

The Journal of the American West

# Ranch & Reata

Volume 3.1 \$14.95



Texas Cowboy Artist Mike Capron

Ranching on the Border

Teton Valley Ranch Camp

Called West: The Photography of Lorie Leigh Lawrence

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## FRONT GATE



*photo by Lorie Leigh Lawrence*

These rodeo fans are children of ranch rodeo contestants in Weatherford, Texas.  
These are the kind of rodeos I search for, with small outdoor arenas, hometown support and spirit.



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Cover image: Woody Harney, TS Ranch cowboss, with the remuda "on the ropes". Photo by Mary Williams Hyde.

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## EDITOR'S NOTE

# Truth-Telling

By A.J. Mangum

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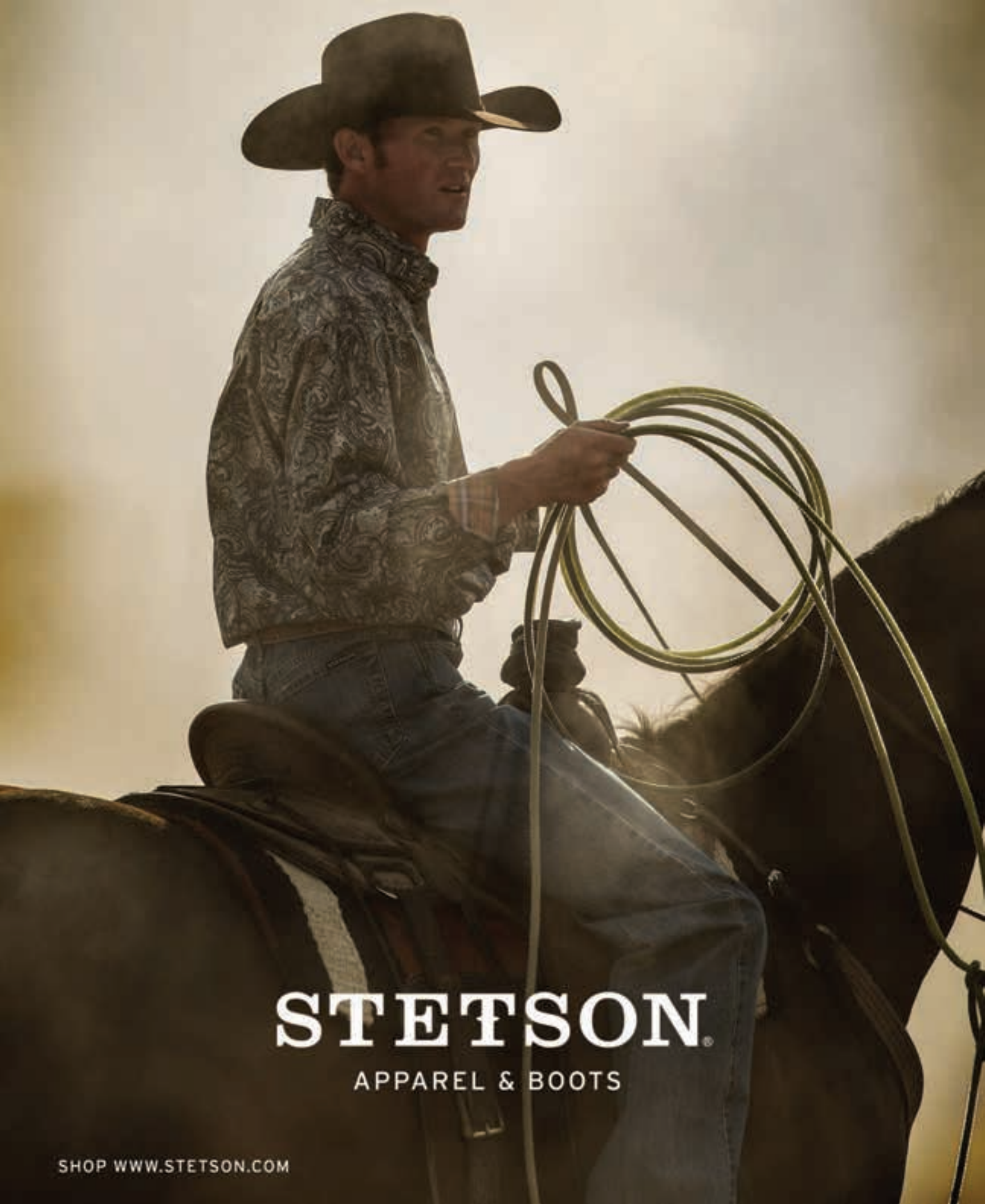
**M**y writing career began at a small-town newspaper. Story opportunities were modest – happenings with local government, high-school sports – but the commitment to journalism was serious. In my earliest days on the job, the paper’s publisher admonished new reporters not to let anyone, including law enforcement, prevent us from asking questions and getting answers. I can recall him assuring a roomful of recent j-school grads that, should one of us get arrested in our pursuit of the truth, he’d bail us out of jail in a timely fashion. “Worst case, you get arrested on a Friday night and have to spend the weekend behind bars,” he told us. “I’ll get you out Monday morning.”

Thankfully, I never had to put the publisher’s promise to the test. Just a few months after I’d arrived at the paper, I left for another opportunity, to become a writer at an equine association’s official magazine. The staff was a tight-knit family of talented and idealistic young professionals, willing to put in far more hours than their salaries justified and equally willing to fight for their readers’ interests – the most important interest



being the truth. In what is an all-too-common reality at association publications, though, our journalistic ambitions were occasionally impeded when such truth-telling got in the way of the association’s agenda.

When a genetic disorder – one triggering seizure-like attacks – began appearing in stock horses, we were forbidden to mention the affected bloodline by name. The disorder’s existence and its genetic roots were not in dispute. Acknowledging those realities in print, though, carried the risk of angering breeders who preferred to present a less-threatening alternate reality



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to prospective horse buyers. The association was not willing to take such heat, and the magazine's credibility took a serious hit as readers less aware of the disorder remained woefully uninformed.

These days, such problems plague every level of journalism, from niche media to major magazines and network news broadcasts. Much of the profession, sadly, is now devoted to advocacy and marketing, rather than honest, neutral reporting.

Real journalists set their own opinions aside, and approach stories without motive. They ask questions – and the answers to those questions simply are what they are. This issue includes a great example of that ethic at work. In his story, “Dangerous Crossing,” Texas-based writer Paul Cañada, a Wrangler award-winning journalist, examines challenges faced by ranchers on the U.S.-Mexico border. It might seem a tired story angle, one that’s been examined to death by national media and outlets closer to

the western culture. And, when it comes to this issue, most of us have likely already formed a picture, one shaped by reports of mayhem and lawlessness, of life on the border. What Paul found, though, might surprise readers.

Every day, border ranchers struggle to earn their livings despite the challenges posed by illegal immigration and the horrific brand of violence that permeates the business of smuggling contraband. Despite such challenges, though, Paul's sources – ranchers working on the border – say that, contrary to popular belief, they are not living in a war zone. The greater frustration, these ranchers say, is the seemingly endless wait for meaningful policy changes as Washington politicians seek to exploit the border issue rather than solve it.

Paul's story is sure to upend some readers' preconceived notions, an effect journalism should have more often.

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## CLASSICS

# Woolies

Necessity was the mother of their invention. Their lasting appeal was rooted in the fashion sense of the early 20th century West.



By Melissa Mylchreest

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Imagine spending your days on horseback throughout a Rocky Mountain winter. The daylight hours would be short, the weather damp and cold. Cowboys are tough but they're also pragmatic, and in the late 1800s, that practicality and ingenuity brought about a solution to those long, cold days: woolly chaps. Designed for warmth, they quickly became a cowboy fashion staple of sorts, and remained popular through the first part of the 20th century.

Originally a variation on shotgun chaps, woolies were made from hair-on hide, offering a layer of protection and insulation against the elements. Traditionally fashioned from angora, with its six- to eight-inch hair, woolies could also be made of bear, cow,

buffalo, and even moose hide. Most popular in the Great Basin, northern plains and intermountain west, woolies were the warmest chaps a man could get, and a showy, eye-catching addition to everyday garb.

Woolies fell out of favor by the middle of the 20th century. But a handful of craftsmen keep the tradition alive. Saddlemaker Cary Schwarz of Salmon, Idaho, says there's not a big call for woolies these days, but he still finds people interested in owning a pair. And he's happy to oblige.

"For me, making woolies started years ago with this lady here in Idaho who had this stark-white wild goat hide," he says, "and she thought it would be cool to have a pair of woolies made out of it." Schwarz studied

# Patricia Wolf®

WESTERN LIFESTYLE



Image by Jim Arndt



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**"When Horse Whispering Gets Loud"**



photo courtesy National Cowboy & Western Heritage Museum

A modern take on classic wool chaps,  
by Cary Schwarz.

pictures in old catalogs, then went to work. That initial foray turned out well, and he's made woolies off and on ever since. He looks frequently to the picture that hangs in his office, featuring his grandfather wearing a pair of tattered woolies in the early 20th century, and hopes to make a pair for himself one day.

Schwarz hopes woolies will see a resurgence in popularity. "Woolies are far less practical than chinks, but still lend themselves to the iconic image of a Great Basin buckaroo," he says. "If the right person, an influential figure, started wearing woolies, we'd reach that tipping point and they'd be popular again. I almost guarantee it."





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## What's New for Spring?

Here's a sampling of what's up for Spring – in stores, galleries, ranch land, homes and online. A bit of everything for you. Enjoy!

### RYAN MICHAEL

Over the years, Mike Ryan has created his own version of classic western elegance in his lines of fine shirtings. This spring's collection continues that tradition. [www.ryanmichael.com](http://www.ryanmichael.com)



### The Wheeler

Everything sets this shirt apart: cooling, quick dry fabric, ventilated yokes with interior mesh, zipper pocket holds things tight, and stay put wire collar. Fiercely designed with RM's signature triple stitching.

### The Thatcher

With burnished edges, saw tooth pockets and front yokes braided like a leather bullwhip, this dark suede shirt offers no apology.





### The Piqua

Inspired by vintage blankets, this woven design layers horizons of desert, land and sky on a pullover with western yokes and bone snaps.



### The Classic Western

Designed with our signature triple stitching in a lightweight, Western silhouette.



## DOUG COX

Nevada saddle maker Doug Cox offers a variety of hand-tooled spurs straps as well as saddles, bridles, chinks and most anything out of leather. [www.dougcoxcustomsaddles.com](http://www.dougcoxcustomsaddles.com)



## WILD RAGS

Wild Rags by Lois are extremely cool buckaroo scarves made from 100% silk with over 200 colors and prints to choose from! Each Wild Rag is cut perfectly square and has a rolled, machine stitched hem



guaranteed to last for the life of the scarf. All Wild Rags are sewn in Billings, Montana and they ship daily – anywhere in the world! [www.wildragsbylois.com](http://www.wildragsbylois.com)

## MONTANA SILVERSMITH

Montana Silversmith's Trailblazer chevron choker necklace and bracelet feature a longhorn steerhead, in tribute to the hardy creatures so well suited for the rough Montana prairie and mountain terrain. Hand-painted black brings out the bright shine of the polished silver, richly detailed with elegant vines surrounding the proud portrait of the longhorn. Trimmed with silver beads and silver deco flourishes. [www.montanasilversmiths.com](http://www.montanasilversmiths.com)







## HALL & HALL

A nice way to start spring, on the Star Hill Ranch in Cody, Wyoming (Park County). This end-of-the road historic guest ranch converted to a family compound in picturesque Cody, Wyoming enjoys classic improvements, complete privacy and excellent access. Situated in the Big Creek Drainage and almost totally surrounded by National Forest this impeccably maintained jewel is offered turnkey. \$7,750,000. [www.hallandhall.com](http://www.hallandhall.com)



## WRANGLER

Wrangler's clean lines are always a welcome addition to spring wardrobes. Available wherever Wrangler is sold. [www.wranglerjeans.com](http://www.wranglerjeans.com)



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## THE ART OF DON WELLER

Don Weller is one of our favorites and his work has graced a recent cover of this Journal. The watercolors shown depict moments in time – mostly during the bright heat of the day. Shadows directly underneath. Weller’s world is one of depicting competency. His subjects are at peace with what they are doing. Confidence without arrogance. Capability without fanfare. Riders and horses in tune with each other, doing the workday dance of a life in the livestock game. His horses are broke, not broken. Their timecard punched, ready for a day of work, not silliness. Don has two shows this spring in Texas and Arizona. Visit [www.donweller.com](http://www.donweller.com) for more information





## SPEAKING OF ART...

The Western Art Association announced its 41<sup>st</sup> annual National Western Art Show and Auction, set for May 17-19, 2013 at the Kittitas Valley Event Center in Ellensburg, WA. This year's event will include three new features: Art of Wine, a wine competition and tasting, book signing by New York Times #1 bestselling author, Linda Lael Miller and a bucking horse futurity. Three auctions, Friday evening Quick Draw, Saturday main auction of 70 original artworks and Sunday auction of miniature original art pieces are sure to keep bidders busy. Approximately 65 artists will have their artworks exhibited in booths with a variety of styles, media, originals and prints available for sale. For information please call 509-962-2934 or email [waa@fairpoint.net](mailto:waa@fairpoint.net), Facebook: Western Art Association



*Counting Heads* 16x20 Oil by James Reid

## BARRANADA

Barranada Shirt Company is known in the horse world and beyond for its well-constructed, high-quality button-down shirts that never go out of style. Here are two new shirts from Barranada's popular Arizona Series:



**The Scottsdale:** For those "tough enough to wear pink," The Scottsdale is a perfect fit. (Don't worry: There's enough blue to win over even the toughest cowboys and cowgirls!) The blue and pink windowpane fabric is accentuated with a hint of lime. And to make this shirt sensational, the

inside collar and cuffs are lined with solid pink fabric. 100% fine cotton, made in the U.S.A. and available in men's and women's sizes.

**The Tucson:** The Tucson is one serious shirt! Inspired by Arizona's starry night sky, this shirt's tone-on-tone white fabric detailed with thin black stripes is black and white done right. 100% fine cotton, made in the U.S.A. and available in men's and women's sizes. \$130.00 each.

See all the new styles and shop online at [www.barranada.com](http://www.barranada.com).



### NATHALIE OF SANTA FE

Our friend Nathalie in glorious Santa Fe has these wonderful pieces all ready for you.



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American flag hand beaded bracelet with cut beads

For pricing and more information about these and other treasures, visit [www.nathaliesantafe.com](http://www.nathaliesantafe.com)



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For as long as we can remember, Larry Bitterman has dressed the best of the West in classic styles. OFC's frock coats always please whether you are out on the range or driving in the Range Rover.



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## WAGONHOUND PRODUCTION SALE AND TIM COX ART

In September 2013, Wagonhound Land and Livestock will hold a production sale, and the public will have the opportunity to purchase horses with some of the top bloodlines in the American Quarter Horse industry. First used in the Wyoming territory, the Wagonhound brand has become synonymous with quality and top performance in the equine industry.

Approximately 100 head of broke ranch geldings, broodmares, 2-year-olds, yearlings and weanling American Quarter Horses will be offered September 7 at the ranch in Douglas, Wyoming. A preview of the outstanding individuals being offered at the auction will be held September 6 at Wagonhound Land and Livestock.

All horse and cattle buyers at the sale will be eligible for a drawing to win a print by artist Tim Cox (similar to the print shown below). Among Tim's many awards and accolades are the 2003 Prix de West Award and two



“Express Ranches Great American Cowboy Awards” from the National Cowboy and Western Heritage Museum. Tim is a past president of the Cowboy Artists of America, and his western art is known around the world.



As an added bonus for the top 10 buyers at the sale, a custom Cary Schwarz saddle will be presented to the winner of a drawing with the top 10 buyers' names being placed in the drawing. The top-10 buyers will be determined by total sales amount on all horses purchased.

The sale catalog will be available to view at [www.wagonhound.com](http://www.wagonhound.com) and copies will also be available by mail. To request a catalog by mail, send name and mailing address to [sale@wagonhound.com](mailto:sale@wagonhound.com) or fill out the on-line form at [www.wagonhound.com](http://www.wagonhound.com).

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### THIS MONTH'S COVER

We thank the very talented photographer and designer, Mary Williams Hyde. Mary's dedication to her craft and love of the buckaroo spirit is evidenced in everything she does. See her photography and design at [www.maryhyde.com](http://www.maryhyde.com) and her buckaroo world at [www.buckarocountry.com](http://www.buckarocountry.com)



### THE MAN THEY CALL WILL JAMES...

The 3rd Annual Will James Roundup will be held July 12-14, 2013, in Hardin, Montana, as a fundraiser for the restoration of the original Will James studio and cabins. This exciting event includes: Traditional Ranch Bronc Riding, Cow Doctoring, Ranch Rodeo, Working Ranch Horse Competition, and new this year – an Indian Relay Race! Visitors are also encouraged to check out the display of local roundup wagons. This three day event is held for the enjoyment and entertainment of everyone who lives the traditional cowboy way of life and those who want to learn more about it. [www.wjroundup@gmail.com](mailto:www.wjroundup@gmail.com)



### STETSON APPAREL

Stetson Apparel is growing in all sorts of areas and we are very proud to have their apparel worn at the Ranch & Reata Roadhouse. Here are some great new styles for spring. [www.stetsonapparel.com](http://www.stetsonapparel.com)

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Stetson Mens Classic Snap front western shirt on a classic ombre plaid with satin stripe weave.





## RANCHO ESTANCIA

Romance sets the scene for this spring and here are three fun looks for spring from Rancho Estancia. Perfect for those warm spring nights on the town. [www.ranchoestancia.com](http://www.ranchoestancia.com)



Fan Paisley



Southwest Stripe



Cherokee

## INTO THE CAULDRON

Cowboy Cauldron Company makes the world's most beautiful, versatile, and durable fire pit and grill. Made of indestructible heavy gauge steel, their cauldrons have become an instant hit with chefs, architects, resort owners, and discriminating individuals everywhere. Made of indestructible heavy gauge steel, the Cauldron is functional sculpture, acting as an artistic focal point as well as the center of your outdoor entertaining. Cowboy Cauldrons are also completely portable – set it up on the patio, move it to the corral, or take it to the tailgate party. Available in three sizes, there is a Cowboy Cauldron to fit your space and lifestyle. [www.cowboycauldron.com](http://www.cowboycauldron.com)



## A PAW'S UP "GLAMPING" GETAWAY IS THE PAUSE THAT REFRESHES



views on the entire 37,000-acre ranch, the aptly named Cliffside Camp will feature a dining facility and lounge, as well as six safari-style luxurious tented accommodations ranging from 605 to 977 square feet. Each tent will be privately nestled in groves of the surrounding pine trees. Four tents will feature two-bedrooms with a king bed in one and two twin beds in the other, making them ideal for families. The remaining two tents will be designated as "honeymoon tents" and will feature a copper tub at the foot of a king bed, making them



the quintessential romantic accommodation. Each tent will include an ensuite bathroom with double sinks, heated slate flooring and large, glass-enclosed showers. Decks with comfortable seating provide a front-row seat to Mother Nature's daily and nightly performances. Each tent also features an air-conditioning unit to ensure personal climate control, hardwood flooring and electricity. Centrally located at Cliffside Camp will be an impressive, private dining pavilion that will not only include restaurant-style seating, but also a comfortable lounge area with couches and a fireplace. A private camp chef will prepare delectable cuisine, while a camp butler attends to all of the guests' needs, from preparing gourmet s'mores in the camp's fire pit to assisting guests with the planning of their daily itineraries. Additionally, guests will arrive at Cliffside Camp in style, after travelling through a charming covered bridge that crosses over Elk Creek.

### About Paw's Up

Opened in 2005, The Resort at Paws Up combines luxury with unforgettable adventure on 37,000 acres of untamed Montana wilderness steeped in Lewis and Clark history. The Resort at Paws Up

A global trend has caught fire that offers outdoor enthusiasts an upgrade on rest and recreation. It's called "glamping" (short for glamorous camping) and North America's finest provider of this indulgent vacation experience will open its fifth and most extravagant camp on June 1: Cliffside Camp. The Resort at Paws Up® has continually pushed the envelope with innovative glamping design and amenities, and at Cliffside Camp they have gone all out.

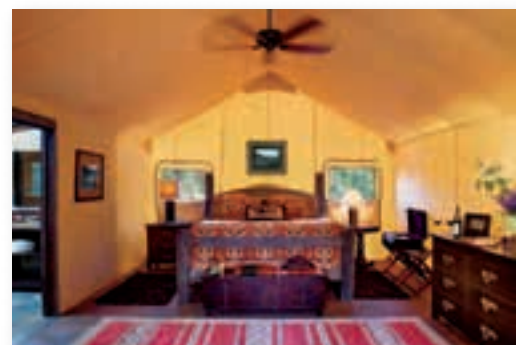
Situated atop a majestic cliff that overlooks the Blackfoot River and boasts the most expansive



the quintessential romantic accommodation.

Each tent will include an ensuite bathroom with double sinks, heated slate flooring and large, glass-enclosed showers. Decks with comfortable seating provide a front-row seat to Mother Nature's daily and nightly performances. Each tent also features an air-conditioning unit to ensure personal climate control, hardwood flooring and electricity.

Centrally located at Cliffside Camp will be an impressive, private dining pavilion that will not only include restaurant-style seating, but also a comfortable lounge area with couches and a fireplace. A private camp







offers accommodations for a maximum of 225 guests in 30 tented glamping accommodations and 28 well-appointed vacation homes, ranging from two-bedroom Meadow Homes and three-bedroom Wilderness Estates, to the charming, private four-bedroom Morris Ranch House. Paws Up is located in the heart of the Blackfoot Valley in western Montana, just 35 miles from Missoula International Airport. For more information, please visit

[www.pawsup.com](http://www.pawsup.com) or call 800-473-0601.

