The Journal of the American West

Ranch & Reata

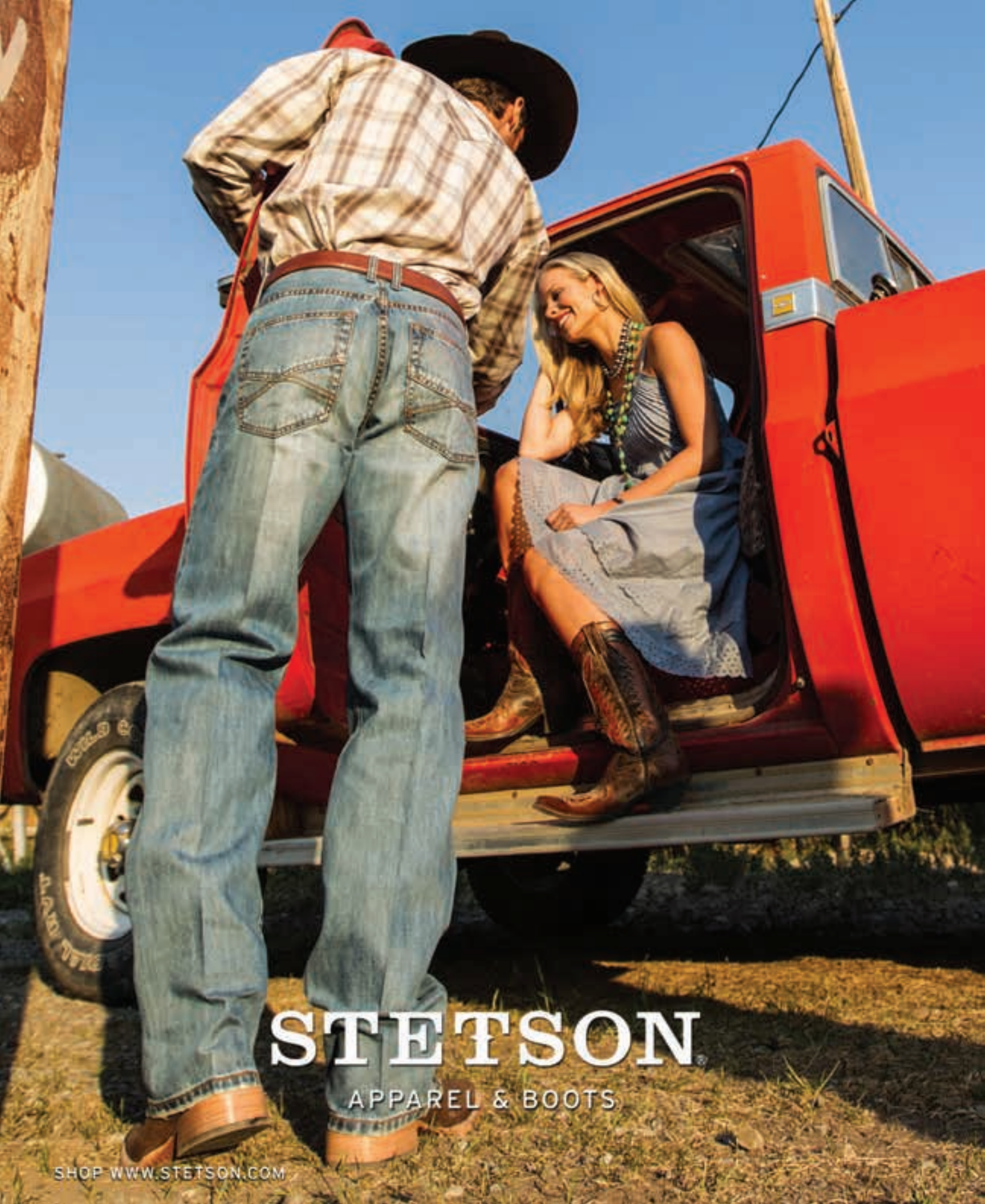
Volume 2.4 $14.95

Marty Robbins' El Paso – The Real Story

Cowboy Artist Fred Fellows

Horseman and Photographer Harry Whitney

Heartland: A TV Western for the 21st Century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FRONT GATE

photo by Harry Whitney

Friend of Mine.
A rare moment captured in California where a friend was working a horse under a covered arena and the low evening sun poured in. I was really excited when I saw the softness of the lighting highlighted the softness of the moment when he petted his horse. You just couldn't do any better.
—Harry Whitney

Photo by Harry Whitney

This scene was taken in the high plains of eastern Colorado where the weather, especially in winter, can be extreme. The snow is just starting to come and the wind is blowing. Who knows what could be by morning. There is a hardness that is softened by the movement of the blowing snow.

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Cover: Leather and silver work by Rick Bean
Courtesy the TCAA/National Cowboy & Western Heritage Museum

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EDITOR'S NOTE

On Set

By A.J. Mangum

On an overcast morning in the heart of Alberta's ranch country, we drove through the open entrance gate to a local racetrack and slowed the car as we passed a lone security guard sitting in a chair and reading a newspaper. He nodded casually, waving us past.

It should be more difficult, I thought, to get on the set of a major television show.

We parked amid the collection of trailers in use by cast and crew, and walked toward the track, where scenes were being filmed for *Heartland*, a CBC family drama about the goings-on at an Alberta horse ranch. The episode's storyline centered on a troubled racehorse. As we approached the set, the director gave instructions to a group of jockeys – stunt riders portraying jockeys, anyway – as their horses were being led into a starting gate. After several takes, each showing the group of horses breaking from the gate, the crew moved to the backstretch to shoot another scene and we went in search of John Scott.

A movie-industry veteran, John supplies horses,

tack, wranglers and equestrian expertise for major film and television productions, primarily working in his home province of Alberta. *Heartland*, a hit show that's made its way south of the border in syndication, is just the latest project on John's resume, which includes work on *Little Big Man*, *Unforgiven*, *Legends of the Fall*, the Lord of the Rings trilogy, and the *Assassination of Jesse James by the Coward Robert Ford*. John had invited us to visit him on set and see some of the behind-the-scenes work that goes into one of the few horse-oriented television dramas in production.

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photo by A.J. Mangum

Film-industry veteran John Scott, photographed on his Alberta ranch, which is home to several buildings comprising a western movie set. Originally built for the western *Monte Walsh*, the set has since been utilized in a number of television and film productions.

Many credit television's golden age – the era of such shows as *Gunsmoke*, *Maverick*, *The Rifleman*, *Rawhide*, *Wagon Train*, *Have Gun Will Travel* and many more – with inspiring a generation of horse-crazy kids and thereby fueling a decades-long heyday for the equine industry. John explained that *Heartland* has had an equally important cultural effect in Canada, helping urban Canadians better understand the stockmen's culture of the western provinces. He credits the show for connecting communities that often have little use for one another.

The golden age of television, of course, is far in the past and, given the breadth and depth of today's media landscape, it's unlikely that even a great small-screen western would have the impact of any of the afore-mentioned classics. Still, it's intriguing, and encouraging, that stories about horses and the West still have the power to capture the imaginations of those who've yet to set foot in, or ride a horse across, wide-open country.

Before long, John had to get back to work and we were left on our own, at the mercy of crew members and producers who began to eye us with suspicion. We decided to leave the set before being asked, and made our way back to the car as yet another scene was being set up. On our way out, we each gave a friendly wave to the security guard, who returned the gesture before returning his attention to his newspaper.

Contributor Tom Moates writes about John Scott and Heartland *in this issue.*


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The Colt Peacemaker

The iconic sidearm is known, justifiably, as the gun that won the West.

By Paul A. Cañada

In April of 2011, Arizona Gov. Jan Brewer signed a bill that made the Colt Single-Action Army revolver, the Peacemaker, the State Gun of Arizona. The proclamation reinforces the impact the revolver had in settling Arizona and the West. The weapon was reliable, powerful, accurate and easy to use, and so became the most popular revolver of the late 1800s.

Colt Manufacturing began development on the Peacemaker in 1872. A year later, the U.S. Army adopted the revolver, along with its .45-caliber black powder centerfire cartridge. The Army issued two models, the Cavalry model, with a 7.5 inch barrel, and the Artillery model, with a 5.5 inch barrel, and between 1873 and 1893, bought 37,000 Peacemakers.

The Peacemaker proved equally popular with the civilian market, as demonstrated by the more than 100,000 sold by the early 1890s. Civilian models were available in several barrel lengths, from 4.75 inches to 12 inches. The revolver's popularity among civilians was attributed to the weapon's reliability, durability and mobility. Compared to other revolvers of that period, the Peacemaker was considered easier to repair and use.

By the time Colt Manufacturing stopped production of the Peacemaker in 1941, about 360,000 revolvers had been sold. As the popularity of western novels and movies flourished in the 1950s, so did interest in the West's history and Colt's iconic revolver. Colt began producing a second generation of .45 SAAs in 1956 in order to meet demand from both Hollywood and collectors.

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photo courtesy Paul Goodwin Photo/Richard & Betty Burdick Collection/Courtesy Colt Historian Beverly J. Haynes

This Colt SAA saw action in the Johnson County War of 1892. Samuel Colt believed his arms were the best peacemaker in a world in which people were "very far from being satisfied with each other."

The production of second-generation SAAs continued until 1974. The company launched a third generation in 1976, after developing improved production techniques, but again manufacturing of the Peacemaker ceased in 1981. Today, Colt again offers the Single Action Army revolver in .45 Long Colt, .357 Magnum, and .44-40, and in all standard barrel lengths.

Many firearm experts claim the current generation of Colt SAA revolvers are as good as those earlier models favored by collectors and enthusiasts. The latest version of the Peacemaker is both easy to handle and shoot. It features a polished spur hammer, black composite eagle stocks, blue or nickel finish, and a fixed front blade with a U-notch rear sight.

Years before the Peacemaker had been developed, Samuel Colt noted, "The good people in this world are very far from being satisfied with each other and my arms are the best peacemaker."

In the case of the SAA revolver, Mr. Colt was a visionary. The revolver was the handgun of choice of western legends Buffalo Bill Cody, Pat Garrett, Wyatt Earp, Judge Roy Bean and many others. But more importantly, its ease of care, durability, accuracy, and functionality made the Peacemaker a practical and necessary tool for the farmer, rancher, shopkeer or homesteader living in the often dangerous, untamed West.


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From the office of the legendary designers Charles and Ray Eames comes a new version of their 1950s venerable classic, The House of Cards. The images are of what Charles and Ray Eames called "good stuff", chosen to celebrate "familiar and nostalgic objects from the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms." The six slots on each card enable the player to interlock the cards so as to build structures of myriad shapes and sizes. Hours of fun. The publisher loves his. www.amazon.com

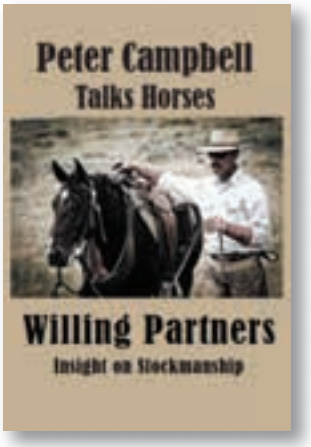
A Few More Grand Little Books

The *Little Healer* is a wonderful volume of stories Joanne Rhoads' grandmother told her about growing up in the Sierra Nevada foothills as a member of the Chuckansi tribe. Like other of Joanne's children's books, this one glorious illustrated by the high-desert, buckaroo master himself, Larry Bute. Contact Joanne via email at flathattrading@aol.com

Several years ago, Merrilee Doss brought us Dick Deller's landmark book on Spade Bits and recently she released a new volume of Richie Morgan's incredible collection. *One Man's Collection of Early California Bits* is destined to be another classic from Merrilee. She didn't print very many, so get yours at www.OneMansCollection.com

The multi-talented Paul Hunter lives in Seattle and for the past 18 years has published letterpress books and broadsides – among other things. His works of farming and agrarian poetry have been broadly reviewed and celebrated as he continues to sing the praises of small farms and family ranching. This new book of poetry, *Stubble Field*, was immediately swiped from my desk – a sure sign of a best-seller. Paul can be reached through his print shop at www.woodworkspress.com

A New Book from Horseman Peter Campbell



In the newly published *Willing Partners: Insight on Stockmanship*, one of North America's leading horsemanship educators shares his insight.

"There are a million different ways to work a horse. For me, there's only one right way: to work from where the horse is at." This comment by clinician Peter Campbell says much about his approach to horsemanship. A rarity among today's crowded field of horsemanship educators, Campbell doesn't concern himself with paint-by-numbers methods or pre-programmed step-by-step instruction. Instead, he treats each horse as an individual with unique needs, and views horsemanship as an ongoing personal journey, one that can change the way a rider sees the world.

In his new book, *Willing Partners,* Campbell offers his insights on horsemanship, sharing with readers his own life experiences with these special animals that still inspire him on a daily basis.

"As you spend more time with horses, you realize there's always so much more to know," Campbell says. "Whatever the horse is offering, it's bigger than us."

Willing Partners, a collector's edition dustjacketed hardcover, is available from booksellers worldwide, including Amazon.com and Barnes & Noble Online. Other book titles available include, *Saddles & Silver, Collaboration in the Traditional Cowboy Arts* by Scott Hardy, Cary Schwarz and A.J. Mangum and *Cowboys & Ranchlands,* photographs & commentary by Con Haffmans. www.frontierprojectinc.com/books.

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Tumbleweed Saddlery

Bill Adams is a fine saddle maker. Here's a nice one from his Tumbleweed Saddlery in Morgan Hill, California.

Email him for more information at adamsw28@hughes.net.

Empty Saddles

Robert Anton Isaacson (1948-2012)

Bob Isaacson, a grand and gracious westerner, passed away peacefully September 25th with his wife Sally and daughter Katie by his side. Bob was a gifted writer, educator, & rancher, living most of his life on his beloved El Chorro Ranch near Lompoc, CA. Bob was a dedicated steward of the land and worked hard to have his family's ranch placed under a conservation easement with the California Rangeland Trust – forever protecting it and its agricultural purpose. He had a great interest in the history of the west and authored and co-authored a number of books and articles, including *Cattle Upon A Thousand Hills: Ranch Life in Santa Barbara County in the Twentieth Century As Recorded in Family Albums* and *The Muleshoe Cattle Company: An Anthology of Memories of Life on an Arizona Cow Ranch, 1906-1928.* A talented poet, his recent volume of poems and writings, *Unconsecrated Ground* is a true gift. Bob Isaacson was a fine man. He will be missed.

Haiku

By Robert Isaacson

In the Tractor Shed Machine Shop:

Turn the screw lever
And tighten, tighten, tighten –
Thought caught in a vise.

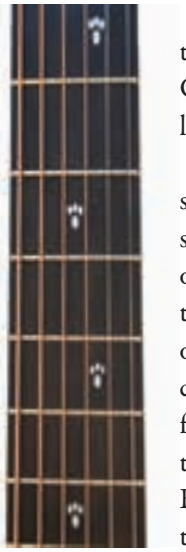
A Small Group of Cows Arrange Themselves in a Bright Green Swale:

Some stand and graze.
Others lie down and look up –
They think me an artist.

Lion Kill in Pig Canyon, Found on a Late Afternoon Walk:

We pause.
The leg of a calf lies on the road.
It is a long way home.

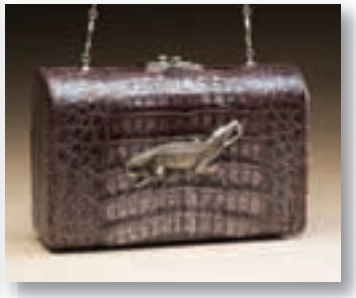
Baranik Guitars



Seemingly hidden in the hills of Templeton, California is the shop of luthier, Mike Baranik.

Guitar making, like saddle making, has seen somewhat of a renaissance of late. Maybe the desire to make something with one's hands in an era of computer generated everything is part of it, but whatever the reason, for Mike Baranik, it is his passion – and has been since 1995. "I love the beauty of fine wood," he says, and it shows in his instruments. Body and top woods, from traditional to alternative, come from a treasure trove of superb wood sets purchased over several years. "Adirondack and Italian spruce are two of my favorite top woods," he says. "I like lots of different woods for backs and sides, including koa, Brazilian rosewood, Macassar ebony, and claro walnut." Wood binding, purfling, rosette, end block, and heel cap are standard appointments, and a cutaway, slotted headstock, or fingerboard inlay is available by custom order. This guitar, owned by Jim Fiolek of Solvang, California, was inspired by a pet rabbit – note the inlay of rabbit feet on the neck. www.baranikguitars.com

Victoria Adams



Artist, jeweler and one-time packer, Victoria Adams and her work have evolved through the years – from one of a kind cowboy buckle sets to art jewelry that reflects her Cheyenne lineage. "I guess I could say I have been able to be both, 'cowboy and indian' in my life." Currently, as you will see in our Christmas Wish List, she is producing a line of embellished purses. Here is a quick look at the creative evolution of Victoria Adams. www.victoriaadamsjewlery.com

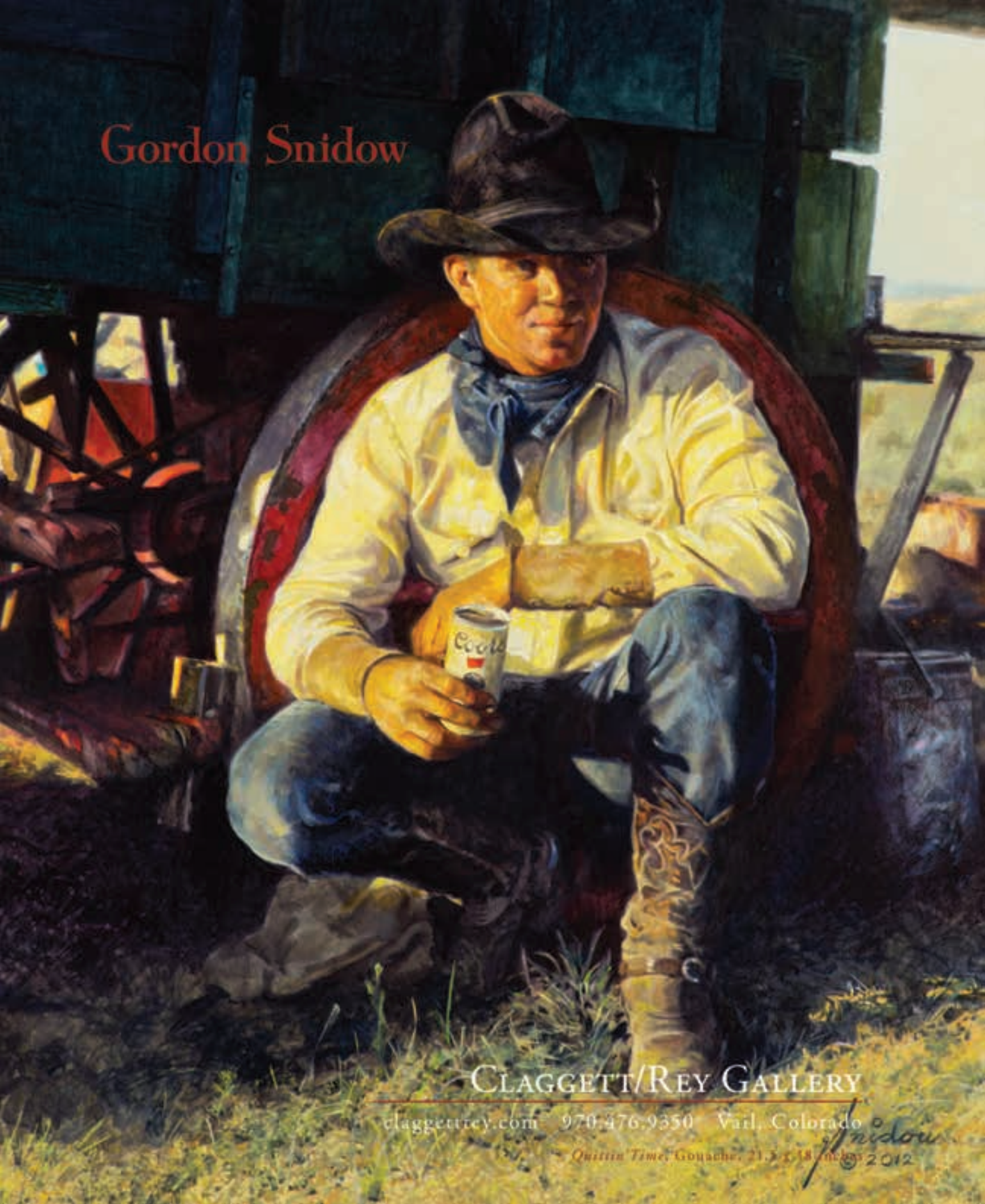
Here it comes! The 29th National Cowboy Poetry Gathering

The 29th National Cowboy Poetry Gathering – (can you believe it's been 29 years!) – the nation's greatest celebration of the American West, its people, culture and traditions – will take place January 28 to February 2, 2013, in Elko, Nevada. Ticket sales for the Gathering begin on September 4 to members of the Western Folklife Center, the nonprofit organization that produces the event, and October 4 to the general public. The National Cowboy Poetry Gathering features performances of poetry and music from the cowboy and ranching occupation, but also presents exhibitions, films, workshops, dances and discussions – all centered on land-based culture in the American West, its traditional arts and the challenges it faces in the 21st century.

The Gathering will host *butteri*, cowboys from Italy, who have their own unique poetry, music, gear and traditional techniques, but still have much in common with their counterparts in the American West and cattle cultures across the globe. The *butteri* are from the Maremma region of Italy, where they have been raising and herding the large lyre-horned Maremmana cattle for centuries.

The Gathering also features hands-on workshops in traditional western arts such as rawhide braiding and cinch-making as well as songwriting, Italian cooking and rhythm guitar. It also offers three western dances, film screenings, and open-mic poetry and music sessions. Tickets to the 29th National Cowboy Poetry Gathering can be purchased at www.westernfolklife.org.

Gordon Snidow



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Quittin' Time, Gouache, 21.5 x 18 inches, 2012

Whaddaya Gimme For A...?

A chronic collector at a farm implement auction.

Late August, on a plateau above the cowboy town of Prineville, Oregon, Dennis Turmon, auctioneer conducted a three day long liquidation of the outside conglomeration of the lifetime collector Lee Rhoden. Cast iron seats, windmill pumps, horsedrawn farm implements, old hand tools, gasoline pumps, signs, blacksmithing stuff, and old piles of dear horns greeted the lubricated eyes and dreams of prospective bidders. Twenty five hundred items, four auctioneers, and a gaggle of bidders punctuated the barn yard on a beautiful late summer's labor-day weekend. Lee's heirs had decided to let the yard and barn stuff go, so they called the man Lee had recommended before his death, Dennis Turmon, to set it up. Took him 5 weeks to tag and arrange the hundreds and hundreds of items, and he did an outstanding job. Didn't hurt any that Dennis Turmon and Lee were friends going way back and that many of these items Dennis had seen before, when Lee had been the winning bidder at previous auctions years back.

photos by Kristi Gilman-Miller

What is it about the west that seems to invite a "gather-to-me" spirit in its residents. Whether it's those of us who have too many horses, or those with half a thousand old horse bits, we just want the things we love in collections. If six saddles feel good imagine what 60 would feel like? If you fall in love with an old ESSO gasoline sign imagine how it would look in amongst a dozen others from Texaco to the Mobil winged horse? If one old anvil vise looks that good on the shelf why not collect a set of them? Well, truth be known many a wife has had ready answers to those questions – and some of those answers came complete with lumps on the noggin.

But if you've got the disease, the knowledge of sudden, sure judgement will not always dissuade you. The true aggregator can smell opportunity, that sensation which always breeds courage and daring. And for the chronic collector there is nothing like a good old-fashioned ranch or barn-yard auction. The atmosphere just feels like it was created for you. Everything for sale, and to the person who has the smarts to think fast and get the last bid in. It's a game, a contest, a war of wills. A place where no one else but you knows the value of that thing you are drawn to. A place and time where caginess is rewarded (or you feel it ought to be). A place where the infectious prattle and call of the auctioneer seems to shield you from view, seems to honor your anonymity.

