

The CowboyWay

FALL 2009

The Smith Family:
Five Generations of Ranching

Northern Range Ranch Roping

The Living Words
of the Constitution
Part 8

Photographer Myron Beck:
A Western View



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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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The Cowboy Way

FALL 2009 VOLUME 5 NO. 3

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photo by Myron Beck

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Cover, Mission Spread and Table of
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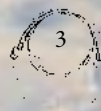




photo by Myron Beck



GB OLIVER

Positive Steps

This past summer, PARAGON Foundation was honored by American Horse Publications at their annual awards ceremony. Our magazine was one of eleven publications nominated in the category “Best Association Magazine, 15,000 Circulation or More.” I am pleased to say that we won and received some wonderful praise from the judges panel, “This magazine has such a strong aesthetic that extends from cover to cover; you almost want to put each issue on display. The lifestyle editorial content that includes books and music is refreshing in this genre. In addition, there’s sophistication in the typography that few other magazines can match.

Nothing looks accidental or unintentional, and attention is paid to the appropriate use of bold and italics to designate more important information and create a hierarchy with the typography. The stunning photography caps off the book-like feel that this magazine has.” We are also proud that we won second place for Editorial Photography with a photo taken by our friend and superb photographer, Jay Dusard. We are honored and humbled by this recognition and will continue, with your help, to bring helpful and entertaining information to you with every issue.

AB Oliver III



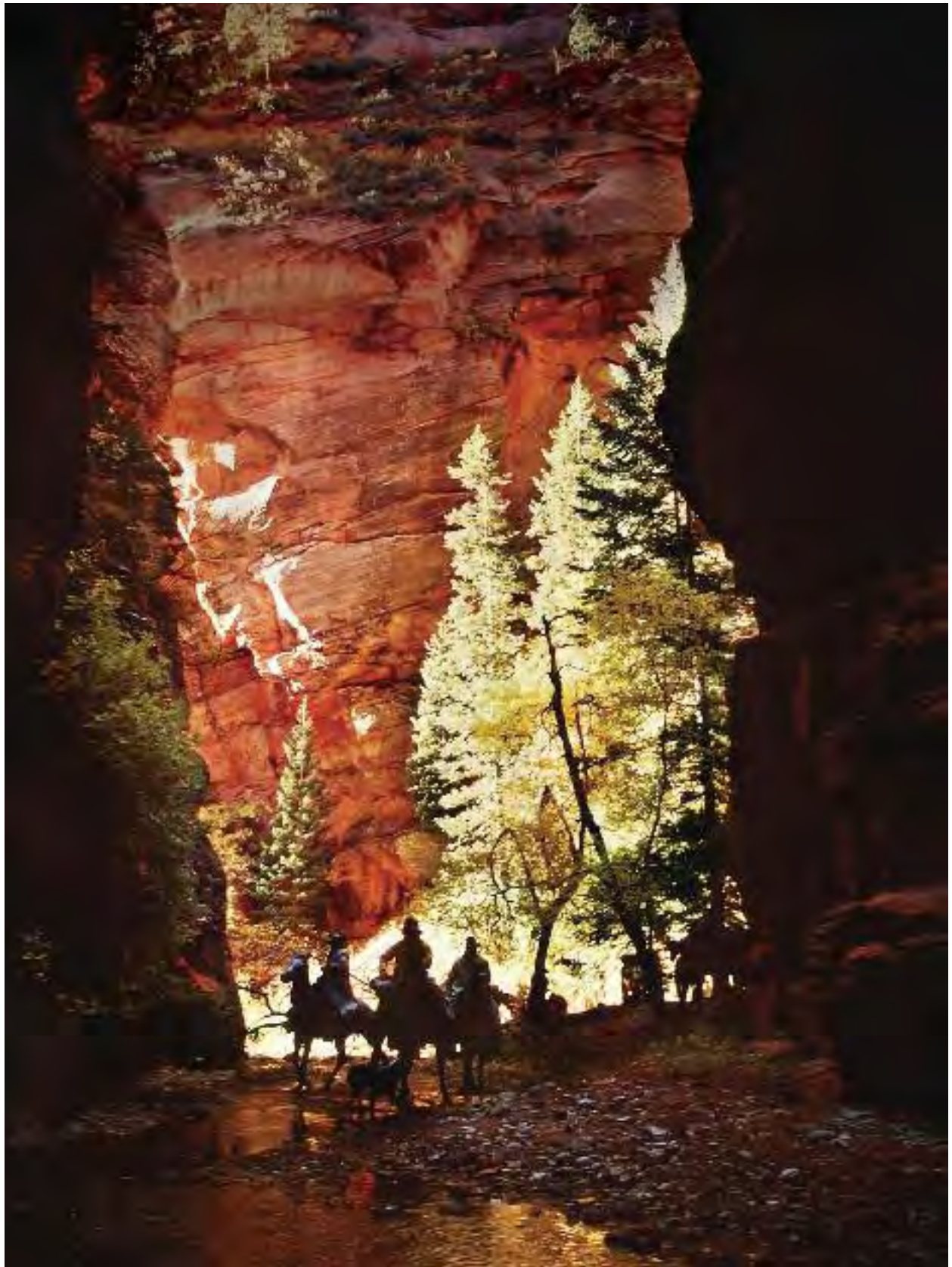


photo by Myron Beck

WILLIAM C. REYNOLDS

Taking Things to Heart

As you can see by the front cover of this issue, we have changed the name. We made this decision after much wrangling, as we wanted a name that stated simply and clearly the way PARAGON Foundation operates, and since we operate “the cowboy way,” there it was. *The Cowboy Way*. We hope you will take it to heart.

We all have been made painfully aware of the uproar taking place on the proposed health care bills. Elected officials are taking

their summer break to meet with “the folks” and hear their views on health care with the hopes that the bill or bills can be

passed easily in the fall. Full stop. Rather than being greeted by nodding sheep, our elected ones were faced with what some have called “mobs” – people angry and frustrated and wanting answers. Instead of responding as problem solvers, many of those town hall hosts criticized the passion of their audiences, failing to see what was really at issue at this time in our nation. This isn’t just about health care and the economy. It’s about the law of the land – the Constitution, our individual liberty and the future of our children’s freedom. What many in government today are obviously missing is that the Constitution is about limiting government. It is about protecting citizen’s property and not taking it for redistribution from one group to another. If one watches these town hall meetings, one comes to the obvious conclusion that not only have the health care bills not been read by most of our elected officials, but the Constitution hasn’t been read lately, if at all, either. We, as a people, need to take to heart the importance of that document and where the actual power sits – squarely in the hands of citizens like you and me. And, by all appearances, we are at a point in time where we might need to consider cleaning house when the term elections come around in 2010.

PARAGON’s Executive Vice President GB Oliver speaks specifically to the health care issue, among others, in our “Your Rights” section in this issue. He is also the subject of our interview as we felt many of our new readers should get to know GB better. Our Associate Editor Nicole Krebs continues her explanation of the Constitution and begins with the ever important, First Amendment. As this issue goes

to press, we are all awaiting the highly anticipated return of Nicole’s husband, Anthony, who – the subject of last month’s “Out There” photo – will be returning from deployment in Kuwait. In addition to Nicole’s article, our Special Features Editor Marilyn Fisher weighs in on the First Amendment and gives us further insight into that pillar of our Constitution and our freedom.

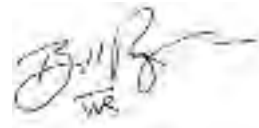
Freedom was what the Moon family was seeking and writer Darrell Arnold

takes us for a visit with Michael Moon and his family as they work the Chico Basin Ranch in Colorado. Bill

Bullard, R-CALF USA CEO, tells us more about the NAIS (National Animal Identification System) issue and what we need to know to help stop it in its tracks. Mark Bedor has tough duty telling us all about his adventure in the Custer Battlefield re-enactment in Montana. Mark also gives us a look at what author Jim Owen is up to along with a superb profile of artist and leather craftsman, Al Shelton. Guy de Galard takes us to the Northern Range Ranch Roping Series where big loops mean big fun, while our own Thea Marx gives us another installment of “Ranch Living” along with the story of the Smith family and their ranch in Alder Gulch in the North Boulder Valley area of Montana. Photographer extraordinaire Myron Beck is our featured photographer this issue and gives us the gorgeous fall shot for our first cover of *The Cowboy Way*.

We hope you enjoy this fall issue and as always we are quite aware and thankful of your generous donations and spirit that enable us to continue to bring *The Cowboy Way* to you. You, our fellow American citizens, your strength and resolve will be what protects our liberty and prevents those in power from throwing the Constitution under the bus. Our freedom is all of ours to cherish, nurture and protect – something we must take to heart everyday.

The Cowboy Way



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NOTE



photo by Bill Reynolds

John Swift's 1964 Alaskan on his classic 1981 Chevy Custom Deluxe

Classy Camping – the Alaskan Truck Camper

There are those who camp and then there are those that CAMP. Most people fall into one of those two categories, unless you're one who simply DOESN'T camp. Camping has always been subject to the elements – tents helped, but something better evolved. When camper camping came along, it was with the advent of the "slide-in" pick-up truck camper – a milestone of convenience that changed everything – for many. I don't know where the name "slide-in" came from, as I have yet to see anyone "slide" one of those big Conestoga wagons-without-wheels onto a pick-up. I have seen them "drop" into a pick-up bed after what seemed to be four or five days of hand cranking four separate jacks to lower said camper. I have also had the unpleasant opportunity to witness a "slide-off" – when the camper owner gunned it and forgot to chain down his little mobile Ponderosa. Camper styles over the years, it seems, change like hemlines, and, like hemlines, most of the changes are mostly cosmetic – the essence is the same – a big box that rides in the truck bed. For many of the camping persuasion, change is an unnecessary and wasteful concept, especially for those who simply love the timeless execution of a great singular idea. Example? Of course. The Buck folding hunter. The Coleman Lantern. The twist-off beer top. They are all classics

of the genre that work perfectly. That description also fits the hero of our story, the classic Alaskan Truck Camper.

The Alaskan Truck Camper is not the bulky profile of the average pick-up truck camper. The original Alaskan Camper was designed for those searching for protection from the elements, but wanted a low compact profile that made traveling easy and remote campsites accessible. That, my friends, is what an Alaskan Camper is all about.

Alaskan Campers, Inc. builds, as they say, "The campers camper, and it's manufactured right here in Chehalis, Washington. It's singular unique and timeless quality is that the Alaskan Camper RV is the original 'top up – top down' design, 'it raises – it lowers' the top of the camper for safety and comfort. This is what a true pop-up, slide-in camper should be, a low traveling profile that is not compromised with wimpy, canvas sidewalls. These campers do not compromise on quality of material or workmanship; it's all about camping and truck campers. And, as they say of a used Alaskan, 'If you find one for sale, our advice is, buy it.'"

That is exactly what John Swift did. He found his Alaskan (shown here on John's 1981 Chevy Custom Deluxe) in a friend's

barn in Central California. "It's a single owner," John says with a grin, "and you can't say that about many things built in 1964. My friend's dad owned it and when he passed away, the family covered it up in the barn." It seems owners of Alaskan campers seem to take great pride in just how old their camper is. As the original "Pop-up, Slide-in truck camper" for sale, the Alaskan Camper was – and is – a simple yet dramatic breakaway from the bulky profile of the average pickup truck camper RV. Since the original Alaskan Campers, designed in 1953 for the purpose of camping along the Alcan Highway, campers have searched for a "slide-in" camper for sale that would "pop-up" and give them protection from the rain and cold; a camper that would travel rough terrain, be lightweight and present the least wind resistance on the road. The original designer, and owner of the company, R.D. Hall, wanted a camper for himself he could drive with little wind resistance yet had all the things inside he would need for several week trips from his home in California to the Brooks Range in Alaska. By 1958, Hall had so many requests for the campers, he started building them for the public and, by 1963, had five factories building Alaskans in the U.S. Today, Don Wheat continues the production of Hall's original idea with his company, Alaskan Campers, Inc.



photo courtesy Alaskan Campers, Inc.

The Nelsons check out an Alaskan on the set of *The Adventures of Ozzie & Harriet* in the 1960s

According to the company's web site, "We decided to continue building a slide-in truck camper that campers wanted! The first unit was constructed so that the top, by an ingenious hydraulic system, could be raised and lowered. This allowed for full standing room in the interior when in camp, but, when on the road, the unit was snugged down with only a few inches of camper roof extending above the truck cab. The result was reduced wind resistance and increased gas mileage! 'TOP UP – TOP DOWN' 'it raises – it lowers' not only is this a tremendous advantage for the Alaskan Pick-up Truck Camper RV, but it typifies our whole design and quality philosophy, 'from the top to the bottom, we will build the best.'" Today, the Alaskan Camper is available for sale as a custom camper as well as the standard Ten Foot Alaskan RV or the Standard Eight Foot Alaskan; and both feature the "Top Up – Top Down" patented design. The design really is ingenious:

1. While driving with the top lowered, there is less wind resistance. With less wind resistance, fuel mileage is increased.
2. The lower profile not only improves fuel mileage, but it also improves the handling and feel while driving. By lowering the center of gravity, putting the weight of the camper closer to the road, the Alaskan does not demonstrate the "rocking and rolling" motion of the conventional truck camper.
3. The insulated "Solid Wall" design has the obvious benefit of a safer interior (no bears or intruders coming through canvas walls), a warmer interior in the winter with minimal heat loss and a cooler interior in the summer.
4. The full raising top means you have a full height door which means you don't have to stoop over to get inside the camper, as is the case with later pop-up designs. And it also means you have large eye level glass windows, not plastic.
5. When driving in windy conditions, the truck and slide-in camper is not pushed around as in a conventional truck and camper.

Through the years, the system has received significant improvements. Although many purists love the hand-operated jack, an electric hydraulic pump was introduced in 1990 to improve the ease of raising the top. In 1994, stainless steel pistons were added, this reduced the possibility of inadvertently bending the pistons. The size of the piston diameter was increased in 1999 to provide more lifting power. Other than that, frankly, why mess with something that's pretty close to perfect?

To learn more about Alaskan Truck Campers, visit one of their three web sites. Yes, three. www.alaskancamper.org – .com and .net. Alaskancamper.org has mostly pictures. Alaskancamper.com is the most complete and Alaskancamper.net is for those who have little patience and just want the facts. A very nice PDF brochure sucks you right in.



photos courtesy Alaskan Campers, Inc.

Current interiors of the Alaskan Truck Camper show that there's no need to change something that works



photo by Bill Reynolds

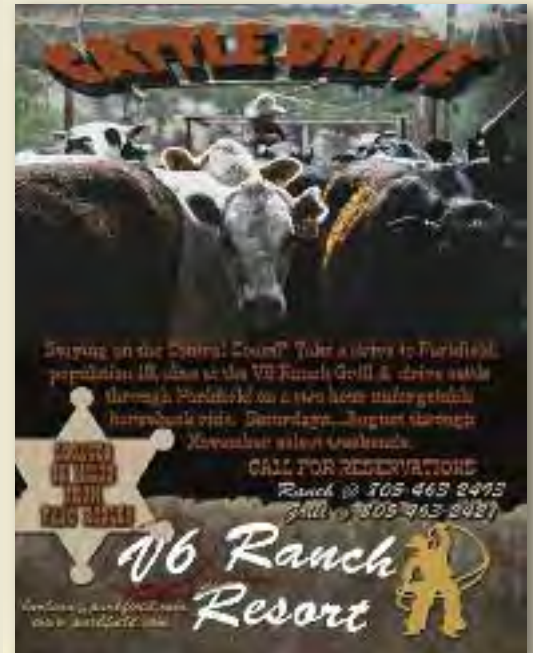
1964 interior

Parkfield Cattle Drive

Visit historic Parkfield, California, right near Paso Robles and a stone's throw from historic Hearst Castle. Parkfield was a turn of the century boomtown, which, back in the late 1800s, sported a population of 900 miners, homesteaders, oil wildcats and merchants. Today, Parkfield's population reads "18" but this town is as full of life and activities as it was over 100 years ago. On Saturdays through November, you can join in on a cattle drive right through downtown Parkfield or watch the cattle drive come through town from the V6 Ranch Grill while enjoying a bottle of Parkfield Vineyard Wine and a hardy meal. The Grill features a grass-fed beef burger raised locally on the legendary V6 Ranch.

Parkfield is also known as the Earthquake Capital of the World, as it is the most studied spot on Earth for earthquake prediction. So, if there is going to be an earthquake, you'll have a little advance notice! But, don't let that shake you, cowboy-up and take a picture on the bent bridge coming into town where you can stand on the San Andreas Fault straddling the Pacific Plate and the North American Plate.

For information on the V6 Ranch, Grill & Lodge, email them at sandra_reisz@msn.com. If you would like to make reservations to join them on a Saturday Cattle Drive, email them at barbara@parkfield.com.



Let 'Er Buck

Pendleton Round-Up at 100 is a full-color celebration of the first one hundred years of this classic rodeo. Over five years were spent in researching and writing *Pendleton Round-Up at 100*, to



give full justice to its rich and uniquely American history; and its enduring appeal in Oregon, the West and the world of rodeo. This collection is illustrated with over 900 photos and illustrations that are drawn from historic collections and family archives, most previously unpublished.

The book's 24 chapters tell the stories of the Round-Up's founding and early years, its discovery by Hollywood, Indian participation from the Round-Up's establishment, the cowgirls' era, legendary performers, the families and volunteer spirit that sustain the annual event and much more.

Unique among all rodeos, Pendleton included participants from surrounding Native American tribes – Umatilla, Cayuse, and Walla Walla – in its first year, and every year since. For more information, visit www.gacpc.com.

The slogan for the Round-Up is a good one to remember – "Just grit your teeth, get another hold, be a man and 'Let'er buck!"

– The East Oregonian, 1911

Garcia and "Cap's"

Our friend Pete Melniker, who operates Double Diamond Halters (fine rope halters, lariats and other stuff you need – www.doublediamondhalters.com), sent us a great little book on the history of G.S. Garcia and J.M. Capriola Co. – or "Caps" as its called by many. Both companies span over 140 years of history as important saddlers in Reno, Salinas and Elko, Nevada. The book chronicles the life and legacy of G.S. Garcia, as well as the history of J.M. Capriola Company, begun by Joseph Martin Capriola, a former apprentice in the Garcia shop and a rancher in his own right. Still going strong, Garcia bits and spurs are still available today through the Capriola's shop in Elko, Nevada. The book honored the 100TH anniversary of the awarding of the Gold Medal to the "Garcia Beauty Saddle" at the 1904 World's Fair in St. Louis.

This book is filled with exquisite photographs and heartfelt memories, which will delight anyone who appreciates the artistry of the silver and leather work the family made famous. For more information, visit www.gsgarcia.net.



Paul Hunter: In Praise of Letterpress

Today the publishing world seems to be all about the Kindle and other means of electronic delivery of words. It's faster, cheaper and – oh my goodness – it's greener! Being of a certain era where one enjoyed the concept of picking up a book to not only read but to keep; I am sure the “big M.O.” of our current tech-fancying world will ultimately leave the likes of me in the muddy sludge of publishing's passing evolutionary march into a brave new world. But, until that happens, I can celebrate and share the likes of Paul Hunter with all of you. Our friend Lynn Miller at *Small Farmer's Journal* sent a copy of Paul's book of poetry titled *Breaking Ground*. It is a volume of verse of the earth, poems of farming – it's work, anticipation and appreciation. Paul has been poet, teacher, performer, playwright, musician, instrument-maker, artist, editor, publisher, grassroots arts activist and shade-tree mechanic. For the past eleven years, he has produced fine letterpress books under the imprint of Wood Works – currently including 22 books and 46 broadsides. He is a person obviously in love with the process of making books – as well as the writing. Of his printing, he indicates his mission

is “to encourage and present the best of contemporary and world literature, in a durable, compact, handmade format.” For Paul – and me – that's still a book.

To see more of Paul's work, visit www.woodworkspress.com.



OPEN BOOKS

Paul Hunter

*If we don't read one another
who do we ever read
and if we don't read one another
who can we expect to read us?
and if we don't read one another
and if we don't read
why bother writing
these lines so deep in our faces
that take so much living
to begin to make a dent
the child's dimple a tiny word
the frown of a young adult
a curse and the sags the scars
by forty a couplet
by fifty or sixty scarce a sonnet
even by ninety and a hundred
the tale told rarely an epic
but always
always worth another look*

“Out Where the West Begins”

In the last issue, we printed a little postcard from a long time ago with a little poem about the wonders of the West. Journalist and author Arthur Chapman (1873 -1935) wrote the poem, “Out Where the West Begins.” He wrote it in 1912, as he was, according to his obituary, “(A) prolific poet – he wrote of all sorts of things – the Pony Express, of science, of skyscrapers and New York. But he knew his West and he wrote the poem after reading of a discussion of state governors as to where geographically the West actually began. When he wrote it, it was almost on a dare and he first considered it too unimportant to even copyright. His mistake. The poem went on to be one of the most beloved poems of the region and was quoted, printed worldwide and even put to music several times. It can be found in many forms, but Chapman finally copyrighted the poem in a book of his Western verse, which carries the name of his most famous poem as its title. He wrote hundreds of poems and published several novels including *Mystery Ranch*, a book of murder and intrigue on an Indian reservation.”

We received many emails about that little poem from some who knew who wrote it and some who didn't. Arthur Chapman contributed much to the romance of the American West through his writing, but none more than those twenty-one lines about a place “Where there's more giving and less of buying, and a man makes friends without half trying – that's where the West begins.”

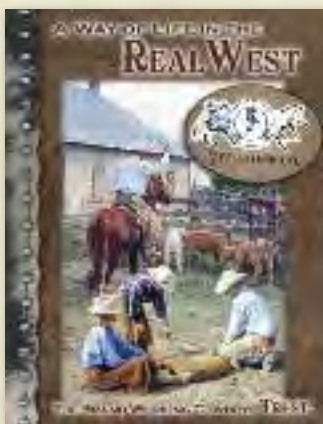
For more information on Arthur Chapman, please visit this highly informative web site www.rangewriter.org.



Arthur Chapman

K Bar J Leather

Jack Gully's company, K Bar J Leather operates out of Newell, South Dakota. He'll tell you he's in the leggin' business – making chaps and chinks – but if it's made out of leather, he can probably do it – as you can see by his catalog. And, if you want your brand or company trademark on it – easy as pie. Everything K Bar J makes is made in the surrounding South Dakota countryside by ranch folks who do piece work at night or when they schedule it. Jack and his company not only make fine leather goods – they help employ the locals. That, my friend, is what a cottage industry does. We are very proud to feature their fine products and ask you to check out their very complete product line at www.kbarjleather.com.



Catalog Envy

Here are a couple of catalogs that are absolutely worth getting. We will try to find a couple for each issue like we did last time. And, like last time, you can't have these, as these are ours.



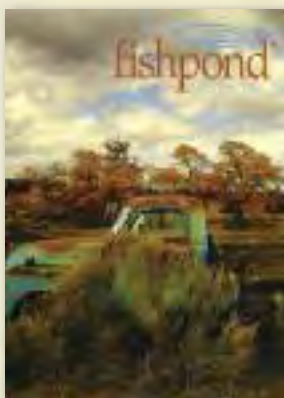
David Ellis Tents

There may or may not come a time when you need a new bedroll or a wall tent. But, if you do – head straight to David Ellis. David Ellis Canvas Products calls Durango, Colorado home and David and Kelly Ellis will make sure any and all of your outdoor canvas needs are met. Whether you need a range teepee, a wagon sheet or a hunting-lodge size wall tent, this is the place. David's cavalry bedroll is the best.

www.cowboycamp.net

Fishpond

I love messenger bags and all kinds of "soft-goods" as they say in the biz. A couple of issues ago, we showed you a bag made by Fishpond and I use it with great joy to this day. But, they make way more than just bags – although they do make every conceivable kind of bag one would need if one's passion was fly-fishing. They build luggage, lunch boxes, thermos bottle carriers and even a nifty case for playing cards – when the fish aren't biting. The catalog fits easily in your fishing vest pocket. www.fishpondusa.com



Stetson 30X El Patron



Stetson is one of the great icon trademarks of not only the Western genre but of America itself. Long associated with fine headwear, Stetson invented the cowboy hat and their classic 30X El Patron, built by Stetson's master craftsmen, is a great example of a legendary company still making the best. Each hat is carefully handcrafted the old way, taking some thirteen individual hand operations and made of the finest beaver, wild hare and rabbit fur. It features a self-band and buckle set with inset precious stones along with a super comfortable genuine roan leather sweatband and satin silk lining. We are pleased to welcome Stetson in this issue as a PARAGON sponsor. Please visit www.stetsonhat.com.



Vaquero Dreams

These lyrics, from “The Vaquero Song” by Dave Stamey, conjure the life of a vaquero.

For the past twenty-five years, the area in and around California’s Santa Ynez Valley has celebrated its vaquero heritage with – what started out as a display only - bit, spur and gear show. Makers and collectors from all over the Central Coast region of California would congregate to show the working gear of the California vaquero. The show, which was first held in Santa Paula, California, about an hour and a half to the south of the Santa Ynez Valley, became a window into the origins and ways of the vaquero’s world. A window that shows us the past as well as the present passion many hold for the vaquero ways of the horse and cow culture here in the Central Coast region of California.

Like the era of the plains cowboy, the vaquero’s world thrived for a very short time. From the mid-1830s, after the secularization of the Missions by the Mexican government, the vaquero culture blossomed on the regions land grant ranchos. It was a time that lasted until around 1865. In those later years, California suffered through years of drought, decimating the cattle industry and forcing many ranchos to be sold. During those short 30 years, a culture was born and evolved – a gracious way of life where competency and capability were valued more than anything else. And, while the ranchos have mostly vanished, a few remain in the hands of direct descendants, hold-fasts to that mystical era in this part of the Pacific Slope.

The show this year will celebrate its twenty-fifth anniversary and will feature makers and craftspeople that specialize in vaquero gear, art, collectable books and ephemera and gear. At each Vaquero Show, local people are honored for their continued interest and support of the vaquero ways. This year’s Honored Vaquero is long-time rodeo performer and Cowgirl Hall of Fame member, Audrey Griffin; Honored Vaquero Craftsman is saddler and silversmith, Jeremiah Watt, and Honored Vaquero Artist Mehl Lawson, CAA artist and TCAA rawhide braider. The show runs three days, November 13 – 15. For more information, visit www.syvhm.org.