### BIG EATS AT PAW’S UP

The Resort at Paws Up, Montana’s premier luxury ranch resort, has been simmering as a culinary destination since they opened in 2005. And this Memorial Day Weekend, **May 24 - 27**, the resort will be debuting the second **Montana Master Grillers** weekend which aims to celebrate what Paws Up does best: gourmet outdoor dining.

This all-inclusive culinary weekend offers a seamless blend of fine wines, spirits, beers and exquisite grilled cuisine taking place in stunning outdoor-dining settings. [www.pawsup.com](http://www.pawsup.com)



### BUCK BRANNAMAN RECEIVES AWARD FROM BY *WESTERN HORSEMAN*

On Saturday, February 2, during the Legacy of Legends clinic in Las Vegas, Nevada, Buck Brannaman was presented the Western Horseman Award. The award was instituted in 2005 for the sole purpose of recognizing outstanding individuals who have made significant contributions to the Western stock horse industry.



In selecting candidates for the award, the magazine looks for men and women who embody values the magazine embraces: impeccable Western horsemanship; a commitment to education, authenticity and ethics; and a passion for the Western way of life. For more than 30 years, Brannaman has positively influenced the horse world through his clinics, books and videos that promote a kinder, gentler way of working with horses. His influence has even reached mainstream audiences through the recent documentary *BUCK*, as well as the novel and related movie *The Horse Whisperer*. He has taught horsemanship throughout the United States, as well as in Canada, Europe and Australia. He has

also supported the growing sport of ranch roping by competing in The Californios and organizing the Brannaman Pro-Am Vaquero Roping, which debuts in Santa Ynez, California, in October.

Past Western Horseman Award recipients include Ray Hunt (2005), Buster Welch (2006), Bob Moorhouse (2007), Craig Haythorn (2008), Ian Tyson (2010), Jack Brainard (2011), and Robert Miller, DVM (2012).

## NEW SHIRTS FROM CINCH

Cinch is always on the cutting edge for western performance style. [www.cinchjeans.com](http://www.cinchjeans.com)



## HATS, HATS AND MORE HATS

### RESISTOL AND CHARLIE ONE HORSE

For many, the standards by hats are chosen, here are some new spring styles from Resistol and Charlie One Horse. See more at [www.resistolhat.com](http://www.resistolhat.com) and [www.Charlie1Horse.com](http://www.Charlie1Horse.com)



Resistol 20X Point Rider



Resistol 20X Solano



Resistol 10X Walker



Charlie 1 Horse 10X  
Never Give Up

Charlie 1 Horse  
Southern Girl in  
Turquoise



## RANDS CUSTOM HATTERS

Ritch Rand has been building hats in Billings Montana for over thirty years. Here are a few of his new styles and way more can be seen at [www.randhats.com](http://www.randhats.com)



## BALDWIN CUSTOM HAT & BOOT COMPANY

Baldwin's flat-brim style is worn by present day buckaroos in the Great Basin of the Western part of the US to remember the first Spanish Vaqueros, who worked the area. It is turned up in the back to remember those early cowboys and then down in front to form a straight line from the back to the front when looked at from the side. [www.baldwinhats.com](http://www.baldwinhats.com)



photo by Lynn Woodward

## TWISTED X

Here are some of our new favorites from Twisted X Boots. They take technology in crafting great footwear and give you great western style. Great people too. All available at fine western retailers or at [www.twistedxboots.com](http://www.twistedxboots.com)



Men's Horseman



Men's Ruff Stock



Men's Top Hand



Women's Ruff Stock



## RANCH MARKETING ASSOCIATES

Ranch Marketing Associates (RMA) transcends traditional ranch real estate firms by utilizing the most comprehensive and innovative methods for bringing investment-quality American West ranch, farmland and recreation



Ron Morris (far left) and Billy Long (far right) showing a property to clients

properties to the global marketplace. RMA implements fully-integrated, custom marketing campaigns using an extensive arsenal of traditional and state-of-the-art tools that accurately presents each property and brings capable buyers and sellers together in the shortest amount of time possible.

Founding partners, Ron Morris and Billy Long, worked diligently to assemble the most talented and professional team of ranch real estate brokers in the western United States. Together, they have created a brand that is trusted and respected locally, nationally and globally and offer their knowledge and experience to those interested in buying or selling land holdings. RMA brokers stays abreast of new marketing opportunities, rapid changes and developing trends

surrounding the Internet and delivers visually inspiring, comprehensive marketing packages for every property regardless of size or price. [www.RMABrokers.com](http://www.RMABrokers.com)

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## MILLER RANCH STYLE

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## PATRICIA WOLF

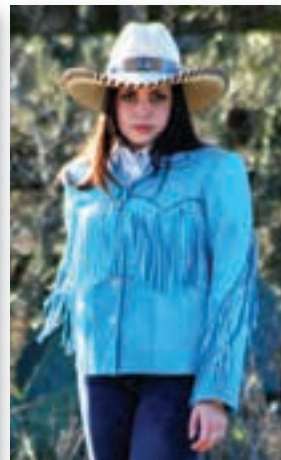
As it says on their website, “Patricia Wolf is proudly ‘Made in America’ – we’ve made everything in Texas for 30 years. Our Western Heritage is a treasure and it is tarnished when outsourced to foreign factories. Buy American!!!”

A fine designer and good friends. Here are some of their wonderful jackets shot by Jim Arndt. [www.patriciawolf.com](http://www.patriciawolf.com)

**Tejas Jacket** in supple Butter-scotch Deer Suede – A Classic ranch jacket featuring fringed yokes, sleeves, and pockets, with studs on yokes and sleeves. Buttons are antique German silver. Jacket falls to the high hip with a relaxed fit. Made to order. Made in Texas, USA.



Tejas Jacket



Rancho Grande Jacket



Rancho Grande Jacket

**Rancho Grande Jacket** in Turquoise Boar Suede – Features scalloped yokes with fringe and studs, and spiraled fringed sleeves and studs. Buttons and studs are antique German silver. Jacket falls to the high hip with a comfortable fit. Jacket is made to order. Made in Texas, USA.

**Rancho Grande Jacket** in Bone Lamb Suede – The jacket features fringed scalloped yokes with spiraled fringed sleeves. Buttons are polished deer antler. Jacket falls to the high hip with a relaxed fit for comfort and ease of wear. Jacket is made to order. Made in Texas, USA.

**Rancho Grande Jacket** in Bone Lamb Suede – The jacket features fringed scalloped yokes with spiraled fringed sleeves. Buttons are polished deer antler. Jacket falls to the high hip with a relaxed fit for comfort and ease of wear. Jacket is made to order. Made in Texas, USA.



### GIVING BACK FOR THOSE WHO SERVED

Red Bucket Equine Rescue was founded in January 2009 by David and Susan Peirce, who simply could not turn their backs on a group of starving and abandoned horses. During its first year, RBER saved 74 starving or slaughter bound horses. Nineteen horses were adopted and found safe “forever homes.” Red Bucket utilizes a “matching program” to ensure that horses and their new families are well suited in all areas, including temperament, age, training level of horse and riding/skill level and goals of the adoptive family.

Integrity, honesty and candor are the foundation of each conversation and integral to every placement. [www.redbucketrescue.org](http://www.redbucketrescue.org)



### SCHAEFER RANCH TROUSERS

Rick Grant’s Schaefer Ranchwear is a superb company. Everything they make is made right here in the US of A. Here is a classic. Their trousers are tailored with a standard rise waist and straight leg. The front is detailed with modest double forward pleats and side entry quarter pockets meaning the top of the pocket is angled in 1” for easy in/out vs. an all on-seam pocket. The back features one open welted pocket and one buttoned welt pocket. There are also seven 1-1/2” belt loops around the outside waistband. Probably more than you need to know but these are fine dress trousers to go to town in. [www.schaefer-ranchwear.com](http://www.schaefer-ranchwear.com)



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## SAN BENITO RODEO THE HOME OF FIGURE EIGHT ROPING HITS 80 YEARS YOUNG

This season will mark 80 years of the San Benito County Saddle Horse Show and Rodeo. This old-time competition is held just 9 miles outside of Hollister, California on what was once an original Mexican Land Grant. Here visitors have a chance to time travel, going back to early San Benito, a county still considered vaquero country to Western aficionados. Despite its proximity to San Jose, Monterey and San Francisco, this region maintains the feel of pastoral California.



Friends and neighbors put their tasks aside and working cattlemen and women come down from the golden hills to show off a little. Aside from the rough stock events, only residents can compete in the

show. This year on June 28th through 30th, some 350 local contestants will be parading by the stands in the popular Grand Entry.

Home of Doc Bar, San Benito County is known to produce genuine working cow horses and top-notch riders. One event unique to the Saddle Horse Show is the Figure-Eight Roping.



Riders rope the steer's horns with the first loop and at the same time catch his two front feet with another loop (making a figure eight). Will James coined this difficult catch "the San Benito Toss."

Youngsters gather up their courage and clamber on unsuspecting sheep in the "Mutton Busting." Multi-generational teams put their relationships to a test in the team penning competition. This year California Cowboy Professional Rodeo Association (CCPRA) riders will perform in the rough stock, bronc and bull riding events. The Wild Cow Milking Contest and the Wild Horse Race are both rough and tumble events that always capture the





crowd's attention. Massive oaks cast shade over a charming Saddle Horse Show Museum, food venues and trade items.

Started in 1929 by local ranchers, many of the original families still own box seats. Rebecca Wolf, one of the Saddle Horse Show directors grew up in the county and remembers fondly, "When we were kids, we all got out of school to go to the show. That's how important the event was to the community!" Wolf looks forward to another San Benito reunion but like in the time of rancho rodeos and fandangos, she is quick to mention that anyone passing through is sure welcome.

For more information [www.sanbenitocountyrodeo.com](http://www.sanbenitocountyrodeo.com)



### PHOTOGRAPHER JESS LEE

Readers will recall our last issue's outstanding pictorial, "Alive and Kicking," by photographer Jess Lee. Unfortunately, one of publishing's many "ghosts in the machine" transformed Jess's byline to "Jess Leep." We wanted to give credit where credit is due, and let readers know exactly where to find Jess's work.

To begin with, visit Jess's site, [www.jessleepphotos.com](http://www.jessleepphotos.com), and his partner Tamara Gooch's site, [www.westernphotographers.com](http://www.westernphotographers.com). You can see more of Jess's work at Winter Range Gallery in Wickenburg, Arizona, and at national venues such as this December's National Finals Rodeo Cowboy Christmas in Las Vegas; the February 2014 Safari Club convention, also in Las Vegas; and the February 2014 Scottsdale (Arizona) Arabian Horse Show.

Jess is at work on a book project documenting the working gear and styles of western ranches, north and south. Another venture will focus on great western towns and destinations. Jess also teaches photography. Veteran and aspiring shooters alike should check out his photo workshops centered on western-lifestyle and cowboy subject matter. 2013 workshops will include an autumn roundup in Wyoming's Beartooth Mountains, a "Red Rock Cowboys" shoot near Moab, Utah, and a winter offering themed on Southwest "luxury ranches." Learn more at [www.jessleepphotos.com/tipsandtrips.htm](http://www.jessleepphotos.com/tipsandtrips.htm).



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## BY HAND AND HEART

# When Horsepower Meant Horses

Utah's Eli Anderson keeps frontier history alive by finding and restoring vintage horse-drawn vehicles.



By Rod Miller

**L**ike most high school boys, Eli Anderson was fascinated with wheeled vehicles. But unlike most teenagers, who pour heart and soul into tinkering with automobiles, Eli cleaned out his young bank account to buy and restore a horse-drawn buggy.

He has not outgrown that interest in collecting antique vehicles once hauled by horses. In fact, his fascination turned into a serious hobby, rolled into the realm of avocation, and didn't stop until it became an obsession.



Antique camp cooking equipment stocks the chuck box on the chuckwagon.

If that seems an overstatement, hang on. The itinerary of a road trip to enhance his collection offers a glimpse into the depths of Eli's interest. He pulled out of his home place in northern Utah bound for southern Georgia to pick up a sleigh. In the trailer behind his pickup truck rode a horse – a toy horse tricycle he intended to unload in Nebraska, where a specialized craftsman would make some repairs and have it ready to pick up on the return trip. While in Georgia, Eli made a detour to

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## 40TH ANNIVERSARY PRIX DE WEST® INVITATIONAL JUNE 7 - AUGUST 4

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*Canyon Lands*, oil on canvas, 24" x 30" by Clyde Aspevig

## A FRESH TAKE: WILLIAM S. AND ANN ATHERTON ART OF THE AMERICAN WEST GALLERY OPENING APRIL 15

The William S. and Ann Atherton Art of the American West Gallery showcases the Museum's permanent art collection in 10 newly reinstalled exhibition spaces. Some are devoted to the Museum's large collections by single artists, including Charles M. Russell and Frederic Remington. Others offer a look at important groups and themes in Western Art

*The Buffalo Signal*, bronze by Frederic Remington



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collect some lamps for a hearse.

Meanwhile, back home, an old military ration cart in the midst of restoration needed some research surrounding a missing footrest, so a trip to a quartermaster museum at a Civil War battlefield in Virginia seemed in order. After pawing through old logbooks and getting the necessary specifications, Eli got a line on another carriage near Baltimore, went to see it, bought it, and loaded it on the trailer.

Next stop, New Hampshire, where a 1905 cannon with a three-inch bore and its limber awaited. But that's not all. Eli had long been searching for a particular kind of wooden beer keg to go with a beer wagon he was restoring, and when he heard about some for sale in Canada, Eli decided he'd never be this close again and



Eli sits at what passes for a desk in his workshop.  
It does double duty as a table saw.



Rather than relying on blueprints to guide his work,  
Eli works “mostly by feel.”

decided to take a look. He arranged to drop the trailer in a church parking lot in Buffalo, New York (try explaining a cannon to the folks guarding the border), crossed over, and came back with 10 beer kegs (itself an uneasy explanation at the border) in the bed of the truck.

Next stop, Chicago, to pick up a wicker casket to go with a hearse back home, then to Minnesota to load another buggy, and on to Nebraska to fetch the horse trike. Except, that is, for a happenstance stop along the way at an antique dealer in Iowa, where Eli stumbled upon a bunch of ammo boxes that just happened to go with the cannon he'd purchased in New Hampshire. And there was an old sign that once hung over a wagon yard he bargained for, believing his collection wouldn't be complete without it.

There are other serendipitous details to the story, but suffice it to say that some two weeks and 7,000 miles later, Eli pulled into the home place just outside of Tremonton, Utah, with his load of newfound treasures.

The buggy Eli restored in high school was the realization of a dream he'd harbored for years. It started during a school field trip when his second grade class visited a museum displaying artifacts of daily life in Utah's pioneer era. Throughout the visit, he remembers



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Antique camp cooking equipment stocks the chuck box on the chuckwagon.

his mother – along to help ride herd on the students – saying things like, “Oh! We had one of those at our house when I was growing up,” and, “Grandma had one of those.” Eli was amazed that so much had been lost in just a couple of generations. “My mother recognized a lot of that stuff, and knew what it was for,” Eli says. “For her mother, those were ordinary, everyday things. And most of that knowledge was lost. It made an impression at the time, and interested me more as I grew older.”

Even at that tender age, wheeled vehicles were of special interest. Eli even tried, at age seven, to acquire an old farm wagon, built to haul sugar beets, that sat decomposing in a neighbor’s yard. That particular story ended 50 years later.

When the man who owned the wagon died some 25 years after Eli first wanted the wagon, the family

allowed Eli to haul it home. It took another 25 years of off-and-on restoration to bring the old side-dump beet hauler back to original condition.

Remembering the history represented by that wagon, and others like it, is important to Eli. “The horse-drawn days weren’t that long ago,” he says, “but memory of them has almost disappeared. Our ancestors spent months coming west, covering distances that I can cover in a big day. So, for young people growing up, even for me, we need to appreciate that those people had to make a plan just to go to town.”

It’s difficult to imagine anyone working harder, devoting more time and energy, investing more resources than Eli Anderson does to help us remember.



The legendary Conestoga wagon with its curved floor and flared ends could haul up to six tons of freight.

Note the collection of tether weights lined up between the wheels.

CALEB SMIDT

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His collection consists of some 300 horse-drawn vehicles, more or less. Wagons, buggies, buckboards, carriages, carts, coaches, drays, sleighs, and more kinds of vehicles than you can imagine are parked hub to hub, tailgate to tongue, sometimes stacked floor to ceiling in

is where the work is. “Eli is an avid collector who works hard to preserve the many vehicles he owns,” Paulsen says. “Much of the work he does is self-performed in his shop. He is most knowledgeable about all of the parts and construction of his vehicles.”



Wagons, carriages, buggies, and sleighs of all descriptions cover the floor and are stacked to the ceiling in Eli’s largest barn.

That knowledge didn’t come easy. Over the years, Eli has developed significant skills in woodworking; working with metal, fabric and leather upholstery; painting; as a wheelwright; and more. And while he has the advantage of modern tools, he uses those tools to duplicate the “old work.” Eli says, “I use the original wood when I can, and duplicate the species when I can’t. Same with the hardware – screws, nuts, and rivets are original, or duplicated exactly from new metal if they’re missing or rusted beyond use.” Most of the work he does on his own, with help from interested friends, but Eli relies

on experts for tasks such as decorative painting or striping, and certain kinds of metal work.

The vehicles Eli acquires are in various states of disrepair, with some requiring a good deal of work – starting from scratch, for all practical purposes – others less. “What I’d really like to find, just once,” he says with a laugh, “is a wagon that doesn’t need any work.” That, however, would likely prove unsatisfying.

While there is much history inherent in the wagons themselves, Eli’s interest extends to how each particular vehicle was used, so he tries to document the “when and where” of everything in his collection. He owns, for

four barns on Eli’s property. Once, just for fun, he pulled them out – most of them – and parked them along the road. They covered more than a third of a mile.

The Carriage Association of America is an international organization whose membership includes some 3,000 families. Craig Paulsen, a CAA board member, says, “Eli is a great collector with an eye for unusual and rare vehicles. His collection ranks among the largest in the USA. He is a notable collector of vehicles, especially those which have a connection to the American West.”

But collecting is only part of the story. Restoration





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example, a delivery wagon used in Kemmerer, Wyoming, by the first J.C. Penney store; an unusual side-spring buggy owned in the 1870s by California railroad magnate Mark Hopkins, Jr.; a mud wagon that ran the stagecoach route from Arco to Salmon, Idaho, until taken out of service in 1917...The stories, like the wagons, go on and on.

The most unusual wagon in Eli's collection is an ambulance for hauling horses and other livestock. "If there are any others, I don't know where they are," he says. A compartment in the wagon bed holds a veterinary bag that is, in itself, a piece of history, with medical instruments, medicines, and other items used to heal horses in days gone by.

Eli's biggest challenge is displaying his collection. "He has so many that it is impossible to get to some of them because they are stacked so high and deep in his sheds," Craig Paulsen says. "He needs help financially in order to maintain his collection. Without some support, I'm afraid of what will happen to his collection in the future."

Friends and other interested parties are coming to the rescue. A non-profit corporation, Wagon Land Adventure Foundation, has been established to raise funds to construct a museum worthy of the collection it will one day display. Site plans and architectural drawings show it will be just that.

Eli's collection deserves it, if only to remind us all of the days when just about everything that moved in the West – in the world, for that matter – moved by horsepower.



Rod Miller's latest book is *Go West: The Risk & The Reward*. He lives in Utah and is a member of Western Writers of America.



# It's Old West Auction Time Again

**B**rian Lebel's Old West Show & Auction returns to Colorado at the Denver Merchandise Mart Expo Building for its 24th annual event from June 21 - 23. The three-day Denver Old West Show brings over 200 dealers in Western art, antiques, and contemporary design. The Saturday night Old West Auction offers over 300 lots of Western art, artifacts and collectibles in front of a live audience.

militaria and documents from a noted Mexican General; a quilled Native American war shirt, and many other fine pieces. Items may be previewed prior to the auction during general admission hours of the Old West Show. Both the auction and preview are free and open to the public. Auction catalogs are available for purchase.

In addition to the auction Saturday night, the

show features over 200 dealers offering authentic antique and contemporary western art, collectibles, apparel, jewelry, furniture, antique historic firearms, saddles, spurs, bridles, posters and much more. Western



Lone Ranger

This year's auction highlights include items from the personal collection of TV's original Lone Ranger, Clayton Moore. Other items of note include a rare cowgirl trophy saddle; a restored 1870s zinc cigar store Indian; art by noted Western artists such as Couse, Borein, Anton and Mell; a collection of



Colt 1860 Army, and other personal property of Daniel Nottage, Sheriff of Albany County/Laramie City, Wyoming Territory, circa 1876. Estimate: \$30,000-40,000.



Quilled and fringed man's shirt, mid-19th century.

