

The Journal of the American West

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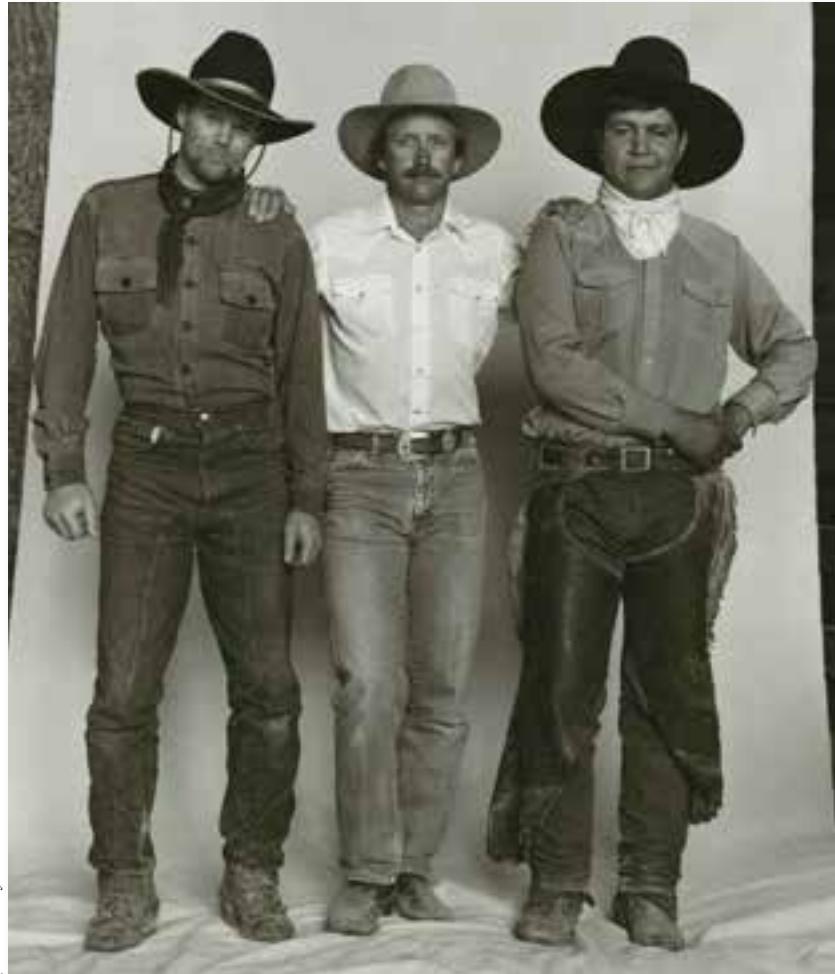


photo courtesy Kurt Markus

Our photo section in this issue is by legendary photographer Kurt Markus (center) with Waddie Mitchell (left) and Mike Thomas (right) in a photo taken in the mid-1980s at the Stakes Ranch in Jiggs, Nevada. The cowboy world changed with the publication of *After Barbed Wire* and *Buckaroo*. These two landmark books by Markus brought reality and awareness to the living world of stockmen and buckaroos who rode the big circles.

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Courtesy High Noon Western Americana



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PUBLISHER
Bill Reynolds

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER
Buddy Purel

EDITOR
A.J. Mangum

CONTRIBUTING STYLE EDITOR
Ashley Riggs

ART DIRECTOR
Robin Ireland

PRODUCTION
Curtis Hill

CONTRIBUTORS
Hannah Ballantyne, Buck Brannaman,
Reata Brannaman, Hal Cannon, Emily Esterson,
Pete Healey, Ceily Rae Highberger, Kurt Markus,
Kathy McCrae, Rod Miller, Melissa Mylchreest,
Donna Stegman, Tom Russell, Nevada Watt

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Ranch & Reata
PO Box 714, Santa Ynez, CA 93460
www.ranchandreata.com

For advertising information contact Buddy Purel
at 949.234.1281 or bpurel@gmail.com

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EDITOR'S NOTE

A Sort of Homecoming

By A.J. Mangum

4
I never would've guessed I'd be writing a column about my hometown of Maupin, Oregon. Located in Central Oregon's Wasco County, Maupin occupies opposite banks of a remote stretch of the Deschutes River. A state highway doubles as the main drag, home to a service station, a hardware store, a grocery store, and the landmark Rainbow Tavern. There isn't a stoplight to be found, but with a population of just over 400, Maupin is the major population center for this part of the county, with the relative metropolis of The Dalles – pop. 14,000 and home to, of all things, a Google server farm – the better part of an hour away.