*“In the canyon and barrancas
And willows by the creek bank
I chased the wild cattle through the live
oak trees.*

*’Cross valleys ridge and mesa
and the hills baked oh, so yellow
My ponies sleek and dancing
were all a man would need.”*

“The Vaquero Song” – Dave Stamey



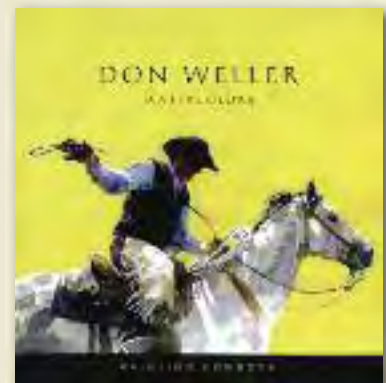
Painting Cowboys

Artist and designer Don Weller lives in a small town near Park City, Utah. He moved there because, as he tells it, his horses pulled him there. Weller and his wife, Cha Cha, moved from L.A.



where Don had a very successful design business. He was one of a handful of graphic designers that created the groundbreaking graphic presentation of the 1984 Olympics held in Los Angeles. In his new book, *Painting Cowboys*, his light-filled watercolors celebrate cowboys working horseback during the heat of the day – shadows playing with the colors as deeply as the light. As he says of

his work, “A good painting does not aspire to be a photograph, rather a composition with things included and things eliminated to enhance the idea.” This is a book to have, as is Don’s art. www.amazon.com or www.oldcowsdogs.com



Al Shelton – Cowboy Carver to the Stars

Studio City, California. It's one of L.A.'s most prestigious neighborhoods. Some of the country's top television shows are filmed here and it's not uncommon to see a TV or movie star at a local bookstore or coffee shop.

But the BMWs and the Mercedes that buzz through this hip part of town on the main drag of Ventura Boulevard are oblivious to a Western treasure that resides in a largely forgotten storefront – the studio of Al Shelton, long known as the Cowboy Artist to the Stars. And today, Shelton is being rediscovered by a new generation, recognized all over again.

No, you won't find Brad, Jennifer or Angelina here but, a generation ago, stars like Ricky Nelson, Angie Dickinson, Tom Selleck and Gene Autry were among Shelton's regular customers, snapping up his paintings, exquisite leather carvings and his custom made silver belt buckles, like the one he made for the cast and crew of the movie *Rocky II*.



Famous stuntman Loren Janes with Al Shelton

“Sly (Sylvester Stallone) came in here and wanted me to do a buckle for him with boxing gloves on ‘em,” recounts the artist. “And I said, ‘Well bring me a pair of boxing gloves so I can see ‘em... I can do a better job of sculpting.’ When he saw the buckle, he said, ‘I donate these gloves to you,’” continues Shelton.

Thirty years later, those gloves hang on Shelton's wall. Shelton still has some of those *Rocky* buckles, and many others he made for TV shows and movies over the years. And it's great fun for a Western fan to look through his collection. There's one of Gene Autry, another from Selleck's movie *Quigley Down Under* and a third sporting a detailed wagon train scene Shelton made for a short lived TV show called *Wagons West*.

As impressive as the buckles are, Shelton made his name as an artist in leather. The 89-year-old recently completed what may be the crowning achievement of his long career – an intricate, hand-tooled leather guitar cover commissioned by the Martin Guitar Company



in Nazareth, Pennsylvania, and now part of its company museum. Not bad for the son of a Colorado sharecropper who never finished 9TH grade.

Hearing Shelton's life story is like a window into a world that has long since disappeared. Born in the eastern Colorado town of Akron, his mother died when he was six. His dad kept the family together by working another man's farm in return for a share of the crop and earned less than a dollar a day.

“One year, the beets froze in the ground, so we didn't get anything,” Al remembers. “I don't know what we lived on. We wouldn't go on relief – it was called relief in those days, now it's welfare.” While the family didn't have any money, they were blessed

with talent. By fourth grade, Shelton was winning ribbons at the local county fair for his art work. Growing up horseback, at age 12, he'd decided to become a cowboy and horses helped him earn the money for his first guitar when he was fourteen. “They harnessed up three big horses for me to plow a field, a pretty big field. Took me all week,” tells Shelton. “But I was a pretty good horseman, pretty good teamster. My dad had taught me all he could about horses... and I loved horses.”

Al left home at 17, and, by 19, he was making a living breaking horses for the U.S. Cavalry. “They were buildin' up the Cavalry for World War Two,” he explains. “You had to have the buck out of ‘em. You had to be able to get on and off. They'd take ‘em from there.”

Winter of 1940 found the young man bucking out horses at the rodeo grounds in Greeley, Colorado. One day a woman sat in the stands to watch. She waved. He waved back and rode over to say hi. “She said I was the smoothest rider out there.” You can still hear how the cowboy's face must have lit up that day. It wasn't long before the two were married.

When the war started, Shelton went to work in a factory making gas masks. But he had



photo by Mark Bedor



photo courtesy Al Shelton

long been trying his hand at carving leather. His life changed instantly when he walked into a Denver saddle shop in 1943. "I showed him my billfold and he said, 'That's pretty good.' He motioned the foreman to come up and see it. The foreman thought it was pretty good too! He said, 'How would you like a job doin' that?' I always called it a miracle," Al says of his first big break. "If I was huntin' a job carvin' leather in those days, you wouldn't have had a chance."

Shelton may be selling himself short. The legendary Edward H. Bohlin thought Al's work was pretty good, too. And when Shelton mailed samples of it to Hollywood's "Saddle Maker to the Stars," the young craftsman had an instant job offer.

But Shelton didn't stay long. It was only a few months before a Bohlin competitor was equally impressed, and offered to more than double his salary to a whopping three dollars an hour! "Boy, I hated to face Bohlin with it though," Al grimaces. "He kind of blew his stack when I told him I was quittin' for a better job."

By the 1950s, Shelton had his own shop on the grounds of L.A.'s famous Farmers Market, where a woman came in one day to place an order. "She left and they said, 'Do you know who that was? That's Harriet Nelson!'" The co-star of the hit TV show *The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet* had a talented son named Ricky with a blossoming music career.

"They were gonna have him copy Elvis – hangin' the guitar down real low and a leather carved cover," remembers Al. "And he didn't know how to play a guitar, he'd never tried to play one."

Shelton, who by then had moved his shop to Studio City, loved playing music. And as he carved that cover, Ricky would drop by for guitar lessons. "I taught him his first chords!" smiles Al. Ricky Nelson already knew how to play the piano and several other instruments and it wasn't long before the roles were reversed. "He



photo courtesy Al Shelton

Al Shelton with Matthew Nelson

came back one day to show me how he was doin', and he just passed me up like a dirty shirt!" laughs Al. "I started learnin' from him!" (That story is not only confirmed but retold in the liner notes of the Capitol Records box set of Nelson's recordings.)

Shelton still plays guitar today, but he never had his own career in music. He was too busy keeping up with the demand for his leatherwork and other art. With his reputation spreading throughout Hollywood's elite, a steady stream of the rich and famous were placing orders for his work.

He made briefcases for Gene Autry, custom leather work for the legendary Western clothing designer Nudie Cohn and, after some *Gunslinger* executives bought some of his paintings, the show commissioned Al to create a commemorative Western belt buckle for the cast and crew. It turned out to be the first of nearly 100 such orders from movies and TV shows.

While Shelton still has many fans of his work, a new marketing effort is certain to increase that number. For the first time ever, giclees and prints are now available of some of the artist's classic cowboy paintings, inspired by his early life as a Colorado buckaroo. Reminiscent of Will James, but with a style all his own, it's a collection anyone who loves Western art will want to see. In addition, Al is offering an audio autobiography of his remarkable life's journey, including some of his musical performances and a cameo appearance by Ricky Nelson's son.

There's also talk of Al and his artwork returning to the L.A. Farmers Market when it celebrates its 75th anniversary this fall. And, the Autry National Center, which has several of Al's pieces on display, plans to host a party when Shelton turns 90 next year.

Get more information on the art of Al Shelton at www.artisanstudioworks.com.

—Mark Bedor



photos by Mark Bedor

American Soldier

Queensryche
Rhino.com

For many military families with loved ones who either have served or are serving, sometimes the biggest canyons to cross are the silences, when some things are just too hard to talk about. For the many families with loved ones serving in the conflicts in the Middle East, who knows what difficulties will come home. American metal band, Queensryche envisions war and its consequences through the eyes of a soldier with their twelfth studio release, the epic concept album, AMERICAN SOLDIER. The disc's twelve original songs were inspired by numerous interviews that Geoff Tate – the band's singer and chief songwriter – conducted with veterans over the last several years. In speaking with service people engaged in conflicts from World War II to Iraq, Tate became committed to telling their stories through songs that used their own words. The result is an unflinching musical exploration of the life of a soldier and the profound impact of war.

Tate says that the idea for AMERICAN SOLDIER came both from hearing stories from fans who are veterans as well as from his own father, who served in Korea and Vietnam. "Until very recently," says Tate, "he never spoke about what he went through. I think that reticence is true of a lot of veterans, which means most people never truly understand what it means to be a soldier at war. Hearing what he and some of our fans have endured made me want to share their stories with the world." Tate adds that making the album was enlightening, "I was surprised to learn how little has changed through the generations ... but what surprised me the most was how anti-war most soldiers are. To me, that makes their sacrifices even more moving." www.queensryche.com



Of Pens and Wooden "Eggscopes"

Wood craftsman, Tim Burke, has been turning wood for about six years. He did a little bit in school but, 6 years ago, he had a friend



show him some pens that he had made and it sparked Tim's interest. His brother had given him some apple wood that he had cut down from a friend's house that was well over 50-years-old and the rest is still to be seen. He makes a variety of different styles of pens & pencils, pocket watches, deer calls, predator calls (rabbit), egg-shaped kaleidoscopes (eggscope) and, hopefully soon, pepper mills.

The wood that Tim works with comes mostly from his local area. In fact, some of it comes from old logging ship-wrecks on the Great Lakes. For more information on Tim's work, email him at ta.burke@hotmail.com.



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We received an overwhelming response about our photo in the "Out There" section – in the Summer issue – of Technical Sergeant Krebs. So here he is again with his entire team. Please keep them all close to your heart and pray for their safe and swift return home. Is it just us or do all these young heroes look *very* young?

SSgt Joshua Arledge, SrA Nathaniel George (towards rear),
SrA John McCaw, SSgt Chris Cromer, SSgt Jason Printice,
TSgt Anthony Krebs, SrA Jordan Paniagua, SrA Simon Gravelle,
A1C Joshua Alvarez, SrA Marc Warner,
SrA Dustin McCarroll

Back Row (on truck hood)
A1C Jennifer Nguyen, SrA Kelsey Upshaw,
SSgt Bryan Summerville

Jay Dusard

For those who don't have a copy of photographer Jay Dusard's landmark book – *North American Cowboy – A Portrait*, then hopefully your travels will take you through the Phoenix Sky Harbor Airport. Through the end of November, Jay has a show hanging there which is a must see. *The Cowboy West* is a culmination of many of Jay's images celebrating the region and its people through his photography. Don't miss your flight, but the show is truly a once in a lifetime experience to view. For more on Jay Dusard's work, visit www.oldcowdogs.com.



photos by Jay Dusard



Limited Edition Shannon Lawlor print available exclusively with your PARAGON donation

Our friend, artist and horsewoman Shannon Lawlor, donated this lovely bridle horse painting she finished recently featuring the PARAGON Mission Statement. We have made a limited edition print of the painting – (the original will be auctioned off next year to benefit the Foundation) – and are available as a premium with a donation of \$250. There are only 200 prints and each is signed and numbered by Shannon, who we thank once again for her kindness and generosity. You can see more of Shannon's work at www.shannonlawlor.com.



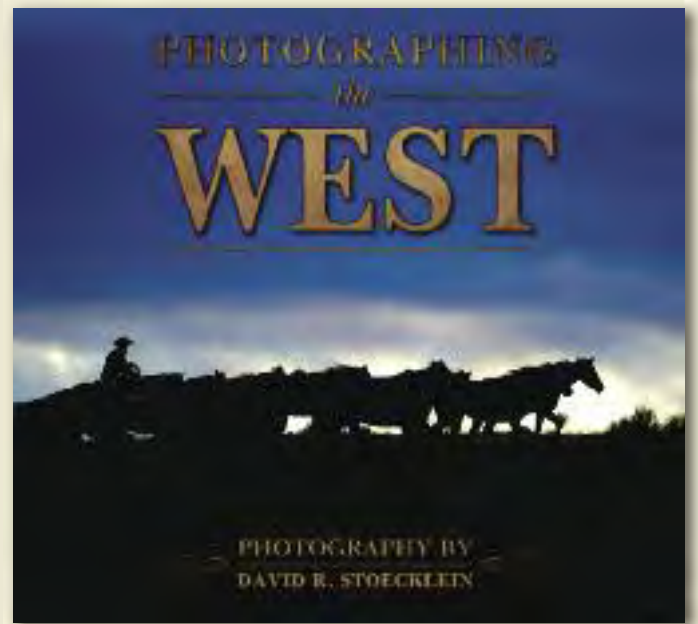
The West of David Stoecklein

Photographer David Stoecklein has put together a stunning collection of his newest work with over 200 photographs celebrating the American West. These images demonstrate his love of the land and its people, and offer a glimpse into the reasons behind his lifelong quest and passion for preserving the West with his camera. Stoecklein has traveled in all the western states, visiting ranches and documenting the incredible scenery of the region. The photographs cover a wide range of topics and areas. "I have been putting this book together in my mind for a long time now, and I am so excited to be able to share it," says Stoecklein.

Sprinkled among the images are brief anecdotes about his travels and experiences as well as behind-the-scenes tips and information about some of his favorite photos. This book is a tribute to the Western way of life and all the horses, cattle and hard-working people who have provided Stoecklein with so much inspiration over the years.

David R. Stoecklein is a fine Westerner and has worked closely with cowboys and cowgirls from every western state. He resides in Idaho with his wife, Mary, and three sons, Drew, Taylor, and Colby. They divide their time between their Sun Valley home and their ranch in Mackay.

For more information, visit www.thestoeckleincollection.com.



Free the Sheep

Nancy Anderson has been a pal of PARAGON for a number of years and we have featured her Sweetbird Studio designs because of their unique and creative approach to "self-embellishment." She approaches her art with passion and freedom and she is embarking on a new effort that she feels everyone can participate in. Nancy is a believer in the unique and creative spirit of Americans. She believes in Main Street and is saddened by the seeming demise of the mom and pop storefront. Evolution. And, while she is not one to push rope uphill, she does believe in the ability of each and every one of us to approach life with an open heart. "Free the Sheep," muses Nancy, "is a modern day excavation, a search for meaning; the most important force of human lives. It is about freeing our minds and our lives through living well through creativity and

community. Free the Sheep begins and ends with a mission to help achieve a freeing of the spirit in all of us. To remind everyone to 'rouse the soulful mysteries that have inspired artists and thinkers living outside of the box for generations. To revive that spirit so desperately needed in this period of our great country. We are the answer. We can fix it, together." Find out more about Free the Sheep at www.freethesheep.com.



National High School Rodeo Finals – 2009

Farmington, NM is turned upside down once about every five years or so when the National High School Rodeo Finals comes to town and brings some 1,500 contestants and their families and horses for rodeo's biggest high school event. High school rodeo goes back to the late 1940s, and has been growing ever since. It is a great way for kids and their families to enjoy rodeo together and the NHRA has a number of ways people can be supportive of this great sport around the country. The National High School Rodeo Association has available a Booster Club, Associate and Alumni Membership program as a way of offering interested individuals and businesses an opportunity to support this non-profit association. Memberships are accepted from approved firms or persons who have a desire to be involved in high school rodeo or who are alumni of the organization. Funds derived from these membership contributions are distributed to the state/province association of the member's choice, the NHSRA scholarship fund and to defray any administrative costs. For more information on these programs, and how you can become a member of the high school rodeo family, contact the NHSRA National Headquarters at booster@NHSRA.org.



Barrel Racing – Baily Jobe – Wellborn, Florida

Baily Jobe of Florida picked the perfect time to strike out and turn in the performance that mattered the most. After finishing fifth in the first round and in the third spot in the second round, she executed her final pattern in terrific fashion to win the Barrel Racing title.



Bull Riding – Chase Outlaw – Tilly, Arkansas

After a terrific effort in the first round, which gave him the first go-round performance win, Arkansas' Chase Outlaw found himself in a peculiar position in the second go-round, having covered his bull but only tying for 25TH in the go-round. Yet, when the short-go rolled around on Saturday evening, Outlaw won the performance and the average as well.



Team Roping – Ryan Cook – Belen, New Mexico and Cody Jo Mirabal – Grants, NM

The duo of Ryan Cook and Cody Jo Mirabal knows how to please the "hometown fans." After beginning their week with a respectable 13TH place showing in the first go-round, they improved their time in the second round and finished in the 8TH spot. The team then went on to prove that it had saved their best performance for last, by finishing in third place in the championship short-go round. When the final overall average had been computed, the local duo had a very big reason to smile.

Cowboy Ethics “Boot Camp” at the Alisal Guest Ranch & Resort

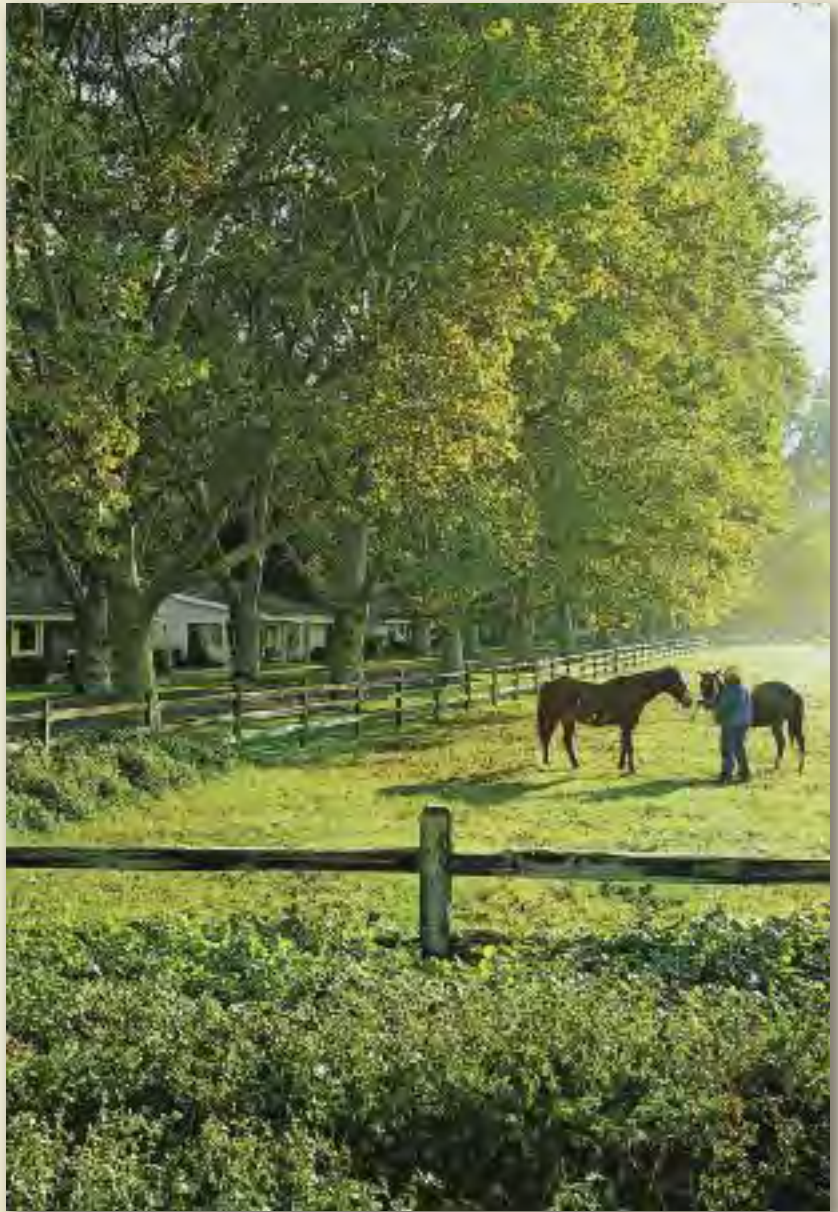
By Mark Bedor

Today, personal ethics, or the lack of them, has become a national issue. In fact, many believe that dishonesty and greed were largely to blame for triggering the current recession. It’s an issue Jim Owen takes very personally. “I was always very proud to be in the investment business. I don’t feel so proud anymore,” he laments. The 40-year Wall Street veteran decided to do something about it. His 2004 book, *Cowboy Ethics – What Wall Street Can Learn from the Code of the West*, has struck a nerve across the country. And not just in the business world. In the five years since it was published, *Cowboy Ethics* has sold nearly 100,000 copies.

The book distills Owen’s Western take on ethics into a ten-point code of core principles. “To me, the Code of the West represented some universal truths,” declares the author. In an America where the definition of marriage or what language to speak is up for debate, Owen believes the Code is something we can all surely agree on. *Live each day with courage. Take pride in your work. When you make a promise, keep it.* Who would argue with that? In fact, Owen’s book and its message have been so well received, he has launched a second career as an inspirational speaker. The 67-year-old former investment professional has given more than 150 talks on Cowboy Ethics to groups all over the country. Based on audience reaction, his message has tapped into a deep hunger to return to a simpler, more honest way of life. “Everywhere I go,” says Owen, “people ask me, ‘Why can’t a guy’s word be his bond? Why can’t a handshake be as good as a 20-page contract?’”

The message is based on the ways of the cowboy - a figure that Owen believes represents the very best in America. “The cowboy way really is built on the traditional American values of hard work, honesty and courage,” says Owen. “Real basic principles. Things that we feel every youngster needs to know.”

Through the work of Owen’s foundation, The Center for Cowboy Ethics and Leadership, *Cowboy Ethics* is now a textbook for school programs in Arizona, Texas and Colorado. In Denver, the course and its presentation, which includes music and wonderful images of the



The Alisal

West, is targeted toward at-risk high-school students, and educators there say it’s making an impact. The Dean of the University of Wyoming Business School now also teaches a course based on the Owen book. Corporations are adopting the Code as well, like Jonah Bank of Casper, Wyoming. “They called and said they’d like to incorporate the Code of the West into their whole corporate culture,” beams Owen. “I can’t tell you the feeling when you see people actually run a business around these principles.” Today when you click on the bank’s website (jonahbank.com), you’ll see Owen’s Code, renamed as the Jonah Bank Code. The Code is also reprinted on employee business cards and framed posters featuring each

of its ten tenets adorn the bank walls.

This year, Owen is launching a four-day, three-night seminar on *Cowboy Ethics*, hosted by California's Alisal Guest Ranch and Resort. Some 70 employees of an Oregon software company will be his first class. "They were drawn to the combination of Cowboy Ethics and the cowboy experience," says Owen. "As far as I know, no guest ranch has ever combined these two things before." The program is a perfect fit for the Alisal. This gorgeous, upscale guest ranch of more than 10,000-acres outside Santa Barbara was founded back in 1946. Step onto the property with its vintage flavor and herd of more than 100 horses, and it's like stepping back in time. Some families have been vacationing here for 60 years. "We are, for many people, a very critical, very important part of their family tradition," says Alisal General Manager Dave Lautensack. "And they come here to kind of get away from what's happening today in the world and be a part of a ranch and a place that goes back to the Mission days here in California."

When the busy summer season ends, the Ranch is a popular destination for business meetings. And what better place to hold a seminar on Cowboy Ethics? "It just seems to be the right time for a get-back-to-basics kind of approach to business - values, ethics - whatever term you want to use," muses Lautensack. "We epitomize this, in terms of the way we run the Resort and the Guest Ranch. And it just seems to be a screaming need right now in this country."

Owen is looking forward to the Alisal event. "What's fun about this is the Cowboy Ethics workshop combined with the actual cowboy experience," he says. "I'm guessing that half these folks, maybe more, have never been on a horse before." He believes a little time in the saddle will help reinforce

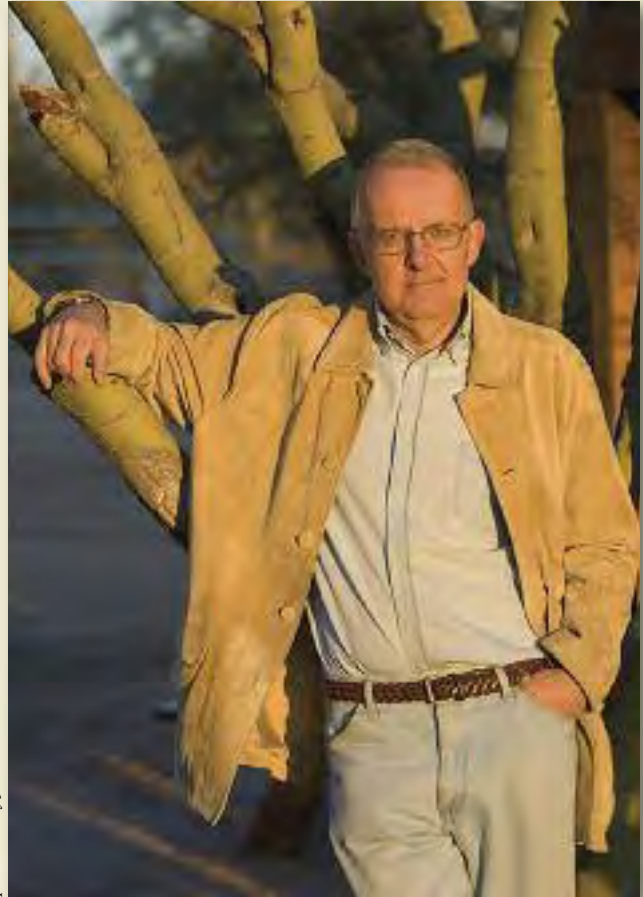
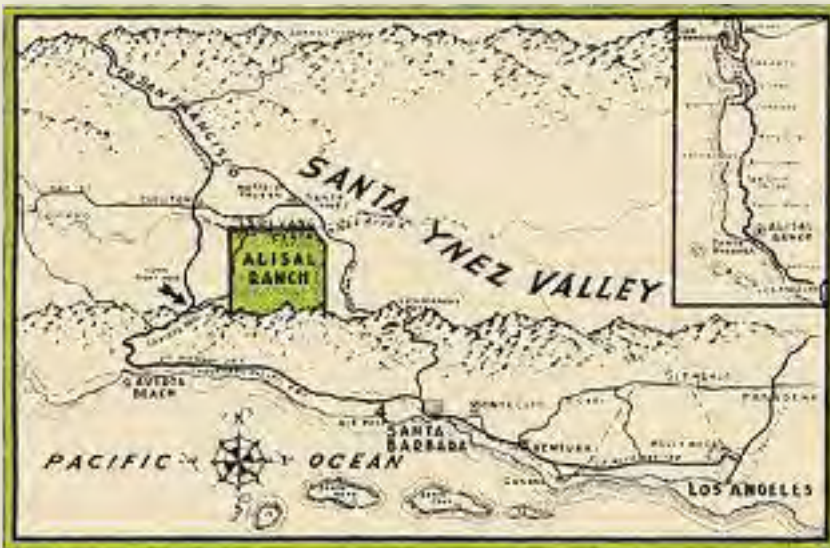


photo courtesy Jim Owen

his message. And the hunger for it shows no signs of slowing down. After writing a sequel (*Cowboy Values: Recapturing What America Once Stood For*), Jim Owen has a third book in the works. He's also working on a documentary film based on his book, titled, *Cowboy Ethics - Alive and Well in Wyoming*. The film will focus on residents of the Cowboy State who practice cowboy ethics every day of their lives. "It's my life's mission now to spread this message," says Owen.

