Texas cattle declaring gleefully, "The gringos are raising cattle for me." Like his drug cartel counterparts today, Cortina became fabulously wealthy while Southwest Texas ranchers hemorrhaged cattle, horses and corpses. Unfortunately, the U.S. Army was always a day late and a bullet short in pursuing Cortina's hordes.

On March 26, 1875, thirty-five of Cortina's bandits, including several American outlaws, rode into Nuecestown almost one hundred miles deep into Texas, a mere fourteen miles from the thriving city of Corpus Christi. These cutthroats proceeded to murder a handful of local citizens – including a Tejano – kidnapped and abused several women, looted the local mercantile of a number of fancy Dick Heye Saddlery saddles and finally burned much of the town. Even for a wealthy rancher like Captain Richard King, founder of the King Ranch and his famous Santa Gertrudis, the situation was perilous. One visitor described King's main headquarters building as "being more like an army arsenal inside with over eighty stand of Henry repeating rifles and hundreds of boxes of ammunition all within easy reach."

Local Anglos soon organized into vengeance seeking vigilante groups who wantonly killed or drove off many innocent Tejano ranchers and vaqueros in misplaced indignation. Only Richard King's loyal "*Kineno*" vaqueros and a few other Texas Mexicans were held beyond suspicion.



After the McNelly Ranger's sucessful 1875 raid across the Rio Grande River into Mexico, a number of cattle with Captain Richard King's "Running 'W'" brand were recovered and returned to the King ranch

Photos by Lisa McCrea

Raiders owing allegiance to Mexican General Juan Cortina crossed the Rio Grande River into Texas to steal and pillage on a weekly basis

Finally, in 1875, Texas had had enough. The Texas Rangers, then a civilian volunteer militia which had been disbanded during Reconstruction, were reinstituted for two reasons, "To protect citizens from Indian attacks in West Texas and *to bring order to South Texas where the bandit war is raging*."

The border assignment fell to former Confederate cavalry officer Leander McNelly, described as "having the demeanor of a Methodist preacher and the heart of a fighting game cock." Like the notorious Doc Holliday, the thirty-two year-old McNelly's health was fading fast from tuberculosis. But, leading men in combat without a hint of fear or hesitation was McNelly's stock in trade.

By the spring of 1875, McNelly had enlisted forty-two men, mostly under the age of twenty-five in Company "A" Washington County Volunteers, Texas State Militia. But, make no mistake, to themselves, friends and foe they were Rangers, Texas Rangers. These young men, one of whom was only sixteen, were cut from just as tough of whip leather as their predecessors. Mounted on top horseflesh provided by Richard King and armed with Sharps carbines and Colt's revolvers they were anxious to prove their worth.

McNelly first broke up the rampaging Anglo vigilante groups at the end of his men's carbine barrels declaring, "Any such bands operating without authority of law will be arrested. Keep your weapons, but only use them to defend yourself and your families."

The Ranger captain recognized the delicate balance of the volatile situation that the honest Tejano rancheros operated under, writing the Governor's office that, "The Mexican owners of ranches on this side of the border, those who are Texas citizens, are almost to a man as much opposed to this raiding as the American citizens are." Consequently, over the next year he also enlisted almost a dozen local Tejanos as Rangers, scouts and even spies. His best-known scout, Jesus Sandoval, had his own very personal reasons for serving with McNelly. Several years before, some of Cortina's rustlers had raped both his wife and teenage daughter. From that day forward, Sandoval lived only to kill *Cortinistas*. His favorite method involved a captured bandit, a paint horse and a hangman's noose made from his rawhide *reata* applied with a firm hand until valuable intelligence was extracted from the prisoner. Sandoval called this his "paint gallows." McNelly didn't exactly approve of Sandoval's methods but didn't discourage them either. (We would call that "water boarding" today.) These were brutal times against a brutal enemy, and meeting fire with fire was often the only difference between victory and death and much valuable intelligence was gathered in such a fashion.

McNelly himself applied the old Spanish axiom of "*La ley de fuga*," meaning that any attempted rescue of a bandit prisoner would be met with the immediate execution of said prisoner. After the Nuecestown raid, McNelly also gave orders to his Rangers to drop any man seen riding one of the distinctive concho-trimmed Dick Heye saddles stolen from Noakes Mercantile. "Leave the body and bring back the saddle," he instructed his Rangers, and several Heye saddles were reported recovered in such a fashion.