Auction estimate: \$30,000-40,000

museums, authors, and non-profit organizations are also among the exhibitors. For information, [www.denveroldwest.com](http://www.denveroldwest.com)

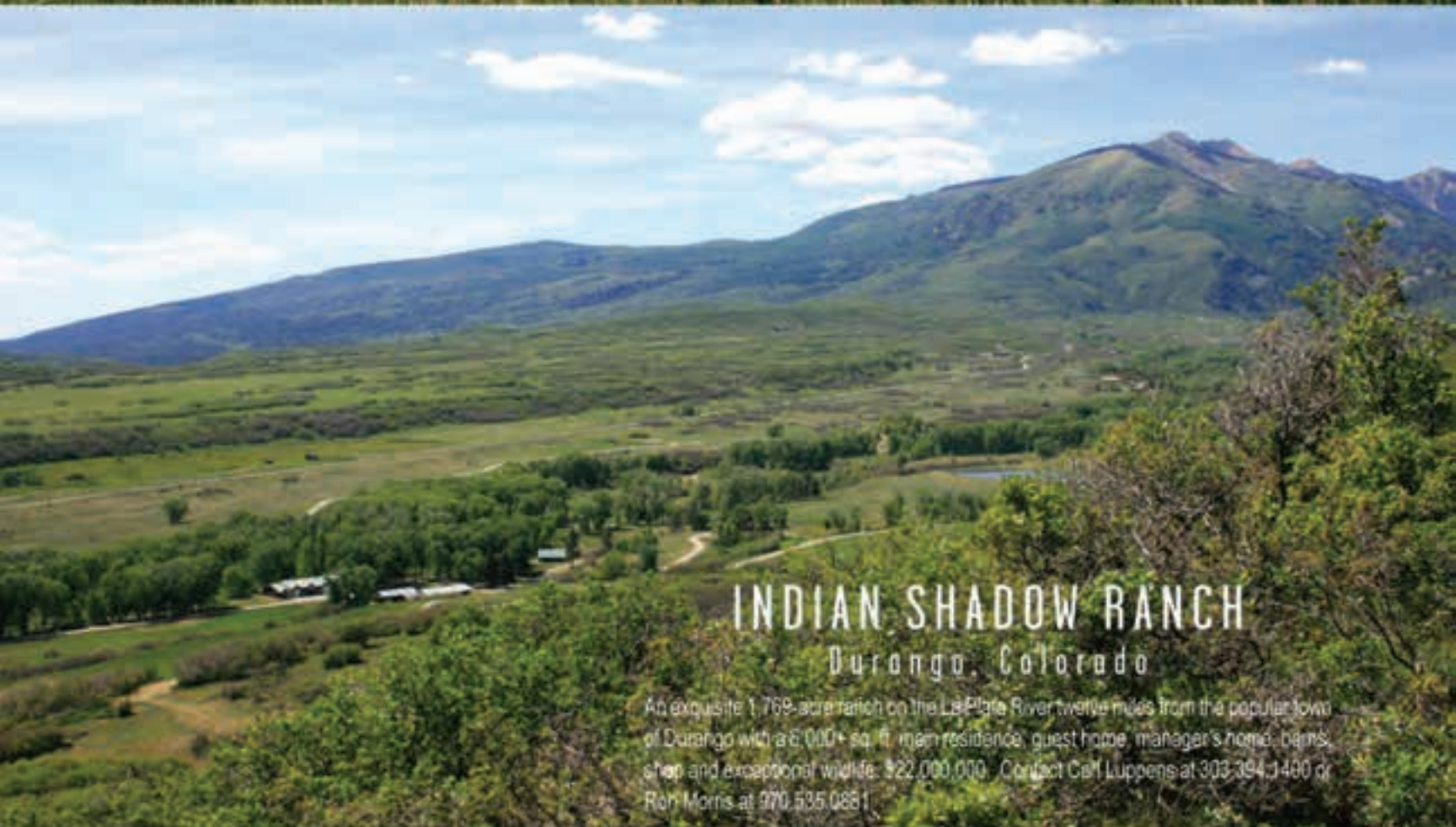




## WALTON RANCH

Jackson, Wyoming

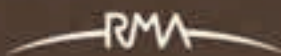
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## BOOKS TO FIND

# Humbolt HeartLand

Written and Photographed by Andy Westfall

**A**s readers of this journal probably figured out a long time ago, we are suckers for selfless acts of passionate people. Publishing a book to sell about a remote region's ranchers can be described as seeking an audience that "dances on the head of a pin." Self publishing is even harder. It is akin to donating a kidney to a close friend – the value never goes away for the small group involved. According to the author/photographer/publisher, Andy Westfall, "It has been our intent to produce a book of exceptional quality – an enduring keepsake that is historical, entertaining, and educational – especially to those who have little accurate information about the ranching culture."

Andy Westfall knows ranching. He is a fifth-generation resident and rancher on California's remote North Coast and for fourteen years he has collected interviews – life stories, really – and taken photographs that are windows into the soul and heart of a region. No smart, business-like publisher would ever undertake such a passion play – let alone one that took fourteen

years. Andy has done it on his own and he has created a masterpiece. A sensitive, unvarnished look into the lives of truly heroic people, too humble probably, to tell their own story without a little prodding.

This is a local story of local people in a region that is sometimes called "the lost coast." A place filled with ranchers and woodsmen and families. Of young and old. The book documents the past, the present and the future of a way of life





that contributes way more than it takes. And beyond the stories, the accompanying photographs are in a word – stunning.

*“Humboldt Heartland is absolutely one of the finest photography books on the scene today. But, it’s much more than that. Rancher Andy Westfall spent fourteen years prowling Humboldt County, California, where grass and timber abound, making photographs and gathering the thoughts and stories of his neighbors. His portraits, landscapes, details, and documentary images, photographed with sensitivity and restraint, are presented herein with elegance.”*

That is legendary photographer Jay Dusard’s take on the book – no stranger to traveling and capturing the west. He is not alone in his praises of Westfall’s work. Nita Vail, CEO of the California Rangeland Trust realized the book’s value helping ranchers get their stories out to those who are unaware of the contributions of ranchers as stewards of America’s ranch lands.

*“It is so essential for ranchers to tell their stories to help preserve ranching and all its cultural, economic, and environmental benefits for future generations. Andy has captured the rich history of Humboldt’s ranchers by telling their stories and sharing pictures that demonstrate the heritage, the commitment to the land, and the values held by all in the ranching community.”*

This volume is not just a book, it is a testament to following through. Westfall created this book from a good place in his heart and we are all the better for it. The first edition, printed in 2010 sold out long ago so you will have to look for this book. That’s why we call this section “Books to Find.” The book is way worth the effort. You can see more about the book at Andy’s website [www.humboltheartland.com](http://www.humboltheartland.com)





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## THE COOK HOUSE

# Scooter Robison's Smothered Pork Chops



By Kathy McCraine

46

**O**ur friend “Scooter” Robison was a hell of a cook, but a disaster with horses. In the mid-1980s, my family owned the Horner Mountain Ranch, south of Camp Verde, Arizona, and every fall Scooter would come out to hunt deer with my husband, Swayze, and cook for the camp.

Scooter was a prominent attorney in Lafayette, Louisiana, and an avid hunter, but back there everyone hunted on foot. Swayze wasn't about to walk when he could ride, and though Scooter had hardly ever been on a horse, he was game for anything. Almost every year, there would be some kind of wreck involving



Scooter Robison

horses, and Scooter would wind up hurt. His problems started on the ground because he always moved too fast. They didn't call him Scooter for nothing.

One morning they saddled up at the ranch headquarters, and Swayze handed the horses' reins to Scooter while he went inside to fix sandwiches. A white fence with 1x6 planks nailed to posts surrounded the ranch house. Swayze told Scooter, “Whatever you do, don't tie those horses to a plank. Tie them to a post.”

Scooter tied up, followed Swayze inside, and came back out with the sandwiches, going “ninety-nine” as usual. Swayze's horse, A.J., was a little



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spooky, and when Scooter marched up and slapped the sandwiches in the saddlebags, the horse set back on the reins. Sure enough, Scooter had tied him to the middle of a plank, and the horse jerked it right off the fence.

“I came out and A.J. was spinning in circles like a reiner, slinging that plank on the end of his reins,” Swayze says. “The board hit Scooter in the shoulder, knocked him down, and sent his glasses flying 50 feet. Fortunately, A.J. quit after a few spins and Scooter wasn’t hurt.”

Swayze had made a nice camp way up on Sycamore Creek, with a pen for the horses and tents to sleep in. Because Scooter loved to cook so much, he always brought ice chests filled with Louisiana specialties – alligator, crawfish, gumbo, smothered chicken and pork chops. The hunters never went hungry.

Headed back to camp one evening, they spotted two bucks getting ready to bed down on top of a steep ridge above the camp. Too dark to shoot, they decided to come back the next morning. They saddled up before daylight and snuck quietly up the hill, but Swayze was in such a hurry, he forgot to check Scooter’s cinch. Three-quarters of the way up, he heard a loud whisper behind him.

“Swayz! Swayz! Something’s wrong with my horse. He keeps trying to sit down.”

Both the cinch and flank strap on Scooter’s saddle had slid back into the horse’s flank like a bucking rig, but instead of bucking, he was just trying to get some relief. Scooter was clear back on the horse’s rump, so Swayze whispered back to him, “Get off!”

But instead of just stepping off carefully, Scooter baled off the back of his horse, landing 25 feet down the hill and dislocating his shoulder. Another year, he broke his finger.

Scooter always rode like he was on a safari, reins wrapped around the horn and rifle laid across his lap, lagging behind 100 feet. Over and over he complained

that his horse wouldn’t “steer,” and Swayze would tell him, “Scooter, pick up the reins. You have to tell him where you want him to go.”

Headed back to camp late one day on a cow trail in a wooded canyon, Swayze noted a saddle-horn high juniper limb across the trail. He’d been after Scooter all day about reining his horse, so he thought, *surely I don’t need to tell him to go around this limb*. Just then he heard a loud crack and looked back to see Scooter laid out flat on his horse’s rump.

“He had his rifle across his chest, protecting it like it was his child, and his feet were stuck straight out,” Swayze says. “The horse shot out and left him suspended in the air for a fraction of a second like a magician show. Then he dropped. When he got up, his trigger finger was going three different directions. I was laughing so hard I was in tears, but he was madder’n a wet hen.”

Another year the hunters barely avoided disaster when they decided to hunt elk up by Mormon Lake in northern Arizona. A friend had parked a motor home up there so they would have a place to stay, but a big storm blew in the night before, dumping two feet of snow. They hooked the old green, two-horse trailer to Swayze’s pickup, loaded A.J. and Ace, and chained up. The dirt road into the camp wasn’t plowed, but they forged ahead through bumper-high snow drifts. The radio said it was 5 degrees with a 10-degree wind chill, but it got worse.

Swayze put up a pen for the horses with net wire and steel posts, and the hunters huddled in the motor home with a marginally functioning heater. The next day the wind was howling at 25 to 30 miles per hour, and it had dropped to 5 below zero. They hunted all day with no luck.

On the second morning, they returned to camp around noon, and the radio was calling for 10 below, minus-30 wind chill, *and* more snow that night. Swayze said, “We better get these horses out of here





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while we still can.”

He haltered Ace and A.J. and handed them to Scooter to hold while he took the pen down. “Whatever you do, Scooter,” he said, “don’t let both of them go if something happens. Hold on to at least one of them.

All of a sudden, Swayze heard a commotion, and turned to see Scooter spread-eagled between the two horses. Unable to hold on, he let them both go, and of course, they took off like two bullets.

Swayze dropped to his knees in disbelief. They hadn’t seen a fence in a day and a half of hunting, and he figured they were in about a 10,000-acre pasture. All he could do was start tracking them in the two-foot snow. He might have caught Ace, but every time he got close to them, A.J. would throw his tail in the air and take off like he was having the time of his life. Of course, Ace followed.

Swayze tracked them for hours, when finally they circled back to camp, stuck their heads down and started eating the hay he had put out to entice them back. It was already snowing when the hunters pulled out, and close to midnight when they finally made it home in ice and snow so bad they never took their chains off. They were truly lucky to make it back alive.

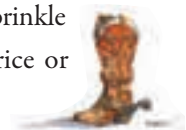
Sadly, Scooter lost a battle with cancer in 2009. We still miss him terribly and the wonderful meals he loved to prepare for us whenever we got together. The following recipe is one that he often cooked at deer camp.



### Smothered Pork Chops

6 pork loin chops, about 3 pounds  
 About 4 tablespoons oil  
 3 slices bacon, cut in 1/4-inch pieces  
 2 tablespoons flour  
 1-3/4 cups chicken broth  
 2 onions, sliced thin  
 1/4 teaspoon salt  
 2 tablespoons water  
 2 garlic cloves, minced  
 1 teaspoon fresh thyme  
 2 bay leaves  
 2 tablespoons parley  
 Salt and pepper to taste

Season the pork chops with salt and pepper and brown in oil in a large skillet or Dutch oven. Remove from pan and set aside. In a separate saucepan, fry the bacon pieces until crisp, then remove. Leave 2 tablespoons bacon grease in the saucepan and stir in 2 tablespoons flour. Cook, stirring constantly, until you have a peanut butter-colored roux, about 5 minutes. Add the chicken broth in a slow steady stream. Bring to a boil, cover and set off fire. In the skillet the pork chops were browned in, add 2 tablespoons oil, the onion slices and 2 tablespoons water. Cook until browned, then add the garlic, thyme and bay leaves and cook 3 minutes. Return pork chops to the skillet, pour in chicken broth mixture, cover, reduce heat to low, and simmer 30 minutes, or until done. Remove chops to tented platter, increase heat, and simmer until sauce thickens, about 5 minutes. Remove bay leaves and stir in parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Cover the chops with the sauce and sprinkle with reserved bacon pieces. Serve with rice or mashed potatoes. Serves 6.



Kathy McCraine is the author of the Will Rogers Medallion Award winning *Cow Country Cooking: Recipes and Tales from Northern Arizona's Historic Ranches* available at [www.kathymccraine.com](http://www.kathymccraine.com).



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## YOUR HORSE'S FEET, A SERIES

# Cutting Sign

By Pete Healey, APF

**T**he horse is an amazing animal, they can be very forgiving both mentally and physically...to a point. Horses are always giving us signs emotionally and physically of impending trouble. The feet are great indicators of physical doom. These organs contain a lot of information which can be evaluated internally and externally.

On the 2nd of March, I had the opportunity to speak with Dr. David Jensen (San Marcos Equine, Los Alamos, California) at a podiatry conference in North Carolina. The course which was at NC State University was organized by Dr. Richard Mannsman and was titled "Practical and Current Concepts in Equine Podiatry and Rehabilitation." Our lecture was on how a standardized radiographic and physical measuring system can be used to evaluate and rehabilitate problem feet. The most common problem in the industry is the long toe – low heel foot. It is so common that in two papers I have read, it was noted that some veterinarians in the industry consider this to be a normal foot variation. I think a lot of farriers do as well because I see quite a few horses shod to this conformation. Why is that? Because both industries don't have a biomechanical standard. The talk that Dr. Jensen and I presented concentrated on measurements that correlate the inside of the foot to the outside and how to use this as a way to communicate between both industries to recognize foot dysfunction and then correct it. Part of our lecture was a collection of case studies where we proved our method. There were some great lectures at the conference, not only did we teach, we learned.

Almost everyday I see horses evaluated for performance problems: mild lameness, sore bodies, hocks, and simply not moving well. Tests often include blood work, bone scans, radiographs, MRI and ultrasound but sometimes nothing is really conclusive. One thing all of these horses have in common is terrible feet, it's very visible, all the signs are there that these organs we call feet are going through organ failure. Yet we still can't comprehend that when these organs fail so does the whole horse, remember the adage "no foot, no horse." Unfortunately the feet are often the last consideration because we lack a teachable model that is part of the curriculum in the universities and shoeing schools. The industry is like a dog chasing its tail; he never really gets it and he doesn't go forward.

There are people in the industry that are getting it and are going forward but their ideas and information are often dismissed or criticized because the leadership that governs the industry is too stuck on what they think they know. If we could get these people out of the way of your horse's feet, the horse would move a whole lot better. There is a need for change in the industry, I can see the signs.

For more information about Dr. Jensen go to [www.smequine.com](http://www.smequine.com), on equilibrium go to [www.balancedbreakover.com](http://www.balancedbreakover.com).





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# The Power of Place

Teton Valley Ranch Camp bonds three generations of the Knight family.

By Jayme Feary

## Grandfather

On that Chicago day in 1944 while World War II slogged on, 16-year-old Herb Knight hoisted his duffle bag and boarded a Union Pacific train bound for summer camp at Rock Springs,

Wyoming. He could not have known that the next two months would stand out as an important event, even compared to future mileposts, such as the end of the war and his graduation from Dartmouth. The boy Herb had never thought about having children or grandchildren, yet



photos by Jayme Feary

Campers release the remuda for overnight grazing.





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The barn staff races at the day's end.

his experiences at camp would burrow into him and hatch out in his descendants – and he would live to see it all.

Herb had some experience with the land. His father ran a farm in Oak Park, Illinois, west of Chicago, and Herb had visited places such as California and the Chicago Stock Show; but he had never seen wilderness such as that in Wyoming, high deserts that run forever until slamming headlong into towering peaks. There he saw real cowboys with worn chaps and sweat stains on the crowns of their hats and Longhorn cattle grazing under a cobalt blue sky.

From the train station in Rock Springs, Herb rode a school bus to Kelly, north of Jackson, where the Tetons poke out of the ground like spires climbing out of a crack in the earth. The Tetons' majesty and his experience at camp would change his life. "It instilled in me a great love for the outdoors," he says. "All my life I've appreciated nature and all the great outdoors has to offer."

It was called Teton Valley Ranch Camp, having

begun in 1939 as a place where, according to the camp's website, "children could learn about the West and themselves through a program based on land stewardship and respect for self." At TVRC campers and staff made eye contact when they spoke and shook hands as if they meant it. They took off their hats when entering buildings, worked and played hard, and respected each other as equals.

Herb and his fellow campers fished, packed horses, shot rifles and rodeoed. Wild and unfettered, they rode to the post office in Kelly for the mail. They bathed and brushed their teeth in a nearby spring and peed in the water for good measure. In another warm spring, they splashed, rolled and swam like otters. Every Sunday they attended chapel beside the water. One day, the camp's founder, Weenie Wilson, pointed to the spring full of suckerfish and then to the cold Gros Ventre River teeming with trout. Which one do you want to be? he asked. A sucker or a trout? You can live your life two ways: lie on the bottom or swim in good clean current. Herb never forgot the lesson.

While fishing along the Gros Ventre, Herb and his buddies encountered a couple of stern-looking men who declared the boys could go no farther. Former President Herbert Hoover was fishing nearby. Later that summer Charles Lindbergh landed on a nearby grass strip to visit his son, Jon, at camp. According to Ernest F. Campbell, in his book *Teton Valley Ranch*, Lindbergh said he wanted his children to learn from camp how to live not foolishly but dangerously. He had sent Jon to TVRC to learn the lesson.





Herb and his friends bonded over activities such as observing the slaughter of steers they later ate at meals. They developed horse-packing skills and fell heart-deep in love with the land. The war – in fact, the entire world – seemed mere background noise compared to the music of the adventure.

Returning home, Herb took the sense of place with him. Its spirit or a love for the West motivated him to ask for a set of Longhorn steer horns for his eighteenth Christmas. They hung in his parent's home until he graduated from Dartmouth and married. Then they graced the walls of his own home through the growth of his own family and the moves to various posts in the corporate world. No one knew the horns would come to symbolize the Knight family's connection to TVRC.

### **Son**

In 1980, 36 years after Herb attended camp, his 14-year-old son, Tom, hoisted his father's duffle bag and boarded a Chicago plane bound for Jackson. When he deplaned at the airport inside Grand Teton National Park, he stared open-mouthed at the Tetons jutting straight up in exclamation from a flat sagebrush plain. At home, Tom had become interested in mountains, but these were like none he had ever seen – dramatic, commanding and snow-pocked even in summer. He did not realize how important this place would become.

TVRC and its location impressed Herb and Tom similarly, but Tom's experience differed. "[Dad's] was a rough and tumble cowboy thing," Tom says. "Mine was more about backpacking." Tom reveled in backpacking trips and fishing. With his buddies, he roamed the mountains, unconcerned about the weight on his back. Aspen groves gave way to evergreens, spruces, pines and firs, and peaks of the mountains began calling to Tom, who later worked in the camp kitchen, taught fishing, and spent his off time gallivanting and climbing. "I was interested in mountains," Tom says. "And then I wanted

to climb and study explorers. I got more interested in having an outlet that was wild and open. I found I needed that." His second summer at camp, horses and riding hooked him and, as with his father, the landscape, people and atmosphere wormed into him.

Tom returned home, married, worked in the corporate world, and fathered two daughters. After divorcing, he reconnected with and married Alecia Sams, whom he had met at camp. Now a sales-growth strategist, he consults with midsize companies. When describing his time at TVRC, he speaks reverently. "The Tetons will be my big backyard for the rest of my life."



At TVRC, Margot Knight listens to a speech given by her sister, Caroline.

### **Granddaughters**

In 2009, Tom's elder daughter, Caroline, age 12, boarded a plane to Wyoming lugging that same duffle bag. Two summers later her sister, Margot, age 11, joined her at camp.

By Caroline and Margot's era, TVRC had undergone major changes. The Wilson family had given the camp to the TVRC Educational Foundation and put the Kelly ranch on the real estate market. The foundation had built a new camp on a 2,360-acre ranch near the town of Dubois, east of the Continental





TVRC campers dressed and ready for the camp's final rodeo of the season.

Divide, and had moved several cabins from the original ranch, including the one Herb had stayed in. The Pinnacle Peaks of the Absaroka Mountains, striated with layers of gray, rose nearby like jagged teeth, and the Tetons, viewable only from the top of the hills that surrounded the camp, towered in the distance.

When the girls arrived, counselors reminded them the ranch had no cell phone reception; regardless, electronic devices – televisions, laptops, tablets and cell phones – were not allowed. All such items were collected and placed in storage. Camp offered additional activities, including archery, lapidary, hiking, crafts, gymkhana, and natural horsemanship, but its soul remained intact. As in the days of Herb and Tom, counselors and campers practiced good manners, consideration for others, and teamwork. All summer, while riding and hiking the trails or skipping and dancing between cabins, campers parroted camp mantras: You only live once. Live so that you'll have no regrets.