For more information on Jim Owen, his books and speaking engagements, contact the Center for Cowboy Ethics and Leadership at www.cowboylethics.org.

The Alisal Guest Ranch & Resort hosts a series of special "boot camp" experiences, including Cowgirl Boot Camp, Mother-Daughter Boot Camp and Boot Camp for Couples, as well as being a family destination favorite. Please visit www.alisal.com.





photography by Darrell Arnold

Ranch Headquarters

A Ranching Family that Doesn't Own the Ranch

Historically, it's been the lot of many cowboys to spend their entire lives riding someone else's horses and taking care of someone else's cows without ever owning a head of livestock themselves. Further, many cowboys had to give up their spiritually rewarding profession after they married and started families, families that required greater financial support than cowboy wages could provide.

Colorado cowboy Michael Moon is one of the more fortunate of his ilk. He has managed to hold down a succession of cowboying jobs while being married and fathering a growing family. Now, he's found himself in a situation where he is being allowed to start his own herd of cattle.

Moon lives on, works on and manages the Chico Basin

Ranch, an unusual 87,000-acre, state-owned ranch about an hour southeast of Colorado Springs, Colorado. His boss is Duke Phillips, who holds a 25-year lease on the ranch. Phillips' agreement with the state of Colorado allows him to manage the ranch as he sees fit. He makes it pay for itself with the proceeds from cattle ranching, and he gives back by providing access and educational programs to the general public. As the Chico Basin Ranch web site explains, "The Chico Basin Ranch ... is dedicated to the enhancement and preservation of the natural world and our Western heritage. Our mission is to create a working ranching model that views the ranch as an ecological resource base, using cattle as an important tool to manipulate the surface of the ground to achieve conservation goals..."

BY DARRELL ARNOLD

“We believe that ranchers provide an important role in the stewardship of our nation’s native rangelands because ranchers already live on the land and because our families’ futures depend on our success at building and maintaining the health of the ecosystem on our properties,” Phillips says. “We operate the ranch 100 percent from raising beef. This is a traditional cattle-grazing operation. We use horses, ropes and low-stress handling methods on the cattle. We use wagons as much as we can. We don’t jump horses into a stock trailer. We ride everywhere.”

The Chico Basin Ranch is both traditional and non-traditional, combing the best of both worlds to make the best ranch possible. Phillips says, “I’m living a dream, my dream.”

Michael Moon adds, “Duke really wants to communicate ranching to the non-ranching world. It’s a big mission for him. I agree with him. It’s vital to ranching’s survival that we communicate the message of what we’re doing out here. We want to tell the world that we are real people making a living on the land and taking care of the land. If we don’t do that in a positive way, then we are allowing people who don’t have our best interests at heart to communicate for us.”

Michael and his wife, Dawn, live in an old three-bedroom adobe ranch house at headquarters. They have four children, Aidan (12), Ruth (9), Cole (7) and Eli (4), and they are happy to be able to provide the youngsters with a ranching lifestyle. “Duke raised his kids on the ranch,” Michael explains. “His youngest is 12 and she’s here. He’s real conscious of allowing me to let the kids help. His dream was to raise his kids on a ranch – even if they didn’t go into ranching, they’d have that experience. We’re the same way. So, if it takes me a little extra long to help one of my kids to get his horse saddled, or if I have to go back to help them out of a jam, Duke’s really great about that. I put pressure on myself over it because I feel I’m holding up the works, but he never has. That’s a huge bonus on this place.”

Chico Basin Ranch is not your traditional ranch, but managing it fits Michael and Dawn very well since they have a personal history that is not usual for most ranching people. Michael grew up as a California town kid, but his parents eventually bought a small rural property near Yosemite Park where they lived with horses, chickens and the occasional cow. Michael says, “It wasn’t a real ranch, but we spent every summer back on my grandparents’ ranch in northeastern New

Mexico. I learned a little about what real ranch life was like.” Moon graduated from the University of Redlands, a liberal arts school near San Bernardino, with a degree in history and music. He recalls, “I thought I was going to be a lawyer, but after I graduated I didn’t know what I wanted to be. I thought I’d get a ranch job. I’d always loved that, and a friend of mine had an uncle who owned a dude ranch, the Bar Lazy J, near Kremmling, Colorado. I figured I could get paid to ride horses and play the guitar, so I went there.”

After he’d been there awhile, Michael marveled that he had ever considered doing anything else. “It was great working with horses all day and being outside, though I knew I didn’t want to do dude ranching the rest of my life.” From there, Michael moved on to another guest ranch, the Home Ranch north of Steamboat Springs. That was where he met Dawn. Dawn grew up in Cleveland, Ohio, but she wanted a little adventure and started applying for jobs after finding a library book called Kilgore’s Ranch Vacations. She took a job at Home Ranch taking care of the dining room and doing childcare.

Michael says, “I was wrangler there for two years. I was shoeing horses and guiding cross-country skiers in the winter. I also helped on the Clark Ranch feeding cattle. I





did those things for a couple years, and Dawn and I got married there in 1994.” The Moons did a short stint in Ecuador with the Peace Corp and then returned to the

United States for a succession of non-traditional ranch jobs in Colorado, Montana and New Mexico. The story of their lives on those ranches makes a long and interesting narrative, but, suffice it to say, the Moons, somehow, ended up on Chico Basin Ranch on the first day of spring in 2007.

“This ranch was right up our alley,” says Michael. “It’s a combination of being a traditional horseback kind of ranch but with a lot of innovative ideas like holistic management practices and public education. With our backgrounds, it kind of just fit what we knew and what we had done. In a sense, this ranch is a glorified conservation easement. The state did a bunch of land swapping in the 1980s and 1990s and got it all consolidated. They wanted to get away from short-term lessees who tend to not want to take care of the property because they don’t have a stake in it and don’t have a lot of rights. So, they advertised for someone who would lease the whole ranch for a long period of time. They would give the lease holder a lot of autonomy but with the restrictions that he meet certain conservation goals, make a lease payment and allow some public access.”

“This is great winter country,” says Michael. “There are natural draws and creek bottoms that protect the cattle during blizzards. We don’t feed them except for calves we are weaning or cattle held in a pen overnight.” The ranch has its own herds and also leases grass to outside grazers.



“We make our herds as big as we can so we have fewer herds. We’ll combine herds and sort them out again later. We do a lot of that. We’ll throw all of our mama cows, even if they have different ownerships, together in the wintertime. We get a lot of use out of the ranch just by having bigger herds. We can put a few thousand yearlings in one place. They can make it. They’ll utilize that pasture and then we get them out. The pasture is being rested most of the time.”

Michael says, “We have a lot of educational programs here in the spring. Two thousand school kids visit here every year and we give them tours. I like it at that level, as this place is really proactive. I like the level of public involvement here.”

For the Moons, for the present at least, Chico Basin Ranch is the right place to be. They have an active church life with a Lutheran church in Colorado Springs. They home school their children, and they expose them to all the rewarding experience that ranching entails. A big part of that is Michael’s music. Aiden has learned to play the fiddle, Ruthie is playing the guitar and singing, Cole is learning mandolin



and harmonica and Eli, in Michael’s words, “drags a fiddle out and screeches on it while we’re playing.”

“Our kids have been born and raised in this lifestyle,” says Dawn. “They don’t know anything else. I don’t want to put pressure on them to be ranchers,” says Michael, “but we expose them to the needs of this life and they have to work a lot. They probably think riding is work – instead of fun. I’ll tell them we’ve got a two-hour ride and, six hours later, we get home. Believe me, they get it. Our kids are kind of ‘hybrid kids’ in a way. I’ll see friends and their kids line up and all have matching Tony Lama boots. They’re just pure cowboy kids. I think that’s cool, but that’s not our kids. Our kids might be wearing camouflage and shoes.”

“I have no plans to leave this place,” Michael says, looking out across the ranch yard. “You never know, but we are trying to make a go of things here. One of the things that attracted me to this deal is that I’m building a herd of cattle of our own. That’s a long-term goal and something I really want to pursue.”



A Special Thank You to our Sponsors



The PARAGON Foundation offers a heartfelt thank you to all of our sponsors who have supported our efforts over the past year and into 2009. We came upon this old postcard from the late 1920s. Its message about a place where the handclasp is a little stronger. Out where the West begins. Its words carry our appreciation.

Thank you all for your continuing support.

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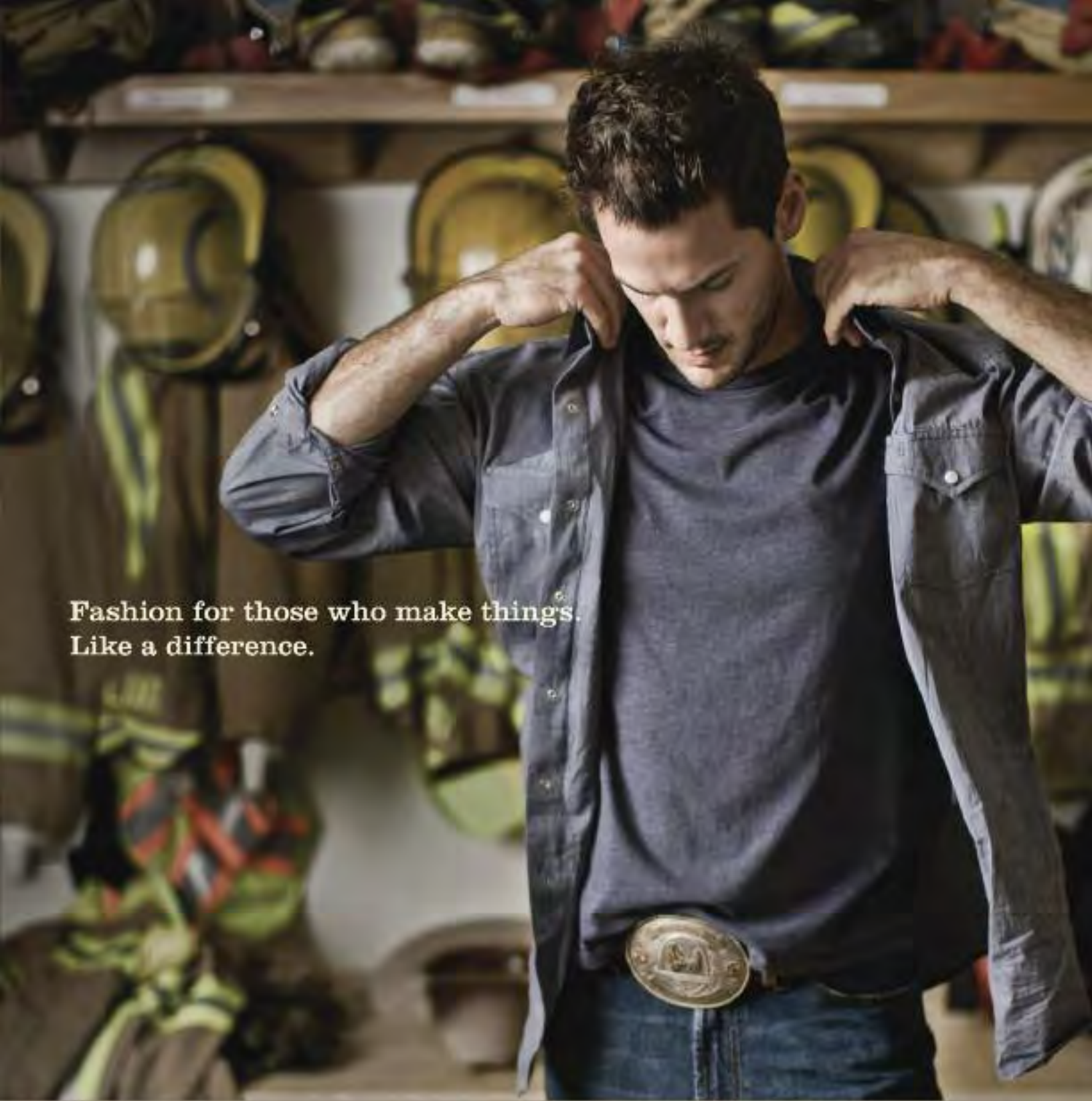
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We are American Ranchers and American Consumers

R-CALF USA is a national membership-based association that protects and defends the economic interests and private property rights of U.S. cattle ranchers. It also protects the interests of consumers who understand that by preserving our family farms and ranches we will ensure a secure and abundant supply of safe food and the preservation of our land, air and water. Our thousands of cattle-owning members develop and vote on changes needed to preserve our industry and, together, R-CALF USA and its members fight to achieve those changes.



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The Department of Homeland Security is attempting to move a laboratory from the natural safety of Plum Island, N.Y. to the mainland in Manhattan, Kansas. The laboratory is well-known for its research on dangerous animal diseases - including the most highly contagious livestock disease known: foot-and-mouth disease (FMD). An inadvertent FMD release in Kansas, the third largest cattle raising state in the U.S., likely would spread the disease rapidly, causing severe economic harm to the U.S. cattle industry and potential disruption in food supplies.

Protect your right to choose from which country the food you purchase for your family is produced



U.S. ranchers raise superior quality beef and they deserve their products to be distinguished from imported products with a 'Product of USA' label. Everything from jeans to electronics already is required to have a country-of-origin label and beef products should no longer be an exception. Corporate meat packing companies are fighting against the consumers' right to know where their food originates and are fighting to overturn the new law that requires a country

of origin label on beef products.

Keep Your Local U.S. Ranchers in Business to Ensure a Safe Domestic Meat Supply



A government mandated National Animal Identification System (NAIS) would require every U.S. cattle rancher to register his or her property with the federal government and electronically tag and report the movement of each animal. NAIS does not improve food safety because it only applies to live animals. It would not benefit ranchers or consumers because it does nothing to prevent disease introduction. U.S. cattle ranchers' production costs already are high and

requiring a costly new system will force even more U.S. ranchers out of business.

Ways to help U.S. Ranchers and Stock Growers

Become a member: R-CALF USA memberships are available for both cattle producers and beef consumers. Send \$50 for a 1-year membership or \$140 for a 3-year membership to the address below and indicate whether or not you own cattle.

Contribute: There are two ways to make a donation. Donate to R-CALF USA and your expense may be tax deductible as a business expense, or donate to R-CALF USA's charitable 501 C3 organization, USA FREE (United Stockgrowers of America Foundation for Research, Education and Endowment). It is important to indicate which organization (R-CALF USA or USA FREE) you are donating to and send to the address below.

R-CALF USA Custom Visa Platinum Rewards Card: Sign-up today for free at www.r-calfusa.com or call 406-252-2516 for an application. For approved applicants, a \$50 donation is made by the bank after the first use plus ongoing contributions with every use.

"R-CALF is the best thing to ever come along for us cattle producers to unite with..." – Lance Ekbert, R-CALF USA Member since 2003

**R-CALF USA, PO Box 30715
Billings, MT 59107
www.r-calfusa.com 406-252-2516**

Integrity, Humiliation, and Hope

Nearly 90 years ago, long before R-CALF USA co-founder and South Dakota rancher Herman Schumacher was even born, Congress knew the highly industrialized and highly concentrated meatpacking industry likely would use its tremendous economic and political muscle to exploit cattle ranchers if they were loose in the pasture and left unattended.

To prevent the powerful meatpackers from essentially stealing the wealth from ranchers, Congress passed the Packers and Stockyards Act of 1921 (P&S Act), which bestowed additional protections on ranchers after Congress determined that the 1890 Sherman Act – intended to preserve our entire free enterprise system by prohibiting antitrust activities and anticompetitive practices – was insufficient to address the disparity of power between meatpackers and ranchers.

The P&S Act, like many earlier statutes by our forefathers, was written in clear and unambiguous language. Section 202(e) of the P&S Act makes it unlawful for any meatpacker to “[e]ngage in any course of business or do any act for the purpose or with the effect of manipulating or controlling prices...” In other words, meatpackers could not steal the wealth from cattle producers by manipulating or controlling the price of live cattle.

Herman Schumacher, however, caught the mighty meatpackers in the act of doing just that. In 2002, he filed a lawsuit against the nation’s largest meatpackers, including Tyson Fresh Meats, Inc. (Tyson), which is the largest, when he discovered Tyson had manipulated the price of his and other ranchers’ cattle. Herman’s lawsuit was heard by a South Dakota federal jury of his peers – just as the 7th Amendment to our Constitution allows in disputes involving more than \$20.

It was a David vs. Goliath battle – the Citizen vs. the Multinational Corporation, and the citizen won! Court records show the jury found that Tyson, along with two other meatpackers, were liable to Herman and other ranchers for damages for violations of the P&S Act. The jury awarded Herman and the thousands of ranchers he represented, whom had all sold cattle during the relevant time period, \$9.25 million in damages. But, this story doesn’t end here.

Tyson and the other deep-pocketed meatpackers soon appealed, and, on appeal, the jury’s decision was struck down. Tyson convinced the appellate court that it should not be held liable for damages it caused Herman and other ranchers because, though Herman did prove that Tyson engaged in unlawful conduct, he did not prove that Tyson’s unlawful conduct was done intentionally. The appellate court bent over to appease the mighty Tyson, and the foundation of justice was uprooted.

In payment for his integrity and courage, demonstrated by the defense of his and his fellow cattle ranchers’ right to a cattle market free of manipulation, Herman received a visit this summer from a U.S. Marshal who seized Herman’s home by placing a highly visible “WARNING” and “NO TRESPASSING” sign on his front door, compliments of Tyson’s demand that Herman pay Tyson’s court costs. Not only did Tyson and the other meatpackers get to keep the \$9.25 million in damages the jury awarded to Herman and thousands of other ranchers, but also, it was given the opportunity to teach Herman a lesson by having his home besmeared with federal signage. Tyson could do no more to humiliate Herman for daring to defend a free cattle market. Fortunately, this story doesn’t end here.

As a result of Herman’s efforts, as well as the efforts of many other R-CALF USA members, the U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA) soon will promulgate new federal rules to strengthen and clarify the free-market protections contained in the P&S Act. In addition, the U.S. Department of Justice and USDA will jointly conduct an investigation to determine what steps are needed to ensure that the cattle market and other agricultural markets are protected against antitrust and anticompetitive practices.

One should not expect that doing what is just and right will be easy.



How to Stop a Train

Bill Bullard, CEO, R-CALF USA

Jesse James may have written the book on train-stopping, and his outlaw band's adventures even today provide hours of nostalgic entertainment in books, movies and fireplace stories. But all that happened back then, not today, so we'll need to define a new landscape, a new adventure, and describe an entirely new method for stopping trains. There will be horses and cowboys in this new adventure, but the six-shooters and lever-actions are out.

Actually, the landscape will not be that different. There are still vast areas of open range where cattle graze with hot-iron brands on their hips or sides to identify their owners, and where cowboys still ride with ropes tied at their pommels for doctoring the occasional sick calf, dragging calves to the branding fire or returning the obstinate stray.

The adventure itself, though, will not be recognized by Jesse James fans because there really is no train to stop – the train is only a metaphor. But the need to stop this metaphoric train is paramount to preserving individual sovereignty, our free market system and to protecting our nation's food safety and food security.

Whether real or not, every train needs a station, and this train's metaphoric station is located in the corporate boardrooms of ear tag manufacturers, multinational meat packers and in the sanctimonious halls of international organizations where political appointees regularly vote our nation's sovereignty up or down on issues they deem important to global governance.

It should surprise no one that the impetuses to build the train within this station were the three usual suspects: money, control and power. Corporate ear tag manufacturers wanted more money. Multinational meatpackers wanted more control. And political appointees on foreign soil wanted more power. The desperadoes' wedding was blissful as they contrived a scheme to satisfy them all.

"Let's establish an international standard requiring every farm in each country to register both their farm and their animals, and then require them to electronically tag and track each of those animals in a centralized database. Once we do this, we can establish yet another rule that would prohibit any country from rejecting imports from a participating country, even if the participating country is unable to control its animal diseases. This should incentivize global participation," said the political appointee who coveted power.

"Outstanding," said the multinational meatpacker who coveted control. "If we can convince the U.S. – the largest

beef-producing and beef-consuming nation in the world – to buy into this, then the United States would have to reciprocate with all the other countries from which we source our cattle and beef. This would mean that our meatpacking operations in Canada, South America, Asia, Europe and the United States could continue to ship cattle and beef into or out of each of these countries at our discretion, without any interruption from pesky outbreaks of mad cow disease, bovine tuberculosis or other maladies that could sicken humans - even maladies such as foot-and-mouth disease, the most contagious disease of all to cattle."

"I like what I'm hearing," said the corporate ear tag manufacturer who coveted money. "When you put this all together, we'll dominate the animal ear tag business throughout the world, and our captured customers – the farmers and ranchers who raise cattle and other animals – will have no choice but to continually fund our corporate coffers year after year. Christmas will arrive after each new calf crop, pig litter, lamb and kid crop."

"If only we could come up with a good reason to make this scheme mandatory," he thought to himself, *"making money in this racket would be like shooting fish in a barrel."*

Soon the train was built within this station, and laying down the track began in earnest.

The Paris-based Office International des Epizooties (OIE or World Organization for Animal Health), an extension of the Geneva-based World Trade Organization (WTO), adopted a global standard to "establish a legal framework for the implementation and enforcement of animal identification and animal traceability in the country."

In addition, the OIE adopted global trade standards for disease-affected countries, recommending that trade in live cattle *not* be stopped because of mad cow disease, so long as the affected country can identify their exported cattle with a permanent identification system.

"Well, I did my part, and did it quite nicely I might add," said the political appointee.

Back on domestic soil, the corporate ear tag manufacturer and the multinational meatpacker pulled together all the desperadoes they could find to help them drive their golden spikes into the rails that would effectively sever the nation's cattle ranchers from their cherished sovereignty. They did this by formulating an official proposal to require every animal owner in the U.S. to register their property and their animals with the federal government, and then to electronically tag each animal and report to the federal government every time one or more of those animals is moved from one location to another.

“Who’d of thought it would be so easy?” wondered the multinational meatpacker.

“Whoa, hombre,” said the political appointee, as he was tossing wooden nickels in their direction from across the Big Pond. “You boys are gonna need to enlist the Pinkertons ‘cause you’re gonna need some regulators to back you up if you want this here plan work.”

“We’re also gonna need some combustible fuel to send this here train roarin’ down those tracks,” said the corporate ear tag manufacturer.

“*What we really need is a disease scare that would distract everyone from what we’re really tryn’ to do,*” he thought to himself.

Well, the three desperadoes wouldn’t have to wait long.

Meanwhile, the schemers made camp with the regulators – the U.S. Department of Agriculture (USDA) – and struck a deal by offering the regulators a share in the new money, power and control promised by their ingenious plan, in return for the regulators agreeing to run the gauntlet to strip away the sovereign rights of our nation’s livestock owners. The ‘Pinkerton’ regulators couldn’t have been more helpful.

And then, manna fell from the skies. Not long ago, a cow imported from Canada was found to have Mad Cow Disease on U.S. soil.

“Close the border until Canada cleans up its disease problem,” demanded the nation’s ranchers and consumers.

“No need,” hollered the multinational meatpacker. “We’ve put together the perfect plan to allow us to keep right on introducing dangerous animal diseases into the United States.”

He made these comments after gathering the signatures of the National Cattlemen’s Beef Association, the American Meat Institute and the National Meat Association on a joint letter to USDA regulators demanding that the U.S. develop an identification system and keep importing cattle from Canada.

Suddenly, the train exploded from the station and came barreling down the tracks at breakneck speed. The chief of the regulators – the then-U.S. Secretary of Agriculture – belted from her bullhorn that the nation’s century-long successes in eradicating animal diseases was all for naught and now the U.S. *must* jump on the train to implement a mandatory national animal identification system as quickly as possible.

Congress joined in and threw the regulators the first of many sacks of cash – now totaling at least \$142 million – so the regulators could pin down all the renegade, animal-owning citizens the agency and schemers wanted in the

federal government’s registry.

And, all the self-riotous corporate ear tag manufactures, multinational meatpackers and all of their clandestine trade associations – each of which had gained huge followings by denouncing big government, government intrusion in private enterprise and by espousing the virtues of free markets – leapt onto the USDA/regulator horses and became outriders for the train that contained the most onerous, subversive and far-reaching regulatory burden ever contemplated for any private U.S. enterprise, let alone the independent U.S. livestock industry.

The train and its cloaked outriders was a runaway, a stampede, an unstoppable black thundercloud bearing down indiscriminately and without remorse on every independent, animal-owning citizen who was defenseless against its onslaught on their sovereign rights.

Or so it seemed. Until – . Until these seemingly defenseless masses stood up and said, “This ominous train is but a donkey – an ass – and we’re through being manipulated by it.”

By the hundreds and thousands, U.S. animal-owning citizens stood their ground, wrote thousands of letters and voiced their fierce opposition during public meetings held throughout the country.

And from their holsters, they pulled out the most powerful defense against a rogue government agency. They all said, “NO!”

The train’s brakes squealed and smoked. And on sweating horses desperately sucking air, the regulators and corporate desperadoes slid to a stop, each with bewildered and blank stares on their hollow faces. When the dust settled and the smoke cleared, there it was – the train was stopped dead in its tracks. Yes, it was still idling, but it was stopped nonetheless.

Congress is now finalizing the FY2010 Agriculture, Rural Development and Food and Drug Administration Appropriation bill. The House version of this bill zeroed out the \$14 million requested by USDA to continue funding the agency’s National Animal Identification System (NAIS). The Senate version of this bill cuts NAIS funding in half, to about \$7 million. U.S. citizens need to each call their Members of Congress to demand that all funding for NAIS be immediately canceled.

Yes, the train is now temporarily stopped, but the desperadoes are regrouping and likely could restart it at the drop of a hat. Only if we keep fighting will we be certain it doesn’t start back up. Working together, as people of this great nation, we can look forward to the next chapter in this story: “How to Turn a Train Around.”

We are R-CALF USA: Allen and Baxter Badure



Allen (Al) and Baxter Badure



Kenny Fox and Allen Badure at the Match of Champions in Ft. Pierre, SD with the 2009 Baxter Badure R-CALF Saddle



Willie Cowan, Allen and Brianna Badure draw for the Baxter Badure R-CALF Saddle

Baxter Badure will soon try to find time to begin work on a hand tooled saddle, like the twelve before it; this saddle is Baxter’s annual contribution to R-CALF USA, an organization that he and his father Allen Badure have supported since the earliest days of the organization’s existence. Allen, with Baxter’s help, runs his ranch the same way it was done at the turn of the century – all cattle work is done on horseback.