In June of 1875, one of McNelly's most reliable spies reported that Cortina himself had met with Spanish military officials promising to deliver large numbers of stolen Texas cattle every month to feed their troops in Cuba. Sandoval then captured an American outlaw who rode for Cortina and administered his special brand of justice. The information learned from this prisoner proved to be quite accurate and on June 12TH, McNelly and thirty Rangers ambushed eighteen Cortinistas including another American renegade on the border plains at Palo Alto. In a hard fought fight, the Rangers killed seventeen of the

raiders, losing only one man themselves; unfortunately, it was their youngest member, sixteen-year-old "Berry" Smith. Ranger George Durham, only himself seventeen at the time, vividly recalled his impressions of his first gun battle. "I saw a raider in a big beaver hat with a white scar running down his cheek. I got that scar in my sight and dropped the hammer. I had made my first shot in combat and hit my target. Hat and scar seemed to explode. That fellow was the prize, the scar faced dude who had quirted down Mrs. Noakes at Nuecestown. Right there I quit being a scared country boy. I was a man. A Ranger."

McNelly's Rangers were mounted on good blooded horses from Captain Richard King's Santa Gertrudis Ranch and armed with up-to-date Colt's revolvers and Sharps carbines

One hundred and fifty stolen cattle were recovered and McNelly had the bandits' bodies stacked up like cordwood in the square at Brownsville as a macabre warning. Cortina was livid, claiming to the Mexican newspapers that his men were assassinated in their bedrolls and vowed revenge. The Ranger captain had a good laugh at that and told a Texas newspaper, "If they were asleep, I don't want to find any of them when they're awake."

For the next four months, McNelly was laid up by his tuberculosis, while his Rangers patrolled the border and arrested a number of rustlers; only to see the authorities release the criminals on technicalities or out of fear of retribution. By mid-November, McNelly was well enough to swing back into command, readying a bold move to bring the hostilities against Cortina's raiders to a successful conclusion. Headquarters for Cortina's men north of Matamoros was a fortified hacienda called Las Cuevas. After trailing 250 stolen cattle to a Rio Grande crossing near Las Cuevas, McNelly formulated a silent but explosive plan to cross the border violating international law and hit the raiders at this supposedly safe haven. A troop of the 8TH Cavalry soon showed up with two Gatling guns as support, but their officers would not agree to cross the border.

On the evening of November 18TH, the Ranger captain lined up his men and gave them a short but inspired speech that evoked Travis at the Alamo. "No man need to separate himself from his conscious if he does not want to cross into a foreign country where we have no right. There is no quarter in this and we ask none." At one the next morning, McNelly led all twenty-six Rangers, including Sandoval and five horses, stealthily across the river and onto sovereign Mexican soil. As dawn rose three miles deep into Mexico that foggy morning, the Rangers opened fire on a village called Las Anchevas thinking it was Las Cuevas killing a half a dozen armed men. Some modern historians have criticized this attack as the killing of innocents. Yet, that couldn't be farther from the truth for the individuals there had been just as involved in the rustling and raiding in Texas as any others encountered. Peasants and farmers were seldom armed with up-to-date Winchester and Spencer carbines.

The Rangers quickly regrouped and marched onward towards Las Cuevas, which was now swarming with activity reacting to the gunfire at the first ranchero. Hundreds of Cortinistas and several troops of Mexican Cavalry, three hundred fighting men overall, soon rushed out to engage the twenty-seven invaders. McNelly never blinked, realizing the overwhelming odds against him, he led his men in a well-organized fighting retreat back towards the Rio Grande. Then he dug in and turned to receive a mounted cavalry charge on his front. The Ranger's Sharps carbines barked loudly as McNelly rode up and down the now fortified embankment encouraging his men and snapping off shots.

Militia General and local *alcalde* (mayor) Juan Flores Salinas, a leading Cortina underling, led one charge and was promptly shot out of the saddle dead with his pistol still in his hand. Finally, the U.S. troops on the American side of the river aimed their two Gatling guns high in the

At one point. a small number of U.S. Cavalry troopers briefly crossed the Rio Grande River to assist McNelly and his men

air and arched a series of deadly volleys over the heads of the Rangers causing havoc and death amongst the attacking raiders and Mexican troops. When all was said and done, according to Mexican accounts, over eighty of Cortina's men and Mexican soldiers were killed, the Rangers only suffered a few minor wounds.

Within hours, the telegraph wires to Washington were singing with reports and an 8TH Cavalry trooper crossed the river with a message; Secretary of War William Belknap demanded McNelly cross back over the Rio Grande to Texas immediately. McNelly's reported response was all Texas, all Ranger and all McNelly. "I intend to stay in Mexico with my men until the stolen cattle are returned. My compliments to the Secretary of War, tell him he can take his Yankee War Department and go to Hell. Respectfully, Lee McNelly, Captain Commanding Rangers."

Three days later, at the international bridge at Rio Grande City, using the influence of what one of his men called "the power of a Sharps' cartridge on International law," McNelly did something no one had ever done before; he took possession of almost seventy head of stolen cattle to be returned to their owners back in Texas. While cattle raids did continue on the border for a time, Cortina, now considered a major liability by the Mexican Government, was arrested and imprisoned. Though technically detained at Mexico City, he lived in relative opulence for the rest of his life, dying of natural causes in 1894.