Caroline discovered she had a gift for hiking. She and her compadres backpacked and camped in the mountains 18 of their 28 days at camp. She climbed Sand Butte and backpacked over snowfields in Grand Teton National Park during the warmest days of the summer, 10,700 feet above Paintbrush Divide. She says, "It was our first time seeing that much snow in the summer, the first trip that far and high into the mountains." Wide-eyed, she stared face to face with the Grand Teton, one of the most majestic mountains in the world, and gazed down at lakes and grassy bowls. Oh

how it made her feel, self-sufficient with all her needs strapped to her back, strong and full of awe.

She fished too and later began riding the mountains and competed in the final rodeo, which included team roping, one of TVRC's most revered traditions. She and several competitors stood around a white circle drawn in the dirt and tried on cue to be first to rope a metal dummy and drag it in a sort of tug-of-war across the white line. She studied natural horsemanship and played gymkhana games.

Margot loved riding horses, too, but like Caroline, gravitated toward hiking and backpacking. Keeping an ambitious pace, she leaned up the trail and powered up the mountain all the way to Holly Lake to have more time for fun with friends at the tent site. They looked up at the sharp peaks laden with snow and down into the valley stretching across the horizon.

Back at TVRC, it was time for Margot's initiation, and all of the girls gathered. Grinning and covered with



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mud, Margot arrived on her horse. Everybody formed two parallel lines in the barn, and on foot Margot ran the gauntlet, the whole gaggle cackling and cheering. The climax came when she jumped headlong into the pond and emerged splashing and laughing as a *trout*, the member of a brotherhood and sisterhood that would last a lifetime. Everyone cheered. There was no need for words, just a common, silent understanding and hugs all around.

On her last day at camp, Margot participated in the final rodeo. She team-roped and entered the dance contest. Unlike at home, she didn't overanalyze her actions. At camp, no one judged anyone. To the beat, she danced wild and free, arms flailing, sand flying, a smile on her face. On her last night, she slipped exhausted and happy into the same sleeping bag her father had used at camp.

All three generations of the Knight family still live in Chicago. Herb, now 85 and retired, is one of TVRC's oldest living alumni. He remains passionate about the outdoors and conservation. Tom continues to work as a management consultant, and regularly he and Herb hunt and fish together. Soon Herb will begin hunting with Caroline and Margot.

This summer TVRC will celebrate its 75th anniversary, and the summer will be Caroline's last at TVRC. She is planning a special expedition to climb, backpack and repel in the Tetons. She will scale and summit the Grand Teton where she will peer down from the second highest point in Wyoming, at the site of the



A TVRC rodeo competitor races into the arena.

original ranch site where Herb camped 69 years ago. She will understand the concept of majesty, and she will believe life brims with possibility.

Margot will attend her third summer of camp. The year may be her turn to carry her clothes in Herb's duffle bag. She will glance into a room off the new dining hall and observe on the wall the set of Longhorn steer horns Herb had donated to the camp; his wife had thought it was high time they had a new home. Margot will see the brass plates underneath the horns that identify each member of the Knight family and the years he or she attended TVRC. There is space for additional nameplates, but who knows if Caroline and Margot's children will attend the camp? Caroline says, "Oh yeah, definitely." Margot adds, "I would love it. They will understand this is a family tradition."



Jayne Feary is a Wyoming-based writer. Learn more about Teton Valley Ranch Camp, including its 2014 season, at [www.tvrcamp.org](http://www.tvrcamp.org), or by calling (307) 455-2885.



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## THE WESTERN HORSE

# Colorado's Westernaires

A trick-riding troupe serves its community and entertains crowds throughout North America.



By Gary Hubbell

**S**tanding on a grassy ridge in Colorado's Jefferson County, 75-year-old Glen Keller looks over the 35 acres that are home to the Westernaires, a horseback drill team for young riders. The six-decade-old program also offers area youth a range of horse-based programs, from riding lessons to a variety of riding and driving experiences. The program is based in Golden, Colorado, on property adjacent to the Jefferson County fairgrounds.

"We were founded by the Lakewood Youth Council in 1949," Keller explains. "At that time, Jefferson County was largely rural and many families had horses. [The county] needed something for kids to do with their horses."

He gestures to the immediate surroundings. A six-lane highway, Interstate 70, subdivisions, and commercial properties crowd the property's margins and,

these days, horse properties are uncommon in the area.

"A fellow named Elmer Wyland started us out as the Lakewood Riding Club, and 26 kids showed up," Keller says. "Today we have four indoor arenas, three outdoor arenas, a museum, kitchen, classrooms, and a caretaker's house, and we run between 210 and 215 horses, ponies, and mules, and have about 1,000 kids between the ages of nine and 19."

Keller's own children were once in the program. "I couldn't bring myself to sit in the bleachers and watch, so I volunteered," he says. "Elmer ran it up until he died in 1983. His last words were, 'Tell Glen it's all his,' and here I am, 30 years later."

Westernaires enrollment opens each fall for kids between nine and 14. Youngsters start out as Tenderfeet, with twice-a-month riding lessons, usually on livery horses provided by the Westernaires. The program puts







photos courtesy The Westernaires

In their initial orientation, Westernaires are warned of the risks involved with performances. Members consider the inevitable first spill a rite of passage.

about 750 kids on horseback every Saturday.

Once they're past the Tenderfoot stage, riders are expected to participate 52 weekends a year until they graduate from the program at age 19. It's a commitment that doesn't allow much time for other interests. Attrition takes its toll as families move or kids lose interest, but the program typically graduates 60 to 70 riders a year. The ratio of girls to boys is 70:30.

Westernaires are not allowed to wear blue jeans on the grounds. Requirements call for white or wheat-colored jeans and a practice shirt. For performances, the dress code is black jeans and a practice shirt, until it's time for costumes, which are made and maintained by some of the Westernaires' army of 350 volunteers, who do

everything from running the company store to making lunches, driving horse trailers to events, feeding horses, teaching lessons, repairing wagons, and constructing new buildings on the grounds. "We have one paid full-time caretaker and one half-time caretaker," Keller says. "The rest of the work is done by volunteers."

After learning basic horsemanship, the kids move up to the White Team, the Blue Team, and then the prestigious Red Team, which performs complicated cavalry-based drill maneuvers. There are other specialty acts as well: Riders of the Steppes, who mimic Ghengis Khan's Cossack cavalry; a Buffalo Bill-style Wild West show; dressage riding; Roman chariots; and two-horse Roman riding. Currently, there are 17 trick riders, who





Westernaires must live in Jefferson County, Colorado, or come from families who own land in the county. The group relies partially on community support for funding.

wow crowds at their performances with handstands atop galloping horses, and other gravity-defying feats, including a 21-man pyramid moving at speed around the arena.

“Everyone who joins knows there are risks involved,” Keller says. “When we start them out at the first orientation, we tell them that they won’t really be Westernaires until they fall off. One time we had a group of Tenderfeet in the arena and this little boy got dumped. I was worried he was going to get up crying, but instead he thrust his arms into the air and yelled, ‘Yes! I’m a real Westernaire!’”

The Westernaires perform in more than 50 events a year, often with several teams going in different directions at once. They’ve traveled as far as Virginia and Canada. Their headliner event, however, is Denver’s

National Western Stock Show, where they’ve performed since the early 1950s. This year, with exhibitions, the rodeo, and the rodeo’s grand entry, Westernaires opened the gate 56 times at the National Western.

Once riders turn 19, their grand finale is at the National Western, where they turn in their final performances. This year, as the event played out, Westernaires Conner Dugan and Michelle Akiyama were also studying at the Colorado School of Mines. Kristin Fast was commuting to the Stock Show from the University of Colorado at Colorado Springs. And Brent Lee was making a sojourn from the University of Northern Colorado in Greeley. All looked forward to graduating from the program and beginning new phases of their lives, but saw their Westernaire graduation as bittersweet.



For many riders, participation in the Westernaires is a family affair, with older or younger siblings riding. More than a few Westernaire families have been inspired to buy horse properties and stock remudas with enough mounts for the entire family.

Westernaires are free to use their own horses for practice and performances, and many riders use the same horses year after year. Livery horses are available for those who don't have their own. Keller prefers horses between 14.2 and 15.2 hands, with stout legs and good dispositions. Color and breed don't matter. In fact, between 50 and 60 Westernaire horses are BLM mustangs started by prisoners at a Colorado penitentiary in Canon City.

"I like those mustangs," Keller opines. "They've got a big foot, they're gentle and tough, and it's hard to break them down. I am very picky, and I go through horses with a fine-toothed comb."

Other mounts are Quarter Horses, with the odd Morgan or Fox Trotter thrown in the mix. Horses need good withers to hold saddles, especially when riders hang horizontally in a performance.

Keller likes to bring horses into the program at five or six years of age, "after their minds have gotten settled," he says. "They need to be started under saddle, at least green-broke, before we'll take them on. Once we get a horse in our program, it usually stays with us until it dies of old age. We have several well into their 30s we still use today."

A team of 10 to 15 older riders train horses for their Westernaire

jobs, acclimating them to noise, flags, loading and unloading, and various tasks they'll encounter in the program. The occasional horse might not make the grade, but Keller says only two or three percent wash out.

Horses used on asphalt or other hard surfaces are kept shod, but the remainder, whose primary jobs take place in sandy arenas, are kept barefoot. No tie-downs or back cinches are used. Riders are allowed to choose their bits, and most opt for a Tom Thumb snaffle or a low-port curb. The Westernaires' tack room is filled with good working saddles, many on barrel-racing trees, with seats to fit younger, smaller riders.

The group's museum houses artifacts such as an original Pony Express saddle, Hollywood cowboy Tom Mix's hat, and the carriage that transported Abraham

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Members of the Westernaires' prestigious Red Team perform complex drill maneuvers. Other acts include Roman riding (above), chariot driving, a Wild West show, and a re-creation of Genghis Khan's cavalry.

Lincoln to his inauguration. There are movie posters, as well, commemorating the Westernaires' appearances in some 30 films, including *How the West Was Won*, *Centennial* and *Stagecoach*.

Keller knows he must groom his eventual replacement, as Elmer Wyland did 30 years ago. In doing so, his guiding philosophy is simple. "The horses are just a tool," he says. "I love them, but they're just a tool to get to the kids. That's the hook, so we can teach them responsibility, leadership and commitment. There isn't any more important thing than the next generation of kids in this country."



Gary Hubbell is a writer, photographer and outfitter. He lives in Colorado.





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# Dangerous Crossing

## Border ranchers are stuck between Mexico's powerful cartels and Washington politics.

By Paul A. Cañada

**O**n Christmas Day in 1917, 45 riders crossed the border and made their way to the Brite Ranch in Texas' Presidio County. They planned their assault perfectly. Rancher Lucas Charles Brite and most of his hands were away from the ranch, spending the holiday with their families. When the dust settled, bandits had stolen away with food, clothing, and the ranch's tack and finest horses.

About 200 members of Troops M and G of the Eighth Cavalry crossed into Mexico in pursuit of the bandits. Later that day, they caught up with 15 of the riders, killing 10. The remaining outlaws escaped into the surrounding mountains.

In 2010, nearly a century after the Brite Ranch incident, a news story broke about two ranches near Laredo, Texas, seized by Zetas cartel members. Bloggers and Internet sites carried the story, and queries from national news bureaus flooded the Laredo Police Department. It turned out reports of the 2010 raid, though, were exaggerations based on a vague law-enforcement bulletin written by a freelance blogger. The Laredo PD quickly squashed the story, but not before it added fuel to the already hot border-security issue.

The fictitious story illustrates the damage that can be done by amateur journalists, especially those who

advocate a specific point of view rather than remaining neutral in their reporting. More importantly, the story demonstrates how volatile the situation along the U.S.-Mexico border still is. Stuck in the middle of the controversy are border ranchers, who must make a living while keeping an eye out for trouble.

With the Rio Grande at its southern border, the Brite Ranch has a long history of intrusion by Mexican nationals. It has always experienced crossings, but the number of Mexicans crossing drastically increased in the mid 1980s. Most of the "regulars" crossed to find work, but since 2008, those crossing have more threatening interests, the trafficking of drugs and humans.

Like his great-great grandfather, Lucas Charles Brite, who founded the cattle operation, Jim White lives and works on the ranch. In fact, every generation between Jim and Lucas Charles has lived on the ranch, and every family member has carried a gun for protection. That's the way of Texas' Big Bend country.

"I never leave my house unguarded and I never leave without a firearm," White says. "I don't feel threatened to the point I'm afraid, but I do feel threatened to the point I'm cautious. We don't depend on anyone else for our security. We're two hours from a response to an emergency, and cell phone reception is spotty."





photo courtesy U.S. Border Patrol

Horseback Border Patrol agents ride the U.S.-Mexico border.

Most of White's land is too rugged to cross, but there are areas where passage is as easy as a Sunday drive. White has witnessed trucks being driven across one location, above the confluence of the Rio Conchos and Rio Grande, where for most of the year the water depth is about nine inches.

At yet another crossing, smugglers cleared an old mail road, a path that had been impassable since the 1917 raid. A drug cartel drove a bulldozer across the border and cleared the obstructions. When White discovered the road was in use, he placed a sign boldly declaring in Spanish, "No Trespassing!" The next day, he discovered his sign uprooted and thrown atop a ridge. Angered, White used the ranch's bulldozer to shut

down the route. He erected berms, six feet high, along the road. Today, the road remains impassable.

"You can't show fear," White says. "I don't want to be prey, so I don't act like prey."

Throughout the ranch's history, it's hired generations of Mexican cowboys from families up and down the river. For many years, according to White, this stretch of the Texas-Mexico border had only a virtual boundary, with U.S. ranches providing jobs for northern Chihuahua families. Mexican hands filled the ranches' seasonal needs, then returned home to their families.

That all ended when the 1986 Immigration Reform and Control Act passed, making it illegal to knowingly hire or recruit unauthorized immigrants. Because the





photo by Jay Dusard

Challenges of ranching in southern Arizona include rugged country, border security, and complicated relations with federal and local law enforcement.

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Mexican cowboys had not lived continuously in the U.S. for the required period, they didn't qualify for green cards.

After IRCA's passage, the Immigration and Naturalization Service deported about 335,000 illegals. Intended to curb illegal immigration and unlawful employment, IRCA instead triggered an influx of illegal immigration.

"I know most of the Mexican families across the border," White says. "A lot of the young men trafficking in San Antonio del Bravo are sons and grandsons of men who have worked for me. That border doesn't mean

anything. It's just a river. In this land, everybody knows everybody on both sides of the river. We're not strangers."

Still, White doesn't turn a blind eye to smugglers crossing his land. When a group is spotted, White and his hands immediately call in law enforcement. The men don't confront trespassers. Smugglers know they'll be reported and take measures to stay away from ranch personnel.

White, though, says he avoids working with U.S. Customs and Border Patrol, opting instead to contact the Presidio County Sheriff's Department when the





need arises. White's viewpoint toward the federal agency is typical along the border.

"The Border Patrol is a convoluted agency, with some really good agents," White says. "Unfortunately, the agents work with some really sorry policies and sorrier rules of engagement."

Border ranchers are fiercely proud and independent, reluctant to trust government agencies or politicians. On March 27, 2010, mistrust turned to anger when, after years of pleading for state and federal protection, disaster struck.

On that day in March, rancher Robert Krentz Jr. was found shot to death in a remote section of his ranch in Cochise County, Arizona. He was a respected member of the ranching community and known for his big heart. Sadly, his kindness might have led to his undoing.

According to Cochise County Chief Deputy Thad J. Smith, Krentz went missing after radioing his brother that he was aiding an illegal immigrant. Authorities found the rancher's body, several hours later, in his all-terrain vehicle. Fresh footprints leading away from the scene and toward the border suggest he encountered a smuggler rather than an immigrant.

"Cochise County is 6,200 square miles, with 83 linear miles of the U.S.-Mexico border," Smith explains. "Remote areas are vast expanses of vacant pasture, and mountain land with deep ravines and washes. The geography, lack of continuous cellular coverage, and lack of roads pose major challenges for law enforcement."

The Cochise County Sheriff's Office has a history of partnering with their federal counterparts and that has contributed to successes they have shared. A major hurdle for both agencies is the lack of trust ranchers have in law enforcement, and years of pent-up frustration.

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“Ranchers continue to be plagued with the same problems: smugglers crossing their land, destroying fences and range, leaving behind trash, breaking into homes and stealing goods,” Smith says. “They live in a constant state of fear, concerned they may have a violent encounter with a smuggler while working the ranch or, worse yet, inside their home. When one considers how a wife, mother or daughter may be home alone, miles from the nearest neighbor and hours from law enforcement, while the men are working the ranch, it’s easy to understand their fears.”

In order to ease concerns and better serve ranchers, the sheriff’s office has developed two special units. The ranch patrol unit, manned by deputies with ranching backgrounds, is designed to establish credibility and trust. The second unit, the border interdiction team, is designed to disrupt smuggling.

“The RP’s mission is to be the ranchers’ face-to-face link to the sheriff’s office,” Smith says. “Along with the ranchers, they ride horses or drive to ranches to see where crossings take place. The BIT will focus on enforcement and interdiction efforts related to smuggling.”

Arizona rancher Dennis Moroney doesn’t harbor fears many of his neighbors have, but he understands their frustration. Despite being 12 miles from the border, the numbers of immigrants crossing his land was once maddening. Groups of a dozen or more were common and throngs of 60 to 70 had been seen.

“We ranchers felt we were bearing the brunt of a bad immigration policy,” Moroney says. “I never blamed the immigrants because I believe any person who found himself in a desperate economic way would do the same if it meant making a better life for his family.”

The immense traffic, though, had an impact on Moroney’s daily ranch operations. Along routes leading to the highway, illegals cast aside water bottles, clothing, backpacks and makeshift raincoats fashioned from

garbage-can liners. The plastic trash proved to be more than an unsightly problem. Seemingly overnight, cattle became ill and quickly dropped weight before dying. Carcasses revealed huge, twisted masses of plastic in the animals’ stomachs. Moroney lost nearly a dozen animals each year, for six years, to the trash.

During Arizona’s hotter months, Moroney and neighbors had a problem with people tampering with water systems, draining storage tanks and damaging infrastructure. When heavier-duty pipes were installed, illegals drilled through the pipe walls. If the holes weren’t spotted and repaired in time, they would drain an entire tank. Moroney was forced to assign a hand to ride pipelines every day, looking for breaks, spills and gushers.

Tough state legislation and a declining economy slowed illegal traffic crossing into Arizona, but it was a local event that halted crossings on Moroney’s ranch.

“They had a big rally in Tombstone and, with TV camera crews in tow, they came down here and made a bunch of noise,” Moroney explains. “The Mexican army reacted by deploying troops along the border, preventing migrants from crossing because they didn’t want an international incident. In the last four years, I have seen only a dozen illegals.”

Despite the decline in crossings, Moroney says meaningful border management has yet to be achieved.

“Unfortunately, racism and a fear of the browning of America is a palpable component to this whole border security discussion,” he says. “The fact we have all these Mexicans coming across has people angry and asking, ‘What’s America coming to?’ They talk about picking up a gun and defending the border all the time. I just throw up my hands and ask, ‘When are we going to get real about this situation?’”

Unlike much of Arizona and New Mexico, Texas ranchland adjoining the border is mostly privately owned. When a rancher is disgruntled over the federal





government's lack of presence and response to calls for help, skepticism for federal authority develops. The Border Patrol's Robert Harris knows firsthand ranchers' mistrust of the Border Patrol, but vows to do his best to mend broken fences.

Harris was born in the small town of Sonora, in West Texas, where he grew up working his grandfather's ranch. Like his father and uncle before him, Harris pursued a career as a Border Patrol agent. Harris is the Commander of the South Texas sector, responsible for the border areas of Del Rio, Laredo and the Rio Grande Valley.

"Ranchers unwilling to work with us are emblematic of our area's attitude," Harris says. "We need access to ranchlands to do our job and want to have a harmonious relationship with ranchers. We're going to work with them and do everything within our means to resolve differences and establish a partnership."

Harris utilizes a liaison program, designed to address mistrust and miscommunications. He has 30 agents in his sector assigned to liaison work. His team, as a whole, meets with ranchers on a quarterly basis to resolve issues in a mutually supportive manner.

Many issues between the Border Patrol and ranchers are due to the remoteness of the areas in question. Lands are rugged and hard to access, and border ranches seldom get the attention urban centers receive from the Border Patrol. Ranchers tire of reporting crossings and seeing little or no response.

"We call these areas 'sign-cutting' areas," Harris says, using a tracking term. "The Big Bend country is huge, rugged and remote with an expansive border. We can't possibly cover every stretch of that border, but we do track all illegal entries and our agents are vigilant about apprehending them."

In areas where it's impractical to station agents full time, the Border Patrol relies heavily on technology. Using remote sensor towers linked to microwave communications; mobile video surveillance systems equipped with radar, daytime and infrared cameras, and a laser range finder; and unmanned aerial vehicles, the Border Patrol identifies crossings in remote areas. Once detected, entries are tracked using Google Maps and GPS. Equipment deployed varies, depending on the terrain and situations encountered. In South Texas, for example, thick brush conceals movement and renders

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sensor towers ineffective. In these areas, high flying drones and mobile technology can effectively be deployed.

“We live in a technical world and smugglers have gotten more sophisticated, but so have we,” Harris says. “Everyone uses some kind of electronic device these days, including the smugglers.”

Despite the technology, it’s often traditional techniques that catch the bad guys. Harris is proud of his Noble Mustang program, which involves mounted agents on BLM mustangs. The horse patrols are able to access harsh terrain, and track and apprehend smugglers. Forward operating bases, set up in remote ranch areas and manned 24 hours a day, coordinate units mobilized to specific target areas.

“There’s a variety of means we utilize to secure remote ranchlands,” Harris says. “But we don’t have enough technology to cover the 700 miles, inch by inch, we’re responsible for. And some of that land can’t be covered by technology because it’s too rough, remote and brushy. That’s why our partnership with ranchers is critical. Nobody knows that land better than the rancher who works it and that’s why it’s important they notify us when they see something.”