After all, any old timer will tell you that one of the prime objectives of a ranch auction is that you as a bidder blend in, become invisible, become expressionless, cool, distant, casual, calm, and firm. All that said, in contradiction the true hero bidders are those who can laugh, converse, walk around, and ignore the auction while bidding on the sly from behind their back. Never letting anyone but their favorite ring man know where they are in relation to the transaction. Ah, and all that good stuff requires just the right setting, a time and place very much like Turmon's Labor Day Rhoden weekend estate sale in Prineville, Oregon. You shoulda been there.

Dennis Turmon, a lifetime member of the Bit and Spurs Collectors of America, believes we are nearing the end of an era. He laments the fact that old-time barnyard collectible auctions like this one will soon be a thing of the past, what with Craig's List and Ebay and the internet. But I disagree with him completely. There's something about the real-time "catch me if you can" percussion of an auction that is downright intoxicating. No "virtual" reality can replace the experience. It is still the place and time of discovery, it is still the shadowy theater that bubbles and churns until buried treasure pops to the surface. It makes men out of boys, cash into toys, and women to lose their sense of humor. Not all auctions are equal. A good one is the work of the people who understand and love this form of market theater. People like Dennis Turmon. LRM


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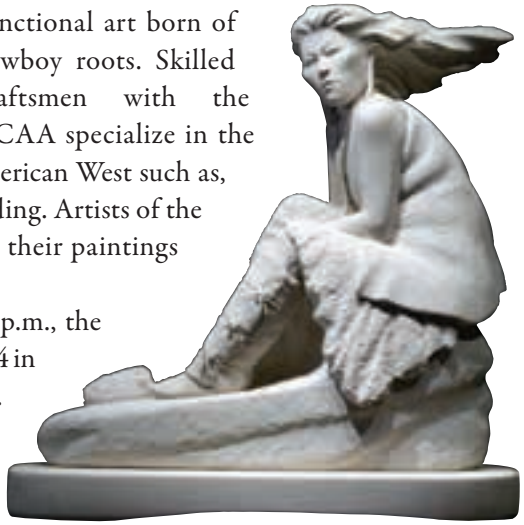
Experiencing America's Story

The National Cowboy & Western Heritage Museum in Oklahoma City houses the dramatic stories of Western people and places. The Museum embodies the spirit, passion and grit represented by the American West. Through stunning works of art and splendid exhibits, the Museum tells America's story as it unfolds across the West.

Formerly known as the "National Cowboy Hall of Fame," the Museum attracts visitors from around the world with its tremendous collection of art, artifacts and research materials all of which center on preserving, interpreting and advancing the history of the American West. From fine art, pop culture and firearms to Native American objects, historical cowboy gear, shopping and dining, the Museum is a must-see destination enjoyed by visitors of all ages.

In addition to the Museum's unrivaled collection of Western art and artifacts, each year the Museum has the distinct privilege of hosting art shows and sales, offering the best in contemporary Western art under one roof. At "Cowboy Crossings" this fall for example, the Museum hosts two shows simultaneously; the Traditional Cowboy Arts Association (TCAA) and the Cowboy Artists of America (CAA). Patrons and collectors can expect to find today's finest in visual and functional art born of cowboy roots. Skilled craftsmen with the TCAA specialize in the role of traditional crafts that represent the cowboy culture of the American West such as, saddle making, bit and spur making, silversmithing and rawhide braiding. Artists of the CAA keep the West alive through their paintings and sculpture.



Open daily from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., the Museum is located along Interstate 44 in Oklahoma City's Adventure District. www.nationalcowboymuseum.org

Saluting Red Brand Fence and their work for the FFA

Red Brand fence, manufactured by Keystone Steel & Wire in Peoria, Illinois, has been a long-time supporter of FFA. As one of the leading manufacturers of agricultural fencing in the country, Red Brand joined forces with the National FFA in 1947 and saw an opportunity to support the country's future ag leaders. 65 years later, the enduring relationship has fostered many unique programs that encourage and support FFA at all levels.

According to Doug Wright, FFA Board Member and Vice President of Sales and Marketing at Keystone, "FFA holds a special place in our hearts, and a lot of our employees – from people working on the manufacturing floor to the executive level – came up through FFA programs. Many of them still have children in FFA; it's interwoven into the history of the company. We understand and appreciate the vital role that FFA plays in the lives of our country's young people," he continues, "and we are committed to helping to support their efforts."

Each year Red Brand sponsors two Proficiency Awards (Agricultural Communications and Equine Science) and contributes to SAE grants. At the National FFA Convention, Red Brand holds the distinction of Charter Sponsor of the Bulls 'n Broncs rodeo event, interacts with students and advisors at the convention expo, and serve as equine judges during student competitions.

Red Brand's support goes beyond FFA-sponsored events. "From financial support at the National level to investing in local programs that connect individual chapters to their communities, our participation is broad," Wright said. "We are most proud of the programs Red Brand has created that directly help educate and support our future ag leaders. These programs are an integral part of the commitment we have made to investing in FFA. It's truly satisfying to partner with such a highly respected organization like FFA. We expect our long-standing relationship to continue for years to come as we work with FFA to create innovative programs that support the goals of both the National FFA and their students."

We are pleased to celebrate Red Brand and their parent company, Keystone Steel and Wire Company, founded way back in 1889. *Ranch & Reata* is proud to also support the FFA through its Blue Jacket Program helping members to afford their FFA "blue jackets." Please see our special FFA subscription page in this issue and we hope if you need fencing, your first place to look is at www.redbrand.com

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Home On The Range
Ferndale: The Doheny Ranch

By Alan Hess
Photography by Alan Weintraub

In 1929 Wallace Neff would create a full-blown Hollywood extravaganza at the King Gillette Ranch. He pursued a different direction when he designed this earlier ranch house for the oil-rich Doheny family of Los Angeles along the winding road to Ojai. Like many of the wealthy, the Dohenys had a cattle ranch as part of their portfolio, though the startling beauty of the site and of the house in its glen suggest it was as much a retreat as a working ranch.

Here Neff moved toward the simplicity of the original haciendas of California while showing how that chaste vernacular style could be adapted to create an appropriate home for a wealthy family. The ranch house sits on the floor of a landscaped forest glade, next to a stream. Oaks, redwoods, maples, and palms create an almost complete canopy over the house, though the backdrop of majestic mountains can still be glimpsed.

Like the original haciendas, this house is as much a collection of several small buildings as a single big building. The room wings, the chapel, the living room, and the study all are self-contained and connected only by the broad tile roof and the outdoor corredors and breezeways. In a ranch house, the out-of-doors is never more than a few steps away.

The house wraps around three sides of a rectangular courtyard, as did Rancho Los Cerritos. Beneath a covered colonnade the rooms open directly onto the court. Instead of adobe, the walls are made of whitewashed brick. The brick's rough texture adds to the feeling of a house built simply and crudely, like the authentic ranchos. Neff adds touches, however, that the original haciendas could rarely afford, and rarely needed. Wrought-iron box grilles cover each window along the bedroom wing, allowing the sash to open out. A picturesque iron gate and gate house sit by the main road.

This is, no question, a high-style version of the ranch house. But in its courtyard, in its long bedroom wings, and in the low line of the tiled roof can be seen the outline of the suburban ranch house that Cliff May would create from the same original sources in a few years.

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The Grateful Horses of Joyce Sharp

By Lynn Miller
photos by Kristi Gilman-Miller

Nestled in a rolling-hill pocket, surrounded by the Crooked River National Grasslands, Joyce Sharp lives on and cares for the hundred and twenty acre Central Oregon ranch known as John Sharp's Corral. She also cares for her livestock. And all of that, the land, the animals and her care – those things define her. Magazine articles are frequently showcases for those prominent and conspicuous people who move through life as though it be a temporary condition, human meteors or interesting catastrophes. Only occasionally are we given the opportunity to view a narrative of a well-knit unassuming human being with a character which says "here I am, I am my life, I choose to be doing what I do, I allow what I do to define me." Genuine all the way, no airs, no pretense, the sort of folks you'd want on the neighboring ranch. They aren't necessarily rare those sorts of people, they pepper our western landscape. But they do tend to blend in. I believe we all, especially our youngsters, need more exposure to those lives and histories. We need to be shown, when talking about fellow humans, how the word and distinction "remarkable" needs to be of the widest net. We just might need to be reminded that there is great good in a chosen quiet life well lived. I offer as an example Joyce Sharp of Oregon.

Joyce is a western horsewoman of rare, quiet strength and ability. She exudes a quality and resilience of character that speaks of another time. Or perhaps it's a sort of parallel universe where people completely immersed in their work and chosen cares reflect those values and that energy. Whether in the saddle atop Levi or on a pair of lines behind her Belgian-cross team,

Joyce always gives off a sense of how fortunate she feels to be sharing time with her animals. Though she may not be quick to claim the ranch landscape, it defines her as well.

She is a human record of all that she does and cares for. You cannot look upon her horses or cattle without seeing her and vice versa. And her face is also a record of the land she has cared for. If you want to see the inside of Joyce look upon her magnificent 9 year old grey quarter horse gelding, Levi, or one of her steer calves. It's all there and it's all remarkable; health, calm, intelligence, and beauty. If you want to understand the disposition of her working team, look into Joyce's lovely eyes. If you want to understand the poetic potential of home-grown equine training, notice how Joyce's arm and hand follow and back-cradle the foal. You see respect and calm invitation. Joyce is tough and she is steady. And Joyce is the very essence of humble. Her experiences are various having shared life with two husbands, both horsemen – stalwart teamster Jack Bissell and legendary horse-gentler John Sharp. For all of her adulthood she has steadily held her singular life to the daily rhythms of livestock and land. Her bread and butter outside work has complimented the ranch life, working for decades as a clerk for several of the livestock auction yards in the region.That's where she originally met cowboy John Sharp. (Every spring she helps as clerk for the *Small Farmer's Journal* Horse Drawn Auction in Madras, Oregon). And she enjoys being a regular part of the Sheriff's mounted posse. I first met Joyce in 1988 when she and her then husband, Jack Bissell, arrived with two teams and two mowers to help me drop 100 acres of hay. We also were joined by the late Bill Elrod and Bud Diminck. Including myself, five horse drawn mowers dropped 50 acres each day for two days. Tough demanding work and Joyce was deep and joyfully in it every second of the way. Mowing with

horses is a complex business which requires the teamster to know her horses and the mower, and pay attention. Joyce fit the requirement to a "T". And her abilities come from decades of immersion. Growing up in the Willamette Valley of Oregon, Joyce has had a long history of working with horses and horse people including The Speischaert family of Forest Grove, famous for their Percheron horses on farm fields and in the show ring. She and her first husband, Jack, moved to Central Oregon in 1980, and worked with their teams enjoying events, parades and actual animal-powered farming practices. These days, even as a sixty-seven year-old widower, Joyce stays fully involved in the working animals and ranch life. For example, this last Summer she once again took her team and wagon to the annual Dufur Threshing Bee, a Columbia River Basin living history recreation. Joyce participated in the parade and gave folks rides around the event for the long weekend. She does it because she loves it. And because of that and her easy abilities, wherever she goes with her horses she makes a lasting impression. That's why it seemed natural for me to do a story about her. So I called her on the phone and asked if I might visit to talk and fill in a few details in the narrative. She seemed genuinely surprised. "Don't know that you'll get much of a story" she offered. I knew that I already had the story, I just needed the little details.

Just before we arrived, Joyce had been working to halter train two weanlings. As we pulled up in the truck she walked down from the barnyard. She seemed a little off-balance and I suspect that if we weren't friends the process would have been more difficult for her. So I just allowed that we walked 'round, looked at the stock, and visited about this and that. While walking she said to me, "I need to get back to riding, it's been so long. I haven't been in the saddle in almost a week."

"A week?" I asked. "Do you mean to say that not riding for a week seems a long time to you?" She looked surprised by the question and answered with clear certainty, "Well, yes."

One of the many friendships Joyce and John Sharp valued was with Jack Swanson the cowboy artist and horseman from California. At one point I recalled Jack Swanson's important new volume on his cowboy paintings (see the ad for it in this issue) and mentioned to her that I had noticed a thank-you credit in the book to John Sharp. "Oh, Jack!" she said with real animation.

"Yes, yes! He gave John one of his paintings as thanks for helping him! Do you want to see it?" "Absolutely!" Another one of those hidden trails leading to treasures and evidence, trails that lace the rich and quiet lives of good people. If John Sharp were looking down from heaven he would have enjoyed eavesdropping on this conversation, his eyes would have been twinkling. His smile would have been pregnant with all the untold stories – like that time when he first met young Jack Swanson camped on a river painting. John took him home to a meal and the beginning of a lasting friendship.

When we visited her at the ranch it was obvious that the two dozen horses she shares life with are incredibly fortunate to have her touch and care. Every one, from the foals to the senior citizens, showed all the evidence of great good care. Same thing for the cattle.

Walkin' and talkin' I asked, "What brought you and John Sharp together?"

"I lost Jack in '91 and John lost his wife in '91. I took a braiding class from John. We had worked together before at the auction yards. I worked there all the time, and John just helped every so often."

"When you and John got together was he still traveling around doing clinics and stuff?"

"We had a few workshops and clinics right here, then we got to do wild horse workshops once a year. We got to go down into California, Kansas, Utah and North Carolina."

"North Carolina, that's outside of the west isn't it?"

"Yes, it is." she said laughing.

Joyce has a new addition to the ranch, a senior Mammoth Jack. One of her mares is bred that way. Though Red Deck Junior is still standing at stud, with the steep price of hay and a depressed horse market in general Joyce isn't breeding many mares these days. She laments, in a soft off-handed way, that there is no humane place to go with the old and crippled horses. So she'll just hang on to them and see that they are well cared for. It's her way, it's who she is. And this western landscape is fortunate to have men and women like Joyce Sharp quietly going about the business of small ranches.

Ranch & Reata
ROADHOUSE

As you have seen in past issues of *Ranch & Reata*, we have been telling you that "the west will never be the same." Well it's not. The Roadhouse opened on August 8th to a full house waiting to eat, drink and enjoy a show by the one and only Tom Russell. Then on the 23rd, Ray Benson and Asleep At The Wheel performed two shows and we had to nail the roof back on.

Ranch & Reata Roadhouse is more than a restaurant serving superb "contemporary cowboy cuisine, more than fabulous bar with an incredible wine selection – read more from our wine director, Billy Dim, on the next page, and more than a performance site with a streaming internet studio featuring our own *Range Radio*. The Roadhouse must be experienced, so we invite everyone to stop by in beautiful downtown Santa Ynez. Here are some recent photos to look over – but visit our website and learn more. You can see the menu and the complete wine list and order tickets, right there. But we want you to visit. Your table is ready.






Ranch & Reata Roadhouse
3569 Sagunto St • Santa Ynez, CA 93460
(805) 691-9663 • www.ranchandreataroadhouse.com

RESTAURANT HOURS
SUN-THU: 11AM - 10PM • FRI-SAT: 11AM – 12AM

About Our Our Wine

On August 8th, 2012, Ranch & Reata Roadhouse opened its doors in the heart of downtown Santa Ynez, California. The Roadhouse is an innovative new restaurant/music concept with high-end spirits, an exceptional local wine selection, and fully functioning radio station, RangeRadio.com. Thus far, we have featured such internationally recognized performers as Asleep at the Wheel and Tom Russell, with an incredible artist list to follow.

As Wine Director, and acting Sommelier, it fell to me to create an incredibly unique wine program whereby the goal was not only to represent the extraordinary local product now coming of age in the area, but also to provide for a remarkable new tasting experience that would somehow stand-out in a valley now saturated with traditional wineries.

The Wine Apothecary provides an interactive platform for enthusiasts to engage the industry they love; not simply to taste, but to learn, experiment, and create. Whether here at the bar, at *Ranch & Reata*, online at WineApothecary.com, or eventually from the comfort of your very own home; for the first time, rather than simply standing on the sidelines, the consumer, be it friend, family, restaurateur, or wedding party can take personal wine creativity to a whole new level, and they can do it all at a fraction of the industry standard price. WineApothecary.com will eventually serve as an online platform for enthusiasts to network, compare and contrast different blends, meet friends, organize competitions, and discuss the latest wine-related news.

We are very excited to introduce The Wine Apothecary process to all of you here at *Ranch & Reata* and beyond. The Wine Apothecary will be available for your tasting enjoyment both online and at Ranch & Reata Roadhouse later this Fall. In the meantime, come on down to Ranch & Reata Roadhouse to sample some of our up & coming, small production local favorites paired with our Chef Brian's outstanding cuisine.

Dragonette Rose 2011, Santa Ynez Valley
Recommended Pairing: Chef Brian's Grilled Salmon
8oz. salmon filet, pink peppercorn sauce, served with vegetable quinoa

Chanin Chardonnay 2010, Bien Nacido Vineyard, Santa Maria Valley
Recommended Pairing: Grilled Shrimp Cocktail
Lime marinated grilled shrimp served warm with a tomatillo cocktail sauce

La Fenetre Pinot Noir 2008, Los Alamos Vineyard, Santa Maria Valley
Recommended Pairing: Stuffed Mushrooms
Fresh Crimini mushrooms stuffed with goat cheese, sun dried tomato, spinach and garlic

Piedrasassi Syrah 2009, Rim Rock, Santa Rita Hills
Recommended Pairing: Kansas City Strip
16oz. bone-in New York with Stilton compound butter, served with seasonal vegetables and your choice of fries

Jonata 2008, Proprietary Blend, "Todos" Santa Ynez Valley
(Syrah, Cabernet Sauvignon, Cabernet Franc, Merlot, & Petit Verdot)
Recommended Pairing: Elk on the Range
Fresh ground elk, caramelized onions, roasted garlic aioli and all the fixins, served with sweet potato fries

Wine product at Ranch & Reata Roadhouse is available both in-house and for retail purchase. Eventually, wines will be featured and available for purchase online at Rangeworks.com. Please visit ranchandreataroadhouse.com and WineApothecary.com for the latest updates and we hope to see you soon.

Cheers!
Billy Dim, Wine Director
Ranch & Reata Roadhouse

Tales from the Tail

Hitched horsehair, enhanced with treasured stones and precious metal: the art of Shoni and Ron Maulding.

By Rod Miller

Take a dime out of your pocket. Look at its thin edge. It would take a stack of seven or eight strands of hair from the tail of a horse to equal that thickness.

Now, imagine the patience and dexterity it would take to manipulate those fine strands of horsehair into something functional. Then imagine the artistic talent it would take to make that practical work likewise breathtakingly beautiful.

If your imagination can take you to such places, you've imagined what it might be like to be Shoni Maulding.

But don't stop there. Imagine adding fire to metals more precious than those in the dime – silver, brass, copper alloy – and working them into accoutrements both serviceable and decorative. Develop sufficient knowledge of physics, of chemistry, of heat and flame to meld and mold the crystalline structures of metal into something strikingly beautiful. Then, to enhance that

photos courtesy Ron & Shoni Maulding

Each strand for hitching, or "pull," is made up of eight to 10 strands of dyed hair from the tail of a horse.


BOOTS JUST
GOT BETTER
CINCH

beauty with the addition of treasured stones.

That will give you some idea what it might be like to be Ron Maulding.

But it's unlikely that anything in your imagination can even hint at what might result from the combination of Mauldings. Fortunately, you don't have to imagine it – the upshot of this unique amalgamation of skill and talent, technical ability and artistic vision, is clearly revealed in their work.

Hitched horsehair artist Shoni Maulding at work.

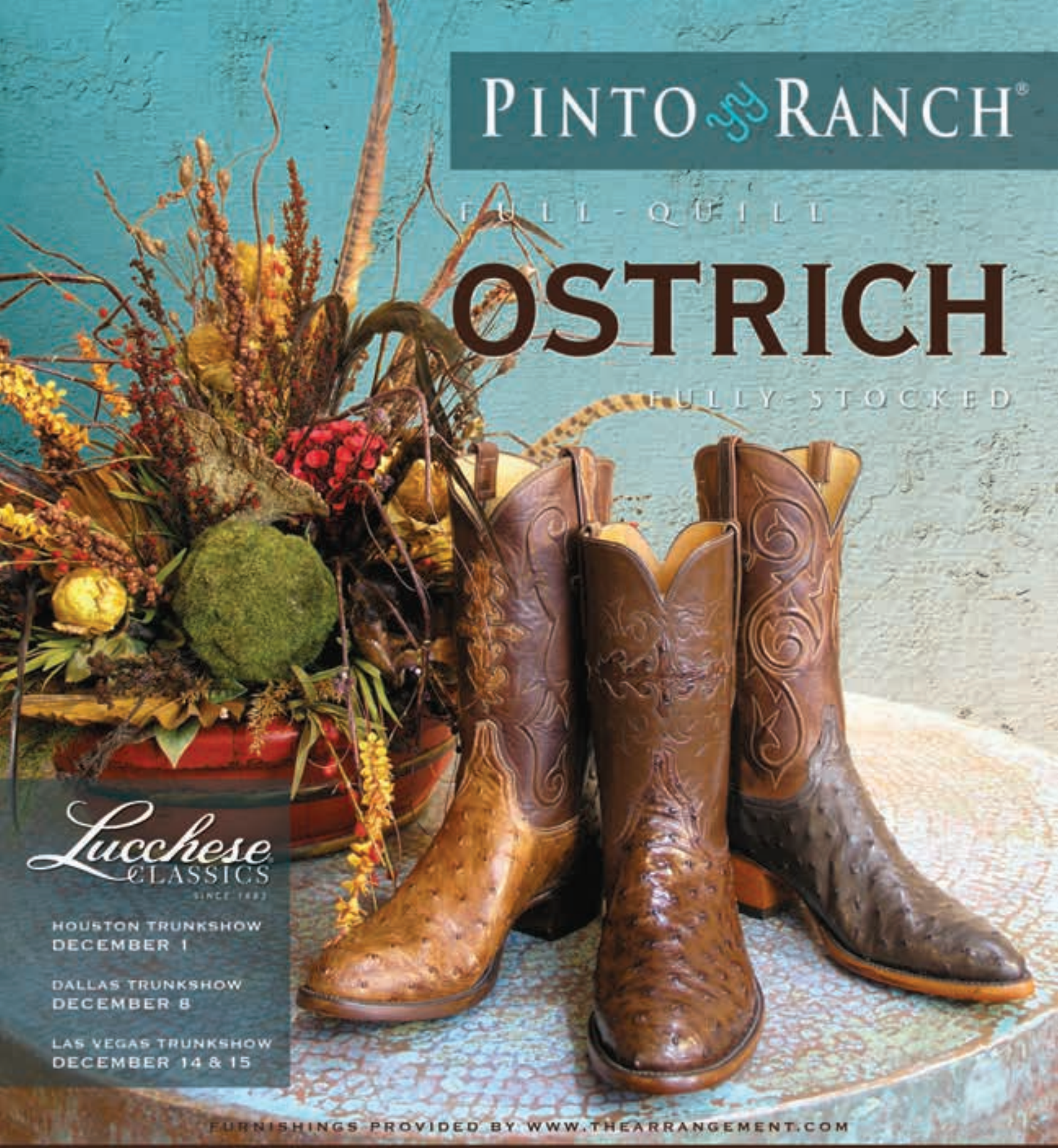
"Ron and Shoni do work that reaches into the depths of Western culture, using horsehair to create functional items," says Thea Marx, Wyoming rancher, writer and expert in Western design. "That is not so unusual, but they do it in a way that is infused with art – color, design, heart and soul. The careful thought that goes into the color schemes, the development of the story from the first strand of hair to the final touches on the silver, every detail is in place on their pieces."

Marx recognized Shoni's talent as a horsehair hitcher and invited her to participate in Women Who Design the West, an exclusive 2010 exhibition featuring extraordinary women who are masters and rising stars in their crafts. "Her pieces are top quality and she continually reaches outside the box for ideas," Marx says. "Shoni is a master."