Half of the recovered Texas cattle bore the Running "W" brand of King's ranch and were soon returned there by the Rangers. Richard King declared that of the tens of thousand of his cattle that had been stolen and driven to Mexico, "these thirty-five head are all I have ever got back. These cattle will neither be killed for beef or sold and shall be permitted to live out the balance of their days in peace."

Captain McNelly was never censured publicly or privately for his actions; instead, Texas cheered him. He died of tuberculosis in September of 1877. Four months later, an impressive obelisk of a monument marked his gravesite. The cost was reported to be over $3,000, paid for with sincere gratitude by Richard King. George Durham gave up rangering, married a niece of Richard King's wife and worked as straw boss and eventually a foreman on King's immense ranch for the rest of his life. To his dying day in 1940, he considered himself a "McNelly Man."

The photographs used in this article were taken by photographer Lisa McCrea and are from a proposed dramatized cable TV documentary on the McNelly Raid filmed by the author at Rancho Temescal near Lake Piru, California. Careful attention was paid to appropriate landscape, 1870s saddles, horse gear and historically correct costumes and weapons. The riders are all experienced cowboy and vaquero re-enactors.

The two beautiful pen and ink illustrations in this article are available for sale from CA artist Dave Powell at 517 Grove Lane, Chino Valley, AZ 86323 – phone 928.636.2416.

I've Always Ridden My Own Broncs

The Life of Jack Swanson, Cowboy Artist

BY BILL REYNOLDS

Jack Swanson remembers when he first started art school on the GI Bill. He arrived in Northern California in December 1949, as he says, "...with a lame horse, my saddle and 30 bucks to my name. I slept with my horse in a stall I looked up at the leaky roof and said to myself "How lucky can a guy get – for $78 a month, I've got a nice place to live.

Swanson was born in 1927 in Minnesota to creative and hardworking parents. His father was a backcountry guide and his mother an acclaimed ballerina. When he was four, the family made the move west – as so many Americans did during the Great Depression. "I never could figure why they called it 'great,' it was far from great," he smiles. The trip by car opened the eyes of the young Swanson to the vastness of the country ahead of him. Along the way, he watched the West unfold seeing horses and cattle all along the way. Cowboys would stop and help if the family had car trouble and Jack took it all in. He had drawn horses all his young life and, by the age of twelve, had gotten to be pretty proficient at it. By fifteen he was breaking horses in the heart of the San Joaquin Valley and, a couple of years later, he got the itch to leave, saddled a horse and rode across the Sierra-Madre Mountains, down across the Mojave Desert and into the vaquero country of Tehachapi. It was there that he acquired his greatest education – watching and learning the silent ways of the old ones – *viejos.* "They rode balanced and straight," he remembers, "with one finger on the reins, in silence. The 'ask' was unperceivable but, when they touched 'em, the horse would run backwards."

That time in the south was inspirational to Swanson. At night, he would hang up his gear and sketch the day's scenes of the work in which he had participated. It was a passion and he pursued his art with a vengeance. But, the outside world of the 1940s had other ideas and, with strong feelings for his country, he knew he had to participate. "There really wasn't anything to talk over. We had real reasons to get involved in that fight as we didn't want to start speaking Japanese or German."

After the Second World War, Jack's life was focused on ranching in Oregon and breaking horses. His artwork, at the time, was a hobby he enjoyed in the evening. He is the first to say how much his wife, Sally, has helped him over the years. In a recent speech he made in Carmel accepting a Lifetime Achievement Award with Congressional recognition, he said, "The great old-time painter Charles Russell wrote, 'Look at the tracks of a successful man and right along side of his tracks will be another set, only smaller.' My wife, Sally, has been beside me my entire career, through thick and thin. No one knows how 'thin' an artist life can be at times. His will must be focused on his art and his partner must have faith and the same will as he has or they won't make it. We have had a blessed life together. I was particularly honored to be named Westerner of the Year by the Western Ranchers Beef Co-Op back in 2001 and more recently, Vaquero of the Year at the Santa Ynez Historical Museum."

Unaware, Oil on canvas

Jack Swanson remains one of the most respected artists of the American West. He just finished a new painting and has a new two-year-old horse he's starting. At eighty-plus years young, he has been working on his autobiography for a number of years and plans to release it soon. It will chronicle this amazing westerner's life as viewed through a good cow horse's ears. What follows are pieces of text from his upcoming book he has graciously allowed us to share with you. They give a picture of man dedicated to celebrating the great horsemen he rode with as a young man – helping us understand the traditions and ways of a time long gone. Ways he believed and follows to this day, both in art and in the way he lives his life. As Jack commented about his and Sally's life,

"We lived by a favorite song, with words that start out:
'You who have dreams,
If you act, they will come true.
To turn your dreams to a fact,
It's up to you.'"