A rancher we’ll call Bill Smith is a humble tenant rancher, working cattle on about 150,000 acres on Texas’ Rio Grande. He’s a private man who asks his real name not be used. He doesn’t fear cartel retaliation. He simply prefers to stay out of the limelight.

With the exception of a single crossing, most of Smith’s southern ranch border is protected by impassible mountains and canyons. Still, a steady flow of traffic pours through the crossing; it’s predominantly drug-smuggling traffic. Regardless, Smith has never felt threatened.

Every spring and fall, two Border Patrol agents stay at the ranch. While there, they gather intelligence, chase and apprehend groups, get familiar with the land, and provide a presence. Although the Border Patrol and local law enforcement have encouraged it, Smith and his men don’t carry weapons. The cowboys know where the smuggling trails are, and know the smugglers will go to great lengths to avoid cattlemen. Smugglers are a daily occurrence on the ranch, Smith says, but his region isn’t the war zone often described by the press.

“There’s a lot of knee-jerk reaction, not only in the media, but also with the citizenry,” Smith says. “There are people in town who tell these wild border-encounter stories and I know for a fact they

Where The West Lives.



*Dave Stamey  
recording a live album.*



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have never been down in the mix. A lot of the stories they tell aren't second-hand; they're third-, fourth- or fifth-hand."

Smith will tell you he hasn't any hair-raising tales to tell, but admits to sitting down and visiting with a number of illegals. He might provide a cold drink and a sandwich while waiting for the Border Patrol to show up. One would-be immigrant Smith held up long enough for the Border Patrol to apprehend had murdered one of his traveling companions. Another man apprehended on the ranch was wanted for killing a Dallas police officer.

"In all honesty, these aren't the gentle old guys that used to come through here, looking for work" Smith says. "The ones that have walked in over the last two years are young. They have tattoos down their necks and on their faces. They aren't the kind of guys you invite to a party."

At the end of the 2010 fiscal year, the Border Patrol reported achieving "operational control" of 873 of the nearly 2,000 miles of southwest border. Operational control reflects the Border Patrol's ability to respond to illegal entry into the United States, not necessarily at the border itself.

Of those 873 miles, only 129 miles, about 15 percent, were classified as "controlled," meaning Border Patrol agents can detect and apprehend illegal entries at the border. The remaining 85 percent are listed as "managed," reflecting an ability to detect and apprehend after entry, often 100 miles or more inside the United States. According to U.S. Government Accountability Office testimony before the House Subcommittee on Border and Maritime Security, the Border Patrol reported that operational control, as they define it, doesn't require agents to be able to apprehend all illegal entrants.

According to Commander Harris, the majority of illegal entries occurring in the mid-1990s took place in urban corridors, like San Diego and El Paso. Because of that, the Border Patrol focused manpower and technology along those routes. As the agency succeeded, smugglers chanced more remote crossings.

"The smugglers moved out to remote ranch areas and we've responded to that by increasing personnel and technology deployed in these areas," Harris says. "When I joined the Border Patrol in 1984, we had 3,000 agents and no technology. Today, in South Texas alone, we have 6,000 agents, 3,000 field operations officers, and about 150 air and marine pilots. There's a lot of hyperbole about spillover violence and about the border being out of control and a war zone, but I'm telling you it's not true. Nobody who's familiar with the border is ever going to say, 'The border is 100 percent secure.' You can't guarantee that. However, the border is more secure today than it has ever been."



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Jihan Murad, Esq. riding Urbanus © Flying Horse Photography 2012

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## NATIONAL FFA ORGANIZATION

# Feeding the World, Starting at Home

FFA launches powerful initiative to combat hunger

*This story originally appeared in FFA New Horizons, the official FFA member magazine. Read more inspiring stories about FFA members at [www.FFAnewhorizons.org](http://www.FFAnewhorizons.org). You can also check out future issues on your mobile device; subscribe at [FFAnewhorizons.org/Digital-Magazine](http://FFAnewhorizons.org/Digital-Magazine).*

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For most Americans, the issue of hunger conjures up mental images of starving, malnourished children in faraway third world countries. In fact, there are 870 million undernourished people in the world today, including the United States. One in seven people does not get enough food to be healthy. Worse, as many as 16,000 children die from hunger-related causes every day.

Even though the United States is the world's wealthiest nation, 15 percent of our citizens live in poverty. More than one in five American children live in house-



holds struggling to put food on the table. That's 16.2 million children.

"Hunger and malnutrition are the number-one risks to health worldwide – greater than AIDS, malaria and tuberculosis combined," says Larry Moore, executive director of Kids Against Hunger in Greenwood, Indiana.

### FFA takes action on hunger

The National FFA Organization envisions a world in which hunger is a thing of the past. That's why FFA members are joining the fight to eliminate hunger at home and abroad. Through Feeding the



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Ed Borein and Leo Carrillo  
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## Fighting hunger in our own backyards

In 2013, the National FFA Organization awarded 131 FFA chapters in 42 states with FFA: Food For All Grants to fight hunger. The grants are sponsored by Farmers Feeding the World, the Howard G. Buffett Foundation and CHS Foundation as a special project of the National FFA Foundation. Here's a sample of some of the things FFA members are doing to fight hunger.

### Amphitheater FFA – Tucson, AZ

Members of the Amphitheater FFA Chapter are utilizing skills from their animal science program to raise large livestock and donate fresh pork to local food banks. Believing in the proverb "Give a man a fish, feed him for a day; teach a man to fish and feed him for life," the chapter will host six community workshops that will include information on raising livestock as well as local statistics and details on hunger.

### Buena Park FFA – Buena Park, CA

The Buena Park FFA Chapter plans to farm about three acres of a variety of fruits and vegetables to be served in all seven of their school district's cafeterias. They will also host monthly farmers' markets so that fresh, inexpensive, locally grown produce can be available to their community. In addition to their farming and distribution efforts, members will host agricultural education days to educate the community on eating healthy.

World—Starting at Home, FFA members are learning about the issues and effects of hunger and taking action to support the human right to safe, affordable and nutritious food.

"There is no one better to address the challenge of hunger than students preparing to be leaders in providing food and fiber for our world," says Ryan Best, 2011-2012 National FFA President. "We are the ones who can and should make a difference."



The fight against hunger is already underway.

"Many FFA chapters have been engaged in hunger relief efforts, including the FFA Million Can Challenge several years ago, and chapters collect canned goods and volunteer at food pantries as service projects," says Marilyn Ross, program director for the National FFA Organization's Global and Hunger Initiatives. "Our members want to fight hunger because they, as the future leaders of agriculture, are concerned about food."

In 2011, National FFA Organization CEO Dwight Armstrong appointed a team to examine the hunger issue. The strategy developed was simple: educate members about hunger in their own communities; engage chapters in hunger fighting efforts; and communicate the facts about hunger and how to reduce it.



"Anyone who has seen the face of hunger in the United States or abroad will understand why FFA members are committing to this fight," Armstrong says. "FFA members know 'Living





to Serve' is more than just the last line of the FFA motto. It's a pledge to care about your neighbor. That's the promise and power of Feeding the World—Starting at Home. These young people are taking leadership roles in fighting hunger with purpose and passion.”

#### **FFA: Food For All Grants**

In 2012, the FFA: Food For All grant program was developed to support qualifying chapters in developing yearlong service-learning projects focused on sustainable hunger-fighting actions. The first year, 140 chapters in 41 states were awarded grants up to \$2,500 for projects such as community gardens to supplement fresh produce at schools and food pantries. In 2013, 131 chapters were awarded grants. The grant



#### **The Community School FFA – Spokane, WA**

Two major groups will benefit from Community School FFA Chapter's project. During the school months, the students of Community School will receive produce grown by FFA members. When school is not in session, the harvest will go to a local food bank's "Free Women's and Children's Restaurant" program where participating restaurants provide free meals for low-income families. The chapter will also host workshops on backyard gardening for the community.

#### **Salmon FFA – Salmon, ID**

Using an FFA: Food For All Grant from 2012, Salmon FFA started gleaning unused local fruit trees identified by the Lemhi County Food Group. They also educated the community about food preservation and cooking in an effort to increase food self-reliance. In 2013, the chapter plans to expand the number of trees harvested, continue to develop maps with GPS technology, start a photo monitoring system for orchards in the program, improve orchard maintenance and expand the harvest to include gardens as well.

#### **Oxford FFA – Oxford, NY**

Expanding on an existing program, Oxford FFA will use laying hens to offer fresh eggs to the local soup kitchen. High school students will be working closely with the primary school students to hatch chicks and watch them mature. Both high school and primary school students will care for the chickens.



FFA members are working to combat hunger in their communities and abroad by educating farmers in other countries, gleanng leftover crops from fields, participating in canned-food drives, partnering with community groups and more.

program is sponsored by Farmers Feeding the World, the Howard G. Buffett Foundation and CHS Foundation as a special project of the National FFA Foundation.

The grants helped ideas come together quickly. The Siegel FFA chapter in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, created a workshop series for their community covering topics such as container gardening for edible plants, small-scale poultry production, composting and basic food preservation (freezing, drying and pickling).

Many chapters spent the summer planting, maintaining and harvesting community gardens, while others grew lettuce and other vegetables in greenhouses





or hydroponically. The fruits of their labor, often totaling more than 1,000 pounds of produce, are donated to local food banks and charitable organizations.

“The results that we have seen so far with the FFA: Food For All program are impressive,” says Stefonie Sebastian, the program manager. “FFA members are putting their ag education and leadership into action by addressing real hunger needs in their own communities. Through collaboration and dedication they are changing lives.”

For more information on the initiative visit [www.FFA.org/feedingtheworld](http://www.FFA.org/feedingtheworld). Feeding the World—Starting at Home is a program of the National FFA Organization and is a special project of the National FFA Foundation through these generous sponsors: The Howard G. Buffett Foundation, Farmers Feeding the World, Land O’Lakes, Nationwide Insurance and RAM.



**Food insecurity, defined:**

Lack of access, at times, to enough food for an active, healthy life for all household members.

*Source: U.S. Department of Agriculture*

**Hunger by the numbers**

- There are more hungry people in the world than the combined populations of the United States, Canada and the European Union.
- Hunger is the world’s Number 1 health risk – more than AIDS, malaria and tuberculosis combined.

- One out of four children – roughly 146 million – in developing countries is underweight.
- Some U.S. school districts have more than 80 percent of their students on the free or reduced lunch program, due to food insecurity.
- One in seven U.S. households were food insecure in 2010, the highest number ever recorded in the United States. This is a significant issue in our country, since many families trade off access to food in order to pay housing, utilities or school costs.



# The Beauty of Paint

## The artwork of Mike Capron

I can remember wanting to ride horses and draw them before I started school. I didn't begin riding until later, but when the opportunity arose, "cowboys and Indians" was what we played as kids.

When I was growing up, my family moved a lot throughout the Southwest, and I always loved moving

further west. I craved the wide-open spaces. We settled in Artesia, New Mexico, for my high school years and this is where I found fellow cowboys to join me in my madness. We rode as much as we could: milk cows, bucking barrels, pump jacks... anything that would move.

In high school, I was introduced to some art classes,



*Cowpuncher Versus Buckaroo*

Stockmen are the same the world over, except in their dress and methods. But good ones respect each other for their effectiveness in getting the job completed. These two are leaving camp, passing the time discussing the virtues of their respective styles. They might even find the opportunity to show off a little, later in the day.





*Chief*

This is a portrait of a Paint belonging to an outfit that brands in a hold up. This is one of the flankers' horses. The flankers are not in the picture, but you can see the dragger bringing one to the fire. Chief is content to stand hobbled and take a break from all the action.



*No Time to Relax*

This pony had some tight spots that weren't worked out before he left the house, and the dogs chasing the jackrabbit under him was a lot more than he thought was in his contract. Mr. Bronc Rider is still trying to figure out what happened and hasn't even seen the rabbit yet. Luckily he isn't far from the house and, if he doesn't catch his pony, doesn't have far to walk. I'll bet his story is pretty well embellished by the time he gets to the house.





*Don't Worry About the Hat*

The cowboy above is in comfortable control, even though he's lost his hat. He's enjoying the moment, and confident he can outlast the pony in his battle for independence. He can't believe somebody would pay him a wage to do this.



*Two Event Man*

This cowboy is tied hard and fast, and committed to the storm. His roping exercise has turned into a bronc event, unless he's athletic enough to step off and let the old Hereford teach Scorpion a thing or two. This scene happened on Texas' Guitar Ranch, west of the Guadalupe Mountains. I won't share the outcome. I will leave that up to the viewer's imagination.





*No Fence to Tangle Up In*

This crew delights in working with simple methods, and will vouch for the fact their methods are less stressful on cattle than a long drive to a corral or the torture chamber of a squeeze chute.

but with very limited instruction. I managed to graduate without any honors, unless you count the distinction of having flunked algebra more times than anybody else, ever. The one thing that did stick with me, and that remains not far away to this day (50 years later), is a book given to me by some close friends. That book, *The Charles M. Russell Book*, by Harold McCracken, was the first art book I'd seen that depicted a West to which I could connect.

I immediately began drawing with a pen and ink, and tried watercolor. Oils would come later. For 50 years, I searched for art instruction while making wages punching cows, and through other respectable endeavors.

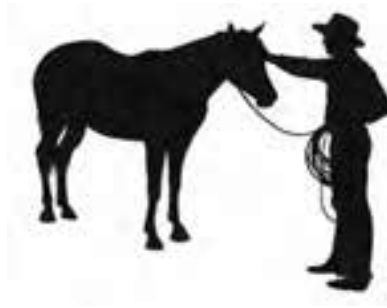
I've always been fascinated by riding, roping and painting, and find similarities among these art forms. Challenges are always present in all three. Nobody rides every horse, catches every cow, or paints a masterpiece every time. I'm satisfied to concentrate on the art form of painting, drawing and, at present, sculpting.

Sharpening the fundamentals of draftsmanship, composition, values of form, color studies, paint quality, perspective, anatomy, and proportions... It's enough to keep me busy through this lifetime.

The challenge of creating a picture someone can relate to is a problem I love. It's a means of communication that has been around since the first cave-wall artist, but expressing oneself is a challenge, hopeless if one has nothing to say. Stories in the West, though, are endless, and all are worthy of consideration for a painting or drawing.

Accuracy and familiarity with your subject matter are vital. I want my work to be believable, but have a look that can't be achieved with a camera. At the heart of my effort is an appreciation for the beauty of paint, and for the fundamentals of the creative process. And, of course, human interest and humor are always great ingredients.





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## A VISIT WITH BUCK BRANNAMAN

# Our Pro-Am Roping is coming this October

*There is no creation without tradition; the 'new' is an inflection on a preceding form;  
novelty is always a variation on the past.*

—Carlos Fuentes

I am really pleased to invite you to our first “Pro-Am Vaquero Roping.” I have long felt our culture needed a competitive event for those practiced and skilled in the area of real-world, ranch roping. An event that allows the participants to display the kind of horsemanship and roping skills that stockmen use every day and that reflect the philosophy and approach to work stock as practiced by the late Bill and Tom Dorrance and Ray Hunt. This event will help share and promote those skills with those interested in improving their roping as they participate in an event the entire family can enjoy. The traditions of the California *vaquero* and his ways with horses and cattle will not stand the test of time if we don't encourage others to embrace those traditions and make them available to new participants. For complete information and to see a little video about the event, please visit [www.brannaman.com](http://www.brannaman.com).

Here's some additional information.

### **The General Rules For The Event**

1. Traditional cowboy attire is required
2. Traditional gear e.g.: no tie downs, martingales, rubber on saddle horn.
3. 50' rope minimum length reatas are encouraged but not required.
4. No swearing, vulgar behavior, or complaining.

### **Basic Details On The Event**

1. We will start with 60 teams. You will come to town as a two person team, entries must be submitted and paid for via the entry form pdf on this website. First entered, first in.
2. The Friday evening before the event each team will be given their third member from the pool of pros who will be introduced that evening (Buck is picking the pros – between 10 - 12 so each pro will

October 26 & 27

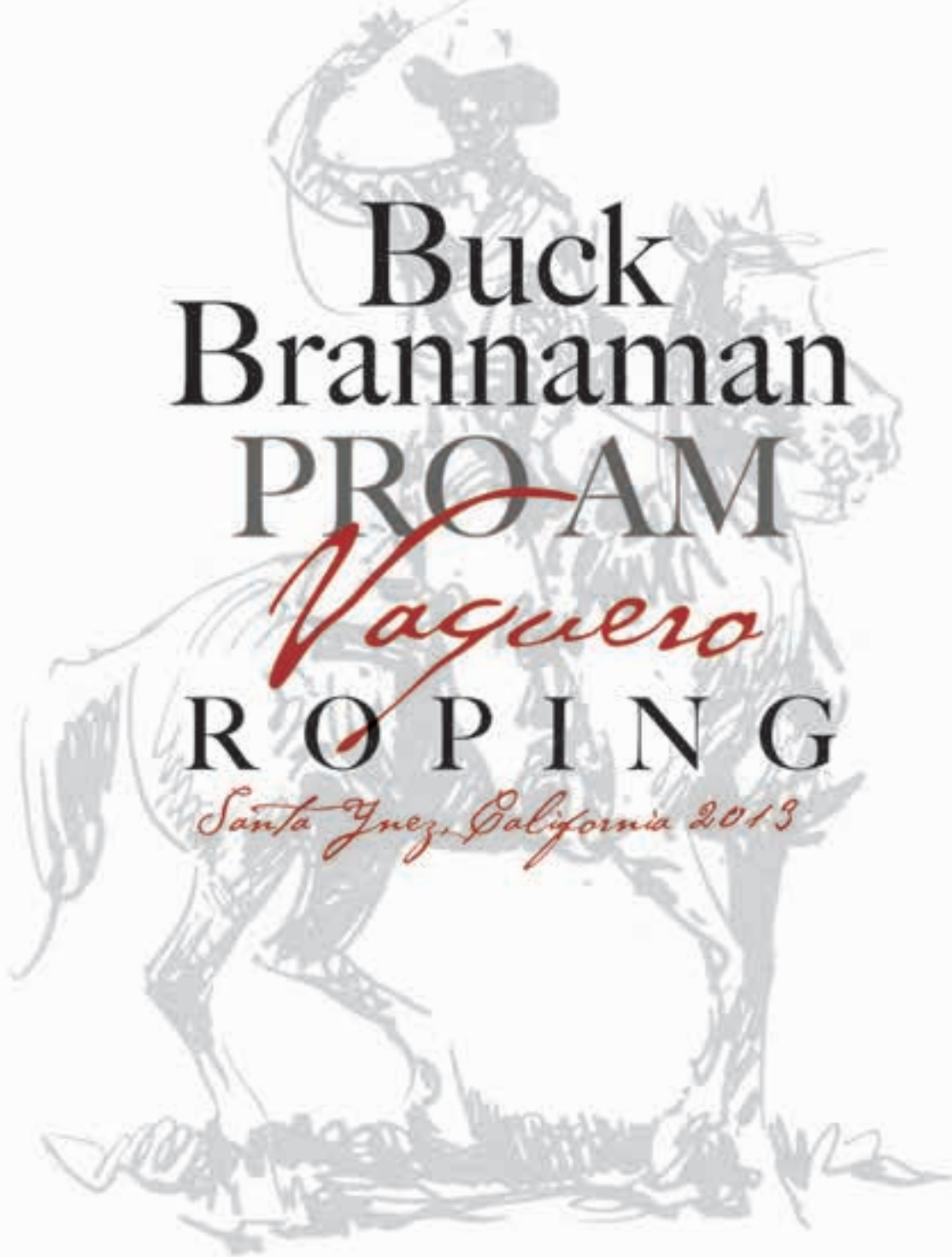
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Buck  
Brannaman  
PRO AM

*Vaquero*

ROPING

*Santa Ynez, California 2013*





- rope with a number of teams.) – this will be your team.
3. The first day you will rope three head, in three, 4-minute goes, guaranteed.
  4. You cannot get disqualified for a technicality, you will only lose points.
  5. Loping is permitted after the head rope is on. Just like roping in the pasture.
  6. The rodear line (it will be chalked) must be protected prior to the animal being roped.
  7. Points will be deducted if the rodear is not respected – for example – running in the herd.
  8. Time will stop when ropes are strung – front and hind and the ground man has re-mounted.
  9. The top 12 teams will come back the second day for the finals.
  10. You will be given 4 head this time. The team with the most points – wins.
  11. We will pay 6 places. Good luck friends!

### Scoring Details

<p><b>Head Shots</b> All Shots that Turn Over (Del Viento, Contra, Johnny Blocker, Etc.) 12 Points</p> <p>Scoop Loop 10 Points</p> <p>Houlihan 8 Points</p> <p>Overhand 7 Points</p> <p>Underhand (Sidearm) 6 Points</p> <p>Legal Head Shots Head, Half Head, Neck and Front Leg, Figure Eight One or Both Front Legs</p>	<p><b>Heel Shots</b> Any Turn Over Loop 12 Points</p> <p>Scoop Loop Hip 11 Points</p> <p>Houlihan Over Hip 10 Points</p> <p>Overhand Over Hip 9 Points</p> <p>Cola (Straight Behind) 8 Points</p> <p>Standard Hip 8 Points</p> <p>Backhand Flank 7 Points</p>	<p>Overhand Trap 6 Points</p> <p>Underhand Flank 6 Points</p> <p>Any Shots not Listed will be at Judges Discretion According to Style 6 Points (+ Or - 3)</p> <p>Rope Strung on Down Animal 3 Points Only For Heel Shot</p> <p>Back in to Heel Loop 3 Points Only</p>	<p><b>Time Additions</b> Under 1:30 +9 Points Under 2:30 +6 Points Under 3:00 +3 Points</p> <p><b>Other Additions</b> Step Over Spoke And Lay Down +2 Points Front Foot – Two Feet Only +3 Points</p> <p>Judges discretion for style, size of loop, length of throw, fine horsemanship, will be rewarded 0-3 points for header or heeler. This will only be rewarded for exceptional efforts!</p>
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This is going to be a really fun event. I look forward to seeing you there - as a roper or as a spectator. We will have some wonderful vendors as well great food. We'll be talking about the roping throughout the summer at my clinics as well. Happy Trails.