The south end of the Badure ranch is located near the picturesque Badlands of South Dakota, which is extremely rough terrain. The large remaining area of the ranch is mostly rolling hills and draws, with hard grass suitable for grazing livestock but not much else. About half the time a creek runs through the ranch but otherwise the Badures’ rely on stock ponds and a few electric wells to supply water for their cattle. It takes a lot more cattle for Allen to make his living compared to when he first started in this business many years ago; high input costs such as grain and fuel and not enough buyers competing to buy their calves when they are ready to sell are a few of the pitfalls that the Badures face every day.

Like in times of old, the Badure’s help out neighboring ranches during branding and shipping, and their neighbors help them out in return. Baxter said he typically helps brand at 15 to 20 ranches each spring, where calves are drug to a wood-burning branding fire and branded. Each of these brandings will include anywhere from 25 to 35 neighbors and friends, and sometimes even more. “It’s a tradition out here and we intend to keep it going,” said Baxter.

Allen and Baxter brought to life a saddle raffle membership drive for R-CALF USA twelve years ago. Allen believes that as long as R-CALF USA members keep their organization funded, they will see long overdue changes made within their industry and an eventual return of competition to their cattle markets. With support from other R-CALF USA members in their state, the saddle raffle is a successful fundraising method that earns about \$20,000 annually for R-CALF USA, the organization that provides the Badures and over 9,000 members with effective representation in an industry that has been controlled by corporate meat packing companies for decades.

Baxter’s saddles are old-time styled, one-of-a-kind pieces with their many detailed carvings of cowboys, broncs and flowers. Neighbor kids that are also R-CALF USA members Chris Elwood, Wade Fox, Paul Scherf and Troy Ehrmantraut help Baxter finish the saddles in time to display at the Black Hills Stock Show every year in Rapid City, South Dakota. Afterwards, the saddle will make appearances at various agriculture events, bull sales and rollover calf auction fundraisers until a winner is drawn the first weekend in June at the annual Match of Champions held in Fort Pierre, South Dakota.



Branding on the Badure Ranch

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SAY IT OR PRINT IT—IT’S YOUR RIGHT

BY MARILYN FISHER

*“You may disagree completely with what I say,
but I will defend to the death my right to say it.”*

– John Wayne, actor and patriot

*In the last issue, I focused on the Second Amendment, the right to bear arms, the twin pillar to this issue’s First Amendment. These two amendments bear most of the weight of our extraordinary self-government and are the most controversial and belabored in the courts. Without First Amendment rights, we couldn’t deflect government overreach or verbally defend our other rights. Our Bill of Rights is not open to liberal interpretation, though some courts may try. Here the focus will be on the spoken and the printed word – freedom of speech and of the press. Without free speech we wouldn’t have those truly American town hall meetings where speaking your mind to your elected officials about everything from health care reform to the recent “stimulus” package is considered your God given right. And, without your freedoms, you wouldn’t be reading **The Cowboy Way**. Freedom of speech is so essential to the survival of our nation. So, enjoy, and don’t forget to give credit to the Founding Fathers for defending our freedoms through both the spoken and the written word. —MF*

It's not un-American to speak your mind – it's the American way. Because of a well-oiled system forged by the Founders, millions of Americans over the last two centuries have defended their freedom to speak out without fear of government censorship. Knowing that government tyranny is the enemy to freedom, the Founders, through experience and knowing the importance of individual liberty, penned the First Amendment of the Bill of Rights:

*“Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the **freedom of speech, or of the press**; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.”*

Those five little words at the beginning forbid Congress from making laws that might infringe or restrict our rights. It also may not remove the right of the people to peaceable assembly or prohibit the right to petition the government for correction of policy. Assembly and petition can be powerful tools when government tries to force its agenda against the will of the people. For example, when the former administration tried to force through Congress the Dubai Ports World deal in 2006, resulting in a tidal wave of citizens opposed to foreign control of our U.S. ports, the people spoke out and their powerful voice was overwhelmingly effective through the right to petition the government. The will of the people prevailed.

Freedom of Speech

“Congress shall make no law ... abridging the freedom of speech”

George Washington once remarked, “If freedom of speech is taken away then dumb and silent we may be led – like sheep to the slaughter.” His message was to speak up or be silenced. We freely express our opinions and we have every right to do so. Through the mass communication of media – radio, television, newspaper and now the internet – we communicate in a flash in an open exchange of ideas. Free speech extends to all Americans and includes even those words that are offensive – excepting language that incites the overthrow of the government. The courts may legally forbid speech that causes illegal activities or can restrict subversive speech; fighting words; obscenity; commercial speech or false advertising; and symbolic expression, such as desecration of national symbols. Free criticism of government and its officials is allowed because to disallow such speech would deny Americans the joy of reining in their government, without fear of persecution. This is why the Founders believed that even speech that

creates “contempt ... disrepute, or hatred of the government among the people” should be allowed in a free society.

Of course, free speech used to influence the masses to make decisions may be harmful when an overreaching government uses the platform of the “bully pulpit,” as Teddy Roosevelt called the White House, to mislead the public and prohibit free speech. Recently, in his online Soap Box Archives, Charlie Daniels used his constitutional right to stand up in defense of free speech. Angry at the administration's request that citizens report to the White House any “fishy” emails received about the Health Care bill, Daniels said, “This is not Nazi Germany. This is not the old Soviet Union. This is the USA. We don't report our neighbors for using their constitutional right to express their minds!”

One of the greatest threats to individual free speech is the unconstitutional and infamous “fairness doctrine,” the government's attempt to regulate free speech that was abandoned by the Federal Communications Commission in the mid-1980s. Couched as an effort to bring more fairness and balance to the media, it proved to be what it was – a suppression of free speech rights where broadcasters would have the government telling them in detail how they should schedule their programming. Congress tried to resurrect it under the Reagan Administration; however, Reagan wholly vetoed it saying, “This doctrine ... requires Federal officials to supervise the editorial practices of broadcasters in an effort to ensure that they provide coverage of controversial issues and a reasonable opportunity for the airing of contrasting viewpoints of those issues. This type of content-based regulation is ... antagonistic to the freedom of expression guaranteed by the First Amendment ... History has shown that the dangers of an overly timid or biased press cannot be averted through bureaucratic regulation, but only through the freedom and competition that the First Amendment sought to guarantee.” Through common sense, freedom prevailed, and Congress' attempt at a retread failed to get enough votes to override the veto.

Never let it be said that the government likes to give up on bad ideas. They're back again trying to resuscitate the fairness doctrine and control broadcasters. In the proposed government plan, each minute of airtime and every viewpoint would be precisely matched by an opposing view. Technically, since radio and television stations must be licensed (controlled) by the federal government (FCC), there's no complete freedom of speech on the air – so broadcasters can be fined if the content of their station isn't completely fair and diverse. Bear in mind, the words fairness and diversity of ownership do not appear in our Bill of Rights and weren't guiding principles for the Framers when they documented the idea in the first place.

Radio talk show hosts are repeatedly targeted for exercising their rights to express on-air opinions that may

Freedom of speech and the military

What about First Amendment rights to say, profanity? There have been interesting court decisions on this issue and whether or not it's protected in the military sector. Though it's considered offensive speech depending on the context in which it's used, generally it's protected by the Constitution. Although profanity is not directly mentioned in the Uniform Code of Military Justice, the main governing body of law for the military, Article 117 states, "Any person ... who uses provoking or reproachful words or gestures towards any other person subject to this chapter shall be punished as a court martial may direct." And, Article 134 states, "Though not specifically mentioned in this chapter ... all conduct of a nature to bring discredit upon the armed forces ... shall be punished at the discretion of the court."

Here's an example of free speech in the military during WWII. The great General George S. Patton candidly spoke his mind, often peppering his orders with "eloquent" profanity. He said of his demeanor:

"When I want my men to remember something important, to really make it stick, I give it to them double dirty. It may not sound nice ... but it helps my soldiers to remember. You can't run an army without profanity; and it has to be eloquent profanity ... sometimes I just, by God, get carried away with my own eloquence."

Over the years, the Articles of the UCMJ have been challenged several times on the grounds of profanity. However, in 1974, the U.S. Supreme Court held that the First Amendment takes on a different character when applied to the military. (firstamendmentcenter.org) Justice William Rehnquist in his majority opinion (*Parker v. Levy*) wrote, "While members of the military are not excluded from protection granted by the First Amendment, the different character of the military community and the ... mission requires a different application of those protections. The fundamental necessity of obedience, and the ... imposition of discipline, may render permissible within the military that which would be constitutionally impermissible outside of it."

not be politically correct. Yet radio still delivers the best of free speech from the grass roots level, offering a chance for on-the-air rebuttal of policies and ideas. Last year, the Congressional Campaign Committee penned a petition to try to discredit radio host Rush Limbaugh for opposing political remarks he made on the air under his First Amendment rights. In return, Limbaugh penned a lengthy letter to leadership in Washington, DC, asking some very direct questions such as, "Is it your intention to censor talk radio through ... 'local content,' 'diversity of ownership' and 'public interest' rules – all of which are designed to appeal to populist sentiments?" He went on to say, "The fact that the federal government issues broadcast licenses ... ought not to become an excuse to destroy one of the most accessible and popular marketplaces of expression."

Another unapologetic patriot and radio host, Mark Levin, urges American citizens to "defeat all efforts to unconstitutionally regulate the content of political speech on broadcast outlets ... the Statist (social engineer) now seeks to consolidate the power he has accumulated by silencing non-compliant voices through a variety of schemes that would regulate broadcast content." Levin, a constitutional attorney, also urges Americans to, "Demand that all public servants, elected or appointed, at all times uphold the Constitution and eliminate limits on and rationing of political free speech."

Freedom of the Press

"Congress shall make no law ... abridging the freedom ... of the press..."

Our Bill of Rights forbids the government to abridge the freedom of the press—or the printed word. Again, the Founders believed that government-led censorship is an unconstitutional risk that leads to tyranny. James Kent said of this risk, "Without such a check, the press, in the hands of evil and designing men, would become a most formidable instrument as mighty for mischief as for good." Though free press is essential, the Founders never intended the press to be as unrestrained as it is today. They thrived in a more orderly society that expected common sense and reason to dictate what would be printed or expressed—a more responsible way of reporting the issues. Benjamin Franklin voiced the danger of an irresponsible press, "If it means the liberty of affronting, falsely accusing and defaming one another, I for my part ... am willing to part with my share of it ... and shall cheerfully consent to exchange my liberty of abusing others for the privilege of not being abused myself."

Very little is off limits anymore in the eyes of mainstream media. It used to be a watchdog against governmental abuses of power but, as an institution, it seems to be entwined in its own irresponsible biases. John Swinton, former Chief of Staff of *The New York Times*, implied that the press answers directly to political agendas when it reports the news when he said, "There is no such thing at this date of the world's history in America as an independent press ... if I allowed my honest opinion to appear in one issue of my paper, before twenty-four hours, my occupation would be gone." Beware the bias of the

not-so-free press Newt Gingrich implied when he used the following analogy of mainstream media bias, “If Thomas Edison invented the electric light today, Dan Rather would report it on CBS News as ‘candle making industry threatened.’” Such media bias or media “spin” is clearly agenda driven.

In some cases, journalism can literally be life threatening, as irresponsible reporters don’t play by the rules of decency. Writing about an assassination attempt on his life, Sheriff Joe Arpaio of Maricopa County blasted press irresponsibility when he wrote of the *Phoenix New Times* in 2004, “the ‘rag’ published my home address in an article on its website, violating a state law that prohibits revealing just that information on the Internet regarding any peace officer ... of course, the paper’s illegitimate act in revealing my address has nothing to do with journalism and everything to do with a vindictive pettiness that would be insufferable in a child and is absolutely unacceptable, legally and ethically in an adult” (Joe’s Law, Arpaio and Sherman) He added, “The ability to get the news on the air or on the web immediately trumps any attempt at reason or discretion or objectivity. [With the press,] being first is what counts....”

On the flip side, Sheriff Arpaio sees the media and his right to free speech as a way to capitalize on his plans for Maricopa County. He has successfully used the tool of the press to his advantage in showcasing his prison tent city, prisoners in pink and other innovative aspects of the county prison system. As he says, “Whatever gains me a forum to carry the discussion about law and order to the widest audience possible works for me. It’s interesting and amusing to bat ideas back and forth with all sorts of reporters. It’s also part of my job to serve the public, not in secrecy, but in the public arena. Democracy depends upon honesty and collaboration, the direct involvement of an informed public working with its chosen government representatives. Actually ... the media are so consequential to my success that you could consider ... the industry one of my most valuable partners in pursuing my goals....”

The law surrounding freedom of speech and the press is so complex that it has been called the “tax code” of constitutional law. These freedoms have had it rough road over the years, with the courts trying to interpret and reinterpret them—bending them to fit one or another

political agenda or special interest group. Still, lawmakers cannot legally abuse the basic power of individual freedom of speech as it says in the simply worded prose, “Congress shall make no law abridging....” Responsible elected representatives and a Supreme Court that supports constitutional rights without legislating from the bench are the best hope for the survival of free speech in America.

The free flow of ideas in our society makes us champions of liberty and our leaders must share the desire for individual

freedom. Ronald Reagan understood that freedom of speech is essential to the liberty of all mankind and, as a result, championed individual rights, free enterprise and limited government in defense of human liberties worldwide. Reflecting on his 1987 Brandenburg Gate Speech in Berlin, he remarked of those imprisoned behind the Berlin Wall, “I was angry, because, as I looked over the Wall into East Germany, I could see the people being kept away—their government didn’t want them to hear what we

were saying, but I think they knew what we were saying and wanted a better life.” The power of free ideas led to massive changes and the final blow that brought down the concrete barrier and secured the freedom of thousands of East Berliners.

So, if you’re on the fence on what to do to get your voice heard, don’t hesitate—pick up the phone to your Congress person or your favorite talk show host, or write your local newspaper editor and voice your opinion. As author Michelle Malkin said of our right to free press and political cartoons, “In civilized societies, if you are offended by a [published] cartoon, you do not burn flags, take up guns and raid buildings, chant death to your opponents, or threaten suicide bombings. You write a letter to the editor.” Free speech is priceless.

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Townhall.com (www.townhall.com)



Contributors 



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Since childhood, **Guy de Galard** (*Northern Range Ranch Roping Series*) 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 (*Ace & Dave Powell*) is an award winning documentary film director/producer and screenwriter. 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.

Long time western writer **Darrell Arnold** (*A Ranching Family*) 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*.



photo courtesy Darrell Arnold



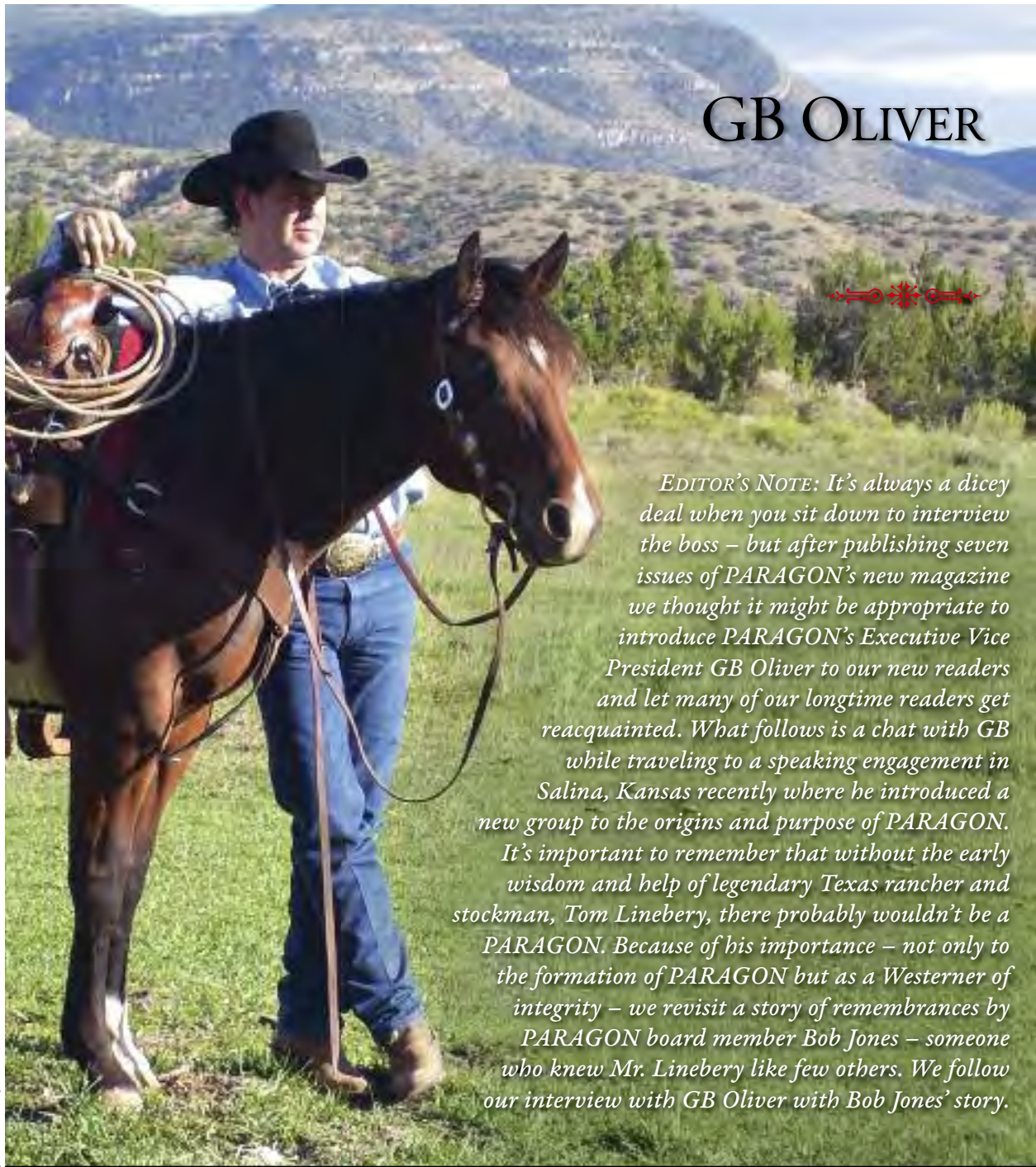
Thea Marx (*Ranch Living, An Intrepid Spirit*) is fifth generation born and ranch raised on the Wind River Indian Reservation near Kinnear, Wyoming. Much of her career, including her book and website, *Contemporary Western Design.com*, has been dedicated to Western style, but her heart will always be on the ranch.

Nicole Krebs (*The Living Words of The Constitution, Part 8 – 1ST Amendment*) is the Associate Editor of *The Cowboy Way* – 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*.



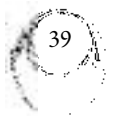
Marilyn Fisher (*Say It or Print It*) is Curator of Collections for the Reagan Ranch and Reagan Ranch Center in Santa Barbara, California. The Reagan Ranch is owned and preserved by Young America's Foundation, who stepped forward in 1998 to save the ranch retreat of Ronald Reagan, the 40TH President 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.





GB OLIVER

EDITOR'S NOTE: It's always a dicey deal when you sit down to interview the boss – but after publishing seven issues of PARAGON's new magazine we thought it might be appropriate to introduce PARAGON's Executive Vice President GB Oliver to our new readers and let many of our longtime readers get reacquainted. What follows is a chat with GB while traveling to a speaking engagement in Salina, Kansas recently where he introduced a new group to the origins and purpose of PARAGON. It's important to remember that without the early wisdom and help of legendary Texas rancher and stockman, Tom Linebery, there probably wouldn't be a PARAGON. Because of his importance – not only to the formation of PARAGON but as a Westerner of integrity – we revisit a story of remembrances by PARAGON board member Bob Jones – someone who knew Mr. Linebery like few others. We follow our interview with GB Oliver with Bob Jones' story.



photos courtesy GB Oliver III

TCW: Tom Linebery asked you to start up the Foundation before he passed away. What helped you decide to take on Mr. Linebery's request and head what would become known as the PARAGON Foundation?

GB Oliver: I had grown up on a ranch of about 186,000-acres in southern New Mexico. Throughout my youth, the ranch was under siege by the Army Corp of Engineers, who were taking this property to create the White Sands Missile

Range. And, it wasn't just my family; there were 62 other families that, because of this action, would lose everything they had. Growing up in the middle of this struggle, I watched the devastating effects it had on the people I loved. For years, we were in and out of the federal court system, and my dad and mom made countless trips to Washington. My dad testified before Congress four different times during all of that. Ours was the last ranch they took, and, even after

claiming it, my grand dad refused to acknowledge their takings. I remember that the government was unsure as to how to handle him, so they did nothing until his death. I learned a lesson from that as well.



GB Oliver, Sr.

When the federal judge ruled against us – at the end of 17 years – he said, “This is the greatest travesty I’ve ever seen perpetrated against American citizens; however” And he went on to rule against us. Needless to say, I came out of that extremely angry. My family lost virtually everything they had spent a lifetime putting together. They struggled, trying to hold the piece of the ranch they had left, and they tried to purchase other ranches to build back a viable ranching operation. Ultimately, it collapsed, along with every hope and dream that I ever had in my life. The net result is it forced me to go other ways and do other things.

I have come to understand that everything in this life happens for a reason, and so, as I stumbled along through life, I gained experience by working on other ranches, spent some time in the aviation business and, finally, the banking industry. But, the anger I felt for what I had seen my government do to my family never faded, and the words of

that federal judge never were far from my thoughts. How could a judge make that kind of a ruling, where he acknowledged that the tactics used by the government on its people were “the greatest travesty” he had ever seen, and then rule the other way? The United States Constitution said that the people were to be justly compensated. Forty-six cents an acre is not just compensation.

Those events were always a source of anger and mystery in my life, and then, along came Tom Linebery. He was a good friend of Bob Jones and Charlie Lee and they had a long history with Tom fighting these types of issues. I had never met Tom, but was a distant admirer because all the people in my life that I respected and looked up to believed Tom Linebery was about it. Bob and Charlie were long-time ranchers in our country, family friends and both had spent a lifetime doing battle with the government.

Tom was a very conservative guy. In fact, you know, he’d



GB Oliver, Jr. and his wife, Yvonne

make Attila the Hun look like a moderate in a lot of respects. Tom had done very well in the ranching and oil business and, when you did business with Tom, he made a couple of things blatantly clear, you shot straight with him and you never compromised your beliefs, period.

The four of us were bound together by a common belief, and that was that the Constitution protected us against the types of things that had happened to my family, that it limited the power of government and that government, unchecked, was just about as dangerous as our Founding Fathers said it was.

The three of us went to Tom and asked him to consider helping us financially with a case we felt was terribly important. We brought him a well-documented case, where, in an attempt to take this family’s ranch,

federal employees had openly leveled every kind of abuse one could think of in order to push them off their land. We sat down with Tom and said, “Here’s what we think we can do for this family. Here’s how we want to handle it, and would you fund this case. They are a good family and we think we can help them save their ranch.”

TCW: *What was the case?*

GB Oliver: The Goss case. In fact, the case is still ongoing! First case we ever got into; it’s never ended. But, when you go back and you look at all the mistakes that we made in that case, and the fact that it still exists, it’s a testament to the fact that regardless of how tough it got, we weren’t quitters. It has been a great deal of expense, but it has also provided a great deal of education.



TCW: *What is the basis for the Goss case?*

GB Oliver: The same basis that you see in all of these cases: a federal agency targets a property and then takes it through regulation, without paying for it.

TCW: *Is this eminent domain?*

GB Oliver: Eminent domain without compensation. You see, now the government has a more efficient method of taking your property. Eminent domain requires they pay something for the property they steal, even if it’s only 46 cents an acre. Under this more efficient method, they don’t pay you anything. They use the Endangered Species Act, the Wild and Scenic River Initiative, label your property a riparian area – all of these agencies have their own special environmental weapons. They target a property and then they come in and push the owner off it by limiting their ability to utilize their property. Rather than physically taking your property from you, they break you by regulating you out of business. When you can no longer utilize your property, chances are you’re not going to be that excited about paying the property taxes, there is no market value for it because it is unusable, and, in the west, when you are unable to put the water to beneficial use, you forfeit the water rights.

So that’s the deal. They take the land without any compensation, and, in the Goss case, the Forest Service and

the Fish and Wildlife choose to use the Spotted Owl through the Endangered Species Act. Now, because cattle are seldom found in trees and owls don’t spend a great deal of time on the ground, it’s a tough sell to show that cattle are killing off the owl population. The federal government funded some guy with a degree in recreation – and that’s the

truth – to do a study on the vole. They determined that the vole was the chief prey species of the Spotted Owl, and they determined that cattle grazing interfered with the meadows where the vole lived and... you see the stretch.

None of their science makes any sense. Scientists at New Mexico State University have refuted their science again and again, but the federal courts choose to rule on some peripheral issue and you go home with your hat in your hand. Each case is a

learning experience, and each case allowed us to find another piece of the puzzle. The landmark case of Nevada rancher Wayne Hage (see Recommended Reading in this issue for Mr. Hage’s book) provided a tremendous amount of information. It uncovered the government’s vulnerability when the case focuses on their lack of authority over you and your property. We have since learned that federal courts have no jurisdiction over our property unless we cede that jurisdiction to them. Only state courts have jurisdiction over those properties within its boundaries. These cases are won and lost in the way they are plead, and if the government can lure you into a federal court, your winning percentages just dropped to about 4%. The issue is not whether a Spotted Owl considers the vole a delicacy; the question is, where does the agency have any authority over a private citizen and their property. We no longer choose to play on their home field; we are “The People,” as we are referred to so many times in the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. We are the holders of those unalienable rights; they are a government of limited enumerated powers. It sounds simple, but it’s been a long road to get to this place.

So, when we went to Mr. Linebery, we thought we had all the answers. I remember Tom sitting there in his chair, chewing on that cigar, listening to our pitch, and then he said, “Yeah, you boys want to get in a fistfight, it should be good watching.”

The money wasn't given without provisions and commitments, but it was given on a handshake. He believed in us and what we were trying to do. There weren't any contracts, no lawyers, our word was good enough for Tom, and we have lived by those commitments even though Tom has passed.

When I think back about those times, I realize that we didn't know anything. We were dumb as a box of rocks. We fell in one trap after another – but Tom never backed up on his commitment and we never quit swinging. We were dead-on in theory, but way off on procedure.

You may crawl into a boxing ring and take a whipping, and even though when it's over, you have a broken nose and your eyes are swelled shut, you leave that ring knowing a lot more than you did when you crawled between those ropes going in. And so, through nothing more than perseverance, we have lasted long

enough to learn what we own and how to protect it. Along the way, we were blessed with like-minded people like Wayne Hage, Helen Chenoweth, Dick Manning and Danny Martinez, who is now on our Board of Directors. Each of these individuals dedicated their lives to studying and researching those principals of freedom. Today, I think we're a very viable player in the game.