Colorful belts of hitched horsehair, created by Shoni Maulding.

Shoni's road to mastery of the craft of hitching horsehair started at her husband's suggestion when she lost her job as a bookkeeper. "Ron thought it would be a good idea for me to learn how to hitch, write a book, and teach workshops," Shoni says. That was 1991. Learning to graph patterns was the first step. "For six weeks I tried to figure out how to graph a six-row diamond, which is the base for all geometrics. I cried, yelled, threw crumpled-up paper against the wall. One night, inspiration struck and in seconds I knew how it all worked. My hitching changed that night and I advanced the process quickly after that. In under a year, I learned the basics and was selling belts in 1992."

Speaking of basics, Shoni describes hitching, which is often confused with braiding. "Think of braiding like



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a girl's braided hair. It's loose, without much substance. Hitched horsehair is a knotting process, with the rows interlocked and interdependent with each other. Only two knots do all the intricate patterns, one being the simple half-hitch knot which is maybe the most versatile knot in the world."

Remember that seven or eight strands of horsehair equal, more or less, the thickness of a thin dime. Add a few strands and, Shoni says, you're ready to start hitching. "Ten black or 11 white tail hairs are twisted together into what is called a pull. The pulls are knotted over nylon string which is wound around a dowel. So I'm actually working with a tube. If I want a belt, the dowel is pulled out and the tube is pressed flat. For reins, hitch over rope and leave the rope inside."

Ron Maulding crafts sterling silver and precious stones.

Sound simple? Don't believe it. Even on a basic level, it isn't easy. And it doesn't happen quickly. "Hitched horsehair is time intensive," Shoni says. "It's not just the hitching that's involved. It's also pattern graphing, making pulls and dyeing them, and needle knots – also known as button knots, which are both functional and decorative. A great day for me is three inches on a project. Three weeks is half a belt. An all-hitched-horsehair headstall in six months is insane. And that's only the headstall – there's still the matching reins."

"I started working silver after Shoni became proficient at hitching," Ron says. "We realized that we needed to set ourselves apart and be able to add new pieces of product to what was already being produced. Silver and horsehair go together like turquoise and silver, so now we incorporate all three, with the addition of brass and silver on some pieces for contrast."

But, as with Shoni's mastery of horsehair hitching, metal work was a learning process for Ron. "I was fortunate in getting started in silverwork having Shoni's dad, Paul Peterson, as my instructor. He had worked with silver and lapidary processing for many years. The two most important things I learned from him are patience and mood," Ron says. "Patience is paramount – if it is not there, stay away from silverwork. I relate mood to frame of mind, without mental distractions, as a microsecond too long with the torch can be a disaster. Paul gave me a solid foundation to build on."

The "torch" Ron refers to is the metalworker's primary tool for melding. "Brazing is heating metal until it approaches its melting point and the alloy, the silver solder, flows into the crystals that have opened up on the adjoining surfaces," Ron says. "Once I became proficient with brazing, I then proceeded to add semi-precious stones to the pieces that Shoni and I worked on. This was another learning curve. Most of the bezels that hold the stone to the main body are of fine silver and thin gauge, which introduces different temperature ranges to be fused together."

Like hitching, working with silver is a meticulous, time-consuming process. But, Ron says, "When I am


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working silver, there is no clock. It doesn't matter if it is night or day. It is just in the moment."

The effort, the determination, the trial and error required to master traditional skills and combine them in new ways to create art, seem worthwhile to the Mauldings. Ron says, "In the fine arts, to produce or create a piece that exhibits quality, beauty, and competence, one has to have a certain passion and desire to learn and execute those ideas and skills that lead to the end results." Shoni adds, "A Wyoming bronze artist commented that we had taken hitched horsehair from a craft to an art form by incorporating sterling silver with the hitched inlays."

The inspiration for their designs grows from research and the study of historic pieces, as well as an awareness of traditional and modern-day cultural customs. "Because we are westerners, our projects tend to be western," Shoni says. "We like to explore historical pieces and Indian designs that fit well with our work. We do experiment. For example, our 'First Ever Quirt' uses traditional hitching and braided rawhide, but Ron added the non-traditional sterling silver and turquoise stone. We think this is the first time in the history of mankind that these four mediums have been used in a quirt."

It should be noted that most of the items the Mauldings make are functional, workaday cowboy accessories: belts, buckles, hatbands, bolo ties, quirts, headstalls, reins and such. And while much of their work provides years of service, the more ambitious (and expensive) pieces are treated by their owners as fine art, to be seen and enjoyed and admired under glass. "The belts, hatbands, jewelry, those are all used – it's wearing art," Shoni says. "About all the pieces we make are functional, but the collectors' pieces, such as bridles and canes, end up in a display case." Which is still something of a surprise to Shoni. "I am continually in awe that such a simple product of horse tail hair produces such a beautiful art form. People prove this over and over when their hands reach out to touch our products, some in disbelief that it is horsehair."

An important aspect of the Mauldings' work – as important, perhaps, as the art they create – is their ongoing effort to solidify the future of the craft. When Shoni took up hitching, there were few resources to inform or educate her. She has remedied that situation with two impor-

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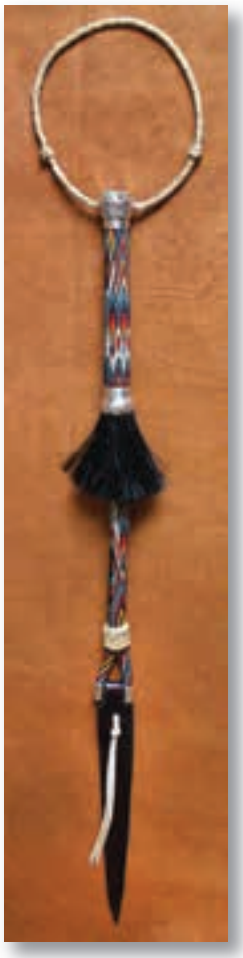
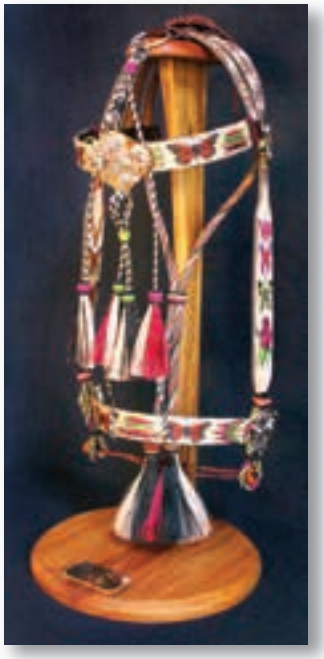
tant books she and Ron have written and published: *Hitched Horsehair: The Complete Guide for Self-Learning* and *Hitched Horsehair II: Advanced Patterns and Inlay Projects*.

Step-by-step instructions, accompanied by graphs, diagrams, and color photographs supply all the information required for anyone with the patience and tenacity to take up the work to succeed, as well as providing the inspiration to create. The Mauldings also offer three-day horsehair-hitching workshops for personal instruction and hands-on experience. "Workshop students leave here with two key fobs for their three days of intense work, and that's because I'm pushing them and have high expectations. Two key fobs is huge for a beginner to accomplish," Shoni says.



The "First Ever Quirt" combines in a quirt design, perhaps for the first time in history, hitched horsehair, rawhide, silver and turquoise.

The evangelism seems to be working. "It is a growing art. Our books have been sold in 18 countries. The Europeans have taken it on big time," Shoni says. "A high school art teacher in Washington state has taught hitching for four years. Some 4-H leaders are teaching it, using our books. One college student made a how-to booklet for a creative-writing assignment. Today there are more people hitching than ever before, on a worldwide basis."



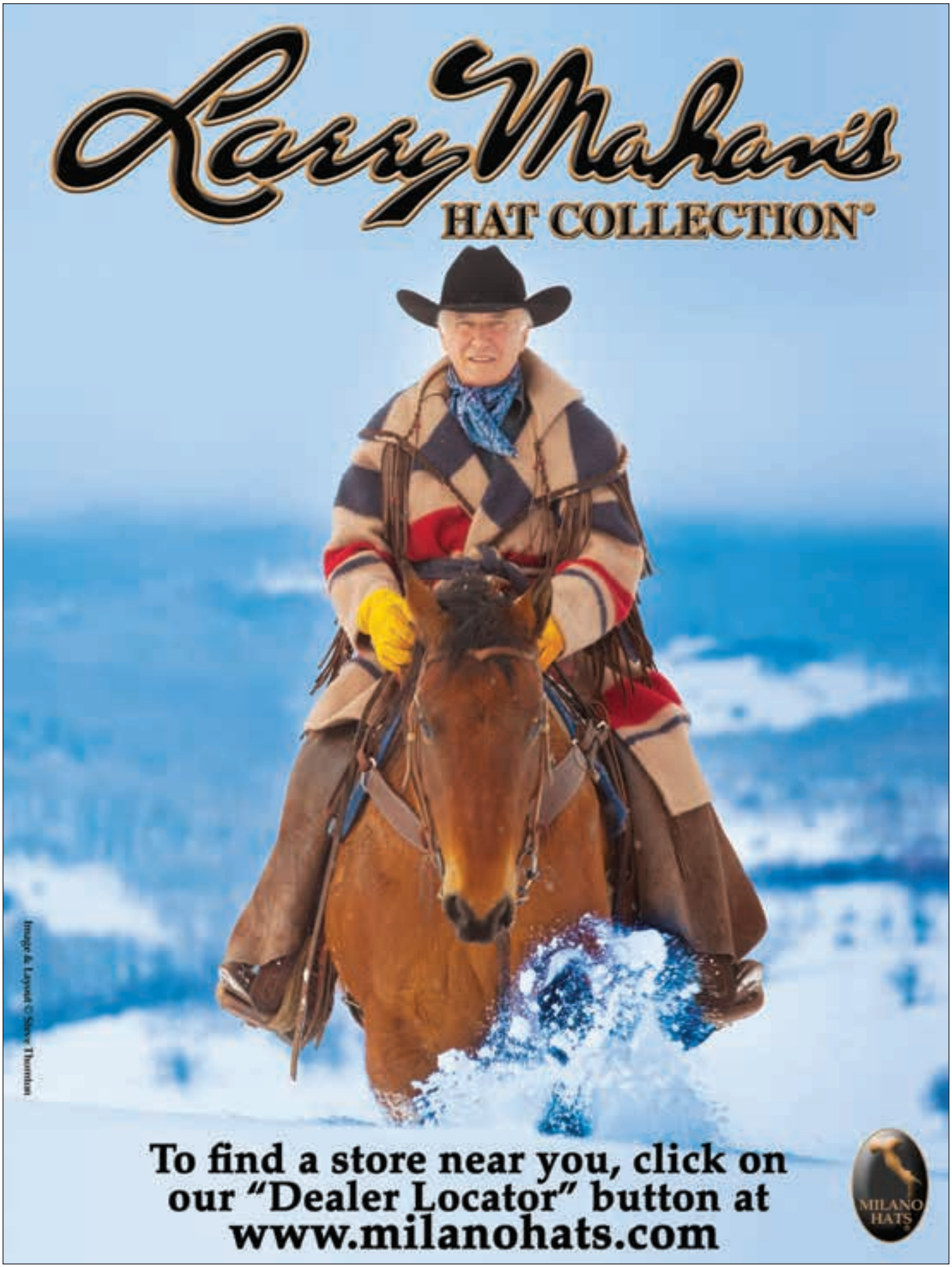
Among the Mauldings' most ambitious projects to date is the "Mariposa Lapwai" headstall, six months in the making.

"Until a few years ago, we were in danger of losing the craft because only a few people knew how to do it," Marx says. "Ron and Shoni are changing that, as well as educating the public. Shoni is not only passionate about horsehair hitching, she is passionate about passing along her knowledge. She has proven her resolve to not let this craft die, through writing books, doing demonstrations, teaching others, and being in the public to speak about hitching. She is a true educator in her craft."

One would be hard pressed to find anyone else who has influenced traditional western arts – for the present as well as the future – as the Mauldings have done. From instruction to innovation, education to exploration, Ron and Shoni have pushed the possibilities of intricate horsehair hitching, glittering metalwork and precious stones, crafted rawhide and leather, into stunning, original designs never before imagined. And they don't see that changing anytime soon.

"We have an eternity of ideas," Shoni says.

Rod Miller is a writer of non-fiction, fiction and poetry. He lives in Utah.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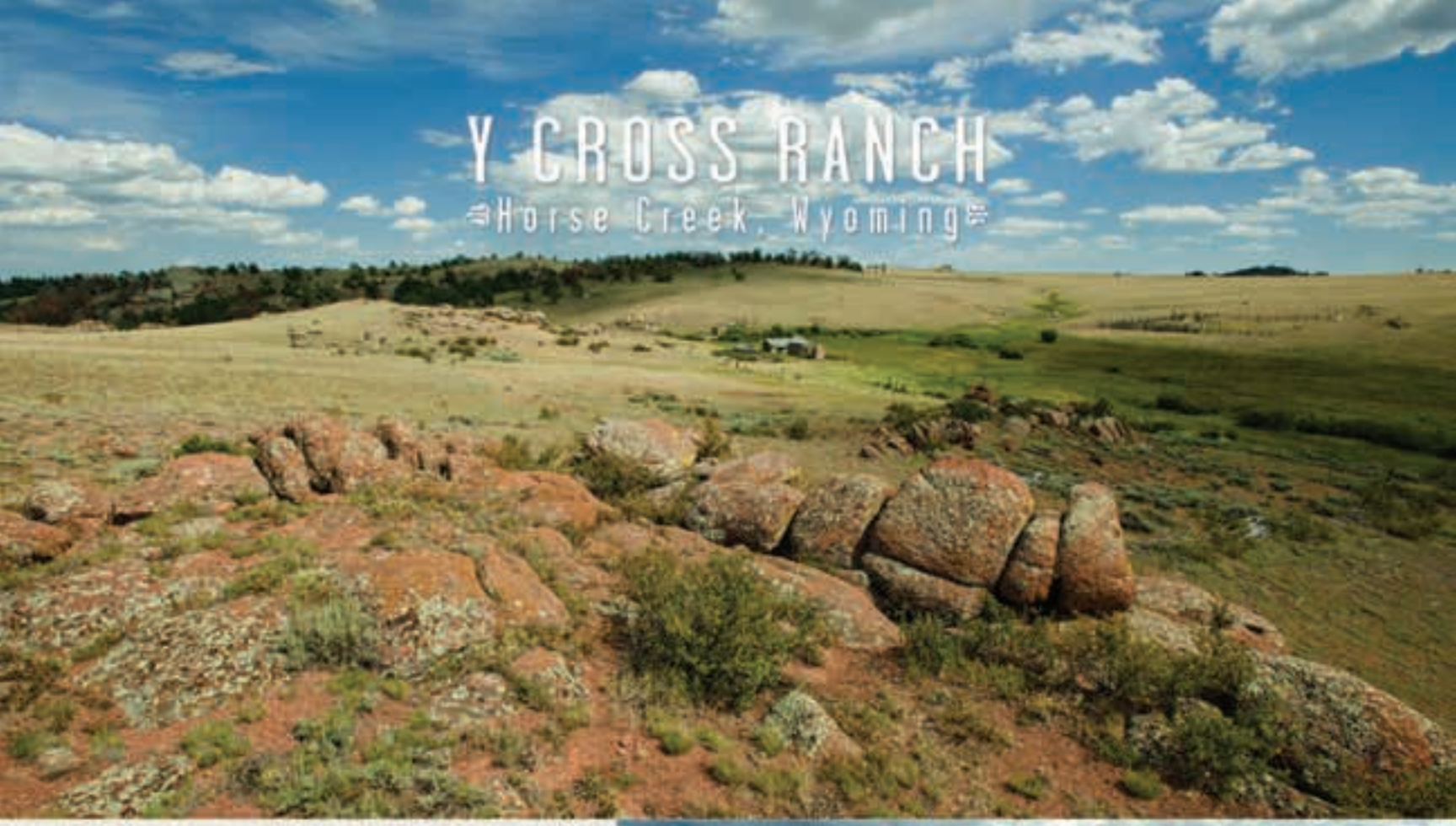

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BOOKS TO FIND

The Long Trail: My Life in the West

By Ian Tyson
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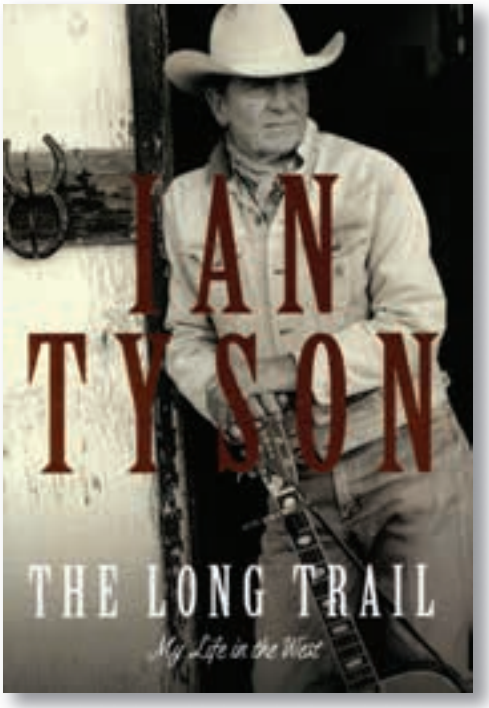

Ian Dawson Tyson loves horses. If it were up to him, that's all that needs to be said about him. At 81, he needs to explain very little to anyone, but Tyson has given us in his recent book, *The Long Trail – My Life in The West*, a look into the life of the singularly most important, living creator of contemporary western music. Strong statement? Maybe. But one would be hard-pressed when discussing the culture of western music amongst those in the real West, not to find at least 5 songs in any top ten list of all time western songs. "Four Strong Winds," "Someday Soon," "The Gift," to name just a few, have become intertwined with the legacy and culture of today's West. One almost wishes the book would come with soundtrack as the journey Tyson takes us on covers a lot of time and territory. From his birth in Victoria, British Columbia to the T-Y ranch in Longview, Alberta; he manages to get everything he wants us to know in just under two-hundred pages. The result is a page turner that ends way before you want it to. Suffice it to say we learn quite a bit about aspects of Ian's life including relationships with family, friends and horses that helped shape – or at least, bend his life. Along the way we find out many of the whys and hows of some of our favorite Tyson songs, such as the story behind his ode to the vaquero, "Jaquima to Freno":

photo courtesy Ian Tyson

"In the music world of the 1990s, I was riding a post-*Cowboyography* wave, doing my best to take western music to the next level by mixing reggae and other forms with cowboy music. A classic example is the song "Jaquima to Freno," off my 1991 record,


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And Stood There Amazed. I really pushed the envelope with the song. Jaquima is bastardized Spanish for hackamore, a rawhide bridle without a bit that eliminates potential damage to the horse's mouth from a metal bit. The use of the hackamore is a secretive old tradition in the West, and just like the legendary cutters, the old Californio hackamore men would never freely divulge those secrets. They kept their knowledge to themselves.

I based "Jaquima to Freno" on Bob Dylan's "Mr. Tambourine Man" dream fantasy concept. Essentially I had decided to do a cowboy version of Dylan's song, but I made it completely different musically. The lyrics of the song are pure fantasy:

Jaquima to Freno
He's an old vaquero
From another
Hands as fine as the dealers of Reno
He been to the ocean
He's been to the sea
Big long tapaderos hangin' both sides
Of an old Visalia tree
Hey Mr. Vaquero
Put a handle on my pony for me
Teach me the mystery

photo by Bill Reynolds

Ian Tyson in the branding pen at the OW ranch.

I knew the folklorists might not approve of the song, but the buckaroos loved it, which meant there was nothing the folklorists could do about it. To this day "Jaquima to Freno" is one of my most requested songs."

Tyson has been called the "Senior Statesman of Western Music" and "Canada's Frank Sinatra." All probably appropriate titles during some time of his life. But in the West, Tyson has meant so much more, to so many. His songs and lyrics put words and music to the lives of so many in the ranching culture – people who simply wish to get saddled and ride out into the West, one more time. Oh, and those Russell-painted Montana sunsets Tyson sings about in "The Gift?" They, like the evolving music of Ian Tyson, just keep getting better.

The Long Trail: My Life in the West, by Ian Tyson, is published by Random House Canada, www.randomhouse.ca

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Jean Ann's Scalloped Potatoes

By Kathy McCraine

When Jean Ann Howell moved to the huge Babbitt Ranches in the early 1970s, she had "a skeleton in her closet." She wanted to go to college and become a forest ranger – pure anathema to ranchers. Instead, she married Babbitt cowboy Ed Ashurst.

Four years later, at the age of 24, she was cooking for the wagon on the 700,000-acre outfit. The wagon boss was her brother, Bill Howell, 22 years her senior, and he taught her how to pack the food and tie the lids on the Dutch ovens when she carried lunch out to the crew. The "wagon" was an old, green one-ton truck that had bad brakes and bad steering, but it was decked out with a special box on the flatbed that let down on both sides to make two work tables, plus handy boxes that slid out for storing cups, plates and silverware.

photos by Kathy Mccraine

Wagon cook Jean Ann Howell.

Petite and vivacious, Jean Ann cooked on a wood stove for a crew of about seven or eight, sometimes as many as 17. She grew up the youngest of 10 kids, so there was always a lot of cooking going on in her house, and she learned early.

"My mother was a great cook," she says, "but she cooked what we called bunkhouse food, plain and simple, meat, potatoes and gravy, so that was what came natural to me. I also learned from other oldtime ranch cooks what was acceptable on an Arizona ranch. Everything had to be plain and not mixed together. The challenge was to come up with something different all the time but not

too strange – even spaghetti was a strange food.

Ed taught her how to act at the wagon. "No fluttering," he said. "Just put the food out and have the attitude, 'I'm doing my best; just eat it and like it.'"

Naturally, potatoes were a standard item on the wagon. A small crew required 100 pounds a month, and Jean Ann bought thousands of pounds over the years, stacking the 10-pound bags, when she shopped, on the flat carts grocers use to stock their shelves. She also peeled thousands of potatoes.

"My mother had always peeled potatoes," she says.

"Ed's mother always peeled potatoes. So I never thought about it. I just peeled potatoes."

Years later, after her wagon days were over, she stopped by the bunkhouse and found the current cook running *unpeeled* potatoes through an electric food processor. Her mouth dropped open when the cook told her, "Oh, I just never thought of peeling the potatoes. My mother never did."

"I have been jealous of very few things in my life," Jean Ann says, "but I have to admit, I was jealous of that food processor and what she was doing."

Today the Ashursts live on the 10X Ranch at Douglas, Arizona, where Jean Ann wears many hats, including cowboy, ranch secretary and cook. The following recipe is one she made on the Babbitt wagon when she had time to prepare something a little special, and one she still cooks today.

She doesn't peel the potatoes anymore. though.

Scalloped Potatoes

2 pounds potatoes (about 6 small red potatoes, unpeeled)
¼ cup butter
3 tablespoons flour
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
2½ cups milk
½ cup chopped onion
1 tablespoon butter

Wash potatoes, remove eyes and slice thin. Melt ¼ cup butter in a sauce pan, stir in flour and seasonings, and cook on low heat until bubbly and smooth. Add milk and stir continuously until mixture boils one minute. Stir onions into sauce. Layer sauce and potatoes in a 2-quart greased casserole dish, ending with sauce. Dot with 1 tablespoon butter. Bake in a 350-degree oven for 60 minutes, then uncover and bake 30 minutes more, or until potatoes are tender and golden on top.

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

Your Horse's Feet, A Series

By Pete Healey, APF

An organ is a group of tissues that perform a specific function or group of functions. Your horse's feet are organs, and like many organs they are susceptible to disease, which is a disorder of function. Although there are several diseases that can affect the foot, the most destructive is laminitis.