Early Days, Timeless Ways

All images courtesy Jack Swanson

A Shepard's Cathedral, Oil on canvas

Some passages from the upcoming book, "Jack Swanson, Cowboy Artist"

BY JACK SWANSON

Some of the history of the beginning of the California vaquero.

In the western lands, very few Indian tribes spoke the same language. There were similarities in closely related tribes, but many of the tribes in California, for instance, living in small areas side by side could not understand each other. The padres establishing the California missions had quite a time communicating, and teaching Spanish as the universal language became the priority. They had to understand each other. The wild tribes of the west coast, used to an easy way of life in comfortable California, did not readily convert to the rigid church life. It took an iron hand to subjugate and force them to convert and build the missions, tend the fields and herd the cattle. Some might say they had to have slaves, just as they did in the Deep South. For them, it was the only way to achieve their goals and turn the Indians to Christianity. It was an almost impossible objective, but the padres were a tough bunch used to achieving the impossible.

Only choice converts were picked to become vaqueros. Many padres were excellent horsemen, trained in the Spanish school of collection. They hammered home the basics of fine horsemanship as taught by the Moors in the bullfight arenas of Spain. They also taught their converts branding and how to use the rawhide reata. Over the years, they became extremely proficient. Rawhide, of course, was abundant and eventually

On Spade Bits

Jack Swanson roping on Jedediah
at the Parrot Ranch, 1965

Any horseman that is considered to be a fine reinsman respects and reveres the "spade bit." This bit is only to be used on completely trained bridle horses. It is a bit that signals a horse with a touch of the "spade" to his palate. The straight width of the bars (mouthpiece) along with braces up to the spade, give tremendous "tongue relief" to the horse. He can ride that bit on his tongue, never allowing it to contact the sensitive bars of his lower gums. The copper rollers on the braces promote the flow of saliva, the lubricant that keeps a mouth moist and sensitive. A dry mouth develops sores and calluses without that saliva. Only a touch of the rein to signal the horse's palate is necessary. Riding in brush with the "spade" could mean trouble if it snags the bit. Being careful is the by-word. So, a spade bit man that stays alert while riding will never hurt his horse's mouth. His good hands will keep a horse beautifully bridled and sensitive for the length of the horse's life, with just a touch of the rein.

the braiding of reatas, Jaquimas, reins and romals developed into an art form, with vaqueros competing with each other. Luis Ortega told me that as a young man he learned this art form from the old vaqueros on the ranches, some working fulltime supplying this kind of equipment to the "Company Store."

The vaqueros' horse training methods, to this day, have not changed since the Father Serra mission era in California. Only the time element has changed. There is no more *manana,* and horses too young to mentally and physically accept demanding training schedules are often cast aside, their minds "baked" and their hocks strained along with their shoulders and forequarters. Give them time to grow up. Bring back *manana* and horses that will have a long and successful life.

It is sensible to use the rawhide hackamore for the first rides until a reasonable time when the goose is gone and he can go to the snaffle without undue pressure. This way his mouth remains sensitive. His eventual training in Dos Rienda (bosal and bit combination) is the truly Californian way. Let him carry the bit without reins until it is obvious that he is comfortable with it, working off the hackamore alone and finally reins to the bit. Take your time, talk through the reins and he will respond to touch when schooled by a true reins man.

The First Vaqueros and Their Sport with Grizzlies

The early history of California never failed to mention the thousands of grizzly bears that were prevalent, mainly in the great valleys of San Joaquin and the Coast Ranges. To say they were a menace to the small population of Californios and the native Indians would be an understatement.

The missions and ranchos had regular killing days where many head of cattle were slaughtered for the hide trade, and a couple times a month more cattle

Vaquero Sport 1830, 30 x 60, oil

The Rio Carmelo meanders down the beautiful Carmel Valley south of the then sleepy town of Carmel and, below the Mission Carmelo de Borromeo, one of Father Serra's string of missions following the King's Highway. Missions were scattered a good day's ride apart for travelers. The "sport of the day" was the pitting of a fierce wild bull against a grizzly that were numerous in the central area of California.

Several vaqueros would get their reatas on a bear and chouse it out of the mountains to a bull and bear pit in Monterey (in this case) where a bull was tethered awaiting the festivities.

In this painting, the "steelhead ran" up the Carmel River from the river's mouth that emptied into Carmel Bay. There's a large sand spit where the bears fed, and made ideal conditions for the vaqueros to capture their choice of the largest, most fierce bear.

Vaqueros Moving Camp, Oil on canvas

were killed to feed the large number of Indian converts that lived surrounding each mission. These killing areas were called "matanzas." The cattle were slaughtered mostly for their tallow and hides. Of course, this was like setting up an hors D'oeuvres banquet for the grizzlies, who arrived after the commotion was over to clean up the leftovers (sort of like me when I arrive late at a cocktail party). These regular "food fests" indulged the great bears to become huge beyond belief. Some estimates (perhaps exaggerated) claimed there were individual bears of 2,000 pounds or more. That is a lot of grizzly, and matches the weight of a full-grown Percheron stallion.