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# Tonight We Ride:

## Six Cowboy Songs/Six Western Stories

By Tom Russell

*120 Songs of Tom Russell* was published recently by Bangtail Press and publisher Bill Reynolds asked me to pick out a few excerpts from the cowboy section of the book. I've already written an essay about "Gallo del Cielo," a few issues ago. Here are a few more tales and songs from the most requested batch of my cowboy songs. I've expanded on the stories in the book.

### I The Sky Above, The Mud Below

*A nightmare of mescal is all that it was  
No one had robbed me at all  
I wish I was dreaming the sound of the gallows  
they're testing just outside the wall...*

Kevin Blackie Farrell, *Sonora's Death Row*

92

I was writing songs with Ian Tyson, in the early 1990s, and I took a break and drove out to a town named Cochran, Alberta. There was a little western museum in back of a saddle and tack store, and inside one of the glass exhibit cases were two colorful bridle stocks – white, red, and yellow-tinted horsehair. The sign on the case said: *Braided by Mexican horse thieves, Montana State Prison, 1910.*

That triggered off the yen, in my mind, for a story about bridle stocks and horse thieves. So I concocted one. Montana State Prison has offered a horsehair hitchin' program for almost a century. Cowboys, horse thieves, and other prisoners have practiced the craft to mark time. The western scholar Ramon F. Adams has speculated that handling and hitching horse hair reminded long term cowboy prisoners of the feel of a horse and the old cowboy life they were missing out beyond the walls.

My friend, the poet Paul Zarzyski, once purchased a pair of superbly crafted bridle stocks from a cowboy recently released from Montana State Prison. The man had placed them in the window of a thrift store in Great



photos courtesy High Noon Western Americana

Classic prisonmade Deerlodge, Montana  
Horsehair Bridle, circa 1910



Falls Montana. The stocks depicted the infamous poker hand: *Aces and 8s*, the last hand drawn by Wild Bill Hickok. These are the finest examples of western craft I've laid my eyes upon.

And now to the song lyric.

I borrowed the title for this song from a documentary film about tribal rituals called *The Sky Above, The Mud Below*. *Boquillas*, the home of the two horse thieves, is a little Mexican town on the Rio Grande River, in the Big Bend area of Texas. Years ago you could drive down to the edge of the Rio Grande, on the American side, and a Mexican guy in a rowboat was waiting to row you to the other side – *Boquillas*, a fly-blown village with cantinas. After you drank your *cervezas* or *copas de tequila* the Mexican boatman rowed you back. Those days are history. Gone to hell in gun smoke and cartel trouble.

The plot of this song is a *twist of fate* sort of deal, and I've been influenced by Kevin Blackie Farrell's classic song: *Sonora's Death Row*, with its turnaround ending. In Blackie's song – a cowboy walks into a bar and drinks too much *mescal*. In a *mescal* hallucination he thinks he's been robbed, and then mistakenly shoots one of his partners. He sings the song as he sits on Sonora's death row waiting to hang.

*And the mescal's still free in Amanda's saloon  
For the boys from the old Broken 'O  
I'd pay a ransom to drink there tonight  
And be free of Sonora's Death Row...*

I was inspired by the dark poetics and Western twists. Myself, I hung the Sandoval brothers by their own hair. It's a biblical thing, amigo. *Payback*. The Old Testament. In a minor key.

## THE SKY ABOVE, THE MUD BELOW

**Tom Russell**

Two men rode in from the South, one rainy autumn night

*The sky above, the mud below*

They walked into the Deacon's bar, they was Mexican by sight

*The sky above, the mud below*

  
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They threw a horsehair bridle down  
*"We trade this for whiskey rounds."*  
 The Deacon slammed a bottle down  
 The two men started drinkin'

Their hair was long and black, tied up behind  
 their ears  
*The sky above, the mud below*  
 Their faces were identical, like one man beside  
 a mirror  
*The sky above, the mud below*  
 Then someone whispered, *"That beats all,  
 Their wanted poster's on the wall,  
 Twin brothers name of Sandoval,  
 Horse thieves from Boquillas."*

Now the bridle and the belts they wore were  
 braided grey and black  
*The sky above, the mud below*  
 The color of a roan horse once belonged to  
 Deacon Black  
*The sky above the mud below*  
 The fastest horse for miles around  
 He'd been stolen from the old fairgrounds  
 A month ago outside of town  
 We tracked but never found him

Now the Deacon was a preacher who had fallen  
 hard from grace  
*The sky above, the mud below*  
 He owned the bar and a string of quarter horses  
 that he'd race  
*The sky above, the mud below*  
 Yeah, Deacon, he could drink and curse  
 Though he still quoted sacred verse  
 He was sheriff, judge, he owned the hearse  
 A man you did not anger

The sky above, the mud below  
 The wind and rain, the sleet and snow  
 Two horse thieves from Mexico  
 Drinkin' hard and singin'

One brother, he spoke English, so Deak' inquires  
 as to their work  
*The sky above, the mud below*  
 The man says, *"Mister, we braid horsehair, bridles  
 ropes and quirts,"*  
*The sky above, the mud below*  
*"That fine bridle we did make,  
 A roan horse killed by a leg-bone break,  
 He's horsehair rope now, horsemeat steak  
 We cleaned him to the bone."*

Now these brothers, they were ignorant, or didn't  
 know just where they were  
*The sky above, the mud below*  
 The Deacon's face grew darker as he measured  
 every word  
*The sky above, the mud below*  
 He says: *"You horsehair braidin' sons of bitches  
 Stole my claim to earthly riches  
 Someone go and dig a ditch  
 There may well be a hangin'."*

One brother reached inside his shirt a-searching  
 for his gun  
*The sky above, the mud below*  
 Too late, for Deak had whipped around a sawed-  
 off Remington  
*The sky above, the mud below*  
 The twins they raised their hands and sneered  
 Deak was grinnin' ear to ear  
 He says, *"Court's in session  
 Hear ye, hear! Yours truly is presidin'."*







Well, the trial commenced and ended quick, they  
 didn't have a hope

*The sky above, the mud below*

Deak says, "We'll cut your hair now, boys, and you  
 can braid yourselves a rope

*The sky above, the mud below*

*The Old Testament, it says somewhere*

*Eye for eye and hair for hair*

*Covet not thy neighbor's mare*

*I believe it's Revelations."*

*The sky above, the mud below*

And the twisted rope, so shiny black

The artifact that broke their necks

Their craftsmanship he did respect

They should'a stuck to braidin'

*The sky above, the mud below*

*The wind and rain, the sleet and snow*

*The Deacon's hearse is rollin' slow*

*In the first blue light of morning...*

Now the fancy horsehair bridle, still hangs on  
 Deacon's wall

*The sky above, the mud below*

Next to that wanted poster of the brothers

Sandoval

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## II Navajo Rug

*If Navajo rugs embody mythic time, they record  
 historical time as well. Who the  
 Navajos are today not only depends  
 on the enduring voices that preserve  
 the ancient stories, but on more  
 recent ones born of living memory,  
 voices that add to the poetics of  
 weaving.*

*Weaving a World, The  
 University of New Mexico*

I was living in New York back  
 in the 1980s, playing the urban  
 cowboy bars, and Ian Tyson was in  
 town for a show at The Bitter End.  
 I invited him over to my "bunker"  
 in Brooklyn for a few drinks. Prior  
 to this we'd never met in person. I  
 was a big Ian and Sylvia fan and he'd  
 recorded my song *Gallo del Cielo*  
 and had begun his solo career –  
 initiating a cowboy music revival.

Picture a small storefront,





photos courtesy High Noon Western Americana

boarded-over, on a side street in a Puerto Rican-Italian neighborhood. A loft bed and a desk and a small ice box. That was it. My bohemian home. My own Paris in the 20s. Pizza slices for lunch and dinner. There was only one way out and it was into the graffiti-ridden crucible of the mean streets.

Ian took a taxi over from Manhattan and got lost on the wrong block – a major error. The gang boys were eyeing his hat and boots and trophy buckle. Moving in for the kill. He called from a phone booth, and I went out and led him back to the bunker. We double locked the door, drained a bottle or two of Cabernet or Merlot, and swapped songs. He sang an unexpurgated version of *The Castration of the Strawberry Roan*. A fine evening. *Cowboy'd all to hell*.

Before he left, I mentioned a song I was working on about a man and woman making love on a Navajo Rug, and I slipped the lyric fragments into his guitar case. I expected he'd light a cigar with the paper, or toss it. He

finished the song a few weeks later in a *Super 8 Motel* in Ft. Worth, and then recorded it on the groundbreaking cowboy record: *Cowboyography*. His version of *Navajo Rug* was the country music Song of the Year in Canada in 1987, and topped the charts. It's also been recorded by Jerry Jeff Walker and Bill and Bonnie Hearne, and a few dozen other fine folks.

My versions appear on: *Veteran's Day: The Tom Russell Anthology*, and *Cowboy'd All to Hell*, as a duet with Ian. Ian's version appears on the records: *Cowboyography* and *All the Good Un's*.

Final note: *whiskey toast*, in the first verse, is waitress jargon for rye toast. People ask me about that. There you have it.

## NAVAJO RUG

Tom Russell and Ian Tyson

Well, its three eggs up on whiskey toast, home  
fries on the side

You wash it down with that roadhouse coffee,  
it burns up your inside

Just a Canyon, Colorado diner, and a waitress  
I did love

We sat in the back 'neath the old stuffed bear, and  
a worn-out Navajo Rug

Well, old Jack, the boss, he'd close at six, then it's  
*Katie bar the door*

She'd pull down that Navajo rug, and spread it  
on the floor





Hey, I saw lightnin' cross the sacred mountains,  
 saw the woven turtle doves  
 When I was lyin' next to Katie, on that old  
 Navajo rug

Ai-yi-yi, Katie  
 Shades of red and blue  
 Ai-yi-yi, Katie  
 Whatever became of the Navajo rug and you?

Well, I saw old Jack about a year ago, he said the  
 place burned to the ground  
 And all he'd saved was an old bear tooth, and  
 Katie, she'd left town  
 Oh, but Katie she got a souvenir, too, Jack spat  
 out a tobacco plug

He said, "You should have seen her a-runnin'  
 through the smoke, haulin' that Navajo rug."

Ai-yi-yi, Katie...

So every time I cross the sacred mountains, and  
 lightnin' breaks above  
 It always takes me back in time, to my long lost  
 Katie love  
 Ah, but everything keeps on a-movin', and  
 everybody's on the go  
 They don't make things that last anymore, like a  
 double-woven Navajo

Ai-yi-yi, Katie...

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 (ASCAP) Slick Fork Music (SOCAN)

### III Claude Dallas

In 1981 Claude Dallas killed two game wardens, Bill Pogue and Conley Elms, in rural Owyhee country, Idaho. Dallas was poaching game, but his contention was: "a man's got a right to hang some meat when he's living so far from town." Dallas also contended that Pogue was threatening him and drew the gun first. Conley Elms was unarmed. Dallas dispatched both men and hid the bodies. A friend of Dallas', Jim Stevens, was close by but took no part in the incident.

Dallas was eventually convicted of manslaughter and given a thirty

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year sentence. He broke out in 1986 and was recaptured a year later and sent to a high security prison in Kansas and was paroled for good behavior in 2005. Around the time of the breakout, in 1986 or '87, Ian Tyson said to me: “we ought to write a modern outlaw ballad about Claude Dallas.” There were two books out about the incident and I read them and did whatever research I could. I had the Claude Dallas wanted poster. I also talked to a bunch of cowboys in Nevada who knew Claude. The stories were wild and too numerous to mention here. Some cowboys were sympathetic to Claude. Some weren't. He was a controversial character. Like all outlaws, the myths and legends surrounding the deal obscured the facts, and the facts hid from the light.

Years later a nephew of mine, working as a police officer in Los Angeles, was shot and killed in the line of duty, so I can surely sympathize with the families of the fallen officers. I think our attempt in the song was to show all sides of the story. It was clear the jury somewhat bought Claude's feeling

that Pogue had been *pushing* him, otherwise the crime wouldn't have been deemed manslaughter. The song was written just after Dallas broke out of prison.

Ian wanted to write this in the old ballad style which begins: “*Come gather round me people...*” Ian's version appears on his seminal record: *Cowboyography*. My versions appear on three records: *Cowboy Real*, *Songs of the West*, and *Cowboy'd All to Hell*.

### CLAUDE DALLAS

Tom Russell and Ian Tyson

*In a land the Spanish once had called The  
Northern Mystery  
Where rivers run and disappear and the  
Mustang still lives free  
By the Devil's Wash and the Coyote Hole in the  
wild Owyhee Range  
Somewhere in the sage tonight the wind calls out  
his name  
Ay Yi Yi*

Come gather round me buckaroos, a story I will  
tell  
Of the fugitive Claude Dallas who just broke out  
of jail  
You may think this tale is history from before the  
West was won  
But the events that I'll describe took place in 1981

He was born out in Virginia left home when  
school was through  
In the deserts of Nevada he became a buckaroo  
And he learned the ways of cattle and he learned  
to sit a horse





And he always packed a pistol and he practiced  
deadly force

And then Claude became a trapper and he  
dreamt of the bygone days  
And he studied bobcat logic in the wild and  
silent ways  
In the bloody runs near Paradise and the  
Monitors down south  
Trapping cats and coyotes and living hand to  
mouth  
*Ay Yi Yi*

And then Claude took to living all alone out  
many miles from town  
A friend, Jim Stevens, brought supplies and he  
stayed to hang around  
That day two wardens, Pogue and Elms, drove in  
to check Claude out  
They were seeking violations and to see what  
Claude's about

Now Claude had hung some venison and had a  
bobcat pelt or two  
Pogue claimed they were out of season, he says,  
*"Dallas, you're all through."*  
But Dallas would not leave his camp, he refused  
to go to town  
As the wind howled through the bull camp, they  
stared each other down

It's hard to say what happened next, perhaps  
we'll never know  
They were going to take Claude into jail, and  
he vowed he'd never go  
Jim Stevens heard the gunfire, and when he  
turned around

Bill Pogue was fallin' backwards, Conley Elms  
he fell face down  
*Ay Yi Yi*

Jim Stevens walked on over, there was a gun near  
Bill Pogue's hand  
It's hard to say who'd drawn his first, but Claude  
had made his stand  
Claude said, *"I'm justified, Jim, they were going to  
cut me down  
And a man's got a right to hang some meat, when  
he's livin' this far from town."*

It took eighteen men and fifteen months to finally  
hunt Claude down  
In the sage outside of Paradise, they drove him to  
the ground  
Convicted up in Idaho, manslaughter by decree  
Thirty years at maximum, but soon Claude would  
break free

There's two sides to the story, there may be no  
right or wrong  
The lawman and the renegade, have graced a  
thousand songs  
The story is an old one, a conclusion's hard to  
draw  
But Claude's out in the sage tonight, he may be  
the last outlaw  
*Ay Yi Yi*

In a land the Spanish once had called  
The Northern Mystery....

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Music (SOCAN)*



#### IV Tonight We Ride

*Good-bye – if you hear of my being stood up  
against a stone wall and shot to rags, please  
know that I think that a pretty good way to  
depart this life. It beats old age, disease or falling  
down the cellar stairs.*

##### **Pancho Villa**

*I have the duty to inform you that Pancho Villa  
is everywhere and nowhere at the same time.*

##### **An Officer with Venustiano Carranza’s Army**

I wrote this in the Rancho Vistadores camp, in the mountains near Santa Ynez, California. Tequila might have played a part. It became a battle cry around the camp at happy hour. It reads like a Sam Peckinpah movie, with a dash of Cormac McCarthy thrown in. The lyric centers around the infamous Pancho Villa raid on Columbus, New Mexico, during the Mexican Revolution. I live fifty miles from the town of Columbus and drive through there on my way West to Arizona.

Villa killed sixteen people during the raid (*allegedly it was Villa and his army – it was never proven he was there*) and the U.S. sent General Black Jack Pershing after him, with a young George Patton in tow. Using horses, mules, and bi-planes, they could never catch old

Pancho. Even when he was sleeping in camp with his own men, Pancho was known to get up and change his sleeping location every few hours.

A great telling of this story can be found in the book: *The General and The Jaguar*, by Eileen Welsom.



Emeliano Zapata and Pancho Villa with Black Jack Pershing and a young George Patton (behind Pershing)

I hadn’t read it at the time I wrote the song, but it’s a fine book for understanding the labyrinthine political history of Mexico. She tells it well and succinctly.

I make mention of Pancho’s horse, *Siete Leguas*, in the lyric, and there’s a famous Mexican *corrido* about the steed. The legendary horse could run *seven leagues* without tiring. A league is about three and one half miles. I used to request *Siete Leguas* from trios in the markets of Juarez, before the days of the drug war. I performed *Tonight We Ride* on The David Letterman T.V. Show, and David introduced it by stating: “*here’s a perfect song for getting on a horse and robbing a liquor store in Montana.*”

The song appears on my records: *Indians Cowboys Horses and Dogs*, *Veteran’s Day: The Tom Russell Anthology*, and *Cowboy’d All to Hell*.

Final note: as I was working on this essay, I received this note from a friend:

*“Watched the National Geographic docudrama*





*on the Osama bin Laden raid. As SEAL Team 6 preps for takeoff on the mission, there's a voiceover of their skipper's final briefing. He closes it saying, 'Tonight We Ride.' I'd like to clip that and send it to Tom Russell. 'We'll kill Osama bin Laden for the bounty on his hair...'*

Amen.

### TONIGHT WE RIDE

Tom Russell

Pancho Villa crossed the border in the year of  
 'ought sixteen  
 The people of Columbus hear Pancho riding  
 through their dreams  
 He killed seventeen civilians, you could hear the  
 women scream  
 Black Jack Pershing on a dancing horse was  
 waiting in the wings

Tonight we ride, tonight we ride  
 We'll skin old Pancho Villa and make chaps  
 out of his hide  
 Shoot his horse *Siete Leguas* and his twenty  
 seven brides  
 Tonight we ride, boys, tonight we ride

We rode for three long years 'til Black Jack  
 Pershing called it quits  
 When Jack he wasn't lookin' I stole his fine spade bit  
 It was tied upon his stallion, so I rode away on it  
 To the wild Chihuahuan Desert so dry you  
 couldn't spit

Tonight we ride, you bastards dare  
 We'll hunt the wild Apache for the bounty on  
 their hair

Then we ride into El Paso, climb up the  
 whorehouse stairs  
 Tonight we ride, boys, tonight we ride

When I'm too damn old to sit a horse I'll steal the  
 warden's car  
 Break my ass out of this prison, leave my teeth  
 there in a jar  
 You don't need no teeth for kissin' gals, or smokin'  
 cheap cigars  
 And I'll sleep with one eye open, 'neath God's  
 celestial stars

Tonight we rock, tonight we roll  
 We'll rob the Juarez liquor stores for the  
*Reposado Gold*  
 And if we drink ourselves to death, ain't that  
 the cowboy way to go?  
 Tonight we ride, boys, tonight we ride

Tonight we fly, we're headin' west  
 To the deserts near El Paso, where the eagle  
 makes his nest  
 If our bones rot on the desert, we'll consider we  
 are blessed  
 Tonight we ride, girls, tonight we ride

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### V ALL THIS WAY FOR THE SHORT RIDE

*It's impossible, when dust settling to the backs of  
 large animals makes a racket you can't think in,  
 impossible to conceive that pure fear, whether  
 measured in degrees of cold or heat, can both  
 freeze and incinerate so much in mere seconds...*

**All This Way For the Short Ride,**  
 Paul Zarzyski



This one was written with the master poet Paul Zarzyski, based on his original poem of the same title. The poem concerns the death, in a bull riding event, of Zarzyski's friend Joe Lear. Zarzyski's telling is one of the great modern cowboy poems. The above quoted lines bear this out – and you ain't going to see this stuff in *The New Yorker*. The spooky thing is the child who was in his mother's womb at that rodeo, in the second and third verses of the song, now attends my shows in Reno and thanks me for singing the song. It's quite moving to meet this grown kid and sing the song in his presence. He grew up strong and cowboy.

The song appears on my record: *Indians, Cowboys, Horses, and Dogs*, and *Cowboy'd All to Hell*. Paul's poem is included in his book: *All This Way For the Short Ride*, which won the Cowboy Hall of Fame Wrangler Award in 1996.

**All This Way For the Short Ride**

Tom Russell and Paul Zarzyski

Well, the chute gate swings open, here we go again  
The desperate dance, the kick and the spin  
Dust risin' from a cross bred bull, fire meets  
with pride

A man come a long way, just for the short ride

His wife's in the grandstand, trying to swallow  
the fear

A little baby inside her whose time's drawin' near  
The bull flyin' high now, then he falls to his side  
Their love came a long way just for the short ride

Two hearts in the darkness, sing a blue lullaby



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Beat the drum slowly for a cowboy's last ride  
 When the dust is all settled, and the crowd's  
 disappeared  
 The siren still echoes, in an unborn child's ear  
 The little boy's due in April, he'll have his daddy's  
 blue eyes  
 He'll always remember his father's last ride

They preached at the service from John 25  
 How Christ came a long way, just for the  
 short ride

*Copyright Frontera Music (ASCAP) Bucking Horse  
 Moon Music (ASCAP)*

**VI The Banks of the Musselshell**

*There were only two things  
 the old-time cowpunchers  
 were afraid of: a decent woman  
 and being set afoot.*

**E.C. "Teddy Blue" Abbott**

The Musselshell is a tributary to the Missouri river. The river was named by Lewis and Clark during their expedition of 1805 – the name referring to the freshwater mussels which lined the banks. The Musselshell rises up out of the Crazy, Little Belt, and Castle mountains in central Montana. I co-wrote this ballad with Ian Tyson in a cabin at the foot of the Canadian Rockies. Ian went home to the ranch one night and left me in the cabin with Teddy

Blue Abbott's seminal book, *We Pointed 'Em North*, the true tale of a kid from Europe who hires on to a Texas trail herd. Larry McMurtrey's *Lonesome Dove* owes a lot to Abbott's great account.