GB III, GB IV and Summer Oliver

TCW: And that was how many years ago when you started?

GB Oliver: We started 16 years ago. The Foundation's not that old because originally Tom funded these cases personally, later he encouraged us to start a foundation, which allowed him to fund us through his private foundation. So that's how PARAGON originated.

End Part One. In the Winter issue, we will continue with our chat with PARAGON's GB Oliver.



Remembering Tom Linebery

BY BOB JONES

Back in the 1960s, under the direction of newly elected President John F. Kennedy, Secretary of Interior Stewart Udall began a program of micromanaging the federal lands livestock industry. The first BLM (Bureau of Land Management) district selected was in southern New Mexico that contained my friend Charlie Lee's and my family's ranches – both which had been in existence from the late 19TH century.

Charlie Lee and I formed the Southern New Mexico Grazing Association, which had been provided for in the Taylor Grazing Act of 1943. After forming our organization, we were invited by the Lea County Land Owners Association – headquartered

in Lovington, New Mexico – to speak at their next meeting. They wanted to hear the purpose of our newly formed organization and to address the problems that were surfacing in the area because of growing governmental pressure. It was at that meeting that I met Tom Linebery, who was to later play such a major role in all of our lives. After the meeting, Tom invited us to have coffee with him and we in turn invited Tom to attend a meeting in Dell City, Texas the following week with the State Director of the BLM. We had invited as many people as we could and the meeting was well attended. As the Director, Jim Anderson, started speaking with his rough, outspoken

approach, the meeting turned a little “Western.” Tom Linebery sat back, chewing on his ever-present unlit cigar and just smiled. He was very impressed with what he referred to as “The Crow Flat Vigilantes” and from that moment on, a lifelong friendship took root.

Charlie and I spent the next thirty years – off and on – with Tom Linebery. We traveled all over the United States engaging in a very serious effort to block those with socialist agendas from destroying our livelihoods and the customs and cultures of the American rural culture.

Tom and his wife, Evelyn, had done very well from cattle, oil and gas interests. He owned a ranch in Texas

called the Frying Pan Ranch and used his influence to support and protect the people he loved. Tom absolutely loved regular people. He was his happiest when he was amongst people who were honest and good. The Linebery's educated hundreds of needy young people of rural backgrounds and they were always willing to help people who couldn't help themselves – always keeping their support in strict confidence.

I believe Tom would like to be remembered as a “cow man.” He loved good cattle and he loved good horses. He had a horse named Shine that he believed was the finest cow horse in the country. It was a treat to watch Tom and that horse work cattle, as there was a bond between them that few cowboys know.

Tom supported the Ranching Heritage Center in Lubbock, Texas. He took a great interest in the New Mexico Cattle Growers Association and was responsible for the purchase of their headquarters in Albuquerque, New Mexico. But, Tom had a real aversion to most politicians and bureaucrats. He was what we referred to as a “100%-er”. If one of them ever compromised themselves on socialist issues, he never forgave them. He firmly believed that our Founding Fathers, who drafted the Declaration of Independence and the United States Constitution, were divinely inspired and that our government has since been trying to dismantle those two important documents.

Tom had a gruff exterior that carefully hid a very soft heart. He was the one that was always there to stand me up and refocus me when needed. He believed in me when there were times that I did not believe in myself. He was a student. He read a lot and was always current on issues that

affected our lives. Tom Linebery had no time for people who were enamored by their own self-importance. I remember one time when Tom was sitting on the Board of Regents for Texas Tech University in Lubbock, Texas and attended a banquet there. He was sitting by a



woman that had on fancy clothes and large diamond accessories who kept talking about her expensive girl schools that she had attended, saying that she had “matriculated” at a renowned eastern, women’s college. Finishing, she leaned over to Tom and asked him for his educational background. Tom proudly said, “I matriculated at eighth grade, Brown County, Texas.”

Tom’s history was a true Western story. He moved to Midland when he was a young man and got a job as an elevator operator at the famous Scarborough Hotel. It was there he became acquainted with his future father-in-law, William F. “Wild Bill” Scarborough, a successful cattle operator. Tom eventually went to work for him at his Frying Pan Ranch. Marrying the boss’s daughter, Evelyn, Tom was given a management position after Bill Scarborough died. Tom and Evelyn were a great team and continued to add

to the family’s well-being with further successful business decisions. They sold the majority of their Hereford cattle during a drought and replaced them with Charolais... Tom always had beautiful cattle and good horses.

A few years before Tom passed away, one of his close friends and Board member of the Scarborough/Linebery Foundation – something Tom had set up – Bill Humphries, started talking to Tom about the final distribution of his assets. Bill knew it was important to Tom to make sure he had a legacy that represented what Tom Linebery’s core beliefs were. Tom and Bill decided they would take the steps to establish a new foundation that would be dedicated to the support of the United States Constitution, private property rights and the preservation of rural culture. He was very involved with the mission and was hands on with the development of the Board of Directors for this new foundation. That is how the PARAGON Foundation was established.

Tom Linebery was a lot of things to me. He was a hero to me and believed in the Founding Fathers’ work. He was my teacher, showing me a better way to look at things. He made me laugh; those special moments when he would say or do something that made my life happier. He was my mentor and I still try to react the way I think Tom would want me to. He was an example to me, reminding me the simple things in life are what really count. To me, he was a true American cowboy in every fiber of his body. But, most of all, Tom Linebery was my friend and it was an honor to know him... A friend that I miss everyday.



New Mexico rancher Bob Jones is the President of PARAGON Foundation.

“A people who do not hold in reverence the splendid achievements of their ancestors will not of themselves accomplish anything to be remembered of posterity. We must keep an eye on the shrines of yesterday if we rock aright the cradles of tomorrow.”

— Pat Neff, Governor of the State of Texas, 1-18-1921 to 1-20-1925

PEASANTS OR WE THE PEOPLE?

BY GB OLIVER, EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT, PARAGON FOUNDATION

We have watched in absolute amazement over the last few weeks as United States Senators and Congressmen stand in front of their constituents in town hall meetings trying to explain the Health Care bill, a bill that obviously none understand. Our President, who spent six months selecting just the right dog for his family, wanted the Health Care legislation passed by Congress within the space of a couple of weeks. Recently, the President's attempts to explain health care reform have been no more impressive.

I have spent several hours fumbling through the bill myself, and granted I'm not an MIT graduate, but I find it absolutely incomprehensible. I have turned to those who possess a much higher intellect, those who earn their living in the profession of law, asking them to provide interpretations on certain sections of this statute, and not one of them is able to provide definitive answers.

As time marches on, and town hall meetings progress, one fact becomes crystal clear, none of these legislators, who nervously stood in front of these angry Americans, ever wrote a single word of this legislation. Had they been involved in crafting any portion of the language, they would have been able to speak coherently on some section of the bill. Most walked into these first town hall meetings without ever having read the bill, armed with nothing more than a sheet of talking points. Certainly, one might sympathize with their oversight, who knew the peasants could read; they never had in the past.

Then the unthinkable happened, the peasants showed up, not for a handout as they always had, but this time with their fists clenched. Not sitting quietly, listening in reverence while their legislator waxed eloquent on his or her self-proclaimed greatness, this time the peasants wanted to be heard. Most had read the legislation, or tried to; they were asking specific questions and citing sections within the bills. This sent these Senators and Congressmen scurrying back to their hotel rooms, gathering their brain trusts together in an effort to read and understand the legislation before the next already scheduled meeting with the peasants.

Imagine the stupid expressions on their faces as they struggled to understand the un-understandable, knowing full well that the following day they would stand in front of another hostile crowd and try to explain the un-explainable. One might be tempted to feel some empathy for these bewildered souls if it were not for the arrogance and contempt they showed for those who asked the questions

that they were either unwilling or unable to answer.

The question that begs to be answered is: Who did write these pieces of legislation? Certainly not the President, he only talks of what it will do for the American people, but can not, or will not, provide any specifics. The legislators we have witnessed during these town hall meetings certainly were not involved in putting pencil to paper. I believe this legislation was crafted by those outside government, and specifically crafted in a way that no one can understand. If one will read the 1,400-page Cap and Trade bill, its language contains the same hard to understand, vague tone. Then read the Stimulus package legislation, same indefinable language.

Two United States Senators stood and publicly thanked an organization called the Apollo Alliance for writing the Stimulus bill. So who in the name of good government is the Apollo Alliance you might ask? Well, to use their words ... "The New Apollo Program is a comprehensive economic investment strategy to build America's 21ST century clean energy economy and dramatically cut energy bills for families and businesses. It will generate and invest \$500 billion over the next ten years and create more than five million high quality green-collar jobs." Look through the bios of the Apollo Alliance Board members and you will find a group who does not appear to have ever made a payroll or created any level of wealth; their plan is to create "quality green-collar jobs." Really? How? And at what cost?

Where on this green earth would an organization, made up of a board who is dedicated to spending other people's money, come up with 500 billion dollars over the next ten years? If you're asking that question, you haven't read the Stimulus package. Even more interesting is that President Obama selected one of Apollo Alliance's main stays, Van Jones, as the Green Job Czar. Mr. Jones has a Yale law degree, and a very impressive set of arrest records dating back to the Rodney King riots. In 1994, after proclaiming himself a communist, Mr. Jones formed an organization called Standing Together to Organize a Revolutionary Movement (STORM). The group studied the theories of Marx and Lenin and held up the lofty goals of a multiracial socialist utopia. With an esteemed background and qualifications like that, who among us could argue that this is not the man to deliver us into a cleaner world?

Jones is not alone in his Czarism; the administration has named 32 Czars with three more yet to be named. It's enough to make mother Russia envious. My personal favorite

YOUR RIGHTS



is the “Science Czar,” John Holdren, who, in the name of population control, advocates forced abortion and sterilization through government administered tainting of the water supply. Holdren has co-authored a book entitled *Ecoscience: Population, Resources, Environment* where he calls for a “Planetary Regime” to enforce mandatory abortions and limit the use of natural resources. I encourage our readers to research this illustrious selection of Czars; you will find that almost without exception they fit the extremist mold of Mr. Jones and Mr. Holdren.

So, who is to define this ambiguous language in these thousand page bills? Perhaps that is the job of the Czars. No one as of yet has been able to define what a Czar does, or what authority they have. They are not approved by the Senate. They are simply appointed by the President.

What does one do? What power do we as citizens hold in order to take charge of our elected officials? The official answer can be found in the United States Constitution, we can all agree that it is the Supreme Law of the land. Certainly those pretenders on Washington would agree, they put their right hand on a Bible and swore to protect and uphold the Constitution. Article One, Section Eight lists the

enumerated powers of the federal government, and those not listed belong to the States and to the people. There is, oddly enough, no mention of Cap and Trade, Health Care, car company bailouts or “cash for clunkers” listed in those enumerated powers. Americans have not only the right, but a duty to question all authority and jurisdiction.

If “We the People,” or the “Angry Mob” as they have been labeled by Senator Harry Reid, would spend as much time studying the Constitution as they have stewing over the health care legislation, they would know that the federal government is without authority to implement such a plan. The moment we move out of the realm of being peasants and assume the role of “The People,” as we are so often referred to in the Declaration of Independence and the United States Constitution, we will no longer feel like rubber ducks floating in the bath tub. Unlike the Stimulus bill, the Cap and Trade legislation and the Health Care bill, the United States Constitution is an easy read and doesn’t require a Czar to interpret its meaning.

Please go to our website – www.paragonfoundation.org – and download the complete text of the Constitution right from the home page. I guarantee it will be an uplifting experience.





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MYRON BECK: A WESTERN VIEW





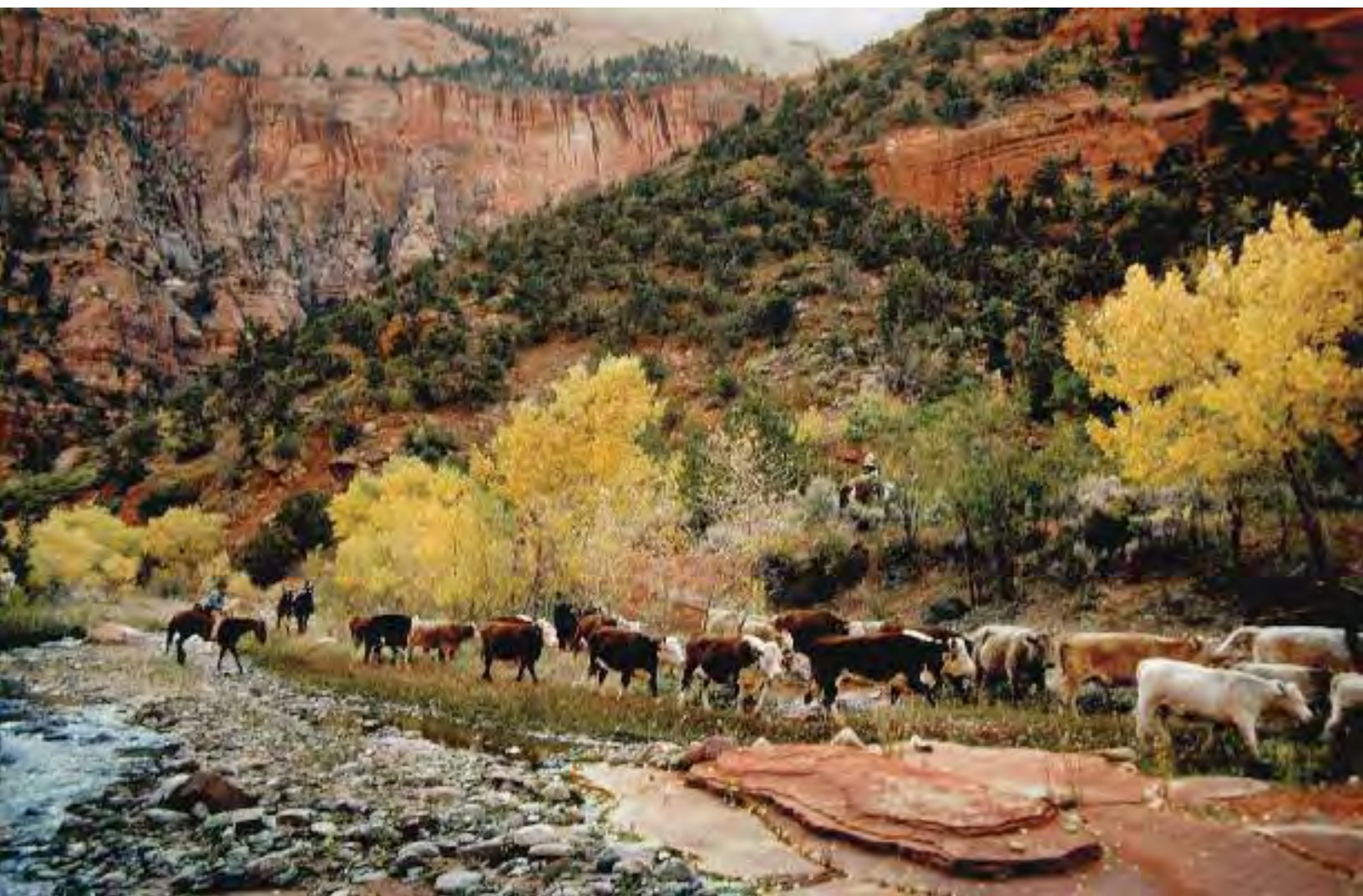




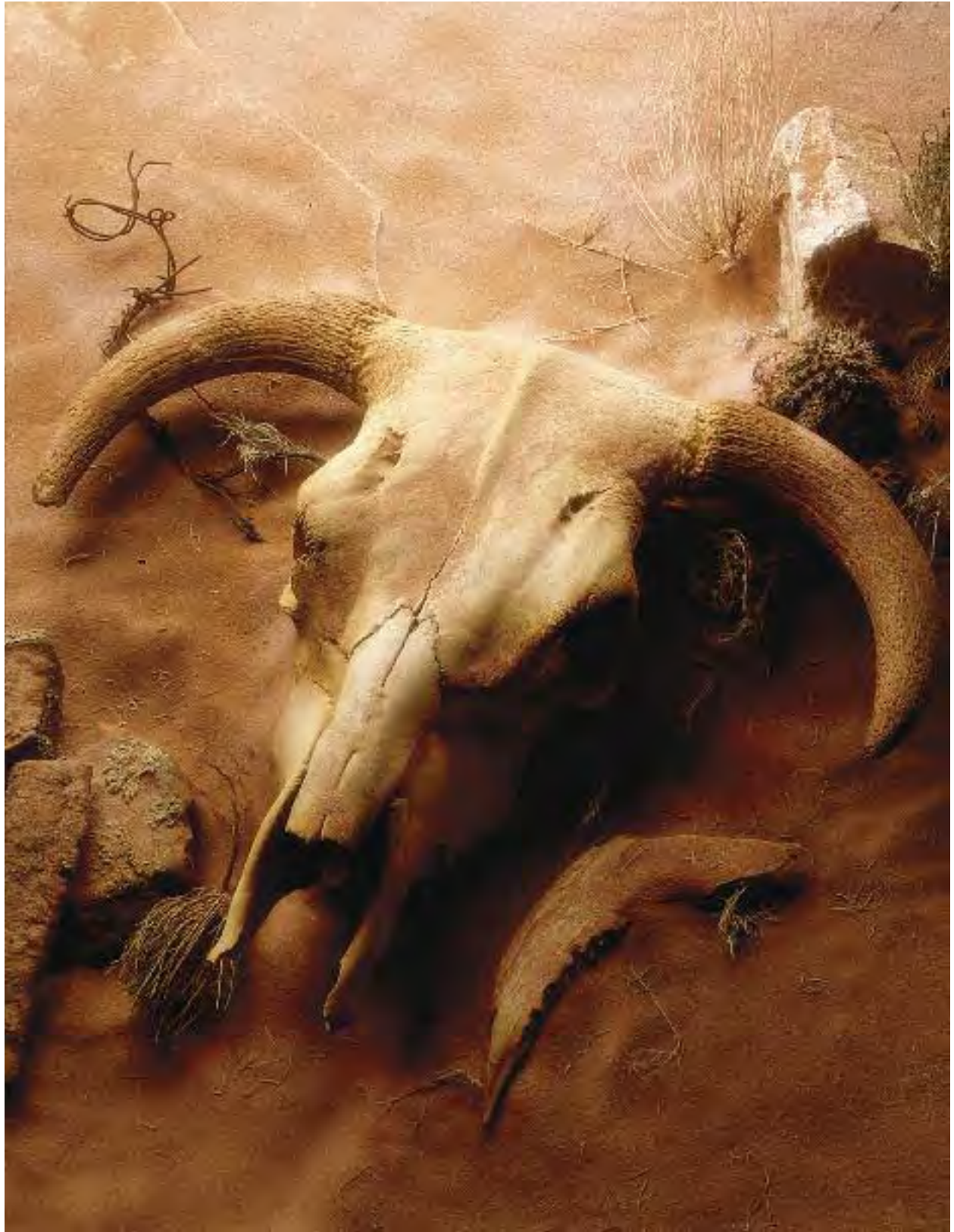












MYRON BECK, PHOTOGRAPHER

For more than 25 years, Myron Beck has established himself as a respected, award-winning advertising photographer. Having learned his craft at Art Center College of Design in Pasadena, his professional emphasis is food, still life and product imagery. Myron constantly seeks to expand his subject matter and his work includes a vast life-style portfolio of people and animals.

Myron's ambition is to capture life's real moments and speak to an audience viscerally, touching both mind and soul. His creative vision produces highly effective, quality work that inspires, motivates and captures the extraordinary in what is often an ordinary world.

In addition to his commercial work, Myron has spent more than two decades passionately documenting the unmatched scenic beauty of the western United States and the people who live, work and call it home. It was during his early exploration of Utah and the Zion National Park area that he befriended the Spilsbury family and became engrossed by a way of life that is larger and more beautiful than anything he had ever experienced.

Myron's long-term plan is for the Spilsbury family documentary to be seen in galleries and museums, shedding light and providing historical reference of a way of life that might otherwise be lost. A book and film on the ranching family will reach deep in to the past, present and future of the west. It's with this intention that Myron hopes his imagery will provide future generations with a chance to look and reflect upon a unique part of American culture.

For the photographer, helping the Spilsbury family move their cattle through the rugged Kolab mountain canyons bordering Zion turned into a life changing experience – a rich journey that gave him a first-person perspective of his subject matter. During more than 50 visits to their ranch, Myron has bonded with three generations of this American family whose values, ethics and morals he has come to understand and respect deeply.

“This is what life is about,” Myron says with great conviction. “The experience and journey is more important than the destination. The Spilsbury's showed me the beauty of western life and the nostalgic depth of living in the moment when one is rounding up cattle on this beautiful, spiritual land. Those things are forever branded in my mind.”

In addition to his skill as a photographer, Myron has also built a fine portfolio of paintings. He resides in La Crescenta, California with his wife, Mary, and their two daughters, Haleigh and Morgan.

www.myronbeck.com



photo courtesy Myron Beck



THE LIVING WORDS of the CONSTITUTION

PART 8

NICOLE KREBS

1ST AMENDMENT

If it were not for the Bill of Rights, “several of the large states would have remained outside of the Union. It was only when George Washington and others invited the states to accept the Constitution and make suggestions for additional improvements, including a Bill of Rights, that several of the states withdrew their opposition and ratified the Constitution.” (*The Making of America*, W. Cleon Skousen)

Our Bill of Rights begins with the First Amendment, which reads, “Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.”

James Madison originally proposed this provision concerning religion by recommending text that read: “The civil rights of none shall be abridged on account of religious belief or worship, nor shall any national religion be established, nor shall the full and equal rights of conscience be in any manner, or on any pretence, infringed.” (*Annals of Congress* 434 [June 8, 1789]) During House debate on the subject, Madison explained that “he apprehended the meaning of the words to be, that Congress should not establish a religion, and enforce the legal observation of it by law, nor compel men to worship God in any Manner contrary to their conscience” (*Annals of Congress* 730 [August 15, 1789]) While President in 1811, he vetoed a bill which would grant land reserved for a Baptist church in Mississippi. He explained that the bill would compromise “a principle and precedent for the appropriation of funds of the United States for the use and support of religious societies, contrary to the article of the Constitution which declares that ‘Congress shall make no law respecting a religious establishment.’” (*The Writings of James Madison* [G. Hunt, ed.] 132-33 [1904])

Justice Story, in his book *Commentaries of the*

Constitution of the United States, viewed the religion clause as one “not to prevent general governmental encouragement of religion, of Christianity, but to prevent religious persecution and to prevent a national establishment.” (*Constitution of the United States of America: Analysis & Interpretation* 1015 [2002 ed.]) However, the Supreme Court did not have the opportunity to interpret the religion clause until the 1940s.

“Not until the Supreme Court held the religion clauses applicable to the states in the 1940s did it have much opportunity to interpret them ... In *Everson v. Board of Education* (1947), the Court, without dissent on this point, declared that the Establishment Clause forbids not only practices that ‘aid one religion’ or ‘prefer one religion over another,’ but also those that ‘aid all religions.’” (*Constitution of the United States: Analysis & Interpretation* 1015) In *Lynch v. Donnelly* (1984), Chief Justice Burger stated, “Nor does the Constitution require complete separation of church and state; it affirmatively mandates accommodation, not merely tolerance, of all religions, and forbids hostility toward any ... Anything less would require the ‘callous indifference’ we have said was never intended by the Establishment Clause ... Indeed, we have observed, such hostility would bring us into ‘war with our national tradition as embodied in the First Amendment’s guaranty of the free exercise of religion.’”

Madison also proposed the speech and press clauses. The original version that he introduced to the House of Representatives read, “The people shall not be deprived or abridged of their right to speak, to write, or to publish their sentiments; and the freedom of the press, as one of the great bulwarks of liberty, shall be inviolable.” (*Annals of Congress* 434 [1789]) As it made its way through the House and Senate, it was re-written several times; it was in the Senate that the religion, speech and press clauses were combined. The concern of the House was to strike the right to assemble and to add an amendment that gave the people the right to instruct their Representatives. (*Annals of Congress* 731-749 [August 15, 1789])



In *Schenck v. United States* (1919), Justice Holmes gave the opinion of the Court. The case concerned “upholding convictions for violating the Espionage Act by attempting to cause insubordination in the military service by circulation of leaflets, suggested First Amendment restraints on subsequent punishment as well as prior restraint.” (*Constitution of United States of America: Analysis & Interpretation* 1080) Holmes said, “(T)he character of every act depends upon the circumstances in which it is done. The most stringent protection of free speech would not protect a man in falsely shouting fire in a theater and causing a panic ... The question in every case is whether the words used are used in such a nature as to create a clear and present danger that they will bring about the substantive evils that Congress has a right to prevent.”

Today, according to the Court, the right of the people to peaceably assemble “is one that cannot be denied without violating those fundamental principles of liberty and justice which lie at the base of all civil and political institutions...”

According to the First Amendment Center, “The right to petition allows citizens to focus government attention on unresolved ills; provide information to elected leaders about unpopular policies; expose misconduct, waste, corruption, and incompetence; and vent popular frustrations without endangering the public order.”

Citizens may petition the government (Senators, Congressmen, etc.) for a “redress of grievances” in several ways: A formal petition signed by numerous supporters may be submitted; a personal letter or telegram; a personal contact; a paid lobbyist or public demonstration. According to W. Cleon Skousen, a personal letter or telegram is “more effective than many citizens realize.”

“Without the First Amendment, religious minorities could be persecuted, the government might well establish a national religion, protesters could be silenced, the press could not criticize government, and citizens could not mobilize for social change.” (www.firstamendmentcenter.org)



RANCH LIVING

WITH THEA MARX

In each issue of *The Cowboy Way*, I will be sharing products with you that I have recently discovered, have complete faith in and just think are fun. And, I will bring you family recipes that I hope will become favorites in your home. Also included will be one page of "Ranch Living" dedicated to an artist that I feel needs to be discovered. I welcome your feedback and ideas. Enjoy!



Thea & Aspen

FROM THEA'S KITCHEN

Sun Ranch Charolais started in 1967 with my parents raising registered Appaloosa horses, Blue Heelers and Charolais cattle. My mother was a proud member of the Fremont County Cow-Belles. A spattered cookbook in my collection has pictures of the club's members, a history of Wyoming's Cow-Belles and all the members up to the 1987 print date. In this well-used edition is one of my favorite recipes from childhood underneath the reverse Lazy F S brand found on nearly everything we owned. A somewhat unusual combination, this recipe for Biscuits 'n' Barbequed Burgers was always on my list when asked what I wanted for dinner.