When Fremont and his band of soldiers and mountain men (Kit Carson being the most notable) were marching along the eastern side of the Coast Range toward Monterey, they occasionally came across numerous populations of grizzlies feeding on the carcasses of cattle they had killed. It was much wiser to circumvent that particular valley than to challenge the bears with their Kentucky rifles, as many times a bear proved still dangerous with many rifle slugs in his body. A shot to the head was the most desirable way to bring a bear down quickly.

The carefree rancheros lived their lives on horses. Their vaqueros were the world's greatest riders and trainers of superbly reined horses. Their entertainment was to go out in small groups and, with their rawhide reatas, rope and dispatch a large grizzly by choking him between a neck loop and a hind leg catch. Also by this method, they were able to drag him, while unconscious, into an ox cart with a large cage and bring him down to the village or mission for a "bear and bull" fight.

I have found in Monterey at least two locations for these contests, where the most fierce bulls were brought down for the match. Often a grizzly would kill as many as three bulls before he succumbed to his many horn wounds.

It was a typical bloody contest favored by the mostly Spanish population, much like the bullfights of today.

Early California was not the paradise that the pure beauty of nature and wonderful climate should have provided. To go anywhere, a good horse was paramount to flee a pack of wolves, charging grizzlies or the many bandits that made life perilous for travelers. It was dangerous to be afoot when the very bad tempered sharp-horned Spanish cattle spotted you. Many a wayfarer never made it to that tree he was running for, and was caught on the sharp horns of a fleet-footed bull or cow, and later providing a ready meal for a grizzly or a wolf.

The arrival of the 49ers with their lust for hunting and killing started the decline of all game in California, as well as the native population that was often treated simply as targets to test the 49ers' marksmanship. Many ignorant and utterly cruel and thoughtless gold-seekers robbed and plundered the finest of California's citizens and landowners. The bandit Murieta began his vendetta by seeking vengeance against the robbers and rapists of his family. At least the start of his banditry can be understood, though not the continuation of it, where he robbed his own people.

The last verified grizzly in California – the Santa Ana grizzly – was killed in 1908 by a hunter. Through 1929 there were sightings, but they were not verified. The last wolf in California was seen by me in 1944 in the Tehachapi's, not far from the town of the same name. It was inevitable that man would win the battle of the predators.

A little known reason the padres found it relatively easy to bring converts to the church was the large grizzly population in the Santa Lucias and

Vaquero Bronze 32" high.

valleys of California. The Indians were powerless with their bows and arrows to protect themselves from *Ursus Horriblus* and many were killed while trying to gather food – acorns, berries, etc. – in the same region the bears were.

So, when the soldiers with their blunderbuss and horses showed they were masters of this "monster devil," they revered and thanked them. The bears were starving the Indians and

The Intruders, Oil on canvas

they saw a reversal now that also showed them the power of the church.

Each mission had its complement of soldiers and vaqueros with strong rawhide reatas. The bear was no match for their skill with that reata and were eliminated slowly but severely, 'til an estimated 10,000 grizzlies in California reduced to none in a matter of 50 or 60 years – in the 1880s there were few – the last killed in the early 1900s.

The bears feasted on whale and seal carcasses and were attracted to the steelhead and salmon runs in rivers that emptied into the sea. This oil is of the Rio Carmelo beach by Carmel and was a fine open place to stretch out a bear for the Bear and Bull fights in Monterey. A strong cage on an ox cart was employed to trundle over the ridge to the Monterey "playing field" with a great fandango and three-day party. Such was life in old Monterey.

The California Vaquero – The Reality

As in all cattle cultures, there is much bragging and diversions from the truth. Californians, without a doubt, changed the horsemanship of all the western states and were an object of awe with herdsman bringing cattle into the western regions from Texas and elsewhere. Some of the great trail drives were to California from the Midwest regions – Texas, Colorado, etc. These cowboys watched the California-reined horse work the herds and their faces could not hide their admiration.

However, no one ever made a harder run and put a loop on a cow in the brush better than the Texan. The New Mexico and Arizona cowboys drifted up to California and took no back seat in the handling of cattle.

California vaqueros trailed north to Oregon with Pete French and to the Wyoming territories and were the major influence in the spade bit, reata culture of that huge cow country. It still is. The buckaroos of Nevada and Oregon steadfastly hang on to the California vaquero culture. They have shown the world what a reined horse is.

In the 1940s, the last of the great old-time vaqueros were in their decline. The few left were good, some were geniuses on horseback, such as Martinez – who I rode with in the Tehachapis – but they were far and few between. The balance were passive and gentle people with a horse – knowing the country (a prerequisite for any cowboy) and manana was good enough – but they were soon left behind by the new ranchers that bought up the land and had to share profits and be progressive with their operations. The old time Californio just didn't fit. Their ranching days were over and the new breed took over. Educated and good in range management and all facets of cattle production, the old-time vaquero disappeared. I'm not saying it's right – I'm just saying it's so. Certainly not right from an artist's point of view. I prefer to hang on to the old days and ways. The young vaqueros, who had the advantage of being schooled by an old reinsman, continued to do well and combined the old methods with the new.