The Coffin Bone is encased within the hoof capsule and is suspended by the interlocking leaf like structure of the lamina, which attaches the bone to the hoof. The Deep Flexor Tendon, which attaches to the bottom of the Coffin Bone, is part of the suspension apparatus. When the foot is in harmony there is equilibrium between the lamina of the hoof and the Deep Flexor tendon for suspension, the foot is further supported on the bottom from the frog and sole. Laminitis is inflammation of the lamina caused by a disturbance in blood flow and can be from a mechanical or systemic cause. As the structural strength of the lamina fail, equilibrium is lost with the tendon, and the bone is pulled down and back by the contraction of the tendon-muscle unit of the Deep Flexor. Length of the toe beyond the tip of the bone causes leverage to the diseased lamina, which along with the pain response causes further contraction. Laminitis can range from a mild inflammation to full-blown laminar detachment depending on the insult. Medical and mechanical treatment should start as soon as possible to stabilize the feet. A watch and wait attitude or a belief that the feet are too unstable to work on is pure nonsense. Feet that are mechanically unstable need mechanical intervention. This is a hard one for a lot of veterinarians to get their heads around. One of the problems is that most veterinarians and farriers can't recognize what a healthy foot should look like to begin with. Long toes and shallow foot mass is common in the horse industry and not perceived as a problem until the horse is lame.

So how do we mechanically help? Radiographs give us a baseline of foot depth, swelling in the lamina and bone position. A venogram, which shows the profusion of blood in the foot, can be performed and is the best diagnostic tool when done correctly. Venogram information when read correctly can reveal vascular destruction of the foot before the mechanical evidence on a radiograph. Subsequent venograms can also determine whether the mechanical therapy is working or not. Mechanical therapy is aimed at reducing the pull of the Deep Flexor against the lamina, minimizing the leverage of the toe and shifting the load of the foot to vascularized areas of the foot at the heel. This can be accomplished through the combination of tape on devises or shoes and adjusting the foot without trauma. Knowledge creates options. Doing nothing means your knowledge and options are very liminited.

This last August I had the opportunity to attend an advanced equine podiatry school by the gracious sponsorship of my clients Christy and Henry Metz of Silver Maple Farm in Santa Ynez, California. This school was at the International Equine Podiatry Center in Versailles, Kentucky, which is owned and operated by Dr. Redden and his wife Nancy. The Reddens' are great people and along with their staff provided 40+ hours of intense classroom and hands on training in podiatry, a lot of which was laminitis related. Dr. Redden is probably the world's foremost expert in this field and has contributed more to the industry in knowledge, technique and product than anyone. To learn more visit www.nanric.com.

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A look at all things cowboy on the information superhighway.

Three Miles an Hour

An online film from Montana PBS profiles backcountry legend Smoke Elser.

By Paul A. Cañada

The nearly hour-long Montana PBS special *3 Miles An Hour* chronicles 77-year old Arnold "Smoke" Elsher's career as a backcountry outfitter and his last guided pack trip into the Bob Marshall Wilderness in western Montana. After 53 years and more than 700 trips into the high backcountry, Smoke retired in 2011. The film is directed, written, edited and photographed by John Twiggs.

Aerial photography of sweeping vistas and video of poignant moments in the pack trip combine to effectively entice the viewer into investing in the

3 Miles an Hour chronicles the long career of outfitter Smoke Elser.

tale. The short film takes viewers back to the creation of the Bob Marshall Wilderness and the part Elser had in defending the wild area, when it wasn't always the popular position to take.

Folks like Smoke are a rare breed and they grow fewer in numbers each year. His intimate knowledge of the landscape and history of "the Bob," and his ability to impart its meaning and importance to visitors, makes him one of Montana's more skillful interpreters. Whether he's instructing students at the University of Montana or sharing oral history on the trail, he's doing what he does best: instilling in people a passion for the backcountry.

As the film nears its end, it's difficult to hold back tears for the aging stockman. As Smoke stands alone, taking in the familiar sights, sounds and smells of his life's passion one last time, Twigg succeeds at capturing the weight of the moment. The viewer is left with the memory of "that day, that evening, that campfire."

View the film here: http://watch.montanapbs.org/video/2176749351.

A Vision of Horsemanship

By Kristen Kovatch

The plan was simple: build Alfred University its own equestrian center, find the horses and staff to teach programs in horsemanship, field intercollegiate riding teams and maybe host a horse show or two. When Alfred University's Bromeley-Daggett Equestrian Center at the Maris Cuneo Equine Park was constructed nearly 10 years ago, no one anticipated much more than fulfilling these few criteria in order to draw students to the school and promote good horsemanship.

But visions sometimes have a funny way of exceeding the dreamer's wildest expectations. Catherine Bromeley Daggett's original dream, the Alfred Equestrian Center, intended simply to be a place for students to learn more about horses, has become not only a nationally known program both educationally and competitively, but more importantly has become the foundation for students' academic lives at Alfred University. Whether it's the location of the center, the staff influence on student development, or the students themselves, the Alfred equestrian program has grown far beyond simple horsemanship: it's becoming a way of life.

photo by Rick McLay/Alfred University

Alfred University's Bromeley Daggett Equestrian Center at Maris Cuneo Equine Park opened in 2005

The center crowns Jericho Hill, the tallest rise above the village of Alfred at 2,200 feet, literally carved out of the trees. The pines of the hilltop were used to build the 56 stalls that line two aisles and flank an indoor arena in the barn. Two additional outdoor arenas and 13 paddocks round out the property with an additional auxiliary barn for hay storage.

From the outdoor arena or the back of the barn, one can stop and gaze over the largest pasture, over the Alfred valley, and to the hills beyond. This is hill country, after all, and vistas roll away in every direction (According to local legend, rain falling on Jericho Hill can end up in either the Chesapeake Bay, the Gulf of Mexico or the Gulf of St. Lawrence depending on which way it falls, making the barn the center of the world.) Tucked into the valleys, out of sight from the barn's view, are villages and towns connected by winding county roads. Driving across the county on a winter morning, the valleys hang with wood smoke, replaced in the summer sundown with patches of fog. State forests nestle these settlements, hiding hunting and fishing camps and backwoods hideouts, crisscrossed by dirt or gravel logging roads and two-tracks. Dairy cows and round bales pattern the gentler open hillsides while deer, turkeys, foxes, coyotes, and the occasional black bear roam the woods – and even the University campus from time to time. No one has beaten this land into submission with bypasses or strip malls – the history of settlement is still evident in the agriculture and industry. People live *with* the land here rather than simply *on* it.

It's many miles from the affluent and traditional "horse country" regions – but horses are everywhere here. There are vibrant team sorting and rodeo communities as well as a small but developing horse show scene. A few farmers still keep a team or two of working draft horses for plowing or logging. Thriving Amish and Mennonite communities dapple the

photo by Rick McLay/Alfred University

Pre-veterinary/biology student Megan Burke works cattle

landscape, the familiar cadence of hooves on pavement echoing from hill to hill. This was where the village, and later the University founders chose to make a start. And this is where the University trustees chose to build their vision – in a place where Alfred could build its own horse culture.

Such a unique setting called for equally unique staff. One of the masterminds aiding in the creation of the specifics of the program is Harry Hurd, a lifelong resident of Western New York. Harry answers to the equestrian center director Nancy Kohler, who knows in her heart that Harry truly has no boss but himself. Their teamwork keeps the entire program running smoothly, coordinating two teams' practice schedules and classes in four different disciplines.

Nancy is no stranger to running a busy barn, having directed a scholastic equestrian program as well as her own business. Though her teaching time at Alfred is

limited to coaching the varsity hunt seat team and the dressage classes, Nancy spent the first 20 years of her life riding western and even had a brief stint as Miss Rodeo Pennsylvania in her youth (she excelled, as those who know her might expect, in the horsemanship and public speaking portions of the competition).

Though Nancy's career has been centered on horses, she is also a lifelong lover of the wilderness – she has been known to vanish into the Utah backcountry for weeks at a time. She collaborates with a University committee to help put on events encouraging students to get to know the Western New York environment, recently helping to produce the Horse to Holler, a seven-mile hike beginning at the equestrian center and ending at a local eco-resort.

photo by Maria Hurd

Travis Harvey competing in the Bromeley-Daggett Equestrian Center

While the job of equestrian center director might place Nancy in the office at the barn for most of her day, she does not limit her vision to her horses, staff and specific students – she sees the bigger picture of campus life and how the equestrian center can fit into that lifestyle, increasing the presence of the equine program in student life and spreading the influence of the horses all across the University. Her collaborative and cross-campus efforts have helped students find their way to the barn who might have never otherwise discovered a passion for riding and working with horses.

The environment at the Alfred Equestrian Center, as one might expect, fosters remarkable students from all walks of life. Take Morgan, for example. A biology and education dual major from Long Island, she is one of the last women you might expect to see in the team sorting arena. She grew up riding hunter-jumpers and dressage in Nassau County, desiring nothing more in a potential college than a place to keep her horse. While on a barn tour at Alfred, casing out the equestrian center as a boarding barn for her dressage-trained gelding, Morgan caught a glimpse of an upperclassman performing a reining freestyle and she did not leave the rail until it was over. Intrigued by a program in which she could both further her dressage skills and experience something totally new in Western riding, she was hooked. By her sophomore year, Morgan was showing reined cow horses under Harry's guidance, winning a trophy buckle by the end of the season. The local cow horse riders love teasing the "girl from Long Island" – but she has their respect as well.

Or take Derek, a local young man growing up on horseback and considering Harry an adopted grandfather, learning patient and quiet horsemanship at his side from the age of three. Riding became Derek's

identity, an uncompromising lifestyle, an expectation. Going to college, however, was not – paying for a four-year private university was almost impossible. But Derek refused to pass up the opportunity to further his education and develop his horsemanship further. Rather than let himself be defeated, he started saving his money, working extra hours, and applying for every scholarship he could find. Derek is now in his junior year at Alfred as a mathematics major with the intention of getting a teaching degree – as well as continuing his equestrian studies and serving as the captain of the western varsity team. Without the draw of the equestrian program, Derek would never have considered trying to go to school.

It's more than just learning how to ride or being on the team or going to class. It's more about spending a moment in the presence of a horse, taking a deep breath of air scented with rain and earth, learning a better way to be yourself. This is the unquantifiable measure of the Alfred equestrian program, the experiences that cannot be taught, the truth that blindsided everyone from the University faculty to the founders of the program themselves. That's some vision.

Kristen Kovatch is the western teacher and trainer at Alfred University's Bromeley-Daggett Equestrian Center and a 2010 graduate of Alfred University, living in western New York.

Harry Hurd:

photo by Rick McLay/Alfred University

Harry Hurd, the backbone of the Alfred University western program, is one of the only true cowboys left on the East Coast. Harry is of the old school – tips his hat when he meets someone new, holds open the door, doesn't swear. He never raises his voice (much to the chagrin of hard-hearing students on the far side of a busy arena) and doesn't scold. He leads purely by example, thinking nothing of putting in 12- or 15-hour days and expects the same from his staff and students when necessary.

Harry provides for the students a living link to a rapidly vanishing lifestyle now practically unknown on the East Coast, living by a moral code that does not go unnoticed by his students. They affectionately call him "The Cowboy," accepting his daily uniform of starched Wranglers, a snap-front shirt and the ubiquitous cowboy hat as normalcy when on anyone else it would look like a costume. Despite his lined and serious face that has weathered more than its fair share of the changeful western New York climate, his eye holds a childish twinkle and the corners of his mouth are quick to grin. He loves practical jokes and is an equal-opportunity prankster, regardless of whether he's teasing a new student or his campus superior.

He's not just a cowboy – he's a visionary as well, founding two different New York associations for team penning and reined cow horse. He likes beginnings, as is evident from his taking on a new job in his late 60s. Whether it's a talented horse or his nationally ranked horsemanship team or a new equestrian program getting started, Harry thrives on developing the young and teaching them independence. His teaching philosophy is simple: he develops *horsemen*. In what could be a highly subjective style of riding, he teaches students that true western horsemanship is not about posing on horseback but working with the animal, sensing how the horse wants to be ridden, keeping aids soft, simply being kind. The success of his training is evident not only in the championships earned by his riders and his horses, but the quiet and unfailing loyalty they show him as well.

Harry has a history as rich as any cowboy legend. A man making his living entirely around horses, Harry earned his first paycheck at the young age of 68 when he took the job as director of western programs for the Alfred's fledgling equestrian program. Before that year, he was always self-employed as a cattleman and horse trainer, specializing in race horses and cow horses, as well as one of the longest carded American Quarter Horse Association judges in history. He currently still holds his Versatility Ranch Horse card, being one of the five "old cowboys" selected to judge the inaugural Versatility Ranch Horse World Show in 2008. He operates a small training program, rotating horses in and out of his farm in Cuba, New York, and the Bromeley-Daggett Equestrian Center; he also provides cattle for local team penning and reined cow horse associations as well as his own students in Alfred University's "Introduction to Reined Cow Horse" class.


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The Cowboy Artist

Artist Fred Fellows combines his love of cowboy life with his passion for art.

By Guy de Galard

At the end of an afternoon ride, Fred Fellows and his wife, Deborah, water their horses in a trough adjacent to a windmill and a traditional southwestern corral made of mesquite timber laid horizontally. The sunset sheds a soft, golden light on southern Arizona's rolling grasslands. This scenery exudes peace as well as raw western flair. Back in their hacienda-style home, the Fellows relax on the expansive veranda. Indian artifacts, cowboy memorabilia and western paintings and sculptures adorn each room of the house. Fred and Deborah are each renowned artists, but the Fellows are first and foremost westerners. Fred is equally at home at a branding or in his studio, creating exquisite pieces of art. Deborah is a former Miss Rodeo Washington, as well as an acclaimed sculptor who handles a rope or sculpting tools with equal dexterity.

Swan River Crossing, by Fred Fellows

The term "cowboy artist" fits perfectly to Fred Fellows. Growing up in Ponca City, Oklahoma, Fred heard stories about life further west, and dreamed of being a cowboy and having a horse. After World War II, his parents loaded a 1934 Ford, secured a mattress to the roof, and headed for California.

"We looked like we were out of *The Grapes of Wrath*," Fred says.

Each summer, Fred returned to Oklahoma, where he'd stay in his grandparents' art-filled home. Frequent visits to nearby museums awakened the artist in him and planted seeds for his future career.

After high school, Fred worked repairing and building saddles, and spent weekends running chutes for a stock contractor. He saved enough of his earnings to buy a horse and begin roping at rodeos, and eventually landed a job on a ranch near Tehachapi, California. He was horseback every day, but his real career ambition – to become an artist – was still unfulfilled.

Out to Pasture, by Fred Fellows

Fred's stepfather worked at Northrop Aircraft and told him about a position in the company's art department, drawing flip charts and schematics for airplanes. Fred was offered the position and worked at Northrop for seven years, eventually becoming an art director. At night, he would reconnect with the cowboy world by unloading cattle trucks at the Los Angeles Stockyards. He also attended live-drawing groups to expand his knowledge of drawing and design.

In 1961, he decided to pursue fine art full-time and quit Northrup to move to the art-centric community of Taos, New Mexico.

"I starved out," Fred admits, "and had to get back to L.A. for another grubstake." After a three-year stint at American Aviation, Fred set out once again to establish himself as an artist, this time heading north to Big Fork, Montana.

"Painting was important to me, but I wanted to live the life too," he says. "I wanted to live in a place where I could ride horses. For me, Montana was the West: lots of space, horses, ranches and cowboys."

Once in Big Fork, Fred cleaned out a chicken shed, converted it into a studio, and began painting. His next challenge: finding a way to sell his work.

Dependence on Foreign Oil, by Fred Fellows

Fred and his wife, Deborah, enjoy riding and team roping together. Fred is a header and Deborah is a heeler.

"I found out I could take my paintings to gun shows," he says. "I'd trade a painting for a gun, and turn around and sell the gun at the same show."

Fellows' first big break came when Santa Fe's Jamison Gallery sold one of his paintings for $1,000, more than he had made in a year. By 1969, he was a member of the upstart Cowboy Artists of America, a group credited with establishing modern western art as both marketable and collectable. Fred would go on to serve three times as the group's president. He's also one of the few artists who's won gold and silver medals in both painting and sculpture, as well as the Artists' Choice Award, at the annual CAA exhibit.

After 35 years in Montana, Fred and Deborah moved to Sonoita, Arizona in 1999.

"We got tired of digging our horse trailer out of snow banks every time we wanted to rope," Fred says.

In Arizona, their Adobe Walls Ranch sits at 5,000 feet and offers magnificent views of the historic Empire Ranch. Their scenic spread is home to 13 horses, some

Lucky Day, by Fred Fellows

Life in the Fast Lane, by Fred Fellows

roping steers, a burro and three dogs. Over the years, Deborah has developed an interest in race horses, which the couple raise on the ranch.

"The ones that don't work out for the track are turned into barrel or roping prospects," Fred explains. The couple continues to rope competitively and helps regularly with roundups at nearby ranches, which provides Fred with the photographic material he needs for his paintings. "An artist who lives by the camera, though, dies by the camera," he says. Even though he relies on photography for reference material, he points out that an artistic concept and a work's design remain subject to the artist's creativity.

Fred's greatest sources of inspiration are books about the West. A history buff, he counts on his extensive library as a research tool, helping him with accurate depictions of clothing, tack and weapons unique to a particular era and region. In the evenings, he and Deborah often review their works in progress together, sharing critiques.

Today, Fred doesn't trade paintings for guns and divides his time between his two passions – riding and art. "I feel fortunate to do what I love and get paid for it," he says. "It's a rare thing in this world."

In his studio, Fred Fellows puts the final touch on his painting *We Pointed Them North*.

Guy de Galard is a photographer and writer living in Wyoming.

The Heart of *Heartland*

Meet the horseman behind the CBC's acclaimed modern western.

By Tom Moates

If you would eagerly swap 10 of today's slick urban cop shows, a couple hospital dramas, and every sitcom set in an apartment for one western-style, ranch-based, contemporary drama with horse-driven plots and set in vast expanses of open land, you're in luck. It already exists, it's in its sixth season, and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation is to thank for producing the show, called *Heartland*.

A multi-generational family western, *Heartland* is set in today's world; you'll see saddles and cell phones, laptops and lariats. The storyline centers on the Heartland Ranch, owned by the Bartlett family and located outside the fictitious Alberta town of Hudson. The series is based on books by writer Lauren Brooke (who set her stories in Virginia). The first *Heartland* book appeared in 2000 and more than 20 have been published since.

In the show's pilot, Jack Bartlett loses his daughter in a truck wreck and is left to run his ranch with his two granddaughters, Amy and Lou. Several other characters frequent the ranch and the result is a show that lives up to its tag line, "Even on the open range, life can be complicated."

The lead character, Amy Fleming, played by Amber Marshall, is in her late teens at the start of the first season and her special way of helping troubled and ill horses produces the central storyline for most episodes.

A hit with both critics and viewers, *Heartland*'s appeal might be attributed to its realistic depictions of ranch life, rural communities and horse-handling. The show has proven so popular in Canada that it has held the number one spot in its ratings category season after season, and boasts a coveted prime-time slot on Sunday evenings.

Film-industry veteran John Scott supplies horses

photo by Andrew Bako/Courtesy CBC

A film crew sets up a scene for *Heartland*, a CBC drama set in Alberta's ranching country.

and wranglers for the family-friendly series. Having grown up in a ranching family, John got his start in the film business in 1969, working on the Dustin Hoffman movie *Little Big Man*. Television work soon followed, with work on westerns like *Alias Smith and Jones*, *Davey Crockett*, *Little House on the Prairie* and *Big Valley*.

In his early wrangling days, John says, he'd take any job, right down to cleaning trucks and brushing horses, to get on set. After getting a feel for Hollywood, he returned home to the family ranch in Alberta, repurposing his grandfather's collection of wagons so he could begin renting such equipment to movie productions.

John Scott Productions and John Scott Motion Picture Animals together comprise one of the larger outfits in Canada supplying livestock and related gear to the film industry. John's wrangling resume is pages long and includes such pictures as *Unforgiven*, *Legends of the Fall* and the *Lord of the Rings* trilogy.

The Scott Ranch is not only home to buffalo, cattle and over a hundred head of horses, all available to producers, but also has an entire western town at the ready to serve as a film set. The collection of buildings was originally constructed for the western *Monte Walsh*.

When the CBC decided to give *Heartland* a go and chose to set the fictional ranch in Alberta, only 40 miles from the Scott Ranch, hiring John as livestock coordinator was the perfect formula for making the series work.

"Every episode has its challenges," John says, referring to the wrangling. "It's all a crash course. We make 18 episodes a year. We call it 'block shooting' and we make three episodes in a block. As quick as we start block number one, another director comes in and starts to prepare block number two. It's like a machine. You keep leapfrogging from one to the next one. There's very little time to train horses, so you've got to have very

photo by Cathy Sutherland

John Scott (center) provides horses and other livestock, as well as equipment, wranglers and expertise, for film and television productions.

gentle horses and make them work where you can."

Heartland is perhaps more challenging for a wrangler than an average western; in each episode, horses are substantial characters, whose complexities help to drive the plot. For six seasons, the show's writers and crew have filmed episode after episode where horses exhibit a problem, then go through a healing process. The animals must be depicted as transformed for the better in the end.

"The horse stories get a little tougher every time," John says. "Sometimes it's absolutely impossible for us to get the shot and somehow or another we get it. We call it '*Heartland* luck.'"

Sometimes, wranglers use creative means to get shots in the short time allowed by the rapid-fire filming schedule.

"I've got two horses that are inseparable," John explains. "Usually you hate that in the horse world. It's an aggravation. In my business, it works because one horse will go to where the other is. We've got a barn-fire scene coming up, so we've got to get this actor to go in and open the barn door, and then the horse has to fly out of there and get through the flames. We use those horses that are inseparable, as opposed to having the luxury of liberty-training a horse to leave his mark and come to another mark on cue."

John usually runs four full-time wranglers on set. Additional wranglers are hired as needed. A big part of a wrangler's job is teaching actors about riding and handling horses. The show's lead actress, Amber Marshall, happens to be an experienced rider.

"It's still a challenge," John says of coaching actors. "You get them going for a few episodes, then they don't get on a horse again for a while and they forget what they were taught."

The series is filmed from April to December each year, making *Heartland* nearly a full-time endeavor for John.

"There doesn't seem to be much else like it out there," he says. "It's in prime time and being shown in 110 different countries, so it's obviously got some appeal. It's about horses, it's modern, and it's a family on a ranch. It does seem to be working."

Tom Moates is the author of several collections of horse-oriented non-fiction, including his latest work, *Further Along the Trail. Heartland* can be found in syndication Stateside. Learn more about the series at www.theheartlandranch.com.

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Using Tools Backwards

The destruction of a remote ranch home prompts questions about its prior occupants.

By Amy Hale Auker

In the shadow of Jones Mountain, we are tearing down the old white house.

No bright curtains flutter when the breeze blows through broken windows. No toys lie abandoned on the floor. A plaque asking us to "Bless This House" no longer hangs above the mantle of a cold hearth where fires no longer burn. A coffee pot no longer bubbles in the kitchen; no bedsprings creak in the night. Water no longer gushes from the faucets, booted feet no longer stomp on the porch, and potted geraniums no longer bloom on the sills.

Weather started the process after everyone moved on to newer homes with modern architecture, busier lives, easier climates, so that the seasons pass unannounced, unnoticed, uncelebrated within these walls. The only sign of life is a swallow swooping out of a window the moment a human foot scrapes the floor. Sunlight filtering through a rain-stained hole in the ceiling lays waste to whatever hope there once was that this house would breathe again.

We are tearing down the old white house – stripping off the roof, ripping off the siding, removing the door frames. Piling up heavy old-fashioned window weights. Exposing pipes and uncovering secrets. We find a bird's nest, cunningly hidden in the wall, and move it with its straining, chirping inhabitants to a place up under some rafters we are leaving for now, a good place for bird babies to finish growing.