Biscuits 'n' Barbequed Burgers

2 slices soft bread in small pieces
 1 egg
 ¼ cup minced onion
 ¼ tsp. each pepper, dry mustard, sage, celery salt, garlic salt
 1 cup milk
 1 lb. ground beef
 1 ¼ tsp. salt
 1 Tbsp. Worcestershire sauce
 Texas barbeque Sauce (*at right*)
 Biscuits – use your favorite recipe

Texas barbeque sauce: Mix 2 Tbsp. brown sugar, 1 Tbsp paprika, 1 tsp salt, 1 tsp dry mustard, ¼ tsp. chili powder, 1 Tbsp Worcestershire Sauce, 2 Tbsp. vinegar, 1 cup tomato juice, ¼ cup catsup in sauce pan. Simmer gently for 3-5 minutes.

Heat oven to 350 degrees. Mix first 8 ingredients thoroughly. Form into 9 flat patties. Place in 9x9 baking pan. Bake 30 minutes. Pour off juice. Add hot Texas barbeque sauce to tops of hamburgers. Immediately top with uncooked biscuits cut the same size as burgers. Bake at 450 degrees. Makes 6 to 9 servings.

ARTIST PROFILE

Artist Mary Cunningham finds inspiration in everyday ranch life

Artist Mary Cunningham can't help but feel that art runs in her veins. Nor can she eschew the fact that agriculture is an inborn fondness. Growing up in Meeker, Colorado on a registered Hereford operation, Mary and her three sisters were no strangers to ranch work. Though the work was hard and their days long, Mary's parents encouraged her to pursue her passion for art, one that was fostered by the local school and her great-grandfather, Pennsylvania impressionist, William L Lathrop. "There was always a love and



appreciation for art in our home. Mom and Dad noticed their surroundings – the color of the sky and leaves, the way the atmosphere looked," says Mary. "We were raised to notice the little things."

Mary perfected the little things, bringing to life the expressions of her

Border Collies as they waited expectantly for a command or the fierce mothering of a ewe with her newborn lamb, in the pencil drawings that sell like hot cakes to the local community. Her studio sits in a picturesque bend of the Powder River just outside of Kaycee, Wyoming where she and her husband not only ranch but also run the local General Store. Her subjects surround her, literally. Border Collies, cattle, horses, sheep, cashmere goats and neighbors give her inspiration when she puts pencil to paper. The landscape with its vivid red earth and rocky granite slopes, high mountain desert and grassy plains are extraordinary



subjects for the water colors and oils that she has retrieved now that her children have grown and no longer play at her feet in her studio.

"Agriculture is in my soul," says Mary. "My work is pleasure but it also promotes what I love." That is probably why she can't stop exploring the industry. Besides ranching and the grocery business, she and her husband, Greg, host the International Sheep Dog Trials, a three day event that brings 50 dogs from all over the country to Johnson County and offers a \$10,000 purse. "A judge comes from the UK and is always fascinated by the ranching style and the fact that we have to work sheep around sagebrush not just in lush green pastures," Mary explains. The weekend has a wool craft and fashion show, lamb cook-off and a rodeo. It is fast becoming a destination for visitors from far and wide.



As for destinations, her studio is beckoning. The grocery store is on the market "because the vision of setting up an easel and painting in the quiet store just hasn't happened," laughs Mary. The quiet she seeks is in that peaceful grove of cottonwoods along the meandering river where her easel stands ready. It is a quiet where pigment, soft lead and brush strokes touch paper, telling stories of lives words cannot touch.

To purchase note or gift cards, originals or giclee prints, give her a call at 307-738-2500 or email her at mcunningham@rtconnect.net.



START CONVERSATIONS Circle H

When a girl from Long Island made her home in Texas, she discovered there was a call for her unique brand of silver jewelry, handmade with a funky twist.



Julie Hiltbrunner (aka Silversmyth) designs pieces with a zest that makes them appropriate for wear with the little black dress or your favorite jeans and boots. My favorite is the Flirty Bracelet. Made of hundreds of solid sterling silver, individual split rings that tinkle and ring with your movements, the bracelet is a sure bet as a conversation starter. If you prefer to go lower key in your approach, Julie makes a stunning hand-hammered brand pendant. Customize yours as she did with her husband's family brand, the Circle H. Call Julie at 817-456-4432



and have her make something special for you, or pick one of the delightful pieces on her site at www.silversmyth.com.



SIMPLE DELIGHT

Cooking dinner each night allows me the chance to let down from a day packed with phone calls, meetings, deadlines and details. Being a mom doesn't allow for siestas or, for that matter, many quiet moments at all. So, I sneak mine in at any moment I can. One of my favorites is preparing the evening meal with a glass of full-bodied cab to sip amongst chopping garlic and the julienne of vegetables. For years, red wine gave me a headache, even though I enjoyed it, I chose not to drink it because of the after effects. Fortunately, a well-stocked store sold Frey (pronounced Fry) and I became an instant fan – not just because their Cabernet Sauvignon is an absolute delight but also because there was no headache to follow the gratification of sipping a fine wine. I like Frey, too, because of what the vineyard stands for. It is the country's first organic winery. Not only are the grapes grown organically but there are no added sulfites. Frey is a pioneer in driving the industry to be sustainable and is the first maker of certified Biodynamic wines in the U.S. Their commitment to sustainability and organically grown grapes started 30 years ago in the Redwood Valley when the eldest of twelve Frey siblings inspired the family to produce organic wine after studying organic gardening. Already growing Cabernet grapes for wineries, it seemed a natural progression, after all the Frey's had originally moved to California from Brooklyn to be closer to nature in the early 1960s. Today, Frey is still a family owned and operated vineyard producing a delightful array of wines with the utmost care for the environment, your health and enjoyment. www.freywine.com or 707-485-5177.

FALL JEANS REPORT Stetson's New Arrow Straight Jean

I love the cut of the new Arrow Straight jeans by Stetson. Made of American grown cotton, they are long and lean with a sophisticated look that hugs your body and your boots. They are cut with a higher back that prevents gapping or over-exposure when you sit a horse or have to crawl through a fence. I've worn them for both ranch work and casual business. Their dark color is a nice compliment to a crisp white shirt for a meeting, yet it doesn't show the dirt when you work in the arena. Another bonus: they come in extra long, which means they won't ride up over your boots when you get into the saddle. Their designer has obviously stepped on a horse before! Stetson wasn't kidding when they named them Arrow Straight, they are slim cut in the hip, thigh and seat with straighter legs than any Western jean we've seen in quite awhile. Just remember, they feel different, but they are good. I give them and their sophisticated yet comfortable, slightly stretchy, true-to-size fit an A. Want to find a pair to try on? Log on to www.stetson.com and find a retailer near you.



UNDER FOOT

If it has to be walked on in bare toes, it should be soft and certainly beautiful. It's fun if that rug underfoot also has a story, and every one of the rugs that Dean Bubolo carries has one. It begins back before Christopher Columbus arrived in the Americas, when the Zapotec Indians of Teotitlan del Valle had a centuries old tradition of weaving textiles from local fibers. In the mid-seventeenth century, these craftsmen transitioned from weaving cotton on back strap looms to weaving on upright looms introduced by the Europeans. In addition, sheep, and the use of wool, gave them a new durable fiber and process. For the next three hundred years, they were known to make the finest serapes. Serapes gave way to rugs that were sought after by designers and collectors worldwide. Dean Bubolo recognized the talent of the weavers and the desire of the market and started Escalante Imports. Today, he is the exclusive purveyor of new yarns and designs combining Mohair and wool. The blending of Mohair, a strong natural fiber from Mohair goats, and wool together respond by taking dyes beautifully and are inordinately soft and strong at the same time. The vibrancy and usefulness of the Escalante rugs make them a favorite among designers and homeowners alike. Their color combinations and designs are numerous, but if you don't find one that fits your color scheme or room, don't hesitate to ask, as Dean says, "We can do just about anything." To get your hands and feet on one of these treasures, go to www.escalanteimports.com or call Dean at 928-639-1600.



SPECIAL CONNECTIONS



They say that the outside of the horse is good for the inside of a person. Renee Gabet, founder and CEO of Annie Oakley, has created a line that makes the connection even stronger. "Most great journeys are shared," says Gabet, who developed a product line that extends the benefit between horse and rider by further releasing tension and promoting calmness through aromatherapy oils and sprays. Used by professional horsemen and women as a training aid, Journeys is a clever combination of Earth's oldest gifts, the scent of lavender and the therapeutic joy a horse gives its human companion. Give Journeys to your favorite friends who have horses (or not). The whimsical Tack Box is complete with muzzle oil rub (you can use it after bathing and enjoy all the benefits), a ranch or stall spray that freshens the "office" (whether it be in the barn or your home) and the finest quality lavender essential oil. Rub the oil into your tack or use as aromatherapy in your home. You can purchase a Tack Box full of delightful calmness at www.annieoakley.com or call 800-922-6643.

BELT IT OUT

Designer Meredith Lockhart loves to make belts, especially the kind that make you look sexy, sassy and Western all at the same time. I have wrapped myself in this beauty that is hand-cut from distressed lambskin, laced, hand painted and adorned with turquoise. Why? It makes me feel gift-wrapped, complete with ribbon and bows. Meredith has created outfits for Miss Rodeo America and chart-topping country music stars for 20 years. No, she is not some diva designer; she is a cowgirl from Kansas that has an eye for fashion and the know-how to tailor a shirt to fit perfectly. Did I mention her hand painting? Nearly every piece she creates has her signature hand painting – even jackets, skirts and her hand-dyed silks. Don't drag your feet, go to her site at www.thisleswest.com or call her at 913-886-2247 and pick out your favorite.





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AN INTREPID SPIRIT

Five Generations of the Smith Family have called North Boulder Valley, Montana Home



photography by Celeste Satala

BY THEA MARX

The year before the Civil War ended in 1865, a wagon train wound its way through treacherous country into North Boulder Valley, Montana. Nine Irish families staked their claims in the promising terrain weary from their trip but glad to be away from the lawlessness of gold rush town, Alder Gulch. Boulder Valley is 28 miles from Helena, 35 miles to Butte “and about as close to heaven as I’ll ever get,” says Paul (Brud) Smith.

Brud’s great-grandfather, Phillip Smith, was one of those intrepid travelers, bringing with him his family, including son

Cornelius (Con as he was called) who drove an ox team from Denver to Alder at the age of 13. Con’s most memorable experience of the trip was when a band of Indians swooped down on the wagon train from the hills above, thankfully more curious than hostile, but nonetheless startling. No one was harmed, but one daring brave spotted Con’s favorite red shirt hanging at the rear of the wagon, claimed it jubilantly and made off with it much to his dismay.

Indians, weather, backbreaking work and the sheer remoteness of the valley were trials for the young family.

Advice given to one young woman in the group seemed very fitting for this extraordinary journey into the unknown: “If you must go west, make sure you take your heavy underwear and your fortitude with you.”

Fortitude was always a part of young Con’s constitution as he again drove the team of oxen over land to settle the family in Boulder Valley a year after his red shirt disappeared. Under the guidance of his father, Phillip, the land was homesteaded and mysterious creatures never before seen in Ireland materialized, such as the foul smelling black and white critter called a skunk. Con, being the only son, had enormous responsibilities helping to establish the ranch: harnessing the river to provide water for crops and livestock, hewing trees to build homes and barns, moving mountains to build roads. When he was sixteen the decision was made that he needed to have a more formal education than he could get in the Valley. His well planned trunk and planned departure for a Jesuit school in Chicago ended not with him on the stage, but with him coming back to the ranch to stay. In 1877, he filed for a homestead of his own after staying on to help firmly establish the main Smith ranch. He married a girl from a “well-to-do” city family who found her own home involved unimagined toil. But she rose to the occasion with her spirited pride giving birth to ten children, three of whom died in infancy and one at the age of fourteen in a tragic

hunting accident. She nursed them through illnesses when the nearest doctor was 19 miles away, taught them their prayers and cooked beautiful meals.

A midwife was her only help throughout the years, besides a seamstress once a year, but the ranch required at least one ranch hand. Those ranch hands provided the children an endless stream of stories and one such hand, Billy, served as the gossip columnist for the valley telling the news and antics of all the neighbors. In the remote country, news and gossip were looked forward to and all visitors cherished. Having peddlers come was an especially joyful event for the children. “Oh, the indescribable joy of watching the peddler open his pack! We were simply fascinated with the wealth and variety of his wares whether gaudy or practical!” recalls one of the Smith children in a family paper.

Of the six children, Paul was the only one to follow in his father’s footsteps as a rancher and politician. He was elected to the State Railroad and Public Service Commission where he served for over 25 years. He and his wife, Vivian, bought the present ranch in 1938. Brud, Paul’s son, spent summers on the new ranch until the third grade when the family moved there permanently. He graduated from Jefferson County High School where 250 students came from as far away as 25 miles. Jefferson County is the only county in the state that doesn’t have a stoplight and the little town of



Smith family branding



Boulder, population 1,500, supplies the rural communities with just about everything one might need. After an undergraduate degree from Gonzaga and a stint in the Navy to see the world, Brud came home to Montana, getting his law degree from the University of Montana. He practiced Indian Law and had his own firm before returning to the ranch in 1982 deciding to go back to what he loved. His parents were still living so he made his home outside of town and practiced law while a manager ran the ranch. In 1986, he took over the ranch and drove daily through its gates. In 2000, the family moved there because, as he says, "I wanted them to have a day-to-day ranch experience." His two girls, Brady and Darby, like the ranch and are good help calving, haying and, in general, being ranch hands. His wife, Terry Minow, still drives to Helena to act as the political director for a teacher and public employee union. She enjoys ranch life because it is much like home. Raised on a ranch 70 miles from Miles City and 35 miles from Broadus, Montana, she was schooled in a one-room schoolhouse and helped her family dry land farm, raise wheat and cattle. Her fondness for the lifestyle is evident. It



didn't take her long to grow to love Boulder Valley where, she says, "People take care of each other here, and they care for each other. It's a wonderful place to raise a family."

The Boulder Valley has been raising Smith families for five generations. "The Valley is always only three days away from a drought," quips Brud with a smile on his face. At 4,500 feet, the ranch is filled with mountainous meadows and lots of rocks, pretty tough ground to farm but they still manage to cut 400 acres of native grass hay, 350 acres of alfalfa and, on some years, grain, which satisfies the 1,200 ton of hay a year it takes to feed their stock. Running a commercial herd on 3,000 private acres and BLM and Forest permits, Brud uses his political skills and sense of humor to deal with the politics that plague the ranchers who deal with the federal government. One such talk was to celebrate 100 years of the Forest Service. "Dealing with Forest and BLM plans, they usually have an 'indicator species' which, if present on the landscape, indicates that the ecosystem is doing well and that the habitat is in good shape. It is usually something like a Pileated Woodpecker or jumping field mouse, depending on



Brud Smith

what ground is being reviewed. My thought, a great indicator species is seeing cattle on Forest Service or BLM land. It indicates that there are ranches in the vicinity that are part of the ecosystem and are providing open spaces, habitat sustaining wildlife both on private property and for seasonal wildlife from federal lands. It also means a family or more contributing to the local community's desired rural lifestyle, often providing access and hunting to the public. The alternative is, when you kick the cows off of federal land, more than likely the rancher will have to sell off marginal land for subdivisions or give up ranching entirely. In other words, no cattle permits for ranchers is great for subdivisions, and bad for open spaces, wildlife habitat, sustainable ecosystems, access and hunting."

Given Brud's experience, he wouldn't trade the world to go back to being an attorney. "Not even the times when you are seven short gathering cattle

from the mountains and a blizzard sets in. Not even when the bulls are fighting and you have no fences left. Not even when you are watching a calving cow like a hawk and the calf still dies. I want to see the land I am involved with continue to be agricultural. My hope for the future is that the kids can carry it on. The agricultural system is an important part of the fabric of the West. The ranching community has a social fabric where the folks rely on each other, they have a real community."

After all, what other communities turn brandings into social events, hold testicle festivals, answer a call for help in the middle of the night or stop along side the road to help someone with a flat tire? For Brud Smith and his family, ranching is right where they want to be, carrying on a family tradition and creating a new generation with a strong work

ethic. "Our parents taught us by example," says Terry, who sums up the lifestyle in those six, short, poignant words





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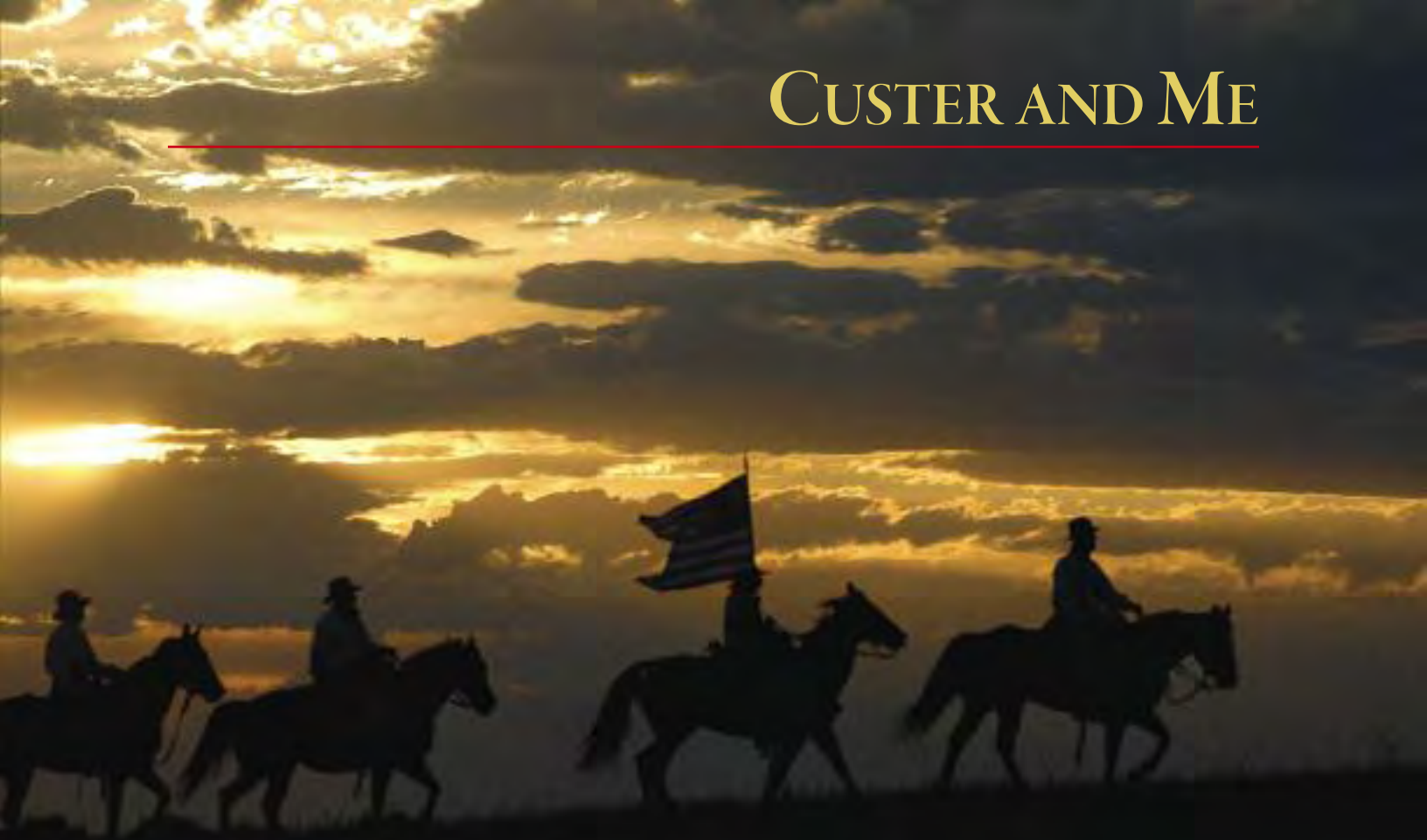
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CUSTER AND ME



MY TIME AT U.S. CAVALRY SCHOOL

BY MARK BEDOR

It may be the most famous battle in all of history. Custer's Last Stand. And, 133 years after it happened, almost to the very day, I am horseback in an authentic U.S. Cavalry uniform on that battlefield.

Just a short drive south of Billings, Montana sits the Little Bighorn Battlefield National Monument, where, on June 25, 1876, the Battle of the Little Big Horn took place near Crow Agency, Montana. Today, I am horseback carrying an unloaded single action .45 revolver in my Army issue holster. I'm riding in a McClellan saddle, just like the ones used by 7TH Cavalry troopers. I am literally following the footsteps of Custer and his men as I ride down Cedar Coulee, a deep and grassy, almost canyon like ravine. I am seeing what Custer saw and understanding what he could not see: the disaster that awaited him just over the next ridge. For on this late June morning, I am one of the lucky few to attend an amazing experience known as the U.S. Cavalry School.

"You can not understand this Battlefield unless you do it horseback," says Lt. Col. (Ret.) Bobby Jolley. "The tyranny of the terrain ultimately determined the outcome of the battle."

I am all ears as I soak in the place, the moment and the teaching of our charismatic lead instructor. I'm one of about a dozen students here for this weeklong immersion into horses, history and so much more. It will all culminate at week's end as we reenact one of the most legendary, and still mysterious, battles of the Old West. Here in this coulee, Jolley tells us how Custer's scouts have just rejoined him with bad news. The Sioux are annihilating Marcus Reno's command after his disastrous attack on the south end of the Indian village along the nearby Little Bighorn River. "So what the hell is Custer gonna do?" Jolley asks rhetorically. "He's gonna move down this draw, and he's gonna make a decision. So, let's ride down to the mouth of the draw."

A recognized expert on both the Custer Battlefield and U.S. cavalry history, you could not have a better instructor than the man we'll affectionately know this week as "The Colonel." The decorated, retired, career Army officer served in Vietnam as the Senior Adviser to an elite Vietnamese Ranger Battalion. He was awarded two Silver Stars and two Purple Hearts, among many other honors. With a Masters

Degree in both political science and history, he's taught at a number of colleges.

For years he's conducted "Staff Rides" for the U.S. military, in which active duty service members tour historic battlefields to learn lessons that still apply to today's conflicts. Part Cherokee, the native Texan is also a passionate horseman and raises Quarter Horses and Arabs at his ranch in Washington State. His enthusiasm in our horseback classroom is contagious. "I love it, obviously," he shares. "People say to me, 'When you talk to us, you impart your interest and your love for the topic.' Yep! I do! No doubt! If I couldn't do that and didn't enjoy it, I wouldn't be here."

Jolley was one of the horseback extras Kevin Costner hired for *The Postman*. Shot on location in Washington State, the 1997 film was something like a post-apocalyptic Western. Costner also recruited outfitter John Doran and other professional horsemen in the area for the movie, which included a number of cavalry scenes. By the end of the six-week shoot, the idea for the U.S. Cavalry School had been born.



Fast forward to 2009. Today, the school has relocated from Doran's Walking D Ranch to the Real Bird Ranch on the Crow Indian Reservation in southeast Montana. A prominent family among the Crow tribe, the Real Birds own the property along the Little Bighorn River, just across the water from the Battlefield Monument. Their ranch also hosts the reenactment grounds, complete with grandstand. "My great-grandfather Medicine Tail, he owned this land here," explains our genial host, Richard Real Bird. "They say he welcomed everybody here – everybody that wanted to come here and have sweat lodge or swim in the river. And, we continue that. It's a family tradition."

And so, our Cavalry School camps right where Sitting Bull's village was when Custer attacked on that June day in 1876. "Isn't there something mystic about this?!" mused Doran one evening, "When everything's quiet and the stars are coming out? This is not a park. This is the Little Bighorn River. How many people can say they've ridden across the Little Bighorn on a cavalry horse in a cavalry uniform in a McClellan saddle?"



photo by Diana Volk



I was riding Doran's horse all week. John and his expert crew of wranglers and camp staff provide horses, saddles, big wall tents with padded cots, clean port-a-potties and excellent food all week long. The menu included hearty hot breakfasts and ribeye steak dinners cooked on an open grill. John can also outfit you with a uniform, pistol and saber. I brought my own, except for the sword. (You'll get a discount and be assured of a good fit if you provide the uniform.) Some students brought their own horses as well. I ride often and reasonably well, and John's horse L.T. was a great partner for the week. L.T. also had the afterburners when I needed them during the reenactment.

With Doran handling camp, Captain Keith Herrin acts as Assistant Lead Instructor and Field Commander. An Iraq War Veteran who survived a roadside bomb attack, the National Guardsman co-founded the 89TH Montana Cavalry, a ceremonial horseback unit that represents the military at a variety of events. It was Captain Keith who led much of the training during horseback cavalry drills where we learned how to ride in formation. He also taught the history, evolution and function of the McClellan saddle, plus the safe handling of sabers and firearms, both on and off the horse.

Safety is job one. Even blanks can be dangerous if a gun is pointed at somebody. We were taught to always fire into

the air. "We are all gonna be sticklers for firearms raised up," reminded Doran. And there were no problems.

We also had the opportunity to travel to a firing range and shoot live rounds through both our single action .45s and the same .45-50 Springfields the 7TH Cavalry carried. It was pretty cool to shoot the old style carbine. But, I wasn't too competitive in the friendly target competition we had that day.

I did better at the mounted shooting. With our six-gun loaded with blanks, we dashed across the Little Bighorn, then rode through a cross-country firing course, searching for enemy balloons tucked behind the sagebrush. Competing in both speed and accuracy, a well-aimed shot from a blank would blast the balloon. Then we'd lope off to

find the next one.

The very first course of the week was on how to cross that river safely and, like everything in Cavalry School, that instruction was handled in an expert and orderly fashion. "How many places do you know that will actually give a class on how to cross a river on a horse with gear?" beamed a justifiably proud John Doran. "So we try to cover many aspects of what the mounted trooper of the West had to know how to do. We're replicating history, if we can, to some degree."



We were also replicating military life as well. Mornings began with the flag raising as we stood at attention in our wool uniforms. In late June, those outfits can get a little

warm, but they do breathe surprisingly well. I never found mine to be all that uncomfortable.

The minor discomforts of camping in cavalry uniforms were nothing like the hardships faced by those soldiers who actually rode with Custer. "Just think of the troopers having to do this for six weeks straight," reminded Captain Herrin. "And then the quality of the food that went downhill on the trip... as well as the horses..."

As the week went on, it felt sometimes like I really was in the Cavalry. Strapping on the gun belt and saddling the horse every morning got to be a pretty nice routine. Of course no warrior was trying to kill me... "It's given me some insight into that sort of experience, without signing up for a number of years," observed fellow student Frank Blaha.

Blaha, an environmental engineer from Colorado, was part of a diverse group. Three of the students were active duty members of the Kansas National Guard. They, too, ride in their state's ceremonial cavalry unit. There was a biologist, a retired college professor and a fourteen-year-old here with his grandfather. No women students this year, but women are certainly welcome. The wife of one of the Kansas National Guardsmen would have been there, but the Major was deployed to Iraq.