The old vaqueros, who knew every water hole, could track a bull over chalk rock and live off a can of beans in a remote line camp, are gone. As Charlie Russell said, "I would give my very best horse to see the worst old timer again."

To get back to the common sense reality of the Californio, my practical mix of experience and observation tells me that these great vaqueros were not the usual. A great roper, a great rider, a great rein man made the reputation for many. Their manana attitude and long miles with wet saddle blankets, a gentle hand and the very well bred horses that were abundant in California gave them the advantage. There are great horsemen and ropers in all cattle countries – was there anyone better with a rope than an Oklahoma cowboy named Will Rogers?

With the vaquero methods of horse training, nothing benefits more than the horse. The quiet, gentle vaquero, his respect for his horse's mouth and welfare on his mind – the great reinsman of today should remember where this knowledge and skill originated and honor those early vaqueros who showed the way. Some improved on it, such as the late, great Tom Dorrance, Ray Hackworth and Gene Lewis, who had that special touch on the reins, like a fine pianist instead of a honky-tonk player. It was my privilege to have known them well and call them friends.

As mentioned, I've known many great cowboys, vaqueros, buckaroos – call them what you wish – a good hand is a good hand wherever he comes from and will fit in quickly with any country he happens to be.

Some cowboy poems that have come our way.

Ray Hunt passed away on March 12, 2009. The horse had no better friend.
"The Guy in the Glass" is a poem that Ray found inspirational.
He would recite it at many of his horsemanship clinics.
We share it with you, in his memory - a significant Westerner and a fine American.
My he rest in God's hands.

Photo by Bill Reynolds

Ray Hunt
at San Luis Obispo, CA 1985

THE GUY IN THE GLASS

By Peter "Dale" Wimbrow Sr.
1895-1954

When you get what you want in your struggle for pelf,
And the world makes you King for a day,
Then go to the mirror and look at yourself,
And see what that guy has to say.

For it isn't your Father, or Mother, or Wife,
Who judgement upon you must pass.
The feller whose verdict counts most in your life
Is the guy staring back from the glass.

He's the feller to please, never mind all the rest,
For he's with you clear up to the end,
And you've passed your most dangerous, difficult test
If the guy in the glass is your friend.

You may be like Jack Horner and "chisel" a plum,
And think you're a wonderful guy,
But the man in the glass says you're only a bum
If you can't look him straight in the eye.

You can fool the whole world down the pathway of years,
And get pats on the back as you pass,
But your final reward will be heartaches and tears
If you've cheated the guy in the glass.

In Memory of Kenneth C. Shahan of Lovington, New Mexico
From Eddy & Rebecca Coleman of Cloudcroft, NM
From Beverly Rich of Pasadena, TX

In Memory of Bern & Ann Lessentine of Lakeside, Ohio
From Richard & Kim Lessentine of Tularosa, NM

In Memory of Ben Cain of Truth or Consequences, New Mexico
From Stella Montoya of La Plata, NM

In Memory of Phil Harvey, Sr. of Roswell, New Mexico
From Stella Montoya of La Plata, NM

In Memory of Alice King
From Stella Montoya of La Plata, NM

In Memory of Harley May of Deming, New Mexico
From Harvery & Florence Gipple of Downey, CA

In Memory of Oscar & Velma Huber of Seguin, Texas
From Dennis & Ellen Huber of McQueeney, TX

In Memory of Byron & Kathy Carlson of La Villa, Texas
From Dennis & Ellen Huber of McQueeney, TX

In Memory of Claudia Fay Harris of La Plata, New Mexico
From Robert & Dorothy Jennings of La Plata, NM

In Memory of Lanell Baird of Aztec, New Mexico
From Robert & Dorothy Jennings of La Plata, NM

In Memory of John Robert Jones of Ozona, Texas
From Robert & Dorothy Jennings of La Plata, NM

In Memory of Eunice Dean Nunn
From Carl & Barbara Johnson of Tatum, NM
From V. Brownfield and Family of El Paso, TX

In Honor of Smokey Nunn
From Carl & Barbara Johnson of Tatum, NM

In Honor of Theron & Jean McGarry of McGarry Ranches in Rexburg, Idaho
From Sue Foxwell of Cambridge, MD

In Memory of Grubs Munson of Hagerman, New Mexico
From Jane & Jonna Lou Schafer of Dell City, TX
From Donnie Snow of Dell City, TX

In Memory of Andy Lewis of Crow Flat, New Mexico
From Jim and Martha Coody of Barry, TX
From Yvonne Oliver of La Luz, NM
From Virginia Brownfield of El Paso, TX
From Betty Scarbrough of Ruidoso, NM
From Junior & Betty Stoots of Tularosa, NM