We are tearing down the old white house, a job we have been talking about for years. It wasn't hurting anything for the structure to slowly give way to gravity and weather, but a clerk with the county searched on Google Earth and saw it, actually saw it, from her desk in the city. She asks for dollars, dollars, dollars, property taxes on a home built before there was a never-ending price to pay for keeping rain and snow and wind out of one's frying pans.

There is a cave up on the side of Jones Mountain, one with drawings on the walls and pottery sherds on the floor. I wonder if the clerk can see that dwelling place on her map, and if there would be any tax on living there, any paperwork or inspections, anyone to care if I dug a hole for my fire. Perhaps it is the only place left one can live where only the wild things would come to visit. I find myself wanting to look up the word *habitable.*

In the shadow of Jones Mountain, I am learning to use tools backwards. The full dimension Douglas fir is meant to be stacked until we build our own house. Someday. In the July heat, it is hard for me to believe in

photo by Kathy Mcraine

"We could not have pushed or burnt or moved this house, a fact we discover gradually as the original cabin is revealed, unveiled from beneath modern materials and improvements, sitting patiently in the center of several additions."

someday houses. I have never lived anywhere longer than five years, but out of hope and bullheadedness I am pulling nails instead of pounding them. Using a flat bar instead of a measuring tape. Discovering the marvels of an impact driver instead of a screwdriver. Un-shingling instead of shingling, unwiring, un-plumbing.

And I am left cold.

But enthusiasm is like the moon, and as soon as it wanes it begins to wax anew.

In the shadow of Jones Mountain, we are tearing down *her* house. As the destruction reveals the construction, I touch something of humanity.

She comes alive for me.

I know that there is no "she," that many women lived here through the years, many women put their special touches on this house; many women stored milk in the cellar, hung beeves from the high hooks, planted gardens, swept the floors, raised babies, stood in the wind while pinning laundry to dry. But as I work, I begin to talk to her, to that collage-woman, the woman I have created in my mind, the one who lived here in the shadow of Jones Mountain, longer than five years.

We could not have pushed or burnt or moved this house, a fact we discover gradually as the original cabin

is revealed, unveiled from beneath modern materials and improvements, sitting patiently in the center of several additions. A French-style vertical log structure made of hand-hewn pine and cedar tree trunks sunk into the ground, chinked with mud, a stark cube that must have been dark and cold. Lonely. Fifteen feet by seventeen feet. Suffocating. I carry my camera every day, especially after I find the newspapers.

From the *Bellingham Herald*, spring 1909:

Help Wanted—Female: Refined young man of good habits desires the acquaintance of lady 27 years to 29, one who is matrimonially inclined; no triflers need apply; photograph returned upon approval.

photo by Amy Hale Auker

A piece of newsprint reveals clues as to a former resident's origins.

I ask her... did you come here from somewhere far away over a hundred years ago? Did you think this creek bottom below Jones Mountain was beautiful or desolate or both? Did you plant the apple trees, the pear? Did you despair to hold your firstborn by the wood burning stove while the wind whistled between the logs in December? Were you reluctant or eager to bring those old newspapers out of your trunk, giving up your precious words to line the outer walls, warmth having become more important than holding on to the past? I hope you dreaded the coming winter less as the men nailed up the tongue-and-groove siding hauled in by wagon over long roads you rarely got to travel.

We are hauling the old white house to the city dump over those same roads, shattered pieces in a trailer that rattles and hums on the pavement.

I barely breathe, keeping my mouth tightly locked and my nostrils sucked inward as we tip the trailer to unload. The beep beep beeeeep never stops, rises above the sound of glass and wood and

sloppy wet bags hitting the asphalt while the bigger-than-a-house Caterpillar pushes and slides the piles of detritus from a consumer society into a truck parked below ground. A man wears a bright orange vest as he rummages through the garbage, making sure the most precious commodity, cardboard, gets pulled out and set aside. I wonder if his beard catches the stench of this place the way I know my hair is catching the dust of too many people's squandered junk. I wonder how the worker keeps from getting depressed, and I want to know that he takes a shower *first thing* when he gets home, washing off the weight of this place.

White House, by artist Bruce Fee.

I am embarrassed by the amount of my own garbage. The man parked next to us tosses a television out of his truck, plastic and glass shattering on the concrete.

We are hauling her house to the city dump, one piece at a time.

And I ask her so many things. How did you fit onto the map, and what did it look like in your head? How could I ever explain to you why your roof is visible from outer space?

Did you hate or love the blank white sheetrock after it was nailed up over the 1x6 boards you had lovingly papered in dark green patterned cloth? I want you to know that I have kept a scrap of it, for you brought beauty with you to this place.

You were not alone here. As I peel away the improvements, I find pack rat nests, scorpions, black widows, stashes of walnuts and juniper berries, evidence of squirrels and guests. I find the dehydrated bodies of creatures and hope that when they were bloating and decaying in your walls, it was not August, that you were not pale with morning sickness, that you didn't have houseguests from back east gagging in mid-afternoon with the stench you could not locate nor extricate.

Did you like the sounds of the bats up under the eaves or did you cry at night?

In the shadow of Jones Mountain, the rock chimney now stands alone, at the edge of what must have been your "new room" added onto the cabin, wood floors replacing the hated and hateful dirt that got into every pot of soup, every fold of every garment. The red brick extension atop the rock rises up into the sky, and I wonder how long you had to complain about the smoke blowing back down into your new parlor until the extra bricks were added.

And did you hold your breath with delight when they enclosed the front porch to make a bathroom, bringing the plumbing indoors? And the wall heaters! As I unwire and unbolt them from the walls, even one

in the kitchen, I wonder if you reveled in their clean heat, in the utter luxury of it all.

All of this will soon be gone, for we are leaving only the original square cabin, the one that cries out "history!" and we cannot bear to raze its heavy logs. The tax assessor has scheduled a trip over the long dirt road to make sure that it is not *habitable*.

Do you know that your house makes me sad? With a crowbar, I pry up the new countertop in the kitchen and find the old one, ancient linoleum stuck to wood with black tar, a large round burned mark where someone (damn him) set a hot pot. I find your boy's toys, faded metal trucks and cars, lost deep in the woodwork, behind old heavy flour and potato bins, and I wonder if he cried.

I stop with my prying and hammering and destructing and stand looking up at Jones Mountain. What did you do with your silence? Did you try to fill it every moment of every day? Did you sing and hum and scream and, finally, when the wires came, plug in a radio? Or did you stand, as I am doing, and allow the silence to collapse in on itself, fill itself up with the wind through the cottonwoods along the creek, the pinon jay's bossy noise, the lowing of a cow coming along the bottoms? I hope you had a windmill for company.

In the shadow of Jones Mountain, we are tearing down your house.

Amy Hale Auker is the author of the essay collection *Rightful Place*. She lives in Arizona.

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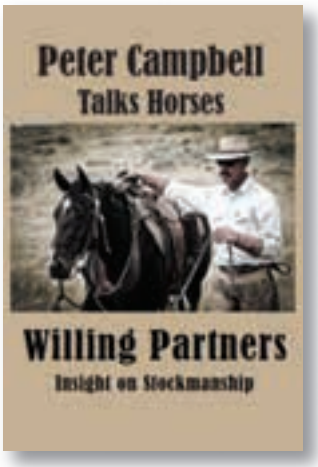
The Frontier Project

Clinician Peter Campbell shares his horsemanship insight in a new book, *Willing Partners*.

By A.J. Mangum

The third book published by The Frontier Project Inc., *Willing Partners: Insight on Stockmanship*, details author Peter Campbell's lifelong journey of self-discovery through working with horses. In the following excerpt, Campbell explains the mindset with which he approaches horsemanship.

To me, "horsemanship" means the development of one's self. It's a simple idea. We're working on ourselves, developing the discipline that allows us to understand what the horse needs from us and how best to present ideas to the horse. Achieve that, and you'll find that working with your horse becomes a whole lot easier.



Willing Partners is published by The Frontier Project Inc.

In my earliest days working with horses, in the 1970s, Tom Dorrance's methods weren't yet prevalent. His methodology was still under the radar in much of the horse world. Horse handlers tended to try and dominate horses, and used some approaches that were pretty harsh. Even then, I never liked trouble with horses, never liked to see one that thought he needed to buck or feel like he was in a bad situation. Finding a path that was clear of those troubles, though, was a challenge.

When I was around 14, an outfitter I worked with had a leased pack horse named Lucky. Everyone in the outfitting operation seemed to have trouble getting along with Lucky, and considered him nearly impossible to shoe. The horse, though, offered a different experience to his owner, an older fellow. He could get the horse shod, where few others would even make the attempt. I remember thinking that, where Lucky was concerned, there was obviously something everyone but the old man was missing.

In those days, the preferred solution for most "problem horses," was to get on and ride, to put on miles and put in time. The reality, though, is that miles and wet saddle blankets aren't what make good horses. If you're working at the wrong thing through all those hours and miles, a horse will simply get tougher and tighter. If you work at the right thing, though, and a horse gets some meaning out of it, the lessons will stick. It won't be a function of hours and miles.

Over time, you start to see what you need to offer the horse to help him do what you're asking of him. You

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learn to see where the horse is coming from, and learn to recognize the ways his instinct for self-preservation shows itself. It all begins to make sense. When your horse encounters something that makes him uncomfortable and he responds positively to your encouragement, giving you his trust, you're in a delicate position. If you get your horse into trouble after he's given you that trust, he begins to question your judgment. After all, the last time he trusted you, it got him into trouble. What riders often define as problem behavior in a horse is really the horse's attempt to protect himself.

photos by A.J. Mangum

Peter Campbell, photographed at the Hat Creek Ranch, Wheatland, Wyoming.

Working with horses presents a unique challenge. When you begin, you really don't know *what you don't know*. Ironically, it's by making mistakes and exercising bad judgment that you begin to collect the experiences that make good judgment possible. Those lessons build upon one another, and it often takes later experiences to shine light on previous lessons and give them meaning.

Years before I knew Tom, I had a little bay mare that had a habit of rearing. It wasn't violent, but she'd jump in the air. I took her to a friend for help. Standard procedure then was to over-and-under a rearing horse. He did, and she stopped, but the problem wasn't solved. On later rides, she still reared with me.

When I worked with Tom, I rode a horse that had the same problem with rearing. I shared with Tom my previous experience with the bay mare. He explained that over-and-undering a horse might get it to move, but when you really needed to count on the horse, that kind of negative behavior, rearing, would always surface again. Over-and-undering wouldn't have taught the horse not to rear, Tom explained. It would've only made him afraid, and would've done nothing to change the horse's mind about rearing. Without having had that previous experience with the bay mare, and without having made mistakes in trying to manage her rearing, I might not have understood what Tom was saying to me.

Working with horses has taught me to have discipline in everything I do; to be particular, but not critical; to revel in small, rather than big accomplishments; to keep offering myself to the horse and, even though the horse might not be at a hundred percent, to keep offering; and to not force things.

It'll always take time to get somewhere but, one day, you'll get on your horse and you'll feel a difference. The


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horse will have turned loose, mentally. Patience might not be the word. You do end up waiting on your horse, but waiting isn't necessarily doing nothing. You're just not *making* things happen.

Unfortunately, when a horse resists, most people will do one of two things: quit, or go to beating on the horse. If you can instead simply wait, your horse will make it. And it's when the horse is in the most trouble, when he's in his darkest hour and putting up the most resistance, that he'll often make a breakthrough. It's in those moments that you need to be at peace, to keep offering, and to reward every little effort. It's those little steps, those little victories, that help a horse understand what you're trying to get across to him.

"Working with horses has taught me to have discipline in everything I do," Campbell says.

It can be the same with people. Early in my attempts at teaching, I tried to *make* riders understand. I figured that, since I had this driving fire to figure this out, everyone else must have the same desire. When a student had a problem, I'd push hard to help them.

Now, I'm able to let students work at trying to understand and, as long as it's not a dangerous situation, I can let them find the answers and revel in the small accomplishments they make along the way. If they make 30 seconds of progress, I celebrate that, rather than obsessing over making all the progress possible, all at once.

At a clinic, a student might be working with a horse, trying to make something happen. I'll tell them to keep offering. The horse might not make his breakthrough at the clinic, but I might come back a year later and see that things are working. The horse is now walking in a straight line or stopping smoothly. And from the look on the student's face, I can tell that his insides have changed. He's no longer frustrated.

Some horsemen reach a point where they feel like nothing can stump them. They figure they've been around, seen it all, and that there's nothing they can't figure out. I've learned, though, that as you spend more time with horses, you realize there's always so much more to know. Whatever ego you begin with, horses will eventually get it in check and you'll leave every situation feeling like there's still so much to learn.

Willing Partners is available from www.petercampbellhorsemanship.com, as well as from BarnesAndNoble.com, Amazon.com and other major online booksellers.


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The Works

The fall roundup at Arizona's 7 Up Ranch.

By Kathy McCraine

A 1947 brochure advertising the Triangle HC Guest Ranch, northwest of Prescott, Arizona, touted it as "a real cow ranch in a real ranch country."

The ranch had been a working cow ranch since 1887. Harry Knight, an Arizona rancher and cowboy who performed in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show as a bronc rider and trick roper, bought the place in 1922, turning it into Arizona's first guest ranch three years later. It was the start of the golden age of dude ranches, as eastern tourists flocked west by rail and car to experience the romance of the West and the American cowboy.

photos by Kathy McCraine

KJ's brother Cory Kasun puts a heel loop on a big calf that got missed during the spring branding. When they get too big to flank for branding, we head and heel them.

Nestled in the mountains at over a mile high in altitude, the Triangle HC was a perfect getaway in the summer, just 45 miles from Prescott on a winding dirt road the brochure optimistically called "good." The accommodations were upscale for the era and the remoteness of the location. Guests could gather in a spacious lodge for singing and storytelling, dancing to a local band, or cozying up to a roaring fire that could be welcome even in the summer at that altitude. The log cabins scattered through the towering Ponderosa pines eventually offered hot water, private baths and electricity. Ice was delivered weekly and stored in an ice house with sawdust-packed walls.

Guests were also invited to participate in the cattle work, or swim in a crudely cemented pool next to the cattle pens. The perfect host, Harry delighted his guests with his flair for weaving humorous yarns and showing off his expertise in handling cattle and horses.

In 1949 Harry sold out to Sam McElhaney, a Phoenix florist who also owned the huge McElhaney Feedyards at Wellton. Sam continued the guest operation for two more years before

"In and by." Cory Kasun and Dave Pawell, who both day work for the ranch, turn a calf out of the alley into a holding pen. Riders at one end of the alley sort one or more of the same sex out at a time and send them down the alley where the "ins" (in this case the heifers) are turned into a pen, and the "bys" (steers) are allowed to run down to the other end of the alley.

returning it to a strictly cattle operation. In future years he added other adjoining land, including the 7 Up Ranch, the name under which he operated.

Today the old log structures have mostly fallen into disrepair, but the working part of the ranch lives on as part of the 72,000-acre Campwood Cattle Company, which my husband Swayze and I operate. The dudes are long gone, however. When we first acquired the ranch 12 years ago from Sam's grandson, Mike Oden, town friends were eager to come out for "roundup" with their town horses. Usually, that lasted for one ride. The 7 Up cowboys didn't cut dudes any slack. After trotting out many miles before daylight, spending 10 hours in the saddle, and busting 250-pound calves at the brandings, most of them just quietly faded away, towing their sore-footed horses behind them.

The 7 Up, which now makes up 44,000 acres of our total operation, is sandwiched between the O RO Ranch to the north and the Yolo Ranch to the south, two of Arizona's largest and most historic ranches. We might haul salt in our 1940s Austrian Pinzgauer army truck, but when it comes to working cattle, it's strictly a horseback outfit. The ranch's rough, malapai rock-strewn mesas and craggy canyons, including the treacherous Burro Creek

Canyon, demand a tough horse raised in rough country, so, out of necessity, we raise our own horses.

In the spring we brand at different branding pens scattered around the ranch, most barely accessible by 4-wheel drive. In the fall though, the Triangle HC and its cedar picket shipping pens, which were there long before Harry Knight, become the center of activity.

KJ and wife Penny's boy, Kyle, is the youngest cowboy on the Campwood crew.

As we rotate pastures throughout the year for better management, the 400-head cow herd and their calves that run on the 7 Up Division of the ranch are shuffled into pastures where they can be gathered and driven to the shipping pens with six or seven hours of riding. Then the work begins – sorting, weaning, branding calves missed the previous spring, vaccinating, and shipping, either to our winter stocker allotment at Skull Valley, or to the auction barn. It all takes three to four days, not counting "bawling the calves out" (conditioning and giving the stocker calves time to get over bawling for their mothers), gathering remnants, and driving the herd back out to winter pasture.

This past fall I took a rare day or two off to photograph the fall "works." It's too hard to get good photos when you're horseback in the middle of the action. The oak trees scattered among the Ponderosas were changing colors, making a beautiful backdrop. As the crew sorted in the dusty pens, worked the cattle through the chutes and loaded Van Kirkwood's big, silver cattle truck, the paneless windows of the old Triangle HC lodge stared out at us, and I could almost sense Harry Knight's ghost overseeing the day's work.

Ranch owner Swayze McCraine sorting out of a holdup next to the Triangle HC shipping pens on Kramer.

Campwood's 2011 fall crew, left to right, Swayze McCraine, Dave Pawell, KJ Kasun, Cory Kasun, Richard Smith, and KJ's dad Kelly.
(Also part of the crew, not pictured, photographer Kathy McCraine.)

Kathy McCraine is an Arizona-based rancher, writer and photographer. Learn more about her work at www.kathymccraine.com.

GIFT GUIDE

Here is our Christmas Wish List with some great gift ideas for the upcoming holiday season – something for every cowboy and cowgirl on your list, be they naughty or nice!

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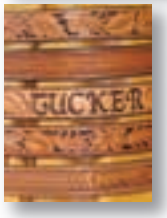

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This 30' x 36' (including lean-to) Ponderosa Country Barn from

Sand Creek Post & Beam could just be the perfect Christmas gift for that special person in your life.

Beautiful post and beam construction will protect your horses and motorized toys in style. www.sandcreekpostandbeam.com

The Vaquero DVD Series

A great, landmark dvd series with its fly-on-the-wall filming style and no-bull interviews paints a penetrating portrait of cowboy life from its Spanish roots to present day. Beautifully underscored with the music of Cowboy singers who have spent many hours in the saddle. This 9-DVD Set provides14 hours of outstanding Cowboy Entertainment. www.VaqueroSeries.com

Gooseneck

Give the very best! Gooseneck Trailer Mfg. Co., Inc. has 50 years of proven excellence in building,

our trailers stronger to last longer. www.gooseneck.net

A Cut Above Buckles

A Cut Above Buckles creates the finest quality handmade, hand-cut, custom buckles, awards, and accessories. Design your custom handmade buckle in any size, shape, color, or style to create a gift to be remembered. Each unique

buckle is guaranteed for life but built to last for generations. www.acutabovebuckles.com

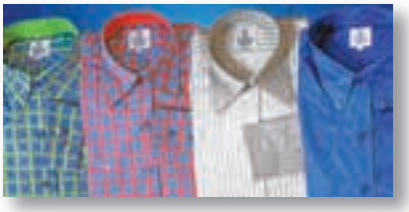
Heirloom Furniture from Andy and Aaron Sanchez

Each of Andy's rockers are handcrafted individually with unique inlays of stones and sometimes fossils. The back is ergonomically designed and supremely comfortable. This rocker is of

alligator juniper and mahogany, inlaid with turquoise and coral. The basket weave leather seat makes it durable as well as restful. www.andysanchez.com

Barranada Shirts

Just in time for holiday shopping, Barranada is proud to introduce its newest collection: The Arizona Series. These new shirt designs were inspired by the natural beauty of the American Southwest. Give the gift of classic style with Barranada! www.barranada.com



Code of the West

Makers featured at Codeofthewest.us specialize in one of a kind items such as this custom fully carved saddle made by Steve Mason of High River, Alberta." www.codeofthewest.us

Woolies – Custom Cowboy Shop

Angora Batwing Chaps
For the person on your list who has everything! Salt and Pepper natural color angora batwing chaps with full flower tooled belt, rope guards and wings. Made by Don Butler, Sheridan WY.

Hand-Tooled Purse
Unique and one of a kind full flower tooled purse by Don Butler, Sheridan, Wyoming. Fully lined, hidden magnetic closure and African Cape Buffalo gusset and strap.

Custom Cowboy Shop
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Cody, WY 82414
800-487-2692
customcowboy@vcn.com
www.customcowboyshop.com

Rod Miller

Rod Miller, a frequent contributing writer to *Ranch & Reata*, is also a poet. His collection of poetry, *Things a Cowboy Sees and Other Poems* (Port Yonder Press), is recipient of the Westerners International Fred Olds Award for Poetry. Earlier this year a poem from the award-winning book received the Western Writers of America Spur Award for Best Western Poem.

rod@holmesco.com

Montana Watch

The Model 1925
One of our most elegant and versatile timepieces, this classic tuneau shape has been a staple in the Montana Watch line for years. In the spotlight this holiday season is a beautiful rendition of our sterling silver mechanical timepiece with pave set yellow diamonds. The Western Bright Cut engraving on the case as well as on the hand cast bracelet is done by Master Engraver Diane Scalese. Manufactured in Livingston Montana by American Horologist Jeffrey Nashan, each individually handcrafted piece is a unique gift.

The Sapphire
Our most popular ladies design, this delicate piece will shine on the wrist of a lucky lady. The non tarnishing argentium silver case is framed by 12 perfect Montana Yogo Sapphires and enhanced by Western Bright Cut engraving that continues seamlessly on the back of the case. In addition to a white Mother of Pearl dial and solid gold winding crown this piece is finished with a hand cut

alligator band. The swiss quartz analog movement timepiece is then assembled in Livingston Montana by noted American Horologist, Jeffrey Nashan.
www.montanawatch.com

Rancho Estancia

Southwest Stripe
This sleek fitting top lends itself to romance with an elastic gathered neckline worn on or off the shoulders. The versatility of this tee is that it can be dressed up as shown here or worn with your favorite jeans. Live in love!

Sexy shaping, flowy flattering A-line skirt/dress with distinctive diagonal seams for a sliming fit and elastic waist/top.
www.ranchoestancia.com

Crushed Velvet Dress
This dress of the season dazzles with crushed velvet paisley print against Fenway brown lace.
www.ranchoestancia.com

Resistol, Stetson Charlie One Horse

20X Black Gold
This 20X Resistol is made with the finest furs. Available in 4, 4⅝", and open crowns with available brims from 4"- 5".
www.resistolhat.com

20X Paradise
A top notch genuine fur-felt 20X premium hat made in America by Stetson with a genuine leather sweatband. Topped off with a Sterling Silver buckle overlaid with gold leafs and ruby stones. Available in a 4¼" crown and 4" brim, also in Desert Tan, Silverbelly, and Mocha.
www.stetsonhat.com

4X Angus
Genuine fur-felt 4X American made hat by Stetson with a genuine leather sweatband. Shown in a Granite color with a stitched leather belt, 4⅝" crown and 4" brim, also in black.
www.stetsonhat.com

Let 'Er Buck
A fine felt hat by Charlie 1 Horse with hand-tooled cut leather, red suede inlay and silver studs. A hat made to be worn and displayed.
www.charlie1horsehats.com

Nathalie

Hand beaded deerskin neck bag with cross, hand twisted fringe, and silver concho button from Nathalie in Santa Fe.
www.nathaliesantafe.com.