I read the book, drank a few jars of red wine, and gathered notes. Next day we wrote the song. At that time Ian declared me: the "king of whore and knife ballads." *Somebody's gotta do it, boys.* I like the descriptions of the landscape in the first two verses. Ian and I both share a love of The West and it's one thing to write a short story filled with action and yet another to achieve a description of Hemingway's dictum: *you have to describe how the country was.*

This song appears on my records: *Song of the West* and *Cowboy'd All to Hell*, and Ian Tyson's: *I Outgrew the Wagon.*

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Teddy “Blue” Abbott (left) and artist Charles M. Russell (right), Probably taken in Lewistown, MT, circa 1916 -1918.

### THE BANKS OF THE MUSSELSHELL

Tom Russell and Ian Tyson

I stare out every evening at the distant Northern  
Star  
It leads us ever northward and it tells us that we are  
Lost below the Yellowstone in a land unknown to me  
Ten thousand miles from my loved ones and my  
home across the sea

We travel through an empty land, the benches are  
all strewn  
With bison bones that shine ghost white 'neath  
the risin' of the moon  
And the red wolf howls and answers as I try to  
sing on guard  
Indentured to these Texans in a land so wild and  
hard

When I hired on to Bill Ducharm in the heat of  
the Texas sun  
I was unaware of his darker side, his quickness  
with a gun

But I made a solemn promise, I'd ride with him  
through hell  
And deliver the herd to the ends of the earth, or  
the mouth of the Musselshell

Well, I'd just turned about sixteen when we hit  
that first cow town  
I drank my first strong liquor, oh, and the women  
spun me round  
But of all the barroom angels with their soft  
forbidden charms  
I was stuck on blue eyed Annie who belonged to  
Bill Ducharm

And the boy became a man that night in  
Annie's arms  
Oh, Annie cried and begged me, *beware of Bill  
Ducharm.*

We left that Texas cow town, and we pointed the  
big herd north  
But the first night when the moon was down, I  
rode back to old Fort Worth  
They were closin' up the barroom, oh, they were  
rollin' up the floor  
My heart was in my mouth as I knocked on  
Annie's door

And the boy became a man that night in  
Annie's arms...

Now, Bill Ducharm had one bad eye and his face  
was a devilish red  
The result of a bygone prairie fire when he'd  
crawled back from the dead  
And every night in dreams as I rolled in Annie's arms  
I'd awake to face old Satan, in the guise of Bill  
Ducharm





And each night 'cross the campfire I'd face that  
 one bad eye  
 Did he know that I'd betrayed him? Had my hour  
 come to die?  
 One promise he made true, we rode with him  
 through hell  
 We delivered the herd to the ends of the earth at  
 the mouth of the Musselshell

And the boy became a man that night in  
 Annie's arms...


And as we near the Yellowstone, the snow begins  
 to fall  
 And soon this dreadful enterprise shall be ending  
 for us all  
 It's then I'll need fast horses, to fly to Annie's arms  
 And stay one jump ahead of the guns of Bill  
 Ducharm

And the boy became a man that night in  
 Annie's arms...

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 Music (SOCAN)*



Tom Russell's book of songs: *120 Songs of Tom Russell*, his art book, and all 27 albums are available from [www.tomrussell.com](http://www.tomrussell.com) and [www.villagerecords.com](http://www.villagerecords.com) or from Amazon. He will appear at the Ranch and Reata Roadhouse in Santa Ynez May 5.



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## LIGHTING OUT

# The Rodeo Road

A photographer feels the lure of the West's toughest sport, and hits the highway in search of "the wild ones."



By Mary Caperton Morton

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I've always loved the wild ones. The difficult ones, the tempestuous ones, the ornery ones, the rebels. I learned to ride on a wild one, an athletic, explosive buckskin named Dakota. I always said he should have been a bucking horse. He rarely threw me, but he sure as hell tried.

When I was a teenager, riding cross-country, far from home, Dakota took off, bucking and twisting. In less than eight seconds, I hit the ground hard. Some hours later, I awoke alone in a field, with six fractured vertebrae, two herniated discs and two cracked ribs. Dakota was gone. I spent the rest of the day dragging myself home through the largest cornfield I could've imagined.

Recovery took years. I was told to baby my back, to avoid any kind of strain on the damaged discs, shaky

vertebrae and seared muscles. As everything weakened, the pain worsened and by my early 20s I felt intractably broken. Not until my senior year of college – when I adopted a young, hyper Border Collie and started taking long walks every day – did I begin to heal. Walking made me stronger. My balance, posture and flexibility improved. Soon I was hiking, then backpacking, then climbing mountains, traveling great distances in search of new terrain. But I stayed away from horses.

They say you aren't a real rider until you fall off and get back on. Months after my accident, I did get back on Dakota, but our relationship was shattered. I didn't trust him and he didn't trust me. Heartbroken, I sold him. A year later, another twist of the knife: my first love, my childhood pony, Saturday, died in my arms.



photos by Mary Caperton Morton

*Running of the Bucking Bulls*

For years after Dakota and Saturday, I avoided horses. Horses had broken my back and my heart, and I could not so much as watch one or touch one without a twinge of pain and the prick of tears. Then, driving cross-country from the Atlantic, to the Gulf, to the desert Southwest, I rolled through Roswell, New Mexico, where a banner stretched across Main Street declared it was Roswell Rodeo Weekend. I have a policy of saying yes to opportunities, so I went to the rodeo,

where I sat in the stands, clutched my camera, and fell hard all over again.

I loved everything about the rodeo: hats and boots, buckles and chaps, grit, strong handshakes, dust and mud and blood. Most of all, I loved the wild ones: the cowboys, bulls and broncs. In their soft eyes and wild rides, I saw myself – young, reckless and at one with bucking beasts. My bitterness at having been broken so young and so dumb was gone. Through my lens, I was





*Soft-Eyed Bucking Bull*

elated, elevated, levitated, watching the wild ones.

Rodeos quickly became one of my favorite photographic subjects. I never tire of trying to capture the crackling, swirling kinetic energy, the power and partnership, the poetry of motion.

After Roswell, I figured out you can't properly shoot a rodeo from the stands. You need to get close enough to the action to get dirt on your lens, to look the wild ones in the eye. Putting on my bravest face,

I learned to charm my way behind the scenes, into the heart of the action, behind the bull chutes. At most rodeos, I'm the only woman back there. Not once has anybody kicked me out of this ultimate boys' club.

For the past four years, I've spent my summers touring the back roads of North America, and the number of times I've chanced upon small towns on rodeo weekends – Pagosa Springs, Galisteo, Eureka,





*Aftermath*



Quesnel – is enough to make me believe in the magic of road-trip serendipity.

When rodeo people hear about my life on the road, they're intrigued, and downright hospitable. I've been invited to barbecues, family dinners, barn dances and trail rides. I hand out business cards, email free photos and donate shots to the organizers. In the stands, I'm an outsider, at best a spectator. But behind the scenes, I'm at home capturing the adrenaline-

charged crush of cowboys, bulls and broncs. Somehow I belong.

That little girl who loved wild horses still lives in me. I realize now she never left. Not long after I arrived in New Mexico, I got back in the saddle. These days, I ride good-tempered horses, enjoying the kind of partnership I didn't appreciate in my hot-horse childhood. I still love the wild ones, but I leave the bulls and the broncs to the cowboys – the real wild ones.



*Flying Chaps*





*Hollywood Dismount*





*Saddling a Bronc*





*Small Town Spurs*



Mary Caperton Morton is a freelance writer and photographer who makes her home on the back roads of rural North America, living and working out of a tiny solar-powered Teardrop camper.

Follow her travels at [www.theblondecoyote.com](http://www.theblondecoyote.com).



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## THE HEN HOUSE

# Spring Fever

As Bozeman slowly emerges from winter, our four columnists eagerly look forward to summer adventures.



By Reata Brannaman, Nevada Watt, Ceily Rae Highberger  
and Hannah Ballantyne

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Spring break, for some, means Florida sunshine and pool parties. For the Hen House and its occupants, it means blacksmithing, riding colts, making chaps, and catching the last bit of Wyoming powder on the Jackson Hole slopes. Spring hasn't completely sprung here in Bozeman, Montana, but the fever has struck. The Hen House is coming out of winter hibernation and the pull of the open road is almost too much to resist.

This time of year, while sitting in cold, hard



Heading out

classroom chairs, we often find our thoughts wandering toward good horses, big circles, and hills speckled with new calves waiting for us to rid them of their poly deficiency, a condition cured only by long houlihans settling over their necks. Compared to the seat of a well-worn Wade, a plastic desk just can't compete.

In anticipation of our escapades to come, bedrolls are getting rolled tighter

and the list of summer road-trip tunes grows by the day. Hours once spent immersed in textbooks are now



photos by Audrey Hall

Reata

dedicated to planning trips and rendezvous points. The works of summer – road trips, ranching and the great outdoors – are looming on the horizon.

It's that time of year. Not only does the sun get brighter, but Reata's collection of neon shirts comes out from behind her winter wear. At the first hint of sun, she opens every window, desperately scrubs the house, and begs her roommates to refrain from touching... well, anything.

Since it's technically spring, Ceily refuses to acknowledge Montana's ongoing winter weather. Determined to avoid being cooped up, she marches up the mountain, head-lamp in place, at random hours of the night, only to return with rosy red, windburned cheeks.

Stepping off the plane from her spring break in California and into the frigid Montana air, Nevada somehow thinks that by wearing shorts, the warm sunshine of Coalinga will follow her. Her whole "shorts scheme" fails and, out of spite, she grudgingly dons her yoga pants and running shorts to brave the bitter cold, offering the illusion of a workout.

Hannah's codependent relationship with her pillow begins to weaken as the sun comes earlier and the days get longer. She takes spring fever to a whole new level. Moaning and sniffing as she stumbles down the stairs, she declares that she's too sick to grace MSU with her presence. Somehow, though, she feels good enough to work in the leather shop. Interesting how things work.

And, no more does our peaceful neighborhood





Reata, Ceily Rae and Hannah

awaken to the rumbling of diesel engines (and Ceily's Jeep Cherokee) warming up in the wee hours of the morning. Another reason for Bozeman to welcome warmer weather.

All whining aside, our school year has been a success. We've made memories with old friends, and found new friends in the process. College can put your life on the right track. To us, education is king, and whether it takes place in the classroom or astride a good

pony, we take advantage of the hand life has dealt.

For the Hen House, summer break is more than just a relief from academics. It's the promise of a knowledge you can't find in academia, a knowledge found in hard work. Now that we have experienced campus life, it's time to return to the real world, one most young people (and many adults) have yet to experience. Because of our backgrounds we've already experienced many of the



Ceily Rae



Nevada

ambiguous "real world" situations referred to in the classroom. The concepts of an ag sustainability class will be put to use as early as this summer, and business management 335 already applies to understanding our own entrepreneurial ventures.

We've learned enough for the year and are now chomping at the bit to get this show on the road. Saddles and gear are piled high by the door, and next time you hear from us, Bozeman will be in the rear-view mirror. We'll have our sights set on new endeavors, and our spring fever will be a distant memory.





# Called West

A fashion photographer finds her true passion in the subject matter of the American West.

Photography by Lorie Leigh Lawrence

**M**y mom gave me my first camera when I turned 20, and it changed my life's path. At the time, I was a graphic design major, pre computer, at San Diego State. I was three years in before I realized it wasn't my thing. Basically, I couldn't draw. I had grown up in an artistic home. Both of my parents could draw and paint but, unfortunately, that talent was not passed on to me. But I did inherit a creative eye. So I decided to shift my career path and head into the photographic world.

I took a summer course at the Institute of Fine Arts at New York University and was forever hooked. From there, I put together a portfolio and was accepted to the Art Center College of Design in California, where I graduated with



An old cowboy's face is a roadmap of his life. Weathered, battered skin and eyes full of truth, struggles and, when he's doing what he loves, peace.





This image was taken in Nolan County. I stood in front of this house and imagined living in it in the middle of nowhere. How long could I last? I went back a couple of years later to shoot it again, but it was gone.

honors in 1990. There, I became enamored with fashion photography. Art Center brought in famous fashion photographers to speak – Herb Ritts, Mathew Ralston, Bruce Weber and others. I was in awe of their talent and the magnitude of their visions. Students were also given the opportunity to photograph up-and-coming models, many of whom still have flourishing careers today.

After graduation, I decided New York was the place to be if I wanted to shoot fashion. When I arrived, I was immediately hired as a black-and-white printer for Arthur Elgort. I got the chance to print his brilliant images for the likes of *Vogue* and *Bazaar* and for his extensive personal library. I remember coming out of that darkroom, after hours of printing, into Elgort's grand, light-saturated studio to come face to face with the likes of Naomi Campbell, Christy Turlington and Isabella Rosellini. My heart would stop. I was awestruck, but I was also poor. The experience was priceless, but the going rate for darkroom printers did not pay New York expenses.

During this time, I shot my first rodeo in, of all places, Cowtown, New Jersey (no, really), and became obsessed. I started putting together a western-themed book, along with my fashion portfolio, and I became homesick for wide-open spaces, road trips, and a place to call home. I loved New York but the place that really called me was Texas, where I was born and where my family had a working ranch just outside of Sweetwater.

My family has been a part of the western tradition for generations and, as it turned out, my true passion had always been right in front of me. My grandfather, Louis Brooks, was a back-to-back (1943, 1944) world champion all-around cowboy. He was inducted into the Cowboy Hall of Fame in 1993. My grandmother, Nita Brooks Lewallen was inducted into the Cowgirl Hall of Fame in 1997. As a kid visiting the Brooks Ranch in Sweetwater, I would rifle through stacks of old photos of my grandparents' rodeo adventures. I had always wanted so much to be a part of that experience. So I combined my love of photography and my fascination with the Wild West and began 3L Photography, specializing in the western lifestyle.



Twenty stories, or 212 feet, of Texas Star power.  
This ferris wheel is the tallest in the western hemisphere.





I found this on the way to Taos for a ski trip. Just a little bit of road-tripping on Route 66.





This was shot in Durango, Colorado, right before this cowboy went into the chute. I had one chance and then he was gone.



When I was delivering photos to my gallery in Fort Worth, I took a little stroll west of the historic Stockyards, away from the tourist attractions and I happened upon this little treasure.





It's all about the gear. I love the textures, the shine of the sterling silver, the detail in the chaps, the smell of leather and even the dirt.



There has been a lot of controversy over wind turbines occupying ranches. Some think they ruin the look of the land, while landowners have profited and even saved their ranches. I think they are actually quite beautiful.



Lorie Leigh Lawrence is represented by Adobe Western Art Gallery, Weiler House Fine Art Gallery and Art Menu Fine Art Gallery. Learn more about her work at [www.3lphotography.com](http://www.3lphotography.com).

# The Brown Vaquero Horse

To a vaquero a horse was an open book in which his rider's vices and virtues were written for all to read

Story and Photos by Arnold Rojas



Like this horse ridden by vaquero Juan Reyes, the admirable brown horse of the story had that "long angular body...conducive to that stride which covers mile after weary mile, from sunup to sunset."

The sayings, proverbs and maxims which are woven into the fabric of California legends and folklore were so much a part of the vaquero's daily life that he applied them in all his dealing with men, horses, cattle and other denizens of the ranches. They were so often pat

to the occasion or circumstance that he accepted them as the true experience of life, and gained more from them than from the long poring-over of books.

When a vaquero saw a boy riding a young horse, he would say, "There goes a pair of dolts." (He meant that the







boy didn't have experience enough to teach the horse, and that, as a result, the horse would never learn anything.)

To a vaquero a horse was an open book in which his rider's virtues and vices were written for all to read. He could tell if a horse had had a young or an older rider. A horse ridden by an old man was always quiet, because old men never quarrel with their horses. A young man, on the other hand, will often fight his horse.

A horse that carried his head high, with his eyes rolled back, indicated that he had been jerked; a horse that jumped whenever his rider moved had been whipped; a horse that jerked his head away when his rider raised the bridle to put the bit in his mouth indicated that he had been hit over the head. A horse that reared or plunged had had too much spinning and turning and gone sour.

I discovered that a horse reflects the worth of his rider as soon as I began riding the brown horse Don Jesus Lopez gave me to ride in the rodeos on Tejon Ranch 45 years ago. There I began to admire and know a man whom I was not to meet until months later, but whom I knew through the brown horse he had ridden.

The horse was of the color which we *Californianos* called *retinto*, that reddish-brown or sunburnt-black which occurs in horses of his breeding. Although it was obvious that standard-bred blood pre-dominated in his ancestry, a strain of coach-horse blood could be discerned in his stout shoulders and legs. He was not a pretty horse, yet he was by no means an ugly one. His quality compared very favorably with that of the horses of thoroughbred-Arabian breeding on Tejon Ranch. He had the large fine eyes and the lean ram-head which, from time immemorial, men who have trained and ridden horses have learned to associate with intelligence and courage; and the long angular body which is conducive to that stride that covers mile after weary mile, from sunup to sunset, day after day on the roundup and gives the lie to the belief that a horse must

be "short-coupled" to be good.

He was the best horse I have ever ridden in the 50-odd years of a life that has been a series of different horses. He taught me to work cattle, and to know and appreciate a good vaquero, and I dare say, in the course of a useful life he taught other green boys how to work. He was at his best when the work of parting out beef for the buyer was in progress, and he and his rider had a position holding the herd. Without the guidance of his rider he would pace his position back and forth between the horse and rider stationed on each side of him, with his head turned toward the herd and his ears pricked forward, ready for any steer that should break out of the herd. He seemed to know when a steer intended to make a dash for freedom. The moment the steer broke, the brown horse would be after him. He would race up beside him and when the horse had his shoulder just past that of the steer, he would very gradually crowd the steer and force him to turn in a circle back to the herd. *Paisanos* called this method of turning back a beef *pegarse a la paleta* (closeup or crowded up to the shoulder). There was no violent stopping and spinning back on the haunches, no unnecessary wearing out of horseshoes or raising of dust, as in the method of cruder – working vaquero horses. Here was the smooth, finished job of a master craftsman.

But turning a steer back to the herd smoothly and efficiently was not the brown horse's only virtue. Sometimes when his rider would be "visiting" with the rider stationed around the herd next to him, or dreaming of how he was going to spend his next month's wages, or was half asleep and not tending to his business, he would suddenly be jolted back into wakefulness when the horse would leap out after a steer. After a young vaquero got a few jolts or falls by way of education, he would stay awake as long as he had the brown horse between his legs.

Because he was, as Don Jesus put it, *muy noble* (very



gentle) he would be given some green kid who could learn from him. One day such a lad was riding the brown with the vaqueros on the rodeos in the mountains.

In a rodeo the vaqueros spread out in a circle, then turn back and converge on a central point, driving the cattle. The spot where the cattle are gathered is called the rodeo ground, and the act is called *parrar rodeo* (to hold rodeo). The *caporal*, or foreman, would point out a landmark, usually the top of a mountain, and order a vaquero to ride that far and bring back all the cattle he found on the way. Then he would send the next man to the top of the next ridge to bring back all the cattle on that ridge. This would go on until all the men were placed to cover a certain amount of territory. Because Tejon cattle were very wild, the *caporal* would pick two or three of the best men as *puestos*, men posted to stay on the ground to stop and hold the cattle as they poured down out of the mountains. It is a very important position; if the cattle are not stopped the whole day's work is wasted.

Don Toribio Cordova, the *caporal*, must have had some misgivings about the kid on the brown horse when he sent him up to the top of a mountain to bring down the cattle; but then the kid had to learn sometime.

He was told to stay in contact with the riders on each side of him in case one of them needed help or unseen cattle tried to escape or stay behind. Many calves were missed on the spring rodeos and an effort was always made to pick them up and brand them during the fall rodeos.

The kid climbed to the top of the ridge as he had



Lupe Gomez on Kelly. "A horse ridden by an old man was always quiet, because old men never quarrel with their horses."

been directed and turned back and began gathering cattle. He was halfway down when the brown horse espied a bunch of cows and calves escaping up a canyon away from the direction of the rodeo ground. Before his rider even caught sight of the strays, he leaped down the mountainside after them.

The bit the horse was wearing, being a cheap, light thing, only braced him so that he could run the better. He leaped over logs, through brush, and under trees, with the kid hanging on for dear life. On the way, just as the horse jumped over a log, a branch hit the kid and knocked him to the ground. Men who fall off horses are seldom seriously hurt, however. The kid picked himself up and limped down the mountain after the horse, which in this time, had disappeared after the cattle. The cattle, hearing his horse coming toward them, turned



and joined a bunch going toward the rodeo ground and the brown continued after them until they joined the herd. The *puestos* were riding furiously around the herd milling them to prevent their escaping.

The riderless horse fell in behind one of the vaqueros and galloped around and around the herd until the rest of the men arrived and helped to bring the herd to a stop. One of the grinning vaqueros caught the brown and tied him to a tree to await his rider. Some time later the kid limped out of the brush to meet the grinning men.

“*¿Pero que pasó con ese caballo, hijo?*” (But what happened with that horse, son?) Don Jesus teased him.

I was only curious to know who had trained this horse to do things which I could only attribute to reasoning. I asked Don Toribio, the *caporal*, who had ridden the horse before me, and he answered, “*Es caballo lo andubo Adolfo Encinas*” (That horse was ridden by Adolfo Encinas).