In Memory of Col. Herbert "Butch" Barker
From Yvonne Oliver of La Luz, NM

In Memory of Jay Cox
From Yvonne Oliver of La Luz, NM

In Memory of Charlie Lee of Alamogordo, New Mexico
From John Howard of Rancho Santa Fe, CA

In Memory of Alice (Kick) McNeil of Tularosa, New Mexico
From Donnie Snow of Dell City, NM

In Memory of Helen Chenoweth-Hage of Tonopah, Nevada
From Duane Sandin of Yakima, WA
From the Derry Brownfield Show of Centertown, MO
From Junior & Betty Stoots of Tularosa, NM
From Jane & Jonna Lou Schafer of Dell City, TX

In Memory of Wayne & Helen Hage of Tonapah, Nevada
From John & Leslie Johnson of Young, AZ

In Memory of Wayne Hage of Tonopah, Nevada
From Jane & Jonna Lou Schafer of Dell City, TX
From Frances & Jimmy Goss of Weed, NM
From Edward & Eunice Nunn of Deming, NM
From Duane Sandin of Yakima, WA
From Lincoln National Forest Allotment Owners Association, Cloudcroft, NM
From the Derry Brownfield Show of Centertown, MO

In Memory of Laurance Daniel of Folsom, New Mexico
From Bud & Cathy Daniel of Folsom, NM

In Memory of Carrie Regnier of Kenton, Oklahoma
From Bud & Cathy Daniel of Folsom, NM

In Memory of John C. Danley, Jr.
From Robert & Janice King of Alamogordo, NM

In Memory of Jay Cox of Winston, New Mexico
From Jack Finnerty of Wheatland, WY
From Hub Thompson of Jeffrey City, WY

In Memory of Hugh Kincaid of Carlsbad, New Mexico
From Jane & Jonna Lou Schafer

In Memory of Bo Rasco
From Jane & Jonna Lou Schafer

In Memory of "Kick" McNeil
From Jane & Jonna Lou Schafer

In Memory of Jack D. Peck of Farmington, New Mexico
From Bob & Dorothy Jennings of La Plata, NM

In Memory of Ben Cain of Truth or Consequences, New Mexico
From Edward & Eunice Nunn of Deming, NM

In Memory of Rick Carr of Truth or Consequences, New Mexico
From Edward & Eunice Nunn of Deming, NM

In Memory of Pete Wynn of Deming, New Mexico
From Edward & Eunice Nunn of Deming, NM

In Memory of George McBride
From Al & Judy Schultz of Cody, WY

In Memory of Charlie Schultz
From Wanda Boles and Sherrell Gurley of Alamogordo, NM

In Memory of Lucille Marr of Tularosa, New Mexico
From Charles and Thelma Walker of Cloudcroft, NM

In Memory of Isaac Morgan of Mescalero, New Mexico
From Charles and Thelma Walker of Cloudcroft, NM

In Memory of Hallie Kirkpatrick Black of Ozona, Texas
From Paul & Ginger Perner of Ozona, TX

In Memory of Louis Lynch of Deming, New Mexico
From Edward and Eunice Nunn of Deming, NM
From Jean, Bebo, Maddy & Linda Lee of Alamogordo, NM
From Virginia Brownfield of El Paso, TX

In Memory of Betty Nunn
From Edward and Eunice Nunn of Deming, NM

In Memory of Nellie Mullins of Ruidoso, New Mexico
From Jean, Bebo, Maddy & Linda Lee of Alamogordo, NM

In Memory of Viola Jeffers
From Stella Montoya of La Plata, NM

In Memory of Rusty Tinnin of Bell Ranch, New Mexico
From Stella Montoya of La Plata, NM
From J. Diann Lee

In Memory of Jim Jennings of Roswell, New Mexico
From Charles Cleve of Roswell, NM

In Memory of Milton Wakefield of Roswell, New Mexico
From Charles Cleve of Roswell, NM

In Memory of Lee Robins of Deming, New Mexico
From Edward & Eunice Nunn of Deming, NM

In Memory of Rene McLane of Deming, New Mexico
From Edward & Eunice Nunn of Deming, NM

In Memory of Wilson & Susie Mae
From Pop & Donnie Snow of Dell City, TX

In Memory of Panzy Lee
From Pop & Donnie Snow of Dell City, TX

In Memory of Larry Smith
From Pop & Donnie Snow of Dell City, TX

In Memory of Charlie Schultz
From Pop & Donnie Snow of Dell City, TX

In Memory of Willard Myres
From Pop & Donnie Snow of Dell City, TX

In Memory of Rick Carr of Winston, New Mexico
From Jimmy R. Bason of Hillsboro, NM

In Memory of Earlene Smith of Dexter, New Mexico
From Charles Cleve of Roswell, NM