Nathalie designed 15" tall custom Cowgirl boots 'Hearts'
www.nathaliesantafe.com

Seidel Saddlery

"Paddle Back Concealed Carry Holster by Keith Seidel in Cody, Wyoming, made for any 1911 frame handgun. All metal lined for stability and strength with a tension screw to gain just the right friction on the gun. Other styles available. Perfect gift for the gun lover in your life!
www.seidelsaddlery.com

Roper/Stetson

New from ROPER! Men's brown embossed ostrich performance shoe. Laces up with a padded ankle and padded sole for comfort. This lightweight shoe features a molded sole that fits great in your stirrup so you can rope and ride in them too!
www.karmaninc.com

Great looking ROPER men's long sleeve snap shirt will be perfect for the holiday season. Available in snap or button.
www.karmaninc.com

Stetson Jeans offers great new styles and fit for men! The jean shown features a modern fit with a slightly lower rise and relaxed through the thigh for extra comfort in the saddle! Details include 5 pocket styling with blasting details and destruction. The back pockets have an "x" stitching. The leg opening is perfect for stacking over your boots!
www.stetsonapparel.com

Wrangler Western Wear

Wrangler Denim Christmas Stocking
Keep your Christmas traditions western with the Wrangler Denim

stocking – a great gift for all ages!
100% Cotton, Heavyweight
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Rock 47 by Wrangler
Ladies Denim Jacket
This Rock 47 by Wrangler denim jacket will sure to be on the wish list for any stylish cowgirl with its contemporary back design with embellishments.
Contrast Leopard Trim
1-888-784-8571
www.wranglerwestern.com

Ryan Michael – Uniquely American

The Double Diamond, 92/8 cotton silk, enzyme stone washed in dark indigo denim with antiqued snaps and copper thread.
www.ryanmichael.com

The Santa Fe, leather with Santa Fe yoke and braided leather embroidery.
www. ryanmichael.com

The Deadwood in 100% cotton that is pigment garment dyed. Bone snaps and pewter thread.
ww.ryanmichael.com

Back At The Ranch

New from Back at the Ranch – a boot that flies high – The Eagle.
www.backattheranch.com

Rocketbuster

Nothing says Christmas like Rocketbuster Boots. Marty and Nevina will make your Christmas dreams come true, how about like these beauties? It's all about you at Rocketbuster.
www.rocketbuster.com
Check out our new YouTube channel and watch us in action

http://www.youtube.com/user/rocketbusterboots?feature=guide

Steel Strike

The folks at Steel Strike have some wonderful handcrafted furnishings for your Holiday cheer.

Santa Fe Bar Stool
Featuring hand tooled leather back. A gift that can be customized with leather and fabrics to complete any home decor and withstand the test of time.
www.steelstrike.com

Proudly Served at Ranch & Reata Roadhouse

Pendleton 1910
Pendleton 1910 is a rare 100% rye whisky distilled in Canada and is oak barrel-aged a minimum of 12 years. Featuring round, rich notes of tobacco, charred oak and butterscotch with a spicy rye kick and peppery heat, Pendleton 1910 rye whisky is rounded out by the

smoothness of maple and the sweet cherry to provide a weighty and balanced, yet complex, flavor profile.
www.pendletonwhisky.com

Brighton Saddlery

Powder River saddles were known for quality and durability throughout the West for several generations. They were built in Denver from the 1920s to the

1960s. Brighton Saddlery has revived the name and for several years now have been offering hand built updated versions of these quality saddles on custom saddle trees. This Powder River wade features a heavy bullhide tree yet weighs less than 34 lbs. Gullet width is 6.5" on a 90 degree angle and the guaranteed drop inskirt rig is at the ⅞ position. Of course the saddle is lined with ¾" bark tanned wool. The handshaped ground seat is a pleasure to ride from the first day. All stamping and carving are hand done. The leather artisan's skill is exemplified by the exquisite floral carving on the roughout seat and fenders. More and more top cowboys and clinicians are realizing that these great close contact Wade style saddles don't have to weigh 45 lbs. to still handle a tough "ol' cowbrute" on the end of a rope. Shown with Nettles 4" oak bell stirrups, it can be shipped with your choice of stirrups.
www.BrightonSaddlery.com

Original Cowboy Art

Mike Capron is one of the handiest cowboys in West Texas, and one of the West's most respected artists. "Stompin' a Hole in the Ground," an 8- by 12-inch painting in a distressed frame, depicts a hand "hangin' and rattlin'," as Mike puts it, adding, "I just hope he has enough sense of direction left

when this pony settles down to remember which way his hat is."
www.mwcapron.com

Handmade Concho Bit

Overlayed with hand-engraved, antiqued sterling scrollwork, this bit from New Mexico craftsman Stewart Williamson features 2.5-inch sterling conchos and a half-breed, sweet iron mouthpiece with a cricket and copper inlays. The shanks are 4130 steel and the rein chains, which have forged S hooks, are made from mild steel. www.custombitsandspurs.com

Handmade Boots

Custom cowboy boot maker Lisa Sorrell names all of her work after classic country song titles. This pair, titled "You're Running Wild," feature the American bison on the

fully inlaid kangaroo tops and a hunter green alligator foot. All of Lisa's work is commissioned by the client and requires a personal meeting for fitting and choosing the leather and design. www.customboots.net

Vintage Couture Party Dress

Colorado designer Mindy Briddle describes her work as occupying that region "where the runway ends and the ranch begins." She specializes in creating custom wedding, party and everyday dresses for women who want high fashion without sacrificing western sensibilities. (720) 394-6999

Camp Dutch Ovens

For generations, Lodge Cast Iron has been the leading manufacturer of cast-iron Dutch ovens, essential equipment for cowboy-style camp cooking. Each is seasoned with a vegetable oil electrostatic spray, then baked in a high-temperature gas oven before leaving the foundry. The flanged lid, for hot coals, inverts for use as a griddle. Integral legs allow for both campfire and fireplace cooking. 2 to 12 quart sizes. www.jackscountrystore.com

photo courtesy Jack's Country Store

Handmade Gear Bag

One of the world's leading saddlemakers, Chuck Stormes has also made gear bags since the early 1970s. Originally designed as a rodeo cowboy's riggin' bag, it has since become a favorite travel

photo courtesy National Cowboy & Western Heritage

duffle. Stormes built this bag, in airline carry-on size, for the 2007 Traditional Cowboy Arts Association show. www.chuckstormes.com

Handmade Bosal

South Dakota rawhide braider Whit Olson is quickly earning a reputation as one of the trade's most talented craftsmen. This ⅝ths-inch bosal features a 24-plait body dyed with natural walnut and built over a rawhide core. The 80-plait nose button was finished at 8 inches and is braided with matching walnut interweaves. The bosal measures 11 inches in

length and is completed with an Indian-tan latigo hanger.
www.whitolson.com

Handmade Knife

New Mexico knifemaker Ruben Ramos creates everything from hunting knives to butcher knives, producing one-of-a-kind, heirloom-quality tools that reflect a commitment to fine craftsmanship. The knife shown is Ramos' Magnum Hunter, 8.5 inches in overall length with a

blade of mirror-finish stainless steel and an elephant ivory handle. Each hunting knife comes with a custom leather sheath, such as the crossdraw sheath shown here.
www.ramosknives.com

Handmade Saddle

Chris Cheney, an Idaho saddlemaker, silversmith and saddle-tree maker, is known for work that offers both functionality and beauty. This square-skirted Wade features 7X mixed carving, a 5-inch shovel cantle, ⅞ths flat-plate

rigging, a braided hobble ring, and a seat inlaid into the fork. The string conchos are heavy sterling silver.
www.cheneycustom.com

Alexander Valley Cabernet Sauvignon

Silver Oak was founded by Ray and Sally Duncan, owners of Colorado's Diamond Tail Ranch and co-owners of Vail's Claggett/Rey Gallery. The 2008 Alexander Valley Cabernet Sauvignon, according to Silver Oak's tasting notes, "is a dark, rich, full-bodied wine with great tannic structure and mouth-feel. It has a garnet color and a nose of ripe boysenberries, cherry liqueur, dark chocolate, sandalwood and a hint of roasting meat."
www.silveroak.com

XP Limited Edition

***XP* by Alison M. Bailey**

An Important New Novel of the American West. Only 100 hand-made leather-bound editions will be available for the collector. The

printer, Edwards Brothers, from Ann Arbor, Michigan since 1893, uses 60 lb. archival paper with an historic Scotch Roman font; the edition will appear printed in 1861, the year the Pony Express began. Inside, copies of etchings from an 1861 *Harper's Weekly* and Edward Borein. Book design by Lumino Press, Santa Barbara, California. Each copy signed and numbered by the author. Made in the USA. Available from www.runawayhorsepress.com

Buckaroo Businesses

A collectable hitched horse hair bosal and hanger, handmade in

Montana. Buckaroo Businesses in Billings, Montana carries these hitched bosals in various sizes and colors. Every piece is completely unique, and not only are they a work of art, but they are also made to use with the correct dimensions needed for your hackamore horses. Need more? They also have a selection of hitched headstalls. Call for prices and available colors and sizes. 406-252-5000 or www.buckaroobusinesses.net

Lynn Miller Art

Our friend and contributor Lynn Miller does some incredible

paintings and art work – along with his writings. This multi-talented farmer, rancher, publisher, artist is just as happy working his horses. www.lynnmillerartist.com

Cinch

Moto jacket – Cotton slub terry material with zippered pockets and

dual entry patch pockets. Also shown in the picture a black tye dyed scarf with fringed ends. www.cinchjeans.com

Miller Ranch

www.millerranch1918.com

Classic brown western dress shirt with custom Miller Ranch snaps.

Canvas Jacket. Water resistan with nylon lined sleeves and adjustable cuffs. Double front closure with brass zipper. Moleskin collar and pockets and neck for extra warmth.

Priefert's Score Chute

The perfect gift for any roper, Priefert's Score Chute is the Ultimate Training Tool. This chute's interior neck gate allows ropers to hold the steer inside the chute and repeatedly open the front gate to "score" the horse. www.priefertevensthescore.com

Stylish Antiqued Silver Stemware

Whether it's enjoying a backyard happy hour or a quiet evening at home after a long ride on the trail, toast the perfect occasion with this

Antiqued Silver Stemware from Quarter Horse Outfitters. Purchase a set today to enjoy this holiday season!

The product hyperlink is:
Margarita Glass:
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Tall Wine Glass:
http://www.aqhastore.com/store/product/16974/Tall-Wine-Metal-Base-Set/

Quarter Horse Outfitters online at aqhastore.com
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Fax: 806-372-8652
Email: qho@aqha.org
Mail: Quarter Horse Outfitters
2601 I-40 East
Amarillo, TX 79104
Hours: Monday - Saturday 9 a.m.-5 p.m. CDT

Big Bend Saddlery

Big Bend Saddlery's extremely cool iPad notebook is made for the iPad2. It features a strap and snap

that also fastens the notebook in the table-top mode. It is made with camera holes front and back and a Velcro closure – available in Basket stamped, Carlos border or plain with a brand, initials or logo.

For the traditional writer, here is Big bend's Pocket Norebook with a 3" x 5" spiral pad and is avialble in a variety of carving patterns: basket stamp (shown), flower carved, Carlos border and plain finish.
www.bigbendsaddlery.com

Western Heritage Furniture

Saddle up to the Ghostwood Saddle Stand from Western Heritage Furniture. Made from our

original reclaimed Ghostwood and Alder, this is the perfect stand to showcase your prized saddlery. Add in your brand or logo for a custom touch!
www.westernheritagefurniture.com

Filson

Filson "re-releases" its classic Forsestry Cloth Cruiser. The 2012 revival reintroduces the classic design in forest green and features similar design elements to the 1934 model, including: a double-pocket across the back, four large front utility pockets, additional pencil

and compass pockets and an interior pocket that allow sufficient space to stash essentials. www.filson.com

Milano Hats

One can't miss with the tradional quality of Milano Hats. Shown: "Hyder" in 10x Black. "Pinnacle" 20x Black and Superior 500x Black www.milanohats.com

Wil Howe

Wil Howe Ranch
Western Dream Horse Package

Wil and Beverly Howe's "Cadillac" geldings are seasoned and solid, ready to bring in the herd, sort off a pair or hit the trail. Options can include a saddle, custom silver bit, rawhide romel reins and bridle, halter, lead, hobbles, our training videos and a private or group Bridle-Horsemanship Clinic. One stop shopping. www.wilhowe.com

Tim Cox Prints

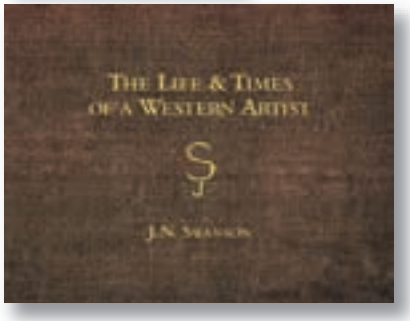
These fine prints of artist Tim Cox make superb and thoughtful gifts. www.timcox.com

Hamley's

Hamley & Co. of Pendleton, features silver work from a number of artists including items from local artist ZPT Silver Products. www.hamley.com

Old Cowdogs Book Gift

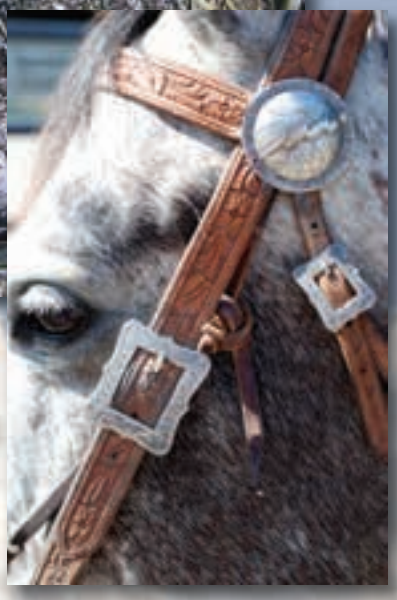
Here are two great gift books – *The Art of the Western Saddle* (Winner of the 2004 Equine Book of the Year from American Horse Publications) and the new biography of vaquero artist jack Swanson, *The Life and Times of a Western Artist.*



www.oldcowdogs.com

Sweetbird Studios

Nancy Anderson's Sweetbird Studios brings the "Roy Rogers and Trigger "True Love" handbag for under your tree. Modeled after a US Cavalry saddle bag with vintage tin and turquoise. www.sweetbirdstudio.com



Old Cowdogs

Since 1989. Fine Art, Books & Silver of the Pacific Slope

www.oldcowdogs.com

Out Where the Horses Were Tied...

Living Inside the Greatest Cowboy Song Ever Written

By Tom Russell

Out through the back door of Rosa's I ran
Out where the horses were tied
I caught a good one, he looked like he could run...
Up on his back and away I did ride
"El Paso," Marty Robbins

I The Jukebox at Rosa's Cantina

And at last here I am on the hill overlooking El Paso
I can see Rosa's Cantina below....
"El Paso," Marty Robbins

Almost every afternoon, around happy hour, an old gringo gentleman used to walk into Rosa's Cantina carrying a foam beer can holder. Koozies they call them. This particular koozie had a saddle bronc rider on it and advertised an amateur rodeo in Fabens, Texas. It was a fixed part of the old man's drink ritual. His personal beer holder. An extension of his arm.

The old man sat at the corner of the horseshoe bar and ordered the first can of ice cold beer and jammed it down into the foam holder. Then he got up and fed three or four dollars into the jukebox. He played Marty Robbins' "El Paso" at least five times. The old gringo nursed his beer and listened deeply. He closed his eyes. He was feeling close to God. The God of great cowboy songs.

The author embedded on assignment.

I sat there with him on three or four hot afternoons. Nodding and smiling at the song. We didn't talk. It would have been rude and ignorant to interrupt Marty Robbins and this epic cowboy story. This was church. This was the movies. This was art. This was Rosa's Cantina. The old gringo's eyes were glowing each time the song began. He knew what was coming. We both knew what was coming. It was the high point of our day. The coins dropped into the slot and the lights blinked on the side of the box and a Spanish guitar lick rolled out like a reata and danced across the room. Then that voice flowed out of the speakers:

Out in the West Texas town of El Paso
I fell in love with a Mexican girl
Nighttime would find me at Rosa's Cantina
Music would play and feline would whirl...

Marty Robbins. It was the voice of a cowboy-opera singer. A huge, vocal instrument cutting to the heart of the gunfighter waltz. A corrido in English. Here we go with that classic story: A cowboy walks into a border bar and falls in love with a Mexican dancer. Or is she a whore? Love is blind on the frontier. The Spanish guitar

Mr. Russell in deep research mode.

licks are pushing the lyric along. Trouble coming. Guns flashing. Horse hooves pushing off against hard desert scrabble. Murder. Remorse. Retreat.

That first verse always raises hair up across the back of my neck. The Spanish-Mexican guitar intro, played by Grady Martin, and Marty's voice, and the poetry of his well-writ epic. It all makes very clear sense at five in the afternoon in a dark cantina in the Chihuahua desert. And the beer is cold. And the waitress is pretty and doesn't talk too much. And that cantina you're sitting in is the same cantina as mentioned in the song, the lair of the lovely Felina.

If you should walk over to the front windows and squint out through the iron bars, into the hard sunlight, you might be able to see that famous hill where the last verse of the song plays out. That hill of fate the cowboy rides down, in a hail of gunfire, only to die in Felina's arms. You can see it out there. Unless the dust is blowing.

Go back to your bar stool. Close your eyes and listen. It's happy hour and you're living inside the greatest cowboy song ever written.

Rosa's Cantina. It has a ring to it, eh? Spanish is the lingua franca here, and El Paso is one of the only songs on the box sung in English. As it should be, amigo. The coins are dropping into the slot, again, and the lights are flashing. Forget the year 2012. Wipe it all out. It's 1959, before life and romance kicked the hell out of all of us, and Marty Robbins' "El Paso" is on the top of the country and pop charts, and all things are possible again. Love is worth fighting and dying for, and there are fast horses outside the door ready to carry us away to safety, into the badlands, where a man can live off rattlesnake meat and the memory of that senorita back in the cantina. Felina.

Yes, 1959. Back when all the border ladies were beautiful, the drinks were strong, the horses were fast, and your knees didn't ache. That's why we write cowboy songs. To escape into the ageless, overly romanticized dream.

Rosa's Cantina rests in a half-acre gravel lot near the desolate tail-end of a street called Doniphan Road, near the horse track in Sunland Park New Mexico. Rosa's is actually located within the city limits of El Paso, but this is a small corner of wild geography which embraces Mexico,

New Mexico, and Texas. In the space of a quarter mile a man could drink at Rosa's, place a bet at the New Mexican horse track, and cross over the wrong way into Juarez, Mexico.

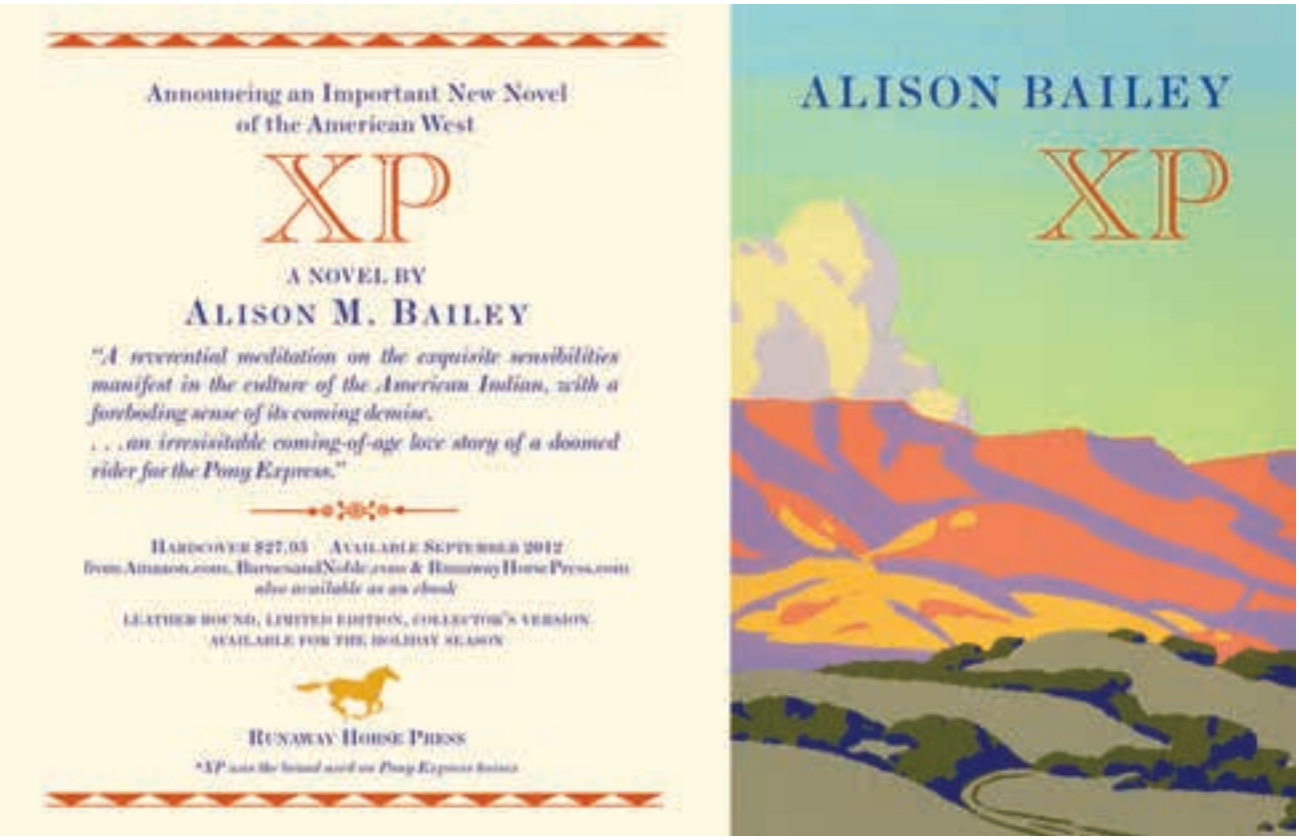
Johnny Cash sang about this very matter in "Wanted Man," a song he co-wrote with Bob Dylan. "I went the wrong way into Juarez with Juanita on my lap... " The real trouble began when Johnny crossed back over into El Paso. October 5, 1965. He was busted. But that's another story. Involving a large quantity of pills.

I don't mean any disrespect to Mr. Cash, who not only recorded several of my songs, but allowed me to sing "Peace in the Valley" with him in Switzerland once. He sang it into my ear and it came out of my mouth, and I sounded like a Johnny Cash ventriloquist dummy, singing about "lions lying down with lambs," to ten thousand Swiss country music fans. Johnny Cash was a great man, and a friend, and I wish we could have enjoyed a beer together at Rosa's. Cash understood this mean as hell frontier. He stared out at it all through the bars of the county jail.

This is my country. Mi Tierra del sol. The Pass of the North. The beginnings of our cowboy cultures passed nearby our hacienda near the Rio Grande. If you understand the history and the terrain, then that cowboy song on the juke box takes on greater meaning.

II The Pass of the North – the Mean As Hell Country

Nobody cared if I died or moved to El Paso...
Raymond Chandler



In the year 1568 Don Juan Onate crossed over the Rio Bravo on his tall, stout Andalusia horse. Onate declared all the land north of the river the property of the Queen on Spain. Then his expedition – made up of soldiers, priests, pilgrims, one songwriter, cattle, fighting cattle, and horses – sat down and celebrated the first thanksgiving in the United States. No, the first thanksgiving wasn't near Plymouth Rock, amigo. That was a few decades later. This feast by the Rio Bravo was the first cowboy thanksgiving.

And now place your gunfighter ballad into the historic and geographic context on a wild frontier that has never been tamed. Imagine those Spaniards and Mexicans, riding the giant horses – the men covered with armor in 110 degree heat. These men were a breed apart. When the Aztecs saw a man on horseback they thought it was a mythical beast, like a Minotaur. The odds were stacked against the Natives.

The Spanish horses were sturdy, and the saddle bags held Spanish wine and dry chorizo. The Onate expedition followed a trail they titled El Camino Real, the true road, though a land they named the horno del muerto – the oven of death.

Rosa's Cantina fits into this landscape. We toss around the word "frontier," but this is truly the last frontier. The edge of history. The brink. The border. The badlands. Most folks lay no claim to having been in El Paso. It's the end of the line. The middle of nowhere. If you tell people you live in El Paso, and they usually respond: "Why?" Or they might say: "I was there once. In the army. Went to Juarez. Got drunk. Got thrown in jail." Or maybe: "I passed through there one time and kept going..."