Late in the week, we met some 60 members of the 82ND Airborne Cavalry who parachuted in to the Little Bighorn Battlefield to the cheers of the crowd. The soldiers then

crossed the river, took seats in the grandstand and watched our third and final reenactment.

Performing horseback in what amounted to a big outdoor play was very cool as I spurred my horse to a run, firing my .45 and dashed across the river. As young Crows riding bareback gave chase, together we recreated one of history's most legendary battles.

The week had quieter moments that were just as memorable, like the wreath laying ceremony we participated in at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier in nearby Garryowen. It was equally special to be part of the Sunday morning ceremony with Sitting Bull's grandson at the Indian Memorial on Last Stand Hill. Friday morning, we took our horses to the town of Crow Agency for the Crow Native Days Parade. There we rode in formation past an American flag, saluting at attention, in the uniform our soldiers had worn so many years ago.

Then there were those very impressive modern warriors of the 82ND Airborne. Talking with those brave men, some of whom have endured horrific combat in Iraq, gave me new confidence that our beloved country is in good hands. It's hard to explain how I felt when Colonel Jolley shook my hand at the end of the week, telling me I'd done well as he handed me my Commendation for completing Cavalry School. All I can say is I know where I'll be come next June 25TH.

For more information, visit www.uscavalryschool.com.





Heading West

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

BY WILLIAM REYNOLDS

Editor's Note: 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.



The T Cross Ranch Dubois, Wyoming

T Cross Ranch has a timeless magic. The ranch lies inside the Shoshone National Forest at an elevation of 7,800 feet. This is an untouched country of pine forests and open meadows, trout-rich streams and small lakes, with endless vistas rising well over 11,000 feet – scenically magnificent.

Through the T Cross gate you will discover a pristine wilderness. Atop the hand-picked and well-trained ranch

horses, the rugged mountain trails reveal a myriad of wildlife, seen only in the greater Yellowstone area. But,



most guests remember the T Cross for its familiar atmosphere that blends the color of the west and the relaxing comforts of home. The Ranch has been welcoming guests for over 90 years and is recognized by Wyoming as a historic treasure. The T Cross celebrates the long tradition of hospitality and adventure that made the American West a destination of interest.

As it was, it is today – a working, family-owned guest ranch. Your T Cross hosts are Mark and Gretchen Cardall. T Cross has been in the family since Gretchen's parents, Ken



Heading West

and Garey Neal, became owner/managers in 1991. The newest T Cross generation was born in the fall of 2004 – Kameron Alayna Cardall.

The accommodations are traditional guest ranch – the cabins are decorated with a late 19TH century feel with furniture that is all hand built. Each cabin includes a private bath, and one or several bedrooms and they welcome couples, families or single guests. Everyone gathers to the Lodge for meals and to rediscover the art of conversation. Family time, entertainment and excellent cuisine – find them all here.

The ranch opened in 1918 and was first called the Hermitage. It was a hunting and fishing camp, later evolving into the guest ranch of today. The first 90 years of operation have been successful in preserving this natural wonder. The T Cross provides an opportunity for all to come and enjoy this special place. For more information, visit www.tcross.com.

The Nine Quarter Circle Ranch Gallatin Gateway, Montana

For those looking for the traditional dude ranch experience, look no farther than the Nine Quarter Circle. Steeped in tradition, this Montana guest & dude ranch is located in Gallatin Gateway, Montana. It offers an authentic Montana dude ranch family vacation with horseback riding and fishing. The Nine Quarter Circle Ranch at 7,000 feet is surrounded by national forests containing a million acres of primitive wilderness. The ranch provides a mixed pattern of riding with a select variety of unspoiled trout waters. The ranch is located in the high country of the Montana Rockies alongside a swift

mountain stream called the Taylor Fork of the Gallatin River. It is nestled amongst lodge pole pines overlooking the northwest corner of Yellowstone Park on the east slope of the



Continental Divide. The ranch history dates back to the 1800s when it was first homesteaded and is filled with history – the Indians once ran elk herds here, Jim Bridger rode after buffalo and Chief Joseph passed near here on his retreat to Canada. Stagecoaches lurch no more over the rocky trails; the hunter is gone with his long bow, but nature's wilderness still remains.

It's the setting for a perfect vacation, where you rough it in comfort and leave the rest of the world behind. All ranch meals are home cooked, family style – very informal with no dressing up for dinner expected. Several outdoor meals are scheduled each week including a late afternoon ride to dinner. You will enjoy the easy, informal atmosphere at Nine Quarter Circle. The ranch is five miles off the main highway snuggled in a beautiful valley where the only sounds at night are the cascading waters of the Taylor Fork River – and perhaps the howl of a coyote. Here are all the comforts of home with adventure, new experiences and a completely new way of life, with all the beauty of nature. Good, healthy,

restful relaxation with unforgettable days and nights.

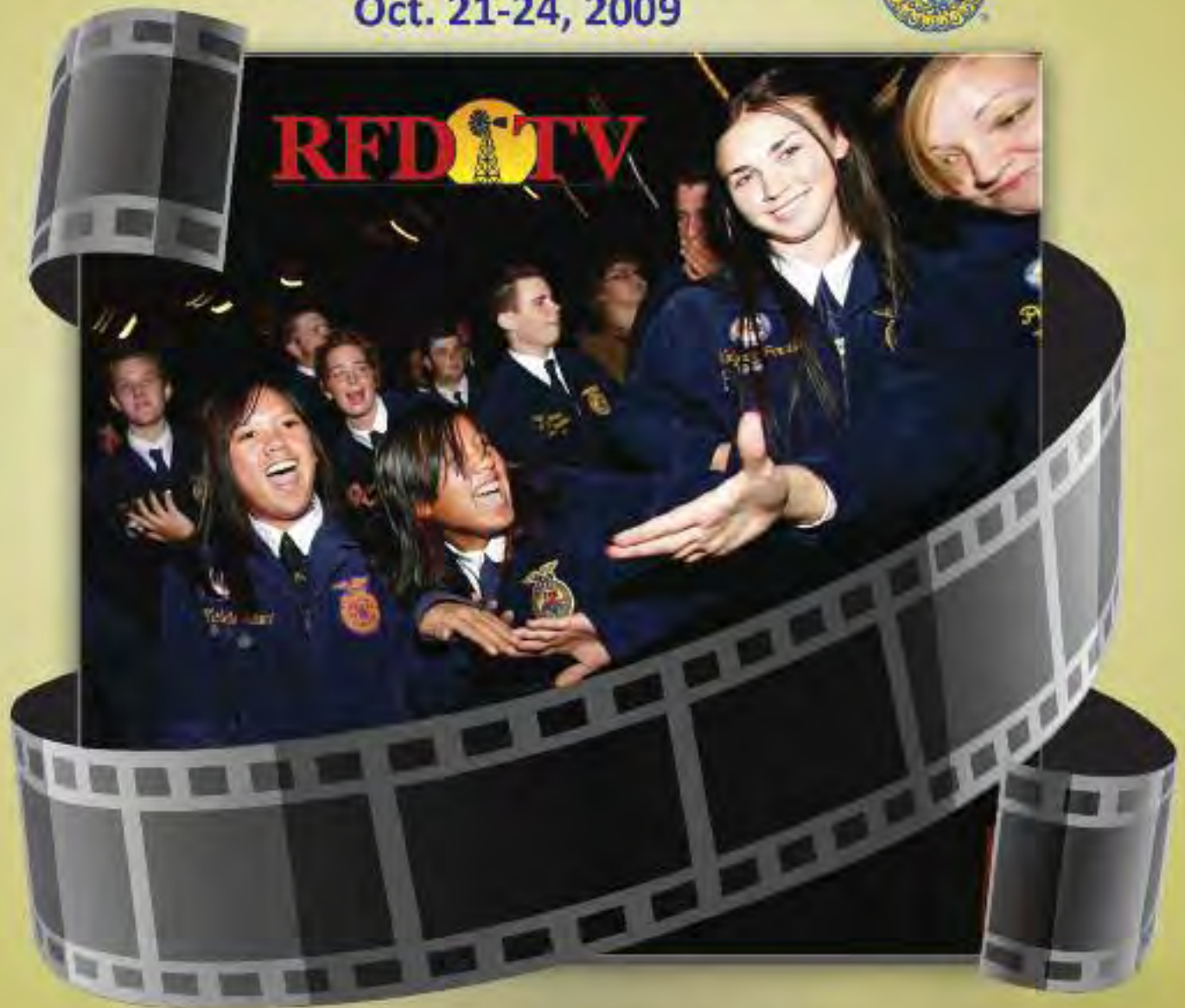
Throughout the year, but especially in the early summer, the meadows and mountains become Nature's palette covered with abundant wildflowers. Newborn elk, moose and deer with their mothers are seen almost daily on rides and hikes from the ranch. Late summer and early fall rides provide bugling bull elk collecting their harems against a backdrop of golden Aspen trees.

The Kelsey family – Kim and Kelly, Konnor, Kameron and Kyleen – will personally take pride in making this your home in the West. They are well into their second fifty years with the Nine Quarter Circle, and take a deep interest in seeing that you enjoy every minute. Great accommodations, excellent food, unsurpassed mountain beauty where fishing dreams become a reality, and you will make lasting friends with your hosts and your horse. For more information, visit www.ninequartercircle.com.



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photos by Guy de Galard

Ellie Parker, daughter of Montana horseman Doyle Parker, in the roping pen

THE NORTHERN RANGE RANCH ROPING SERIES

This Montana based organization brings working cowboys and weekend ropers together in friendly competitions that promote the stock handling techniques of Old California and the Great Basin buckaroo.

BY GUY DE GALARD

Scott Grosskopf's *Del Viento* loop soars into the air before gracefully draping over the cow's hips. With a grin of satisfaction, he waits for the bovine to walk into the trap before dallying. Scott is one of the forty plus contestants who entered the ranch roping competition held last June by Scott and his father, Dick, at their Camp Runamuck Ranch, located at a galloping distance from Billings, Montana.

The event is part of the Northern Range Ranch Roping Series (NRRRS), a Montana based organization that promotes low stress roping with proper horsemanship and stockmanship, according to the ways of the early California vaquero.

It all started in the early 1990s when California cowboy and clinician, Joe Wolter, started conducting ranch roping clinics in Montana. The variety of elaborate loops he taught, many influenced by the Spanish vaqueros for whom style and finesse prevailed over speed, caught the cowboys' attention and sparked an interest in the California vaquero-style roping. With a focus on safe handling of livestock, horsemanship and versatile loops suitable to catch either end of a cow, from any position, interest began to grow. This prompted the first ranch roping contest to be held in Red Lodge, Montana in July 1998. Organized by Montana saddle maker, Chas Weldon and Pete Olsen, sponsored by Jack Blankenship and judged by Wolter, the event was a timed,



Last June was Sterling Grosskopf's first competition. Ranch ropings are not only social gatherings but also family affairs. At 9-years-old, the young buckaroo is already a skilled hand.

three-man calf-doctoring contest with bonus points for fancy loops. Montana rancher, George Kahrl, provided the cattle.

Ten years ago, after the first Californios Ranch Roping and Stock Horse Contest took place in Red Bluff, CA in 1999, Dick Grosskopf and Dean Delp revised and adapted the rules of the California event to what they thought would be a better fit for the Montana crowd – more focused on stockmanship rather than time – and the NRRRS was born. “If you are not against the clock, you have more time to allow more finesse in your shots,” Dick explains. As the ropings progressed, the rules evolved to include safety issues, cattle handling and horsemanship. To fit the organization's goals of low stress cattle handling, a move was made from timed events, where time was taken off on fancy loops, to judged contests, where points are earned for fancy loops, difficult catches and proper cattle handling. “Improving the rules in order to challenge everyone to become a better roper is an ongoing process. But, once the roping is done correctly and smoothly, the rules are there just as a backup,” states Dick.

Typically, the NRRRS holds 13 to 17 ropings each summer, in addition to a winter series held in Sheridan, Wyoming, and interest for this style of roping keeps growing. “We experienced 100% growth last year and the

NRRRS rules are used worldwide for other ranch roping venues as far away as South Africa. I see the sport growing to a point where there'll be a World Championship of ranch roping,” declares Scott, President of the NRRRS. After a six year stint buckarooing on Oregon's ZX Ranch, Scott came back to Montana where he and his wife, Staci, also an avid roper and a fierce competitor, run Buckaroo Businesses, a store specializing in buckaroo gear. Since 2000, the Finals have been held at the NILE Show in Billings, Montana, where ranch roping has become an anchor event. Last year, the NRRRS went to the next level when Wyoming horseman and clinician, Buck Brannaman, and Paul Woods, two of the organization's Directors, were invited to conduct ranch roping clinics, respectively, in France and Italy. Last July, the NRRRS teamed up with the Canadian Ranch Roping Association to organize the *Border Battle*, which pitted 13 U.S. teams against 23 Canadian teams. The event took place in Weyburn, Saskatchewan, was sponsored by Talisman Energy and Tristar Oil and Gas, and offered a \$200,000 purse.

Once the judges are ready, the first team enters the roping arena. In true buckaroo fashion, cattle are roped out of a *rodear* (a circular configuration of working cattle out of a herd held by a larger circle of riders on horseback) as each

three-man team ropes and lays the critter down, recreating a real life range-doctoring situation. Although ranch roping is not a timed event, competitions do pit the ropers against



Dick Grosskopf (left) was instrumental in starting the Northern Range Ranch Roping Series ten years ago. His son, Scott (right), is currently the President of the Montana based organization.

the clock. Once the announcer designates the critter to rope, the header has two minutes to make his catch. Then, the second roper throws a heel shot. The third rider, or ground man, throws his rope on the ground, dismounts, lays the cow down and moves the head loop to the front legs. The cow is then stretched out. The total time allowance to complete a run is four minutes. Loops must be clean, without twists or figure eights, both ropes must be tight and the ground man must be off the calf before time can be called. Points are based on the distance and difficulty of the throw, with points added for roping within the rodear line, controlling the cow to a stop and completing the run in less than two minutes. Penalties are assessed for losing a rope or improper cattle handling such as dallying on one hind hock. Loping, dismounting without first throwing the rope on the ground and rim firing (rope wrapping around the header's horse) cause disqualification.

While the action unfolds in the roping arena where the ropers showcase their skills, some of the contestants practice their shots on a dummy in an adjacent pen. Houlihans, hip shots, back hands, Johnny Blockers and Del Vientos are some of the most used throws. Over the years, the ropers' skills have improved. "A houlihan used to be considered a fancy loop. It is now considered a basic shot," comments Scott.

Other ropers watch the action from horseback, praising good throws or encouraging a contestant's efforts to lay a critter down. "I like to rope but I also enjoy watching someone throw a nice loop," declares Scott whose perfect Del Viento earlier that day won him 1ST place in the fancy heel shot category. Each competition is a display of vaquero horsemanship and stock handling skills, classy loops and elegant trappings such as finely braided bosals, romals and mecates, engraved silver bits and carved saddles. Here, artistry and

efficiency go hand in hand. "People take pride in their horses as much as their roping skills," comments Woods. There is a different look about them. Rawhide, leather and horsehair are the materials of choice. From their hats to their boots and the type of gear used, early California tradition prevails.



Caleb French is ready to fill his loop

According to Woods, ranch roping is a practical art form that combines good horsemanship, stockmanship and roping. “It brings together cowboys, ex-cowboys and non-cowboys who all share an appreciation for fine horses and good roping skills. For the ones who don’t cowboy for a living, this is the closest thing to being a cowboy. It also gives ranch cowboys a place to compete by using their skills. It’s a good way to keep the tradition alive,” he says. “I like the fact that these competitions highlight the aspects of California style ranching with its finesse and good horsemanship,” adds Montana rancher, Casey Mott, who attended one of the first ranch roping contests ten years ago.

Ranch ropings aren’t restricted to working cowboys. They are a gathering of young and old, novice and pro. “In



Cid Klebenow, Montana cowgirl, is a fierce competitor in the novice division

the past two years, the novice division has been bigger than the open division. The novice division is what makes this sport work,” says Scott Grosskopf. “It’s a great way for beginners to get started before they get thrown to the wolves in the open division.”

Although Staci Grosskopf rodeoed in high school, she never had much interest in roping until she met her husband and started roping at brandings. But, once she started competing in ranch ropings, she was hooked. “It really helped me with my horsemanship and makes me so much handier when an actual job needs to be done. I also realized how competitive I felt once I started. The way the novice division is set up really pushes you to go to the next level and improve your skills,” she says.

Wyoming artist, Crystal Lenhart grew up around ranching and first competed in breakaway roping. Some friends introduced her to ranch roping five years ago and she learned on her own by watching Buck Brannaman’s ranch roping videos and practicing on a dummy. Today, Crystal is not only one of the top ropers in the novice division, but she also appreciates the fine craftsmanship she sees at ranch ropings, which inspires her creativity.

Another big draw to the sport is the camaraderie, as socializing with old friends and fellow ropers plays a big part at ranch ropings. “The best part about it is the people you see at ranch ropings. We run into a lot of old friends,” says Mott.

As the day draws to an end, the fancy loops continue to design intricate and elegant arabesques against the pale blue sky. Thanks to the NRRRS, the tradition of the Pacific Slope is carried on across the Montana range and beyond. For more information, visit www.ranchroping.com.



Paul Woods throws a turn-over Johnny Blocker shot



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Ace Powell & Dave Powell



photo courtesy Dave Powell Collection

Ace and his wife, Thelma, circa 1970



photo by Cena Ewert

Dave Powell - Cowboy Artists of America

The “Ace” of Diamonds and the “Duce” of Diamonds: A Father & Son Pair to Draw to

BY DAN GAGLIASSO

“We weren’t Cowboy Artists back in those days, we were just artists painting the West as we knew it and had experienced it.”

Ace Powell, Montana Cowboy Artist (1912-1978)

“Being inducted into the Cowboy Artists of America was a watershed moment in my life. I was wearing my mom’s McLaughlin family tartan tie and my dad’s silver Ace of Diamonds belt buckle.”

Ace’s son Dave Powell CAA, October 2004

One of the best traits Ace Powell handed down to his son and fellow artist, Dave, was the unconscious way that he “collected” people. Not as a user or con man, but just out of interest and fascination with his fellow man. “He was charming without the hustle and could really relate to people, all kinds of people,” the younger Powell remembers fondly. It’s a talent that has come in handy on more than one occasion.

In 1980, Dave was tracing in his father’s boot steps as a Western artist with a growing recognition, but a struggling bank account. He’d just made the biggest sale of his young professional life; a bronze of a Mandan bull boat sold to a well-known brain surgeon in Crested Butte, Colorado. The collector had written him a check for \$3,500, more than a tidy sum in 1980. But, Dave was down to half a tank of gas without even enough money for a motel room and needed to get back to Montana for another art show. He had to cash that check and fast.

“I just didn’t have it in me to ask the doctor if he could give me fifty of it in cash and write the check for the difference so I could gas up the truck and head on home. So, I drove on up to Denver, in the middle of a snow storm, and parked in the back of a quiet place in the rough part of town and bundled up in a buffalo robe so I could get to the bank when they opened.” Come around three in the morning, the sleeping young cowboy artist suddenly found himself staring down the business end of a .45 Colt in the hands of outlaw biker chief Bobby Rossini. “It turns out there was a biker war going on that I didn’t

know a damn thing about and I was parked right near biker ‘central.’ Lucky for me, when I stuck my head out of the buffalo robe, Bobby recognized me as a friend of artist Hank Lawshe and insisted I come over to his club’s hangout to get



Northern Plains Communication, oil on canvas by Ace Powell

photo courtesy High Noon

warm and have a beer. Bobby was kind of an Al-Swearengen-in-Deadwood kind of guy, double tough and mean as could be if you crossed him. If he said, ‘You need to come in to meet the boys,’ that’s where you were going. All I wanted to do was get that check cashed and get on up the road, but, if I mentioned the check to Bobby, he would have found a way for me to cash it and expect me to party with them on my money until I was broke. I eventually eased my way out of there and made it to the bank, but not before I got a permanent souvenir out of the whole deal: a tattoo.”

Powell grins a little sheepishly showing the red ink on his arm displaying the “Duce” of Diamonds. “I’m the second son of Ace Powell, the ‘Ace’ of Diamonds, that’s how Dad signed his paintings. If I had to have a tattoo, I figured this is the one to have.”

Ace’s “Ace” of Diamonds goes back to the early 1920s when, as a boy, he used to hang around Charlie Russell’s studio at Lake McDonald’s Bull Head Lodge and watch the great cowboy artist paint and sculpt. Drawing would become a passion. “Drawing was just as natural with me as talking when I was a kid. If I wanted to explain something, I was just as likely to draw it out as use words,” Ace once remembered of his youth.

Ace’s dad, Austin, had cowboy’d on the 7Up Ranch near Fort Belknap before homesteading the place on the lake. His mom, Myrith, had come up the Missouri River to Fort Benton on a steamboat to teach school in 1900. Ace’s dad knew Horace Brewster, Charlie Russell’s old jigger boss during the annual Judith Basin Roundups,



photo courtesy Dave Powell Collection

A young Ace Powell ready for a deer hunt near Kalispell, Montana in 1924

who was now the area's Park Service Ranger. With Horace's help, the couple soon ran a local pack string and cooked for and looked after the Russell's and their guests when they came up to the lake every summer. Young Ace was soon riding and palling around with the Russell's adopted son, Jack. Charlie's wife, Nancy, who had grown up pretty hardscrabble herself, noticed Ace's artistic inclinations and bought him his first paint box set as a Christmas gift.

The fledging ten-year-old painter quickly appropriated a piece of canvas tent fly and copied Russell's *Laugh Kills Lonesome*, right down to Charlie's famous buffalo skull signature. Ace then proudly showed that first canvas to Russell's protégé, cowboy artist Joe DeYong. After a few quiet moments, DeYong pointed out, "When you put someone else's brand on your horse, then it becomes their horse. You go by Ace, why don't you just sign it with the 'Ace' of Diamonds? That's a pretty good name, ain't it?" And so, Ace Powell's "Ace" of Diamonds was born.

Ace and second son Dave really were drawn out the same deck of life. World-renowned artist Ned Jacob met Ace Powell and Nancy McLaughlin, fellow artist and Dave's mom, when he first moved to Montana in 1956 as a wide-eyed kid from New Jersey who wanted to paint the West. "Dave Powell is the only person I've ever known beside N.C. Wythe's son, Andrew, who was born to be an artist. Dave was playing with modeling clay when he was still in the crib. It's a calling and it's about personal integrity."

An artist with his own great lust for life, Jacob observes that, "Ace, Nick Eggenhoffer, John Clymer, Joe DeYong, Joe Beeler – the really great Western artists – they were all full of life and imagination. Just like Charlie Russell was. They weren't afraid to laugh out loud and display their passions openly. As unassuming as Dave is, he's like that, too. He's not a slave to photographs the way a lot of his contemporaries are.

Both Dave and his father, they'd look at a blank page or canvas, just visualize something and start drawing or painting."

Ace once proudly proclaimed that, "My whole life is wrapped up in my art. Art is my work, my play, my friend –



photo courtesy Dave Powell Collection

Wood carving added a new dimension to Ace Powell's artist's talents

my everything. If you're born to be an artist, you'll do it no matter what it cost you in personal sacrifice."

Jacob remembers a particularly tight winter in Montana when Ace Powell's old Desoto pulled up in front of his tiny place in Browning. "He and Nancy were raising a family and they were always poor as church mice. Yet here was Ace carrying a couple of grocery bags filled with canned goods, cigarettes, everything I needed. I told him there was no way I could ever repay him. Ace said, 'When I was a kid, people were good to me. Someday you'll repay the favor to someone else, that's the way it works.' Ace really got me on the right track."

That's just the way Dave remembers his dad, too. "I never saw that man do a mean or petty thing his whole life. Dad always taught us to leave some money on the table. Whether it was selling a piece to a collector, horse trading, or just life, he'd always leave the other fella with a little extra."

Ned Jacob agrees, "Dave's got a lot of that in him, too. Father or son, they'd give you the shirt off their backs. Ace almost singled-handedly built the art business in Montana. There probably weren't



photo courtesy Dave Powell Collection

This painting of the Blackfoot Indians, one of his favorite subjects, was one of Ace's last major pieces

more than five artists in the whole state back then.”

The cowboy from Noffsinger’s old Bar X6 Saddle Horse Company in Glacier National Park, who was basically self-taught as an artist, started a gift shop and gallery up in Choteau, Montana. Ace’s old high school friend from Browning, Bob Schriver, who had first stated making a living as a musician and then as a taxidermist, would eventually establish himself as a sculpture in the same area, as well.

Like Joe Beeler after him, Ace stayed in touch with Joe DeYong, who was in California writing him almost every week just out of mutual respect and kinship. Beeler once said that knowing Joe DeYong “helped provide a bridge to the Old West of Russell for me.” For Ace, DeYong’s friendship and council helped keep his connection to the Charlie Russell he had known in his own boyhood.

Ace also helped out the few other young artists that had moved to Montana or sought him out. At one time or another, Ace helped future greats in the Western art world like Blackfoot painter Gary Schiltz and a young transplanted artist and roper from Oklahoma with a bent for the historical West named Fred Fellows. Fred moved to Montana in the early sixties and remembers that, “Ace just always encouraged young artists. When my wife, Debra, took up sculpting, he encouraged her, too. Even wrote a letter for her as a recommendation.”

Dave remembers, “Dad always admired Fred because of his enthusiasm, his roping skills and his love of history. I don’t



photo courtesy High Noon

Whitemans Wire, oil on canvas

know if Fred ever sold anything because of it, but Ace always talked up Fred’s work to collectors. If a new artist had talent and worked hard, Dad would always speak well of them.”

Today, both Fred Fellows and Dave Powell are proud members of the select Cowboy Artists of America, the premiere Western artists’ organization in the world. “I’ve always liked Dave. He’s like his dad, it’s what’s in your heart and your intent. Dave’s got that. You look at a painting of his and you can bet that everything in it is historically correct,” Fellows says fondly of Dave’s art.

Growing up around two working Western artists, having cowboys, packers, loggers, Indians and other artists always stopping by was just a natural part of Dave Powell’s young life. Future Hollywood stuntman and Academy Award nominated actor Richard Farnsworth and Ace had cowboy’d together for the Bar X6 back in the 1930s. During the 1960s, other authentic film Westerners like the great character actors Slim Pickens and Denver Pyle, writers like Walt LaRue and many more would make it to the Powell homestead for a visit as they were passing through.