In Memory of Clark Lewis
From Pop & Donnie Snow of Dell City, TX

In Memory of Kendel Lewis
From Pop & Donnie Snow of Dell City, TX

In Memory of Mike Jones
From Pop & Donnie Snow of Dell City, TX

In Memory of Charlie Lee
From Pop & Donnie Snow of Dell City, TX

In Memory of Bill & Panzy Jones
From Pop & Donnie Snow of Dell City, TX

In Memory of Roy Rasco
From Pop & Donnie Snow of Dell City, TX

In Memory of Alton & Laura Jones
From Pop & Donnie Snow of Dell City, TX

In Memory of Laheeta Harvey
From Pop & Donnie Snow of Dell City, TX

In Memory of Lincoln Cox
From Pop & Donnie Snow of Dell City, TX

In Memory of Bessie Walker of La Luz, New Mexico
From Pop & Donnie Snow of Dell City, TX

In Memory of Jose Ramon Velasquez of Blanco, New Mexico
From Jennifer Truby of Aztec, NM

In Memory of Wesley Tibbetts of Miles City, Montana
From Harold & Norma Peabody of Terry, MT

In Memory of Charles Coody of Barry, Texas
From Jane & Jonna Lou Schafer of Dell City, TX

In Memory of E. V. "Hig" Higgins
From Joe & Diane Delk of Mesilla Park, NM
From Jack & Jean Darbyshire of Anthony, NM

In Memory of Andy Hinton of Mt. Pleasant, Texas
From Gertrude Delk of Hanover, NM

In Memory of Lucille Marr of Tularoso, New Mexico
From Jean, Bebo, Maddy & Linda Lee of Alamogordo, NM

In Memory of Andrew "Duley" Canterbury of Canon City, Colorado
From Janell Reid of Ordway, CO
From Gerald & Betty Clark of Fowler, CO
From Mark & Tina Fischer of Corrales, NM
From B J Embry of Canon City, CO
From Robert Shoemaker of Canon City, CO
From Royal Gorge Association of Realtors of Canon City, CO
From Abel & Judy Benavidez of Model, CO
From Wayne Rusher of Orday, CO
From Melinda Rusher, The Magic Door Styling Salon, of Orday, CO

In Memory of Tom & Evelyn Linebery of Kermit, Texas
From Rita Neal of Hobbs, NM

In Memory of Herscel Stringfield
From Lincoln National Forest Allotment Owners Association, Cloudcroft, NM

In Memory of Gordon Booth of Alamogordo, New Mexico
From New Mexico Precision Shooters, Inc. of Alamogordo, NM

In Memory of Larry Wooten
From Charles Cleve of Roswell, NM

In Memory of Edwin Hyatt of Deming, New Mexico
From Gertrude Delk of Hanover, NM

In Memory of Roger Read of Las Vegas, New Mexico
From Bob & Dorothy Jennings of La Plata, NM

In Memory of Lydia Verploegen of Havre, Montana
From Peggy Verploegen of Havre, MT

In Memory of Andrew Lewis
From Virginia Brownfield of El Paso, TX

In Memory of Edwin Hyatt of Deming, New Mexico
From Edward & Eunice Nunn of Deming, NM

In Memory of Bill Cowan of Tucson, Arizona
From Edward & Eunice Nunn of Deming, NM

In Memory of Frank Sultimier of Corona, New Mexico
From Edward & Eunice Nunn of Deming, NM

In Memory of Laurance & Carrie Regnier
From Bud & Cathy Daniel of Falsom, NM

In Memory of Laurance Daniel
From Bud & Cathy Daniel of Falsom, NM

In Memory of Abelardo Martinez of Safford, Arizona
From Margaret Schade of Safford, AZ
From Fern Engquist of Safford, AZ

In Memory of Ben Cain of T or C, New Mexico
From The Lee Family of Alamogordo, NM
From Joseph and Ruth Wood of Tularosa, NM
From Joe and Diane Delk of Mesilla Park, NM
From Jane Schafer and family of Dell City, NM
From Yvonne Oliver of La Luz, NM
From Jimmy Bason of Hillsboro, NM

In Memory of Chris Jaramillo of Las Cruces, New Mexico
From Christie Cleve of New Braunfels, TX
From Charles Cleve of Roswell, NM

In Memory of Dan Trice of Tularosa, New Mexico
From Jane and Jonna Lou Schafer of Dell City, TX

In Memory of Charlie Cookson of Alamogordo, New Mexico
From Jean, Bebo, Maddy & Linda Lee of Alamogordo, NM

Photo courtesy Mary Williams Hyde, www.buckaroocountry.com

Reata man, Glen Shelley, is the manager of Rattlesnake Creek Ranch near Burns, Oregon. This shot was taken last spring at a branding at the ranch. Glen uses an 85' rawhide reata and has numerous big loop roping championships to his credit

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