This is a country best summoned up by writers such as Cormac McCarthy, or even Johnny Cash, in his recitation: Mean As Hell. In Cash's poem the Devil is asking God for disposable land to build a new hell:

The Lord said: "Yes there's a plenty of hand
But I left it down by the Rio Grande
The fact is, ol' boy, the stuff is so poor
I don't think you could use it as the hell anymore...
The heat in the summers are hundred and ten
too hot for the devil too hot for men..."

Welcome, pilgrim. Carry water. And dry chorizo. Let's say you happen to fly in here from Phoenix, Los Angeles, Denver, or Houston. Maybe you have business here. Or relatives. Or a wish to find Rosa's Cantina. A few years back, when you walked down the stairs from your arriving flight, the first stop on your right was the "Marty Robbins' Bar," which featured a fake gold record and a few pieces of memorabilia.

There was a mayor's award for Marty, a plaque that said something akin to: Dedicated to Marty Robbins – the man who put El Paso on the map. The bar is gone now. It's a wine bar with a Starbucks Coffee joint facing it. Go grab your luggage. Vamoose. You'll walk beneath a huge mural depicting General Black Jack Pershing chasing Pancho Villa through the Chihuahua Desert.

Pershing is using horses, mules and bi-planes. They never caught Pancho. He was later assassinated by his own people. His last words: Don't let it end like this, tell them I said something.

Outside, beyond the parking lot, sits the largest equestrian statue in the world. Don Juan Onate on his colossal Spanish horse. The horse is rearing up, welcoming you to the frontier. The steed's features are anatomically correct. Spanish Conquistadors and Mexican Charros ride stallions, amigo. Don Juan is waving his sword in the air, appropriating land for the Queen. Land God declared not fit for a hell.

Drive straight out of the airport and you'll end up in Juarez in ten minutes. Not recommended these days without an armored vehicle. The nightclubs where Sinatra sang, and the five star hotels and divorce mills are long gone. Bulldozed during the cartel wars. The Plaza Monumental bullring has been torn down and replaced by a Walmart. There's your shifting history.

Better turn right on Highway 10 and aim for downtown El Paso. This is the town which, until the 1960s, used to have live alligators in the town square fountain. The gators were staring up at The Plaza Hotel, built by Nicky Hilton, who shared the penthouse with his wife Liz Taylor. Liz, in turn, stared out at Juarez, where Marilyn Monroe once divorced Arthur Miller. Marilyn then proceeded to the Kentucky Bar and bought the house a round of Margaritas. This is the hearsay. Some folks say the Margarita was invented in Juarez. The best fresh-lime margaritas are still served at The Kentucky Bar. Don't turn your back to the front door. That's gunfighter wisdom. Let's cross back into El Paso.

Back in El Paso my life would be worthless
Everything's gone in life, nothing is left....

Viva El Paso! This is the town where John Wesley Hardin set up his law practice, after his prison time. He claims to have shot 27 men. Mas or menos. Hardin stated: I never killed a man who didn't need killin'. He was eventually shot in the back by Sheriff John Selman, then his body was drug out into the street, so the townsfolk could gawk at the dead outlaw-lawyer who always cheated at cards. Hardin is buried in the historic Concordia Cemetery, next to the Chinese graveyard where the railroad workers are interred. Another quote from Johnny Cash:

Right through the swinging doors John Selman came with a blazin' gun
Wes Hardin chug-a-luggin' red eye, John got him in the back of the head
John Wesley Hardin fell dead – Hardin wouldn't run
Hardin Wouldn't Run

Across the street from the graveyard is the L and J Café, in my opinion it's the best Mexican restaurant in the West. L and J is near Fort Bliss, one of our largest Military facilities, and history tells us that soldiers once trained a mule to walk down to The L and J and fetch a bucket of cold beer and then bring it back. The story is written there in the menu.

Within this cowboy-mythical terrain the song El Paso fits perfectly, and Rosa's Cantina sits in the heart of our west. Let's head back over there. We'll take a drive along Alameda, the old road which snakes along the border. The fence is up now – high black mesh, topped with cameras – but a few years ago this was open territory. You could almost reach out to those Juarez poverty shacks as you whistled that Bob Dylan line:

When you're lost in the rain in Juarez
And it's Easter time too...
"Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues," Bob Dylan

III The Last Bar on Earth

I'm sittin' here drinking in the last bar on earth
And out in California she's takin' off her tight red skirt...
"Out in California," Dave Alvin and Tom Russell

Maybe tomorrow a bullet may find me
Tonight nothing worse than this pain in my heart
"El Paso," Marty Robbins.

We're back at Rosa's. It's August, 2012. Rosa's white stucco flesh is peeling off in the brutal heat, and the crimson-red letters of the fluorescent sign have turned a dusty, faded pink. There's a side entrance for beer deliveries with a screen door decorated with a cast iron rose entwined around a horseshoe – an image from a song that will never fade.

Rosa's front windows stare up at that rocky hill called "Mount Cristo Rey," where a giant cross of the Jesus Christ lures the faithful and the sick-of-heart up a

switch-backed, five mile trail of rock and sand. Penitent souls crawl up there on their knees, asking for healing and forgiveness from a merciful God.

This country around Rosa's is now an isolated desert patch of closed copper refineries, gravel pits, and forgotten bars with great jukeboxes. Freight trains wind their way around the mountain and border patrol trucks chase illegal ghosts through the agave and cactus.

The dark interior of Rosa's is dotted with card tables and folding chairs and one big old wooden horseshoe bar that curves into the back wall. The Wurlitzer is filled with records by Little Joe y Su Familia, Vincente Fernandez, Los Tigres del Norte, Ana Gabriel, Freddy Fender, The Rolling Stones, and Marty Robbins. I peer into the box, on occasion, and marvel about how many songs the charro singers have written about horses.

We have very few songs about horses in English. But the Mexicans are enamored with them. The horse is the hero and the center of hundreds of long ballads. This is a damn good place to hear those horse corridos, especially when that old grandmotherly cook is firing up the enchiladas and refried beans, and chopping fresh salsa.

The kitchen opens at 5pm and runs all day on Saturdays and Sundays. The one page menu features two types of cuisine: "Mexican Marty Robbins," and "American Marty Robbins." On the Mexican side are the standard tacos, enchiladas, burritos, and nachos.

The American side features "The Marty Robbins Burger," and "Felina's Fries." A burger and fries will cost you six bucks. Then there's the beer. Might I recommend Tecate? Corona? Pacifico? Victoria? And maybe a backing shot of Siete Leguas tequila, named after Pancho Villa's favorite horse. Okay, they're out of that one. Pick anything that's 100% agave.

If my memory serves me – "El Paso" is number 1101, or maybe 2011, on the juke box. I believe it's been on that box since the early '60s, a few years after Marty Robbins drove through here. Rosa's would have been located on the old road before Highway 10 was completed. Marty drove by and the muses began to sing into his ear. There's the hill outside, which used to be called Mule Driver Mountain. The very hill the cowboy

rode down to his doom. Yes, Marty was here all right.

Marty Robbins was quoted as saying he drove through El Paso at least three times, when he was touring in the mid 1950s, but never stopped at the bar. He made note in his head about a song called "El Paso," because he thought the name of the city had a romantic ring to it.

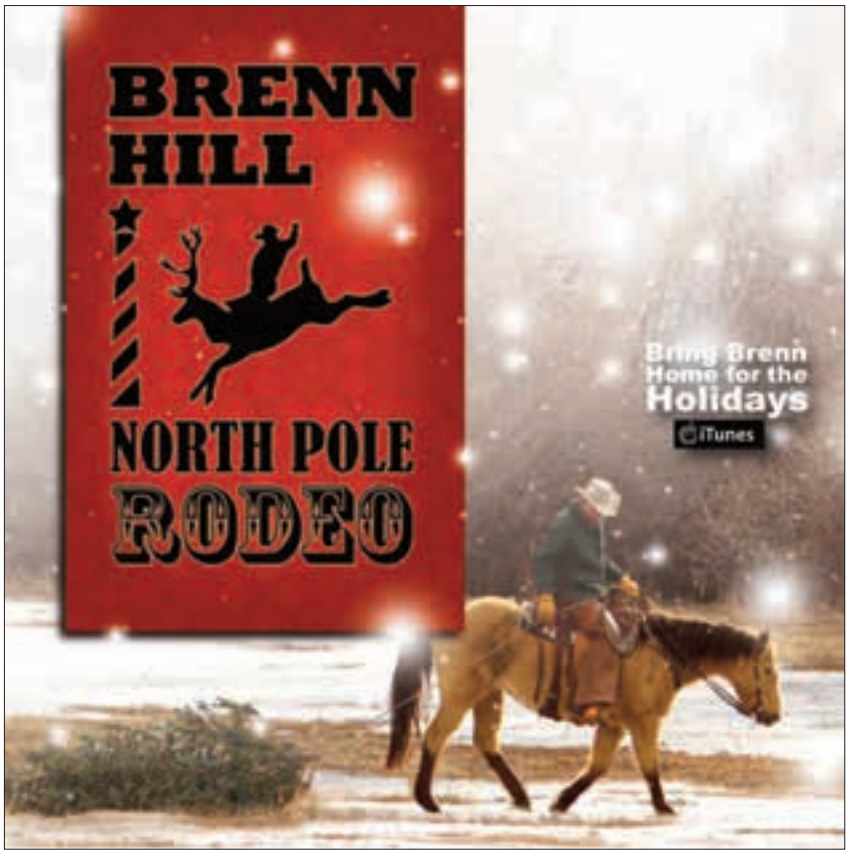
That bar may, or may not, have been called "Rosa's" in 1957-8. It doesn't matter. Great songwriters are short on facts and long on mystical yarns about connecting to the songwriting angels. This is art, not science. Marty was here, inside Rosa's. Or his soul was. He's still there. Every day at happy hour. Let's leave it at that. Great songs destroy the notion of time. Which came first, the song or the bar? Who cares? Art trumps details. Art is forever.

"It just came out," said Marty. "I was waiting to see what was going to happen. It came out like a motion picture...it's cowboy music and it's got a little mariachi type music in it and the Mexican border sound."

The combination of Spanish guitar licks, great singing, and an epic story drenched in detail – make the song work. If we boiled it down – it's a song about a whore-mongering murderer and horse thief with a death wish lust for a Mexican dancer. All bent into a five minute horse opera.

Let's go back to the 1950s again. We have the West Texas badlands geography pegged now, but what about the musical atmosphere – the world of American pop culture back then? How did a gunfighter ballad emerge out of the 50's Rock and Roll ether and become a pop hit?

IV Murder Ballads, Whores, and Hanging Trees



Hang down your head, Tom Dooley
Hang down your head and cry....
Tom Dooley, folksong

In 1958 I was going to a Catholic grammar school in Los Angeles. I was an altar boy. I played right field on the little league team. I was an American kid. I stole my brother's Tijuana guitar and strummed folk songs in my room. Secretly. The number one hit on the Billboard charts was "Tom Dooley," an old folk song based on the 1866 murder of a woman named Laura Foster in Wilkes County, North Carolina.

"Tom Dooley," as sung by The Kingston Trio, topped the Pop and Country charts, and then worked its way around the world. The song was first collected from an old time

Appalachian banjo player named Frank Proffitt. I played the song on my gut string guitar. It was easy. Only two chords.

The song seeped deeply into this culture. Little kids were singing it all day. Dogs were howling along with it. My Swiss father-in-law still sings it and he doesn't speak English. My father took to calling me Tom Dooley in the 1960s. You couldn't get away from this song about the woman-killer, Tom Dooley.

Around that same time Marty Robbins had a hit with the "Hanging Tree," the title song from a classic Gary Cooper movie. Marty didn't write that one. He was just getting warmed up. He was driving across the desert, working on his masterpiece, "El Paso." A while later Columbia released a 45 version of "El Paso," and it topped the country and pop charts for a long while. It went up and never came down. No one thought radio would play a long song – so the record company released an edited version, on one side of the 45 rpm single, and the complete version on the other. The longer version was the one which took off.

A Tex Mex gunfighter ballad. Blood and guts. It pierced the heart of America. Grady Martin played those fast and flawless Mexican licks on his steel string Martin guitar and the Glaser brothers sang backup. It remains one of the finest recorded tracks in the history of Country-Western music. And America was ready for it.

In the late 50s there were at least a dozen prime time television shows featuring cowboys and the Wild West: Gunsmoke, Have Gun Will Travel, Wyatt Earp, Maverick...it was all black and white. Good guys and bad guys. Floating the song El Paso into this outlaw atmosphere was perfect timing.

El Paso was included on the LP Gunfighter Ballads and Trail Songs. The entire record was recorded in one day – an eight hour session at Columbia Records on April 7, 1959. There were seven traditional songs, including "The Strawberry Roan," "Billy the Kid" and "Utah Carrol," and four originals by Marty Robbins – "El Paso," "Big Iron," "In the Valley," and "The Master's Call."

"The Master's Call," a tale of a stampede and the born-again transfiguration of a cowboy, could have been the follow up to "El Paso," but Marty flubbed one word – he pronounced performed as pre-formed, and he wouldn't allow it to go out as a single. He

was a perfectionist.

Listening to this album now is like hearing an opera by Verdi – it's unimaginable that this entire record was recorded in one day. It's akin to Van Gogh knocking out ten paintings in an afternoon. It sounds like it was recorded yesterday. It's a big, lush sound, with a perfect election of songs. It'll knock you out.

The success of "El Paso," and the western-themed album, prompted Marty to record at least six more long-playing western records. Marty also wrote "El Paso" follow-up songs about Felina, and a new take on "El Paso" called "El Paso City," in which a modern day cowboy flies over El Paso and dreams he's a re-incarnation of the cowboy in the original song.

El Paso City, by the Rio Grande
Could it be that I could be
The cowboy in this mystery
That died there in that desert sand so long ago?

Maybe so. You'd have to study the entire set of these lyrics to understand how a writer like Marty could concoct such epics along the lines of cowboy mysticism and Greek Tragedy. He explores the deep mysteries of re-incarnation:

Can it be that man can disappear
From life and live another time?
And does the mystery deepen' cause you think
That you yourself lived in that other time?

Who knows? He ponders the big questions. He pulls it off with that voice. He makes you believe it. And where did he get his yen for cowboy stories? Let's take a quick gander at his biography.

Marty Robbins was born in Glendale, a suburb of Phoenix, in Maricopa County, Arizona. The Sonora Desert. The land of the great saguaro and organ pipe cactuses. He grew up idolizing Gene Autry and picked cotton at a field ten miles away to earn money to see Gene Autry's newest film. When he got there he would sit in the first row "... close enough so I could have gotten sand in the eyes and powder burns from the guns. I wanted to see the cowboy simply because Autry was my favorite singer. No one else inspired me."

Marty was also enamored with the cowboy songs of Bob Nolan, who wrote the classic Sons of the Pioneer songs like "Cool Wate" and "Tumbling Tumbleweeds," and he heard true-life outlaw yarns spun by his grandfather, Texas Bob Heckle, a former Texas Ranger. The desert scenario, the cowboy-outlaw stories, the wonderful Autry and Bob Nolan melodies – all left their mark on young Marty Robbins.

Marty joined the Navy and was stationed in the Solomon Islands, where he picked up a guitar and learned Hawaiian songs. You can hear that influence in his beautiful melodies, and his ability to hit the high notes. He later appeared in movies and TV series like The Drifter, was also an accomplished NASCAR driver. The song "El Paso" remained his creative monument.

Marty Robbins died from heart problems on December 8, 1982. He had a long string of hits. Rosa's Cantina was quiet the day after his death. The old Mexican gentleman who owned the place was quoted as saying he didn't know how he could honor

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Tom Dorrance & Ray Hunt *Photo Courtesy Heather Hayleigh*

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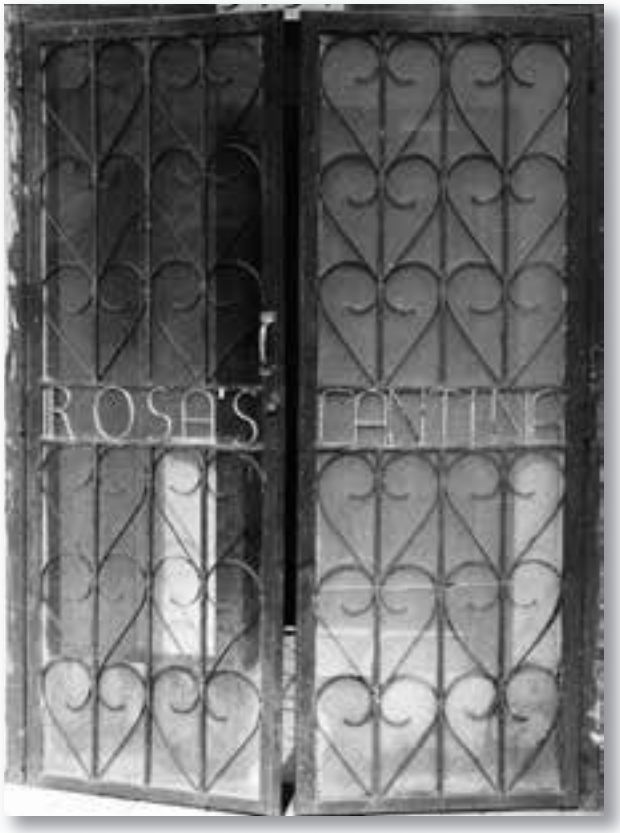
Marty. He kept shaking his head: "We have to do something in his memory. He was the man who put El Paso on the map."

Marty's old LP covers went up on the wall and the song remained on the jukebox. The burgers, eventually, were named after the man who wrote the greatest cowboy song of all time. Old men arrive at sundown to worship at the shrine.

V Old Cowboy Songs Don't Fade Away....

From thirty thousand feet above
The desert floor, I see it there below
A city with a legend
The west Texas city of El Paso



Where long ago I heard a song
About a Texas cowboy and a girl
And a little place called Rosa's
Where he used to go and watch this beauty whirl.
"El Paso City," Marty Robbins

I went back to Rosa's on a recent afternoon. It never disappoints me. It's on my official historic tour of El Paso/Juarez. It's a destination for a memorable happy hour. The problem is – when I take friends to Rosa's they never want to leave. They want to listen to "El Paso," over and over, and drink beer or margaritas, and look at Marty's album covers, or stare out at Mt. Cristo Rey. They want to live inside the song. Forever.

The old gringo with the foam beer-can holder is long gone. He only spoke to me one time that I remember. After listening to El Paso five times in a row, he turned to me, with his eyes closed, and stated: "That's a song, my friend."

And I answered: "Yes, sir, it surely is."

The *Tom Russell Songbook*: 120 Songs, will be published in October by Bangtail Press. Tom Russell's version of "El Paso" appears on his CD: *Indians, Cowboys, Horses, Dogs*. All Records and art available: www.tomrussell.com

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A VISIT WITH BUCK BRANNAMAN

Thinking about horses, thinking about ourselves.

Sometimes this horse thing can be like searching for the Holy Grail. For some people it's maybe just a way to be a little safer on a horse and be a little bit more confident. Frankly, it may be something that's totally on the surface, that a little more confidence gained through being able to maneuver a horse a little more accurately, a little safer, will help one as a person with some of the other things that they encounter in life. That they have time to consider what's best in any given situation. And for some people, I have found it goes way deeper. It can become a real spiritual experience between themselves and their horses, and the connection that they make with the horses is something that helps get them maybe a little closer to God. But it's a different thing for every person, so I'm careful in what I do for a living, not to judge a person in the beginning or judge the outcome for them because it's a little something different for everyone.

The great Tom Dorrance, one of the greatest horsemen of a generation, always repeated to me, "Buck, it's feel, timing, and balance." And then one day he said, "Oh, there's one other thing." He told me it was the spiritual part of the horse, that was the fourth part, the fourth element. And that's kind of what I think of as the fourth element now. Yet being "spiritual" is a very subjective thing and it's a very private thing to all of us. I have, in my years on the road, seen things that reveal the spiritual side between the horse and the human relationship. I never get tired of seeing it happen – when it does. It is a transitional moment, and I have seen horses and humans be better for it. I guess it is part of my reason for doing what I do.

Horses and life, it's all the same to me.

- Buck Brannaman

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Turning the Page

Judy Blunt, author of the memoir *Breaking Clean*, on how she found her way.

By Jayme Feary

Before I knew Judy Blunt the person, I knew her as a character on the page, a hardscrabble young ranch wife who broke away because she wanted more than traditional roles allowed. I knew her as a writer who dipped each sentence in a vat of realism so potent that it cleansed her writing of all clichés. Her memoir, *Breaking Clean*, castrated western myths and seared off sentimentality like an iron cauterizes a vein.

Montana writer Judy Blunt.

Now I know Judy as a teacher and friend, as a barometer of western culture and a writer who can smell a fake western story from about the same distance a grizzly can smell a gut pile. She recognizes authentic western writing when it resonates in her Montana bones.

My favorite times with Judy occurred with my classmates around her dining room table, the plane on which we learned how to write. On a budget of $10, each week she cooked and served us homemade breads and soups. My favorite Judy Blunt soup came one winter night after a neighbor requested Judy dispatch a plump, malformed hen. Finest chicken soup I've ever eaten.

Judy grew up in the Missouri Breaks country of eastern Montana, a land so open that sometimes it seems it has run away. In a manner of speaking, this is what Judy did. Although the ranch life shaped her, it did not offer all she needed.

Freshly divorced, at age 33, Judy plucked herself and her three children from their prairie roots, moved to the mountains of Missoula, and enrolled at the University of Montana, where she studied journalism and creative writing and earned income by refinishing wood floors. I doubt she could have imagined the changes ahead of her.

On the last day of my studies with Judy, I sat with

her on her shaded Missoula back porch, surrounded by an impeccable lawn, flowering shrubbery, and beds of blooming herbs, flowers, and vegetables. Tomato plants hung upside-down from the porch beams, birds chirped, and an occasional dog barked in the distance.

She discussed her West, not the mythic region but the real place, hard and unforgiving. And she talked candidly about books, the worst winter of her life, and how she nearly died finding her way.

Jayme Feary: Judy, I think most people know the thumbnail sketch about you, that you left the life of a ranch wife to find your own path. I want to jump straight to that terrible winter when you hit a low point.

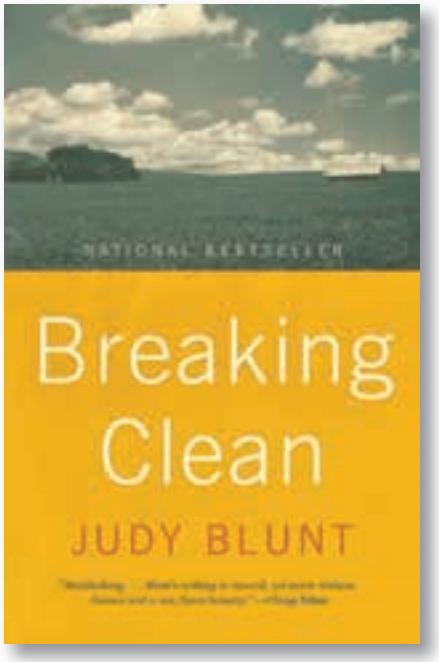
Judy Blunt: That was the coldest, darkest winter – 1977-78. We had two babies. It snowed from December until April. The cattle were dying and the hired men had quit, so my father-in-law moved into the bunkhouse to help. Oh, what an awful winter. I almost lost it. The roads were snowed over. No mail delivery, no telephones. I had a big pile of books, most of them romance novels with the covers torn off – hand-me-downs, yard-sale books, and whatnot that hunters and their wives had left behind.

JF: Those were the types of books you read?

JB: As a child I didn't read western writers unless their books happened to be lying around. Louis L'Amour was my idea of a western writer. I was basically unaware of the literature of my region until I moved to college in Missoula.