“*A de ver sido muy buen vaquero*” (He must have been a good vaquero), I said.

“*Sí, buen vaquero y buen lazador*” (Yes, a good vaquero and a good lassoer).

“*Y buen arrendador*” (And a good reinsman), I suggested.

“*Sí, tenía mucha paciencia, y buena mano, y además si Adolfo anduviera en el caballo de su peor enemigo, no lo estrujaba*” (Yes, a good reinsman, with much patience and a good bridle hand. If Adolfo were to ride the horse of his worst enemy, he would never abuse the horse).

“*Y el fue el que enseñó el caballo?* (And he was the one who taught this horse?)

“*No fue tanto que enseñó el caballo sino que el dejó el caballo aprender. Todo caballo tiene inteligencia, lo que cuenta es dejarlo aprender.*” (It was not so much that he taught the horse, but that he let the horse learn. All horses have intelligence. Letting them learn is what counts.)

So I came to know a man through a brown horse,

and perhaps I might never have found a better way to learn a man's worth.

A year or two after my initiation into the ranks of the vaqueros, I was working for Fred Fickert with Francisco Martinez. One day, old Martinez and I rode to the Tehachapi Cattle Company's Bear Mountain Ranch nearby. We passed through a gate and on nearing the ranch we saw a man saddling a horse. Before we reached him, he had mounted and was riding to meet us. He rode up and said, “*¿Qué hay, Martinez?*” (How goes it, Martinez), in that manner of speech found only in California, and which is so delightful to hear that it makes one glad to have been born in the Spanish language.

“*Hay que tenemos hambre, Encinas*” (How it goes is that we are hungry, Encinas), replied Martinez. Encinas! So this was the vaquero whom I had admired because of the brown horse. I stared at him. He was a man in early middle-age, but he was already, like Martinez, bowed and stooped. His hands were roped-gnarled and his face was weather-beaten. A man of tough racial constitution, the product of a combination of races, the blood of *conquistadores* and Indians in his veins. Here, I thought, was a man who probably saw no glory in herding cattle, but took it with all its dangers, its discomforts, its risks and hardships without complaint; stoical yet with a sense of humor that made even danger and thirst amusing. A survivor of slaughtered Moors and Indians. The result of generations of men inured to the saddle and molded by hard riding and short commons into the toughness of whang leather.

This was the man whom I had come to know through a brown horse and the estimate I had made of him before I had ever seen him was never to change in all the years I knew him, not even after he had come to live with me in his old age.

“*Vengan a comer, pues*” (Come and eat, then), he invited us.

It wasn't that we were actually hungry, so much as





that we were tired of the gringo food that we got at Fickert's, and wanted something that would stick to our ribs, such as frijoles, tortillas and roasted beef ribs.

After his wife had given us food and we had eaten well, the three of us mounted up and rode away over a hill into a little flat where there were some calves. We came to a tree from which hung a gunny sack. Adolfo dismounted and took down the sack from the tree and emptied its contents on the ground: a 60 foot service-worn *reata* and a pair of Garcia spurs. The vaquero strapped his *reata* to the saddle and the spurs to his heels and mounted his horse. We rode off toward the calves.

Suddenly Martinez pointed to a calf and said, "*Mira, hay esta un hinchado*" (Look, there is one that is swollen).

"*¡Y hay otro, y otro!*" (And there is another, and another, and another). Adolfo took down his *reata* and made a loop, and pointing at a calf, said to me, "*Hecha es pa' ca*" (Drive that one toward me).

I drove a calf toward him, and as it came within range of his *reata*, he threw a *lazo* around its neck. Martinez then threw his loop around its hind legs.

I tailed it down and held it while Adolfo dismounted and doctored it for the screw-worms with which it was infected.

When we had treated all the calves, we rode back to the tree where Adolfo unstrapped his *reata* from the saddle and the spurs from his heels, put them in the sack, and hung it back in the tree again. We then rode back to the Bear Mountain Ranch where we left Adolfo, and from there we continued our journey to Fickert's.

On the way I asked Martinez why Adolfo kept his *reata* and spurs hung in a tree away from the ranch. Martinez told me that because Roland Hill, the manager of the Tehachapi Cattle Company, bred the finest Morgans in North America, the vaqueros were strictly forbidden to wear spurs or to carry *reatas*. Roland didn't want to take a chance of his horses getting hurt or spoiled.

"Well," I said, "why doesn't Adolfo let the calves go to hell until the boss sees them, instead of roping them against orders?"

"If he waited until Roland happened to see the calves most of them would be dead," Martinez said, "and Adolfo is too good a man to let that happen."

Here was a man who took such pride in his calling that he disobeyed the boss's orders to save the boss's property! No wonder the brown had been such a good horse; he couldn't have been anything else with such a man for a master.




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*Publisher's Note:* The late Arnold Rojas, last of the vaqueros, was an intelligent, energetic, self-taught man who knew and loved the world of the California horse and vaquero, saw it vanishing, and described as much of it as he could in books such as *These Were the Vaqueros* and *Vaqueros and Buckaroos* as well as uncollected articles written especially for *The Californians* magazine. This superb magazine on California history was published by Jean and Michael Sherrell from 1983 - 1995 and we are pleased to offer some of the stories Mr. Rojas wrote for *The Californians* through the gracious permission of its publisher, Michael Sherrell. His late wife, Jean, edited the magazine and following each of Mr. Rojas' stories, they gave readers the following insight into his writings: "The atmosphere, detail, knowledge and expression he captured paved the way for us to reenter another era and ride with the vaqueros. Before he died, Arnold – always a generous man who gave gifts as if your acceptance was a favor – asked us to see that his world was represented correctly, as he recorded it in his writings, for as many people as possible, beginning with our readers. Arnold's stories are illustrated with photos from his own collection and other repositories of cowboy, vaquero and horse lore, as well as with original drawings by cowboy-artist-sculptor Jack Swanson, our friend and Arnold's." We thank Mr. Sherrell for allowing us to help keep Mr. Rojas' words alive.



## RANGE RADIO

# New Music



New music is constantly being added to the playlist at Range Radio – you can listen online at [rangeradio.com](http://rangeradio.com) or via the free app at [tunein.com](http://tunein.com). Unlike other radio stations that play top country with limited and repetitive playlists, at Range Radio we add music all the time to give you a fuller, more surprising listening experience. Here are just a few of the new tunes recently added. You can view the videos in the online edition of this issue or copy the links and place them in your browser. Enjoy!



Dale Watson & The Lonestars  
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=t39JFs0u1So>  
*Cowboy Boots*



Emmylou Harris & Rodney Crowell  
[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-NEjg2eL8SQ&list=PLg9c4sph8mRXQpUVTfsS5-0AV6\\_IO0jLd&index=1](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-NEjg2eL8SQ&list=PLg9c4sph8mRXQpUVTfsS5-0AV6_IO0jLd&index=1)  
*Hanging Up My Heart*



Issac Hayden  
[http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AuZ\\_-jXbYKM](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AuZ_-jXbYKM)  
*Wyoming*



Jackie Bristow  
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ETDTMp18EkU>  
*Crazy Love*



Mumford & Sons  
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rGKfrgqWcv0>  
*I Will Wait*



The Time Jumpers  
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=NalzX0Idjk>  
*I Ain't Got Nothin' But The Blues*

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# The Road Trip List

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

## Mary McCaslin #21

This trip we remember a little folk music –m and one of the best who ever performed. The recent Grammy Awards broadcast became a giant permission giver for all the budding singer/songwriters

Lumineers represent a grand re-invention of contemporary story telling – sort of “new folk.” Loud, grand and singable, their music is a welcome addition.

Mary McCaslin is one of the original contemporary folk artists that still records on Philo Records. During the late 60s, 70s and early 80s, she recorded a series of albums that showed the influence of her peers. She is known for her renditions of pop standards and rock classics, such as “Ghost Riders In The Sky,” “The Wayward Wind,” the Beatles’ “Things We Said Today,” and the Supremes’ “My World Is Empty.” Her versions of the Beatles’ “Blackbird” and the Who’s “Pinball Wizard” are noted for her “claw hammer” banjo accompaniment. Two of her most popular folk songs, covered by many artists, are “Way Out West” and “Old Friends.”

Her music shows a variety of influences, including the western ballads of Marty Robbins, the guitar playing of Joan Baez and Joni Mitchell, and the singing and banjo playing of Hedy West. Her song “Prairie In The Sky” was recorded by our reporter-at-large,

Tom Russell, along with Bill Staines and Gretchen Peters. The late, and superb, Kate Wolf recorded McCaslin’s “The Ballad of Weaverville.” But it is McCaslin herself that we celebrate here and put the

underneath the stage floorboards to come forth and celebrate their talent. Gone were many of the usual suspects that for years have walked away with the little, gold Gramophone. Mumford & Sons and The





needle down on her classic *Best Of* compilation that features so many of her great songs.

One her most thoughtful songs, “Old Friends” has been a favorite at many funerals – a true compliment

to McCaslin’s sensitive and sentimental songwriting. Like any great song, it’s all about the words and how they weave into your life. We leave with the lyrics to “Old Friends.”

### OLD FRIENDS

I saw an old friend the other day  
In San Francisco by the Bay  
Took me back to only yesterday  
The years somehow that slip away  
And after talked about the days gone by  
Brushed a tear away by the side  
We promised not to let it be this long  
Like the old refrain from the old old song  
Remember old friends we made along the way  
The gifts they gave that stay with us every day  
Looking back it makes me wonder  
Where we’re going how long we’ll stay  
I know the road brings rain and thunder  
But for the journey what will we pay  
I often think the times be crazier  
As this whole world goes round and round  
Just the memory makes it easier  
As the highway goes up and down  
Remember old friends we’ve made along the way  
The gifts they’ve given stay with us every day  
Make their words come back to me  
There’s a few I will no longer see  
Faces will we see no more along the road  
There’ll be a few less hands to hold  
But for the ones whose turn is ended  
Though they started so much the same  
In the hearts of those befriended  
Burns a candle with a silver flame

*Mary McCaslin ©1977*



# A Western Moment



Steam Engine Crosshead and Pitman, Bodie, California, 2000



*This small steam engine that once powered the mine shaft elevator is quite low to the ground. The tripod holding my 5x7 (inch) camera was set as low as possible, and I was lying on the ground to compose the shot, focus, and make light meter readings. It was around 5:00 PM. The state park ranger came by and asked me to leave, because it was after closing time. Luckily my good friend Ben Silverman, a prominent Los Angeles attorney, was with me. He explained to the ranger that I was making a very long exposure and could not pick up the camera and leave immediately. He also explained that the expensive camera had to be carefully packed away, along with lens, meter, and tripod – that it couldn't just be grabbed and tossed into a car. Ben kept the ranger occupied while I completed the exposure and carefully packed up my equipment.*

*I will always be grateful for Ben's expert, lawyerly intervention which allowed me to complete what I consider to be my strongest, most cherished, photograph.*

Jay Dusard

Douglas, Arizona, 2013





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## TWO WRAPS AND A HOOEY

# Remembering Edwin

This past month we had a truly wonderful event at the Ranch & Reata Roadhouse that benefitted the Wounded Warriors Project. It generated a lot of money for that fine organization and we were honored to have two very wonderful veterans speak at the event. WWII P-38 pilot and Distinguished Service Cross recipient, Jim Kunkle was joined on stage with Captain J. Charles Plumb, USNR, (Ret) and former Vietnam POW. Both gave stirring remembrances of not only two different conflicts but of different times in our nation's history. And they remembered those who did not return and gave the ultimate sacrifice. It was an evening of pride and honor.

About a week later I read of the passing of another true hero of World War II with the passing of one Edwin Ramsey. And with his passing a part of our country's military horseback history road on up the trail. Ramsey it turns out was, in 1942, an officer in the U.S. Army's 26th Cavalry Regiment stationed in the Philippines.

Historians have said that losing the Philippines in

the early stages of WWII was a defining event in the career of Gen. Douglas MacArthur. The same could be said of Edwin Ramsey. But Ramsey was not ready to admit defeat. After MacArthur's retreat in early 1942,



Ramsey joined the Philippine resistance and eventually headed a guerrilla force that grew to 40,000 enlisted men and officers, supplying crucial intelligence that helped lay the foundation for MacArthur's triumphant return more than two years later. But the horseback moment in this story came when – months before MacArthur's departure, Edwin Ramsey led the last mounted cavalry charge in U.S. military history – a courageous action that disrupted the

Japanese invasion long enough for American and Philippine forces to pull back.

According to Ramsey's story in the book, *Edwin Ramsey's War*, The Japanese Imperial Army had landed thousands of soldiers near Manila Bay in January 1942 and the 26th Cavalry was ordered into the fray to delay the enemy's advance. Ramsey, then a lieutenant, led 27





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riders to the strategic coastal village of Morong. The village was still as Ramsey entered, but a Japanese advance guard soon shattered the silence with guns blazing. When Ramsey spied hundreds more Japanese troops wading across a river toward him, he knew his men had only one hope for survival. He raised his pistol and, like a long line of cavalymen from Custer's time, hollered, "Charge!"

"Bent nearly prone across the horses' necks, we flung ourselves at the Japanese advance, pistols firing full into their startled faces," he recalls in the book, "A few returned our fire, but most fled in confusion.... To them we must have seemed a vision from another century, wild-eyed horses pounding headlong; cheering, whooping men firing from the saddles."

After repelling the invaders, Ramsey and his platoon held their position for five hours under heavy fire until reinforcements arrived.

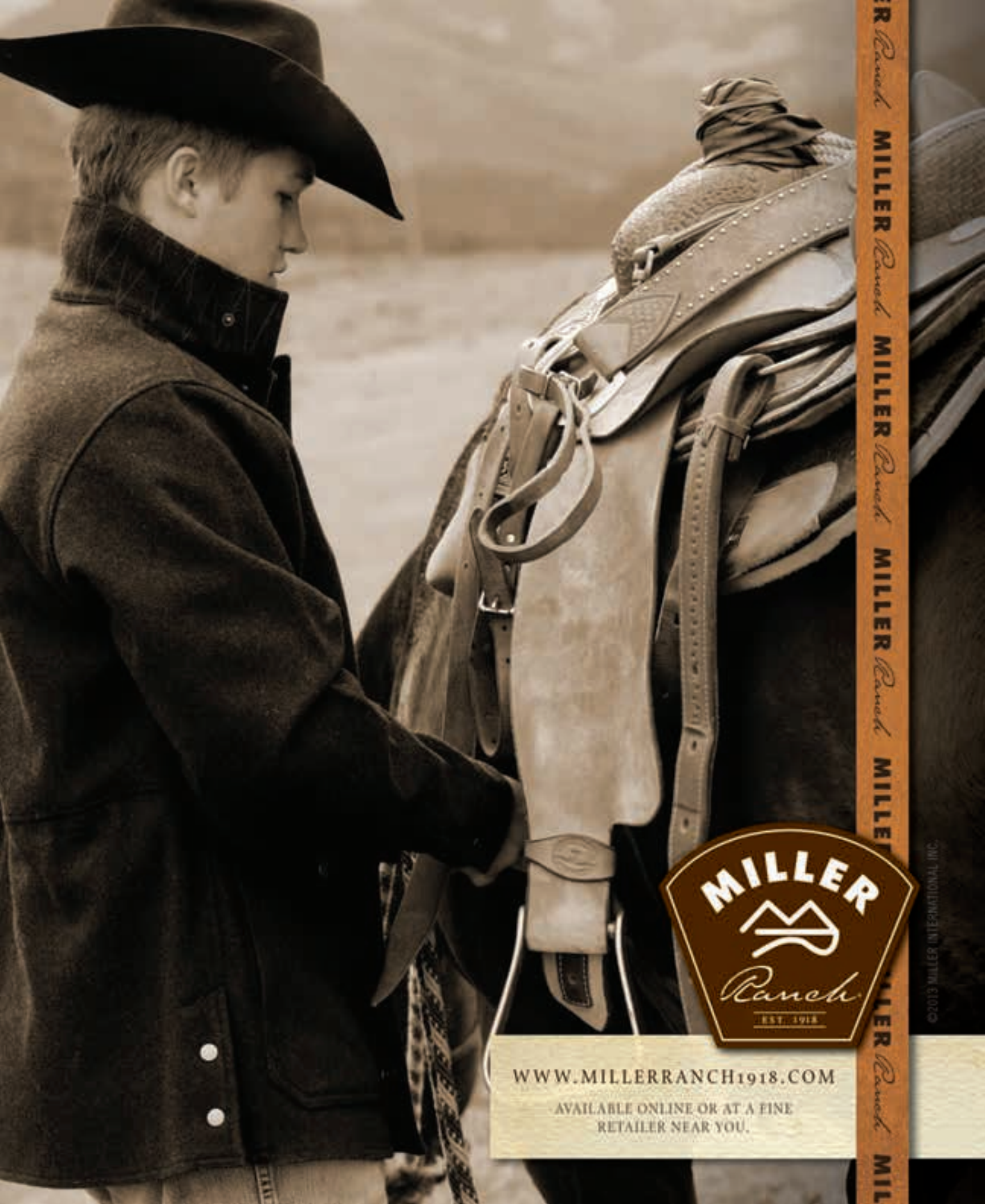
"This gallant little band of horsemen had maintained the best traditions of the American Cavalry," Gen. Jonathan Wainwright, then a senior field commander under MacArthur, wrote in his official report on the battle. "I doubt if I could have successfully made that withdrawal without them."

After the war and Ramsey had returned to civilian life, he worked to lobby congress to fulfill its wartime promise of benefits for Filipinos who fought for the U.S. in WWII, and was made an honorary Green Beret, among many honors.

Ramsey's book along with the stories of Jim Kunkle and Charlie Plumb reminds us that war, no matter what the year, takes and honors the best of the generation that's called to serve. Lest we forget. BR



To learn more about the Wounded Warriors Project, [www.support.woundedwarriorproject.org](http://www.support.woundedwarriorproject.org). You can read more about Edwin Ramsey at [www.edwinpriceramsey.com](http://www.edwinpriceramsey.com)



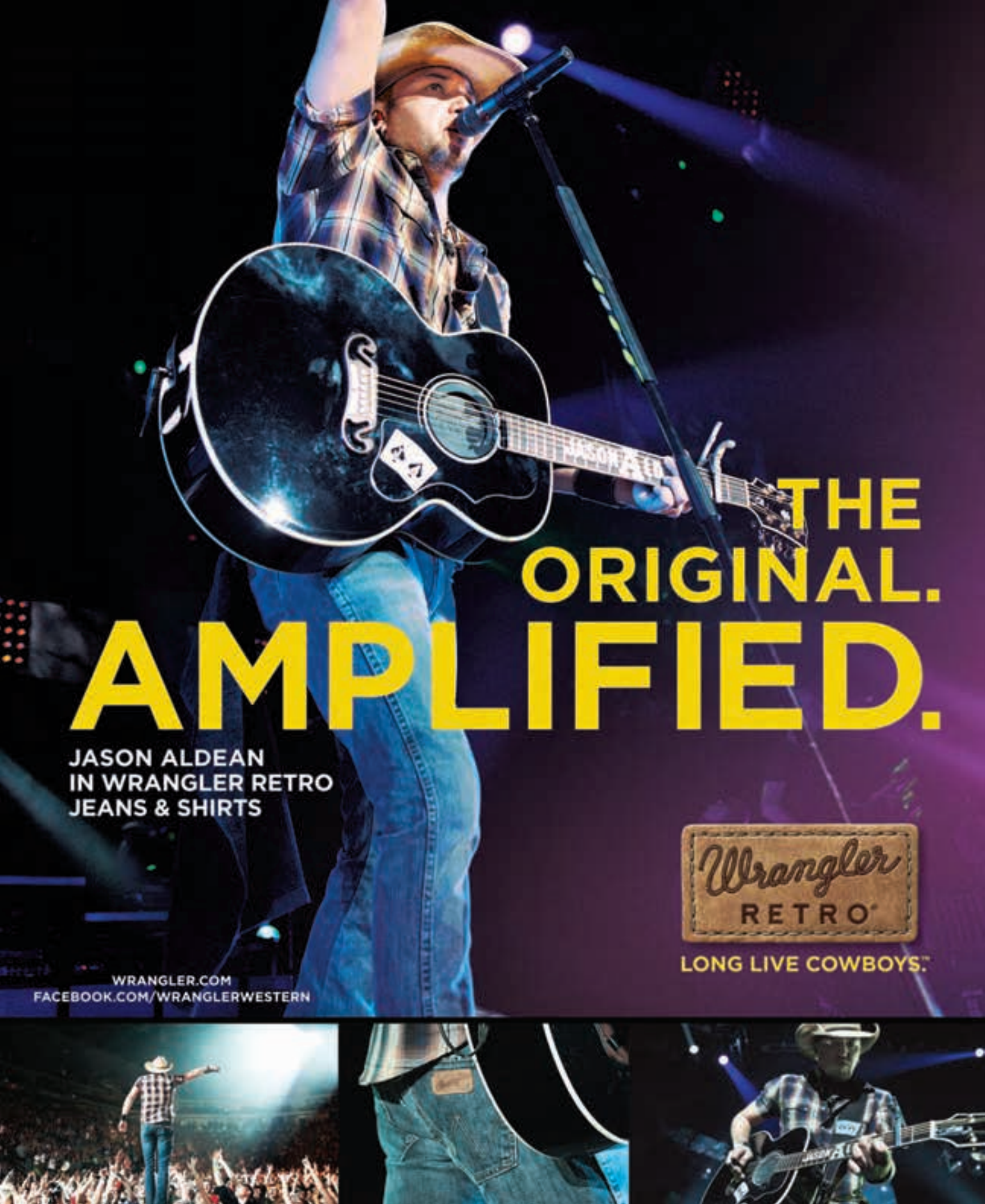
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