Dave remembers “Slim hanging out in our living room when I was in my teens. Ace knew Slim from his rodeo days with the Benny Reynolds Stock Company. Slim, Denver and Dad were all kindred spirits when it came to the Old West. At one time or another as a kid, I think I met every founding member of the Cowboy Artists of America, including George Phippin.”



photo courtesy High Noon

Indian Portrait, pastel and charcoal

As Dave got older, “I became Dad’s studio rat, running errands, doing stuff for him.” There were always old-time Indian items around the studio, antique guns and old cowboy gear that Ace bartered for and bought, pieces that are part and parcel of any good Western artist’s tools of the trade. One day a new item in particular caught Dave’s eye, a rare and beautiful pair of beaded half-breed Métis’

courtesy Dave Powell – photo by Cena Ewert



Dave Powell’s *The Heart of the Outfit* shows the morning calm in cow camp around the cattle drive’s chuck wagon during the 1870s

leggings – the type that show up in a lot of Charlie Russell paintings. “I was looking them over real carefully when Dad handed them to me, ‘I know it ain’t your birthday yet, but here, these are your birthday present.’”

Ace also built a reputation for creative woodcarving and ceramic sculptures, as well as painting, consulting Blackfoot carver John Clark for inspiration and advice. His carvings and sculptures centered on animals – bears, buffalo, mountain goats and horses. Ace’s carvings looked more like bronzes and many local ranchers commissioned him to do pieces of their own personal horses.

Ace Powell’s sketching and painting style was rough, warm and gave off the true-life, raw emotions of people who had really lived a hard outdoors life. B. Byron Price, the distinguished director of the Charles Russell Center for the Study of Western Art, says of Ace Powell’s work, “His art was authentic; it sprang up from the Montana soil that he grew up on.”

One of Dave’s favorite paintings of his father’s was called *Envy*. “It showed this old, worn cowboy riding a boney old horse down a muddy trail wearing a tattered slicker with a whisky bottle in his hand. He’s riding past this perfect white-washed ranch house and you could just tell he’s thinking that he’s just pooped his life away.”

Though in the early 1960s divorce had temporarily

separated the Powell family, some of the kids eventually moved back to live with Ace. “I think his most productive years were those last ten from 1968 to 1978,” Dave reminisces. “He had three of us kids back around living with him and he was doing some great work.”

When Ace Powell died in 1978, he left behind a legacy of common Westerner decency and art that expressed his own personal vision of the West. Dave proudly says of his father, “Ace once said that he thought of himself as a writer. A painting is a piece of drama and tells a story. My dad gave me a great basis of being an American and the ground rules for being a man.”

At eighteen, Dave decided to move to Denver to learn what he couldn’t learn in Montana. Ned Jacob had set himself up in the Mile High City and had a good amount of success with his unique and evocative portraits of Indian peoples. Without hesitation, he made Dave his assistant, let him sleep at the studio, taught the Montana country boy how to get around the big city and often accompanied Dave on his research excursions to the Colorado Historical Society and the Denver Art Museum. “Dad and I both grew up around the Blackfoot Indians in

Browning. Ace’s best friend was a local Blackfoot rancher, Bill Big Springs, but Ned knew about so many other Plains tribes and he had a great research library that he generously shared. Ned opened up my world for me.”

In late 1970s, Dave started selling pieces that reflected his love of the historical West – mountain men and Plains Indians, Texans at the Alamo, 1870s cowboys. But, he’d also discovered the Hollywood West, or it discovered him, partly through his dad’s friendships with Slim Pickens and Denver Pyle. “I worked as a costume designer, sketch artist and historical consultant on a group of low-budget mountain man and Indian Westerns, starting with *Winter Hawk*. It was great training. They may have had tight budgets, but I think we did a pretty good job on the look, and I got to work with great people like Ben Johnson, Alex Cord and old friends like Slim and Denver.”

The renewed interest in Western art gave Dave Powell several other opportunities that good artist looking to try to grow seek out and capitalize on. The Western Heritage Art Show and Sale in Texas sponsored a group of Western artists to travel and study in Europe for several weeks. Dave was one of those lucky enough to be selected in a group that also included Joe Grandee, the official artist of the state of Texas at that time, and the great painter of southwest reservation Indians, Ray Swanson. “We spent time in Italy –

Florence, Sienna, Rome, Naples, Venice – and I managed to get to London, too. Ray and I both got lost one day in Florence, I was never so happy to see someone in all my life. A trip like that really expands your horizons. London was the best. I spent a lot of time at the Tate Gallery. I brought back a lot of humility from that trip. You look at all of these great artists that were so well-known in their own times and now they're almost forgotten. Yet it's still such great art, you just have to go look for it."

Dave considered himself lucky to have started that second career in films since suddenly the oil business went bust and took a lot of Western art sales with it. Like Joe DeYong before him, Dave moved to Los Angeles in the early 1980s to do more film work, while still painting in his free time. DeYong had helped hand down Russell's West to a new generation of moviegoers through his design and historical advising work on such classic films as *The Plainsman*, *Red River* and *Shane*. "Joe's a personal hero of mine. I remember him visiting the house when I was a kid. In L.A., what kept me going was hanging out at stuntman Bruce Morgan's place with other cowboy stuntmen like Tony Epper, Walter Scott and Ted Reid. On weekends we'd rope a little bit, ride a little and sometimes they'd buy pictures from me."

For over ten years, Powell designed, pulled costumes, sketched or advised numerous top actors and filmmakers from Steven Spielberg, Tommy Lee Jones and Ron Howard to Kevin Costner, Lawrence Kasdan, Robert Duvall and *Lonesome Dove* writer/producer, Bill Witliff. His work has



courtesy Dave Powell

Dave's epic and exhaustively researched *White Bull's Battle with Son of the Morning Star* tells one of the legendary stories of the final furious moments on Custer Hill in 1876

appeared in major film and television projects ranging from *Grizzly Adams* and *Star Trek* to *Silverado* and *Lonesome Dove*. Well before the Academy Award winning *Dances with Wolves* got the final go-ahead in 1989, Dave had already done a large number of pre-production sculptures of characters, along with various scene and character sketches for then fledging director Costner. Unfortunately, another job precluded Powell from working on the film during production.

In was on the classic mini-series *Lonesome Dove* in 1988 that Dave managed to impress Bill Witliff with not only his knowledge of the Old West but his on-set artistic skills as well.

"Bill Witliff and costume designer, Van Ramsey, really let me spread my wings. Van knew Victorian styles but didn't really know cowboy clothing. He trusted me as a guide. Good actors use costumes as props and work them. Just watch John Wayne, he used to be able to steal a scene by working an outfit."

Witliff also utilized Dave's artistic talents, employing him as a concept sketch artist who helps compose and block out the scenes to be filmed in detailed drawings. Witliff, a wonderfully artistic Western photographer himself, says of Powell's contributions to *Lonesome Dove*, "He is so generous with his talent. He paid as much attention to extras and bit players as he did to the principal actors. Dave is a very quiet, unassuming man, his natural way is to almost whisper, but his talent soars."

By 1997, Dave had had enough of the bright lights of the big city, so it was back



photo by Cema Ewer – Image courtesy of Andy Tromp

The Hollywood West meets the real West in *Just Once in My Life I'd like to Shoot at an Educated Man*. A piece that evokes Dave's own work on that classic 1988 Western mini-series *Lonesome Dove*

up to Montana to paint full time. He worked cattle and slept in a friend's bunkhouse that first winter. He'd also still maintained contact with other Western artists during his Hollywood respite, especially the late Joe Beeler who, like Ned Jacob, had become more than just another mentor but a close friend. Joe's son, Jody, reflects, "Dad really thought Dave was the real deal. He and Dad spoke the same language, they were so much alike in the way they loved history and the way they could wrap you up in their interests. I mean, if you asked either one about the Apache Wars or the Comanche, you'd better pull up a chair because it would be the best history lesson you'd ever get. Just like looking at one of their paintings."

Back in 1999, the late Joe Beeler told *Cowboys & Country* magazine, "Nobody is better qualified to do Western historical art than Dave Powell. He knows his subject and he can paint, draw and sculpt, all equally well. A lot of Western artist today just go get some costumes they don't know anything about, dress up a model and photograph them. Dave isn't one of those."

Dave remembers fondly, "If it wasn't for Joe, I don't know if I'd have gotten into the Cowboy Artists of America. I was asked to apply, which was an honor in itself. Then I was told



The law catches up to unfortunate young cowhand Teddy Blue Abbott in *The Tallow Faced Kid*. From the horse gear, clothing, firearms and countryside this piece reflects the authentic West of the 1880s.

courtesy Dave Powell - photo by Cema Ewert

suddenly got *the* phone call, without having to submit anything again. Joe Beeler personally made that call to me. I was just floored. Later I heard that Joe told everyone, 'Cowboy Artists was created for guys like Dave Powell.'

One look at Dave's dramatic and authentic painting of the historical West more than bares that fact out. It isn't just the perfectly authentic saddles, guns and landscape, it's the people and horses he depicts and the individual stories that the paintings tell. Since getting back to painting full time, Dave has been a featured artist at the C. M. Russell Museum Gallery in Great Falls, Montana, been honored with a three-month long showing of his work at the Montana Governor's mansion and taken part in every Cowboy Artists of America sale and show since his induction into the organization in 2004. Today, like a number of other CAA artists, the prestigious Trailside Gallery in both Scottsdale and Jackson Hole represents Dave.

Last year he, his wife, Sasha, and their son, Austin, moved to Prescott, Arizona and it's been a great move all around. Dave now gets to see other Arizona based CAA members, such as sculpture Bill Nebecker who also lives in Prescott, on a regular basis. Like Nancy Russell and a lot of other cowboy artists' wives before her, the vivacious Sasha takes care of the business side of things, freeing Dave up to paint.

As Charlie Russell has been quoted so many times, "Any man who makes a living doing what he loves is lucky. And that's me." That would certainly apply to Dave Powell, but perhaps even more fitting would be something his dad, Ace, said late in his life of himself. "Let Charlie Russell be Charlie Russell. Let Frederic Remington be Frederic Remington. I am Ace Powell." And Dave Powell is Dave Powell, his father's son and his own artist.



photo courtesy Jody Beeler

The late Joe Beeler, at left, was a treasured mentor for Dave Powell, at right. Beeler was always very supportive of Powell's work and love of Western history.

I didn't make it this time. I was disappointed but that isn't all that unusual. Some people might apply several times and are eventually voted in. But something happened and I

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RECOMMENDED READING

*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.*

The Log of a Cowboy

Andy Adams

www.houghtonmifflinbooks.com



First published in 1903, *The Log of a Cowboy* is considered by many to be the most accurate and reliable account of true cowboy life during the last part of the 19TH century. From his exploits during the Civil War through his journey west, Adams chronicles his life on dusty cattle drives, sure-enough gunfights and the incredible characters he meets along the way. This

edition is newly introduced by writer Thomas McGuane and gives a superb view of the adventure the reader is about to commence upon. This is a true and timeless classic.

Open Range: The Collected Poems of Bruce Kiskaddon

Bill Siems, Editor

www.oldnighthawkpress.com



The 1980s saw the creation of a new foundation event in cowboy culture – the Poetry Gathering. And, while there are many that have sprouted up all over the West, the daddy-of-them-all is the Elko Poetry Gathering, now called the National Cowboy Poetry Gathering. Cowboy poetry was, for a time, a genre left to the stockman of the West

who filled their long days reminiscing and constructing simple rhymes. Bruce Kiskaddon was largely unknown until the genre's recognition was discovered once again. Editor and publisher, Bill Siems' passion to find and collect all of Kiskaddon's 481 poems, along with the line drawings of Kiskaddon's longtime collaborator, Katherine Fields. What Siems has done in assembling this collection is nothing short of a miracle. His passion has given us all the gift of remembering a simpler time when the spoken word was enough to fill a night sky with wonder. This is a limited edition book – all 609 pages of it – and I urge you to get it for your bunkhouse bookshelf.

Storm Over Rangelands: Private Rights in Federal Lands

Wayne Hage

www.cdfc.org



“The takings clause (of the 5TH Amendment) was not written to protect against frivolous exercises of government power, but more precisely to protect against the opposite. The protection of the 5TH Amendment is most needed to protect the minority against the exercise of governmental power when the need of government to regulate is greatest and the desire of the popular majority is the strongest.” Such were some of the words that decided in Wayne Hage's favor after seventeen years of fighting court battles over the unlawful taking of land by the federal government. Mr. Hage didn't live long enough to see his victory, but the decision will have long lasting implications, establishing that valid private property rights exist in federal lands. This book tells the story.

Grass Productivity

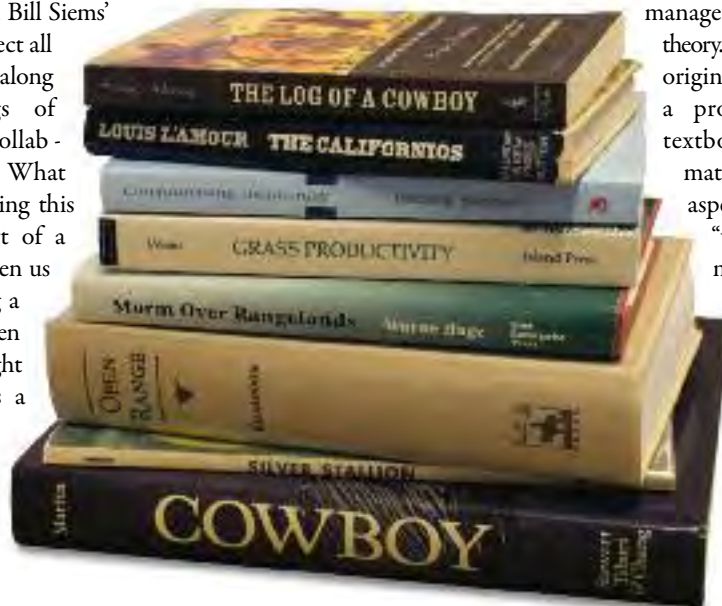
Andre Voisin

www.islandpress.com



Andre Voisin is a member of The Académie d'Agriculture de France in Paris. A biochemist by training, he is a farmer by inclination – known to spend long hours watching his cows grazing his fields in Normandy. This pastime inspired his “rational grazing” management plan theory. This book,

originally published in 1959, is a prodigiously documented textbook of scientific information concerning every aspect of management “where the cow and grass meet.” Voisin's “rational grazing” method maximizes productivity in both grass and cattle operations. Don't think this is dry reading, in today's ag world, we need all the information we can get.



RECOMMENDED READING

Silver Stallion

Bill and Bernard Martin
Tell-Well Press

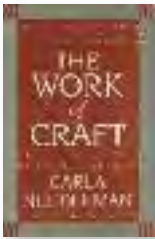


There was a time when children's books, that "pre-iPod" entertainment, were treasures to be passed down – if they managed to last after going through the tough love of a kid's life. This book, *Silver Stallion*, we found at a yard sale and it is billed as the sequel to *Lightening, A Cowboy's Colt*. Kid's books have always

carried a message – they do today but some may not be what parent's are looking for – like *Chucky has Two Dad's* or something. This book, first published in 1949, tells the story of Danny Morgan and the horse that created a mystery in his home valley that Danny had to solve – in 23, "big-type" pages. Books like these are still loved and can be found at used books stores and yes, even on eBay.

The Work of Craft

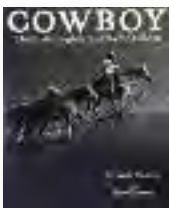
Carla Needleman
www.kodansha-intl.com



The cowboy world has long been a domain of the handcrafted. Bits and spurs and saddles – the cowboy crafts are those steeped in use. Their unique look is enhanced by true function over form. *The Work of Craft* is a profound meditation on the relationship between craft and craftsman. Carla Needleman, a potter, shows that the true and most basic material every craftsman works with is himself or herself. The stuff between one's hands – the clay, the wood, the silver – responds to the quality of one's inner state. The product of one's work is not just an object, but a way of being. Thus, the exploration of a craft is – like this book – an exploration of the processes of life itself.

Cowboy: The Enduring Myth of the Wild West

Russell Martin
www.amazon.com



Here is one of the great books of the West, BUT it's really hard to find. It was originally published in 1983 and contains some of the finest photographers ever to work the West. One western newspaper review of the book couldn't stop drooling over it, "Colorado-born Martin has

created a monumental, synoptic portrait of the cowboy, tracing the amazing evolution of this mythic figure through the early dime novels, on to Wild West shows and rodeos, movies, television, country music and advertising ... This is one of the most beautiful books I've ever seen." Whew, but they were right. If you can find one of these, buy it.

The Californios

Louis L'Amour
www.randomhouse.com

Nobody does great period Western writing better than Louis L'Amour. How can you lose with a description like this: "In 1844, nobody believed there was gold in California. Nobody, that is, except the Mulkerins and an old Indian with mystical powers. The Mulkerins needed a treasure to settle the debt on their Malibu ranch. The Indian was willing to lead them to one.

But, riding hard on their trail was the greediest band of cutthroats north of the Baja. Killing was their business. Doing it for gold would only make it sweeter." Such is the stuff of L'Amour's 1974 ode to the California of the early 19TH century. Hard to find, but worth it.



Compromising Democracy

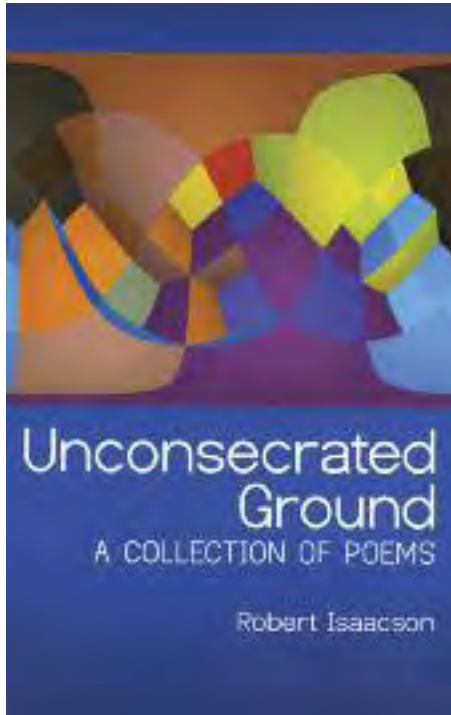
Harold S. Shepard
www.iUniverse.com

Here's an enlightening look at one perspective on whether livestock grazing should occur on "federal" lands. As described by the publisher, "Few authors have covered the impact on federal rangelands of the political right's attempt to reverse the influence of the environmental laws passed in the '70s and '80s and the GOP's assault on federal courts and plaintiff's attorneys. Shepherd illustrates the critical role of federal courts not only in the protection of public lands and how the Bush administration set about dismantling this court system as part of its attack on 'activist' judges and plaintiff's lawyers, but the fundamental principles of democracy." Given that, it is important to read all sides on a matter in order to be fully informed – whether one agrees with a point of view or not.



RANGE WRITING

Some cowboy poems that have come our way



Robert Isaacson is a father, husband, rancher, poet, teacher and writer. He is a plain talker whose writings touch the earth and hold fast to the West. He is a landscape painter with words. These poems are from his recent book of poetry, *Unconsecrated Ground*, published by Muleshoe Press – named after his family's Arizona ranch, The Muleshoe Cattle Company. Robert and his wife, Sally, live on their ranch, the El Chorro, in the San Julian Valley of Central California where they still use the family's quarter circle mule shoe to brand the new spring calves.
www.amazon.com

RIDING IN

One time, a long time ago,
when they were young,
Frank and Vicente
were riding in,
to Rancho San Julian
headquarters,
coming back
from some far-off corner
of the ranch,
from a day of checking troughs
or roping calves
(to pull foxtails from their eyes),
maybe somewhere
out on those
big Santa Anita slopes
above the Hollister,
when they jumped
a bunch of wild pigs,
out on a small flat,
the big sow in the lead,
running ahead, snorting,
heading towards the brushline,
the piglets,
running slower, bunched up,
far behind the black sow,
and Vicente,
he was riding
a big, long-legged bay colt,
one still in la jacqima,
and Vicente,
he spurred that green colt
into a full gallop
across that flat
and, in the blink of an eye,
roped a pig
tight around the belly,

but when that colt
suddenly figured out
(or maybe smelled)
what was on the end
of Vicente's riata,
he spooked sideways
like a double barrelled
shotgun blast
and took off
bucking and plunging
like all hell,
Vicente hauling in
on his mecate,
to one side,
trying to pull the colt
into a big circle,
and Frank,
knowing what's important,
leaped off his horse,
grabbed Vicente's riata
and jumped on top of the pig,
sitting on it
so it couldn't get away,
and when
the dust had settled
and when Frank
looked up,
there, standing still,
was Vicente's colt,
the saddle
upside down,
dangling loose,
below its sweaty belly—
and there was Vicente,
sitting on the colt,
arms folded,
waiting for his pig.

HUGH SWEENY

I never knew
Hugh Sweeny,
who lived up high
in the Santa Rosa Hills, alone,
in the oak and brush country

that forks east
off the La Vina Canyon,
a small valley
with a spring,
an old homestead

on government land
between the ribbon wire
of two rancho boundaries—
rough land
of little value.

He lived in a cabin,
board and baton,
one room
of one inch redwood,
no running water,
except a flush toilet,
standing alone
in the middle of the floor.

RIDING OUT

Old Vicente Guevarra
and Frank Beggs
(Frank's father, the old Scotsman,
ran San Julian,
you know, the time
it was lost to the bank,
1910 or thereabouts)
were riding out
in the morning to gather
more of those
half wild bronco steers
Kern County Land Company
used to run in that country,
back after they built
the first cross fence on Tract B,
across the Cuevitas
and up the Ytias canyon
(You know, up where Signorellis
used to farm beans
in the fifties),
and Frank, he told me
they were still roping
those big Kern County steers
years later,
dragging them outta the brush,
and hog tying them,
but Frank and Vicente,
that day they rode up
to some sheepherder's shack,
and the old sheepherder had gone off
and left his coffee pot
boiling on the fire,
and Vicente, he got down off his horse,
and went into the shack,

and found a tin cup and helped himself
to some hot coffee, you know,
I guess it was right there
and he couldn't help himself,
and, anyway, the way things were,
back then, in those times,
we worked long days
and might not get in
'til long after moonrise,
so then, Frank tells me,
Vicente mounted up and they rode off,
up into the oaks, to scout
for more of those steers,
but, then, after awhile,
Vicente, he starts to lean over
his saddle horn
and groan loud with bad gut pains,
and then he gets real sick, you know,
so they wait awhile,
until Vicente feels like riding again,
and then Vicente, he tells Frank,
"I'm gonna go back
to that sheepman's shack
and find out
what was in that coffee pot!"
so they rode back up along the creek,
back up to the sheepherder's place,
and Vicente, he gets off his horse,
and empties the black coffee on the ground,
and knocks four inches
of dead flies
outta the bottom of the pot.

MAYORDOM
O

Jim Rios,
the old, bearded
Mayordomo
on San Julian,
once said
of Vicente,
"Ai carramba!
Can that man ride!
Once he
rode
that horse
of his
down
those steep
El Jaro hills
so damn
fast
the horse
finally
had to just
sit down
on its tail
and slide—
slide,
on the slick summer
grass
slide clear
down
to the bottom
of them
big, old
hills."

They say
he was one-eyed—
His reata had snapped
off the heels of a fat calf
at spring branding.

He wore angora chaps
and braided rawhide
for his money.

He once burned his house
to the ground
boiling tallow on his wood stove
to soap his strings.

He lived simply.
It was easy to rebuild.

Men, middle-aged,
now graying,
remember him only
as an old man
in baggy jeans,
stopping
his green truck
to open the wire gate
on the way to town.

The daughter
sold the place—
a neighbor bought them out.
They're all gone now.

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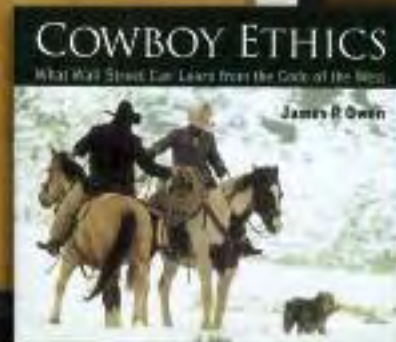
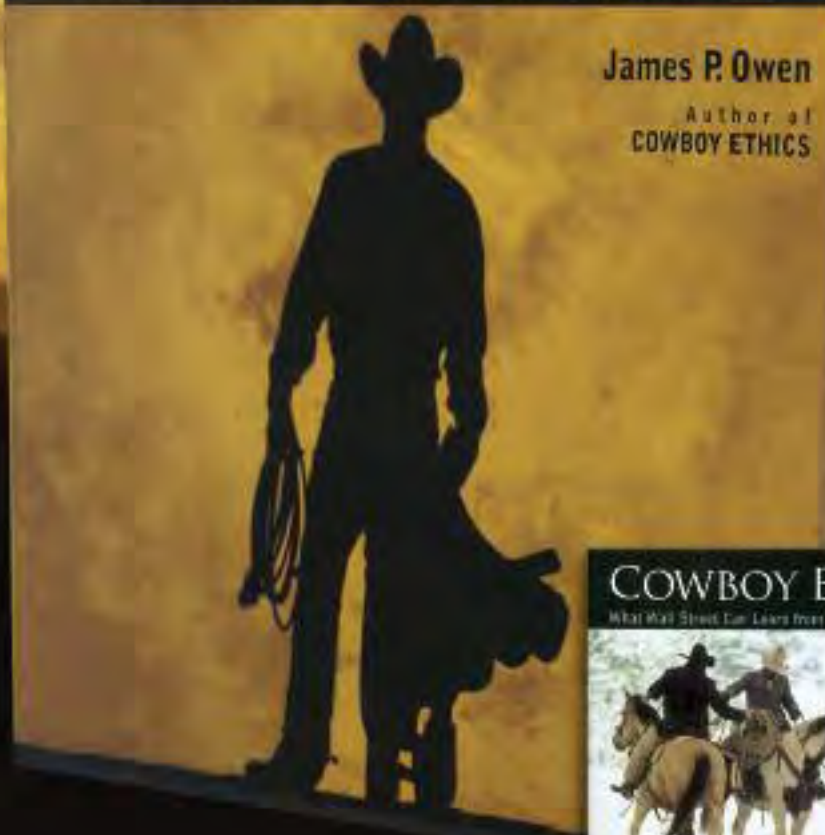
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OUT THERE



photo by Susan Doverspike

Susan Doverspike sent this photo to us from Oregon. As she describes it, "It's a shot of two of our buckaroos, Roman Snapp and Cliff Dawson, at sunrise working on the West Table." Susan and her husband, Mark, along with her mother, Vera, operate their cattle ranch as Hotchkiss Company, Inc. They are the third and fourth generations and their three sons, ranging in age from 19 to 26, are the fifth generation. The picture was taken on the West Table at dawn on the way to move cattle for the day. The West Table is the division line between the Burns District BLM and Malheur National Forest, about 40 miles north of Burns, Oregon.

On the last page of each issue, we will leave you somewhere in America where work is going on, lives are being lived and families are doing their best. Send us your photo from OUT THERE. If we publish it you'll receive a pair of PARAGON mugs. See our web site for details. www.paragonfoundation.org

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