JF: So there you were enduring this terrible winter and reading whatever books you could to keep your sanity. Did any stand out?

JB: I discovered *Prince of Tides* by Pat Conroy. The cover looked like another romance novel. Instead, it contained this absolutely delicious language. It was rich and fascinating, one of those books I rationed. I wouldn't let myself read more than fifty pages at a time. When the kids went down for naps, I rocked the cradle with one hand and held the book with the other – about an hour or an hour and a half each afternoon. I didn't give a damn if the dishes got done. When the kids went to sleep, it was like, *Ha ha, back to the book*.



Breaking Clean

By Judy Blunt

Judy Blunt's memoir won the Pen/Jerard Fund Award, Whiting Writers' Award, Mountains and Plains Nonfiction Book Award, and the Willa Cather Literary Award, and was listed as a *New York Times* Notable Book. Judy went on to earn a Jacob K. Javits Graduate Fellowship, a Montana Arts Council Individual Artist Fellowship, a National Endowment for the Arts writer's fellowship, and a Guggenheim fellowship. She has published work in many publications, including *The New York Times*, *Big Sky Journal* and *Oprah.*

JF: What was it about that book that engaged you?

JB: It was so much better than I had expected – a light, surprising moment in an incredibly predictable, months-long progression of darkness. The windows were all frosted over, and we ran the lights day and night because there was never really sunlight. The kids were too young to go outside. Never got above zero for weeks.

I was not doing well. I knew I was depressed, but everyone seemed to think I had everything a person should want. My granny would say, "Wanting what you don't have is the worst form of foolishness," and I figured I had caused the mollygrubs by wanting something more. If I had picked up the book any other time, who knows what I would've thought. But then the language was so rich and the characters so real. I fell into the world Conroy created, and I didn't want to leave.

JF: What caused you to want something more than the life you had on the ranch?

JB: I always felt a conflict between reality and possibility, the life I knew on the outside and the life some inner voice whispered was possible. As a child, I internalized the reality of my life without really thinking about it. Back then, being female came with a set of limitations. By the time you were in double digits agewise, you'd learned to apply them. No one had to tell you what you couldn't do. Where I was raised, strong women were selfless and silent. It took a while for the child I was to grow up, to become mature enough to make sensible decisions that weren't based on what everyone expected of me.

JF: Why didn't you just leave?

JB: I was 18 when I got married. Twelve years later I still had nothing to show for it but three little kids. We were living on $150 dollars a month wages.

JF: So what brought things to a head?

JB: I nearly starved myself to death. I was anorexic for four years. When I left the ranch at age 31, I weighed what I had in the seventh grade.

JF: Was the anorexia a form of grieving?

JB: No. It was control. If you are out of control in every part of your life, food intake is one thing you can control.

JF: Was the anorexia the turning point?
JB: I started to have heart palpitations. I lost so much weight that the electrolyte imbalance was affecting my heart. They started talking about sending me away to get better. For what? An eating disorder.

JF: They were going to put you in a mental institution?
JB: Something like that. I didn't know. I didn't want to find out. I knew I was not going to clean the same toilet for the rest of my life. I was going to leave the ranch. If I had been institutionalized for some mental disability, I never would have gotten custody of my kids.

It was a wake-up call. Through counseling I had been given all of these tools, taught how to put one foot ahead and climb out of depression. But I was waiting for someone to rescue me. That's what most people are waiting for. When it appeared that no one was going to save me, I had to put my head down and make it happen. I lived in Malta for a year and a half, worked three jobs, and stood in the commodity lines with people I'd been taught were beneath me – you know, the people who couldn't make it on their own.

I wanted to go to college, I wanted to be something more than seemed possible in this little town, but I was afraid of the world outside. That winter, when my hours for all three jobs were cut to nearly nothing, I had a lightbulb moment. Town life was tough, but against all

odds I seemed to be surviving. I thought, *Huh. There's no place in America that can be any harder than this. I can do this anywhere.* Six months later, I was living in Missoula, enrolled at the University of Montana.

JF: So what was your plan?
JB: I wanted to go to journalism school.

JF: So you left Malta and began college in Missoula. Did anything in your studies help you find your way?
JB: As a 33-year-old freshman, I was introduced to local writers like James Welch, who was tremendously important to me. He was from the Hi-Line, too. *Winter in the Blood* and *Fool's Crow* were life-changing. Rick DeMarinis was here in Missoula, and he also wrote about the Hi-Line.

JF: Why were writers like Welch and DeMarinis so influential?
JB: I needed to find some form of myself on the page. I was hungry for something that made my old life seem real. I hadn't told a soul where I was from.

JF: That's interesting because as an author you're known for where you're from. What changed that allowed you to own your place and person?
JB: In an introductory fiction class, we were given a story by Tom McGuane, and suddenly it just popped. I loved him. Why? Because he wrote about place, hunting, the prairie. For so long, my life was my place. I like to say, "When my father looks in the mirror, he sees his land, and when he looks out on his land, he sees his face." It's that close of a connection. But I had divorced

my community and abandoned the place that raised me. It took a while to understand that place doesn't abandon us. Ranching is part of who I am, even if it's no longer what I do.

JF: I'm struck by the fact that you chose to leave a place that is still so central to your identity.

JB: I can brag about owning the land in a spiritual sense, but it was made clear to me that I would never own any part of it in the literal sense. I was the daughter-in-law in a family ranching corporation. I would never have more than a supporting role in the life I'd chosen. Some women are fine with that. Turns out, I have all sorts of opinions and I suck at following orders. The collision was inevitable. When I finally left, I had to put everything I missed about that life out of my mind. It was like someone close to me died and I knew that person wasn't coming back. That phase of my life was done. I had to turn the page going forward.

Freed from constraints, at college Judy gradually found her path through hard work, books, and writing. Her trail led to a day when her undergraduate professor read an essay of hers aloud in class. While reciting the last line, his voice cracked and he asked, "Who said there are no new Montana writers?" At that moment, having experienced the power of words, Judy pecked through her shell and wobbled out a writer.

That essay became the anchor in *Breaking Clean,* which after 11 years was published to wide critical acclaim. The book caused a huge reaction – positive and negative – and Judy's success triggered an invitation from her alma matter to join the creative writing faculty and start a nonfiction program, which today ranks among the best in the country. Through this program Judy teaches writers like me how to use words to find their way.

Living for a Red Day

Finding the right path on the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation.

By Paul A. Cañada

Occupying 2.7 million acres of southwest South Dakota, the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation is home to 40,000 persons to whom statistics have not been kind. The unemployment rate on the reservation is 80 percent. The per capita income is just under $6,300 per year. Around half of the people on the reservation live below the poverty line. The life expectancy hovers around 50 years. And, eight of every 10 families on the reservation are affected by alcohol abuse.

photos courtesy Anpetu Luta Otipi

Tribal traditions helped the treatment center redefine its efforts and tailor a program specific to native culture.

A renewed effort at battling addiction on the reservation, though, offers the promise of change in a culture of hardship. Pine Ridge's Anpetu Luta Otipi Center, a tribal-run treatment center, has developed a program built upon mainstream approaches to battling addiction, as well as Native American spiritual beliefs, resulting in a unique approach to overcoming a brand of cultural decay many had written off as insurmountable.

Terryl Blue-White Eyes was born on Pine Ridge, but spent her childhood in Chicago. She earned a nursing degree in California, where she worked in alcohol and drug treatment centers while battling her own addictions. She decided to get sober for the sake of her children and, in 1984, returned to her birthplace, Pine Ridge, to make a difference for her culture. She serves as the director of the Anpetu Luta Otipi Center.

Terryl Blue-White Eyes is the director of Anpetu Luta Otipi, an addiction treatment center on South Dakota's

Terryl describes dependency on Pine Ridge as a vicious circle of despair. Decades of unemployment, poor living conditions and hunger result in high substance-abuse rates. Chronic alcohol use leads to domestic violence, poverty and abused and neglected children.

"The underlining causes of the reservation's current problems are historical issues," Terryl says. "Alcoholism and unemployment are

manifestations of cultural and spiritual genocide. That's the foundation of what we're dealing with now. It just didn't happen overnight."

When Terryl began working at the center, its program was built upon the 12-step plan commonly in use by other treatment centers. The program had been plagued by years of minimal success, though, so the staff worked to identify its weaknesses. The first of those 12 steps – admitting powerlessness – seemed to be the weak link, merely reinforcing an emotion with which many Pine Ridge residents were already deeply familiar.

The staff turned to their culture for a new direction. In a tribal ceremony, they took on the name Anpetu Luta Otipi, meaning "to live in a red day." In the Lakota tradition, the color red represents the positive, the strong; to "walk the red road," means to travel one's right path.

"After our meeting, we asked ourselves who we were," Terryl says. "Despite all that has happened to our people, we remain Lakota."

Terryl's staff went to work pinpointing tribal values that have remained constant over many generations. Respect, courage, wisdom and generosity, they decided, would form the foundation of the renewed Pine Ridge treatment plan.

Today, Anpetu Luta Otipi provides both inpatient and outpatient services for males and females age 12 and older. The center provides assessment, treatment and counseling for an average of 10 inpatient residents each month, in addition to working with numerous outpatients. The center has been awarded two grants, together worth nearly $14 million, from the Substance Abuse and Mental Health Services Administration, and its curriculum, dubbed Seven Directions, has become a model for other addiction programs tailored to Native populations.

The statistics on Pine Ridge remain daunting, but Anpetu Luta Otipi has added something new to the reservation culture: a reason to hope.

"We have housing, albeit limited," Terryl says. "And some of us have jobs. And it isn't perfect, but more people are getting sober. The wheels are turning slowly, but they are turning. We can have the audacity to hope, too."

Paul Cañada is a writer living in Texas.

A Horseman's Eye

The photography of horseman Harry Whitney.

Photographs and Captions by Harry Whitney
Introduction by Tom Moates

Ask Harry Whitney how he's doing and you might get a response along the lines of, "I'm tired and grumpy." He'll deliver the line with a twinkle in his eye, though. In reality, the Arizona horseman is doing pretty well, traveling the United States and abroad, making a living as an opinionated and narrow-minded (his words) horsemanship clinician, one who anchors his approach in principles formed from the horse's point of view.

Harry's successful career as a clinician spans nearly three decades. It's a life that takes him on a annual circuit across America and to Australia many seasons, as well. Harry's cameras accompany him everywhere he travels. Ever since childhood, pictures and cameras have intrigued him. Over time, his passion and personal fascination with photography evolved into a body of work that now enjoys a wide audience. And, to understand Harry Whitney, the photographer, it's helpful to first get acquainted with Harry Whitney, the horseman.

Harry bases his horsemanship on being in touch with how horses think and feel as humans interact with them. Creativity is fundamental to this approach, and is a trait Harry easily transfers to his photography. Often, his photos capture everyday moments that many folks might ignore. Yet, through his eyes, it is evident that his unrelenting commitment to "being in the moment" elevates the subject from simply ordinary to extraordinary.

Learn more about Harry's work at www.harrywhitney.com.

This is a Rocky Mountain Horse I saw in California, where I was putting on a clinic. Late in the evening, I was wandering as the sun went down and I noticed how the light highlighted his face. I just liked the look in his eye, the softness, and the colors.

Contrasts. I just thought it was cute. It seems every ranch is incomplete without a few rodent catchers. What a great place to curl for a nap. There might be labor and work to be done but it's certainly not effecting the cat at the moment.

I just love the texture on the rope contrasted with the dark background. The light in the tack room was just spectacular.

Beauty with Function. Typical of the western lifestyle, time has been taken to beautify items that are designed for their functionality. The artist who built this spur left no question in the design that it was a lady's.

Ready and Willing. Having been around teams all my life, I was drawn to this stagecoach team at a Kansas event. The harness, the strength that's represented and the peacefulness that goes with it – how could you resist taking a photo like that? I'm a sucker for the way the light highlights the horses and the harness, too. There's a crispness to the harness and there's a power to the horses. The whole scene is relaxed and I like that the horses' heads aren't there to draw your eye away from the power that you see in their bodies and the detail of the harness.

Innovation. This is about anybody who ever had work to do, such as feeding cattle. Ronnie Moyer transports hay in an innovative way, dragging it on one of his girl's sleds and taking advantage of the snow. The distance to the shed gives you a feeling of the expanse in the background. Kind of an interesting shot, a timeless representation of the necessity of taking care of livestock, no matter what the weather or conditions. There would be nothing warm or fuzzy about this image if it weren't for the ever-present companionship of a rancher's dog.

Winter viewed from the safety and comfort of a well insulated tack room.

In Tennessee, where I spend several weeks each year giving clinics, I captured this image. The dew just sets off the spider web so the intricate detail is more visible. I like the way the spider took advantage of his natural surroundings – a truly unique engineer.

My Saguaro. These are two giants that grew side by side on my property in Salome, Arizona. The lighting and the clouds just amplify the magnificence of how they point toward the heavens. I always dreamt of owning a saguaro and I got one of the best-looking ones in the world.

Feeling Your Way/No Trouble. This gives you the feel of the big area of west Texas where Joe lives. The sky was set up just right. Joe's feeling out this colt that's only got a couple rides on him, making sure everything is okay before he crawls in the saddle. The neat part to me is that this young horse is just waiting on him. There's no trouble in this scene I captured. Even though the colt's only been ridden three times, he's totally untroubled with Joe Wolter mounting.

Water. This was a neat moment. My friend, Ronnie Moyer, was after water for one of the horses. It was snowing and this is a typical mid-winter chore. It expresses a necessity that goes with ranch life: taking care of the livestock. The vastness of the Colorado prairie behind Ronnie added to the feeling of the photo. I like where you can't see a subject's face – there's a special feeling about it. The image represents everybody who's ever had chores to do. If that had been an old bathtub instead of a poly tank, you couldn't have put a time frame on it.

Chores to be Done, Captured from the Tack Room Window. Typical of the ranch life, there are always chores to be done. I love the light of this particular tack room. With the door open at the other end of the alleyway the lighting coming into the stalls was just phenomenal. So, I was able to get some light on the foreground and yet, the real emphasis is on the rancher and the chores at hand.

Confidence. I had the opportunity to stop and visit with clinician Joe Wolter at his place in west Texas. I spent the day observing Joe as he went about working horses he has in training. Here, he was heading out to some pens to work young horses and maybe cattle. It is just an excellent representation of what Joe's day is like. Joe's the real deal – cowboy, horse clinician, and gentleman. An excellent horseman, this photo represents the confidence with which he goes about his whole day.

W.O.W. (Web on Wire). I took this photo in Tennessee. The out-of-focus green of the grass helped to set off the early morning dew on the web, so you really see it. I just love the contrast of the manmade strands of metal against the strands of web. Studies say spider web, for its size, has more strength than steel.

God Paints It, I Capture It. It's Arizona, as you can tell by the cactus. That's shot from my driveway. It's one of our beautiful sunsets that I can't help but be attracted to. I love the colors and the silhouettes of the cactus. Gives you a peaceful feeling that the day is done and that all is well.

This was shot in the moment as I traveled across eastern Colorado. Wind mixed with snow caused the horses to huddle up. It's obvious there's nothing but a barbed wire fence between them and the North Pole. The lack of sharpness comes from being shot through a foggy window which I felt added to the mood of the moment.

Contemplation. Joe doesn't make a move or say a word without a great deal of thought behind it. He's thinking about what he's got to do next. In this photo he's headed out to work with a young horse that's already saddled and waiting. The lighting for this photo really struck me. There was just enough light coming in the barn that you can see the interior of the barn a little, yet your eye goes to Joe and his contemplative walk.

That's the barn that my great-grandfather built. It's on the home place where I grew up in Manhattan, Kansas. It's a scene I've seen thousands of times and never thought it ever would be captured in such a memorable way. I spent a lot of time underneath that yard light working with horses and practicing my trick roping.

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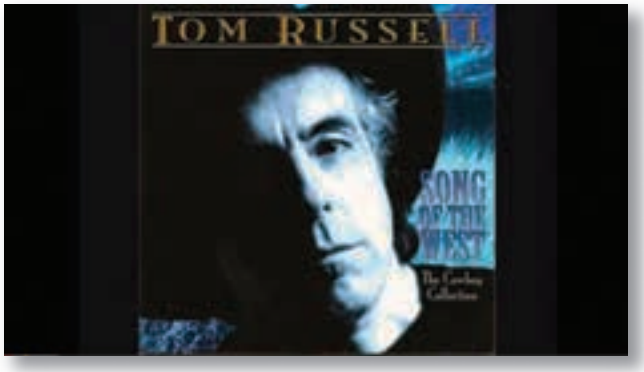
10 Great Cowboy Story Songs



"The Sky Above, The Mud Below" by Tom Russell
http://youtu.be/CnHkXZYN75o

"The Old Double Diamond" by Ian Tyson
http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jxschHVGFgo&feature=share&list=PL1D22E0F06EA2AD1D

"El Paso" by Marty Robbins
http://youtu.be/zmtkfyGzBZo

"Amarillo by Morning" by George Strait
http://youtu.be/F3CWNLhW140

See the digital issue and subscribe at ranchandreata.com or rangeradio.com

"Wheels" by Dave Stamey
http://youtu.be/yhDIJPpEato

"Gentle on My Mind" by Tammy Wynette
http://youtu.be/wpbr5U92BwE

"Ghost Riders in the Sky" by Vaughn Monroe
http://youtu.be/zyDNnQbbkSQ

"The Blizzard" by Jim Reeves
http://youtu.be/nJ5frfElE4w

"South Coast" by Ramblin Jack Elliott
http://youtu.be/9Rn1Um_FVrQ

"The Bandit Joaquin" by Dave Stamey
http://youtu.be/s-5hhfNKCTY

"Epic" may be too large of a word but western music is known for great story songs that in themselves are, well... epic. It's what the say and how we invite the song into our lives. We have dug deep into the cave-like, *Range Radio* archives and have chosen what we believe are ten of the best "story songs" ever performed. The list follows and all can be heard – and seen within the digital edition of the magazine – another great reason to subscribe!

These ten story songs – in no special order – are musts for any western music fan. We include one of the most obvious in Marty Robbins, "El Paso" as the audio addition to Tom Russell's great story about the song in this issue. If you don't see one of your favorites, let us know on the *Range Radio* Facebook page and we'll try to find it.

The Road Trip List

More classic, must-have tunes for those early morning sojourns to the rodeo, a roping or just the drive to the office.

#16 Dave Stamey's album, *Tonapau*

A number of years ago, I wrote a review on one of Dave Stamey's early albums. His writing was so visual and compelling that I described him as "the Charlie Russell of western music." This must have been five or seven years ago but he showed such a talent for story telling through song that it seemed then – and now – to be an apt description of this young man's body of work. His writing – as well as his presentation – was what stuck a Stamey song to both your heart and your mind.

His 1999 album, *Tonapau* is classic Stamey. Beyond the title track of a cowboy's dreams of returning home, the album carries a number of songs that are welcome in any pickup tape deck or iPad.

(Note to self: I guess one carries songs on their phones today.) "Opal," "Rosa May," and "Desert Trails" have all become Stamey standards, but probably the most listened to – and covered by other artists – of Dave's story songs is the buckaroo anthem, "The Vaquero Song." Suffice it to say that the album itself has, for many Stamey fans, probably been bought just for that song. It has that Stamey universal appeal having been performed at weddings, funerals, graduations and calf brandings alike. It holds in it the dream pictures of a world long gone. Of horses that could operate with gossamer reins and capable stockmen, riding in the fog of early morning. It is a song of a time all its own. We leave you with the lyrics to Dave Stamey's venerable classic and a video link for those reading the digital issue.

"The Vaquero Song"
By Dave Stamey
(Dave Stamey HorseCamp Music, BMI)
http://youtu.be/rh0DQ80kZoY

My name is Juan Medina
A vaquero once was I
Now I live in the air above the pepper trees
Where are all the cattle, that belonged to Captain Dana
They're blown away like ashes in the California breeze
And once I rode the foothills

And I swung a long reata
I worked the hide and tallow trade in the land I loved
I rode in wooden stirrups
And the dust raised by my ponies
Was smoke, from my alter offered up to the God above

Todavía estoy aquí I am still here
Todavía estoy aquí my soul is dancing in the moonlight
I mingle with each grain of sand in the land that is my birthright
I am still here, todavía estoy aquí
I am still here, todavía estoy aquí

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

Todavía estoy aquí I am still here
Todavía estoy aquí my soul is dancing in the moonlight
I mingle with each grain of sand in the land that is my birthright
I am still here, todavía estoy aquí
I am still here, todavía estoy aquí

In the fog of early morning,
O' the misty haze of twilight
Beyond the sagging ruins of these adobe walls
You may see me in the dust,
That shimmers in the half light
Or hear me in the whisper, of the grass so green and tall

Todavía estoy aquí I am still here
Todavía estoy aquí my soul is dancing in the moonlight
Oh I mingle with each grain of sand in the land that is my birthright
I am still here, todavía estoy aquí
I am still here, todavía estoy aquí

My name is Juan Medina
A vaquero once was I
Now I live, in the air above of the pepper trees...
—BR

A Western Moment

This past August, many of the passionate from the vaquero horsemanship world assembled in the tiny town of San Juan Bautista near Salinas, California for the 2nd Vaquero Heritage Days. Created by gallery owner and vaquero culture booster Jane Merrill, the benefit event celebrates the renaissance of interest in California's vaquero culture. Among the notables present, were two of the horse and cow culture's finest, artist William Matthews and legendary vaquero, Ray Ordway. Both were celebrated for their contributions in keeping the culture's flame alive. Artist Jack Swanson and multi-talented vaquero Ernie Morris were also honored.

Ray Ordway's wife, LaVerne sent along this wonderful photograph with a little note. "I took this picture of William Matthews and Ray after Vaquero Heritage Days at our place on August 29, 2012. An interesting thing about Ray and William is that their families came to this country in 1634 and settled in Massachusetts. They could have been on the same boat. Small world."

Indeed it is, LaVerne, thank you.

A magazine and radio station and a restaurant.

Recently, our namesake restaurant opened in Santa Ynez, California. Having never been involved in the restaurant business – although publishing is all about hospitality – Ranch & Reata Roadhouse is a brand new experience for me. It's located strategically right across from the post office in the middle of Santa Ynez. Not a teeming metropolis, Santa Ynez is a quiet little township about forty minutes from Santa Barbara. It is a lovely place, and I am sure God has a vacation home here, somewhere. As the center of the bridle horse and cow culture, it made sense that we locate The "Roadhouse" in the Santa Ynez Valley.

As you hopefully saw earlier in this issue, we do more than serve great "contemporary cowboy cuisine." Beyond the superb local wine list, every so often we have some great acts – and singer/ songwriters of the western persuasion – come to perform in our cowboy dinner theater format. And, oh yeah, there's a great bar, too.

Trinity Seely and her "Roadie"

Recently, we featured one of our magazine cover subjects, the wonderful Trinity Seely. Trinity brought her family, including her new baby who slept soundly under the "merch table" in the back of the hall during her performance obviously already seasoned to the road life with mom. Trinity appeared on our cover several issues ago and her appearance was highly anticipated and very well received by a very friendly and supportive audience that night.

Her songs were hers, written about her life as a working ranch mom and both celebrated and lamented on the life chosen and embraced by her family. This was as real as it gets – a young woman with great talent and the support of her family, reached out to see if her star could be fastened to the music world of the west. A kind of small world, we allow, if one weighs it against other musical genres, yet a world that has a truly passionate following. A supportive world that allows the entrance of a young ranch wife and mother to sing and celebrate her life and the lives of those in it everyday.

It is a world we are pleased to launch Ranch & Reata Roadhouse into. After being open such a short time we have found a wonderful clientele – as well as talented folks to perform. The "Roadhouse" is the physical embodiment of what this magazine and *Range Radio* are all about and we hope you will visit us when your travels bring you West. We promise with a smile, your table will be ready. BR

Keith Seidel

Saddle bags were awarded the 2009 Buffalo Bill Historical Center Switchback Purchase Award and are in the museum's permanent collection.

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