When people tell me they're from "small" towns, I scoff and demand stats.

In spite of its diminutive population figures, Maupin has *serious* bragging rights. The Deschutes offers world-class whitewater and fly-fishing, drawing from all points on the globe outdoorsmen looking to take on some of the continent's most challenging rapids or snag record steelhead. Every fly-fishing aficionado

I've ever met, anywhere, knows the Deschutes, if only by reputation; they've always seemed taken aback, though, when forced to contemplate Maupin as anything other than a tourist destination. I once interviewed the novelist and die-hard fisherman Thomas McGuane; mid-conversation, he turned the tables on me, opening with, "So, you're actually *from* Maupin? *From* there?"

Maupin doesn't have many other claims to fame. It's worked its way into pop culture a time or two, albeit in understated fashion: director Gus Van Sant shot a brief scene for *My Own Private Idaho* just outside town; and, I've always suspected that author Craig Lesley used Maupin as the model for the fictional town of Gateway, the setting for his novel *The Sky Fisherman*. (Others will advocate for other Central Oregon locales like Bend or Madras, but Gateway's similarities to Maupin are too numerous to ignore.) In the mainstream, though, Maupin tends to stay off the radar.

Imagine my surprise when I learned of the Imperial

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photo by Scott Ripley

The Deschutes River and Maupin, Oregon.

Stock Ranch, featured in this issue, in an article by New Mexico writer Emily Esterson. The ranch, located just outside Maupin, near the ghost town of Shaniko, recently gained worldwide attention as the supplier of the wool Ralph Lauren used in creating the distinctive sweaters worn by the 2014 U.S. Olympic team. The Imperial distributes its wool products all over the country, and has its own fashion line.

There's a bizarre combination of words and phrases in the preceding paragraph: Ralph Lauren, the Olympics, fashion...Maupin. That thunderous crashing sound you hear? Worlds colliding.

Reading Emily's manuscript triggered a bit of nostalgia, prompting me to call up Google Maps for some virtual navigation of modern-day Maupin, thanks to Google's street view. I have to admit, I soon had a lump in my throat. As Google's camera-car begins its decent into town, the sky over Maupin is a deep blue, a shade I've seen only rarely outside the Northwest. The

Deschutes is an even deeper blue as it carves its way through a dramatic high-desert canyon.

On the main thoroughfare – Deschutes Avenue, aka Highway 197 – things are quiet. Three cars are in motion. A man is suspended in mid-step on the sidewalk in front of the hardware store. A woman approaches the door of the Rainbow (more power to her). Another woman prepares to jaywalk, a risk-free proposition on this particular day. Homes of high-school friends are easily recognizable, frozen in time, and a couple of businesses that were open in my youth still appear to be operating.

So much has changed, though.

While it's always catered to rafters and fishermen, Maupin has clearly matured into a tourism-centric town, fully embracing outdoor recreation as its key industry. (The town's sawmill closed, if memory serves, in the late 1980s, dark days for the timber trade.) Continuing my street-view tour, I see that rafting and fly shops, once



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relegated to Maupin's outskirts, now occupy storefronts along Deschutes Avenue. A photo studio, specializing in rafting images, does business next to the grocery store. There's a real estate office, for crying out loud. And someone opened a *bank?* (In my day, we drove an hour to deposit a check, and we liked it!)

When you grow up in a small, remote town, familiarity can breed contempt. It can be tough to appreciate your immediate surroundings, as unique and beautiful as they might be, when you yearn to see and experience more. When you do get out in the world, you might not give the old stomping grounds much thought – that is, until a random reference prompts you to revisit, if only virtually. The advantage to a prolonged absence: that which once seemed

oppressively overly familiar becomes new again, and takes on an excitingly foreign context. The place begs to be rediscovered.

It's a concept of particular importance in today's rural West. Young folks leave small towns in droves, typically for good reasons: educations, jobs, viable futures. As a result, the communities they leave behind often struggle to maintain their populations, economies and identities. There might be a certain Darwinism at work, though: the small towns that will survive – maybe even thrive – have qualities (scenery, recreation, tranquility) that will always draw newcomers, and perhaps lure back some former residents. That new blood pulls the local economy into the present day, creating opportunities and adding to a

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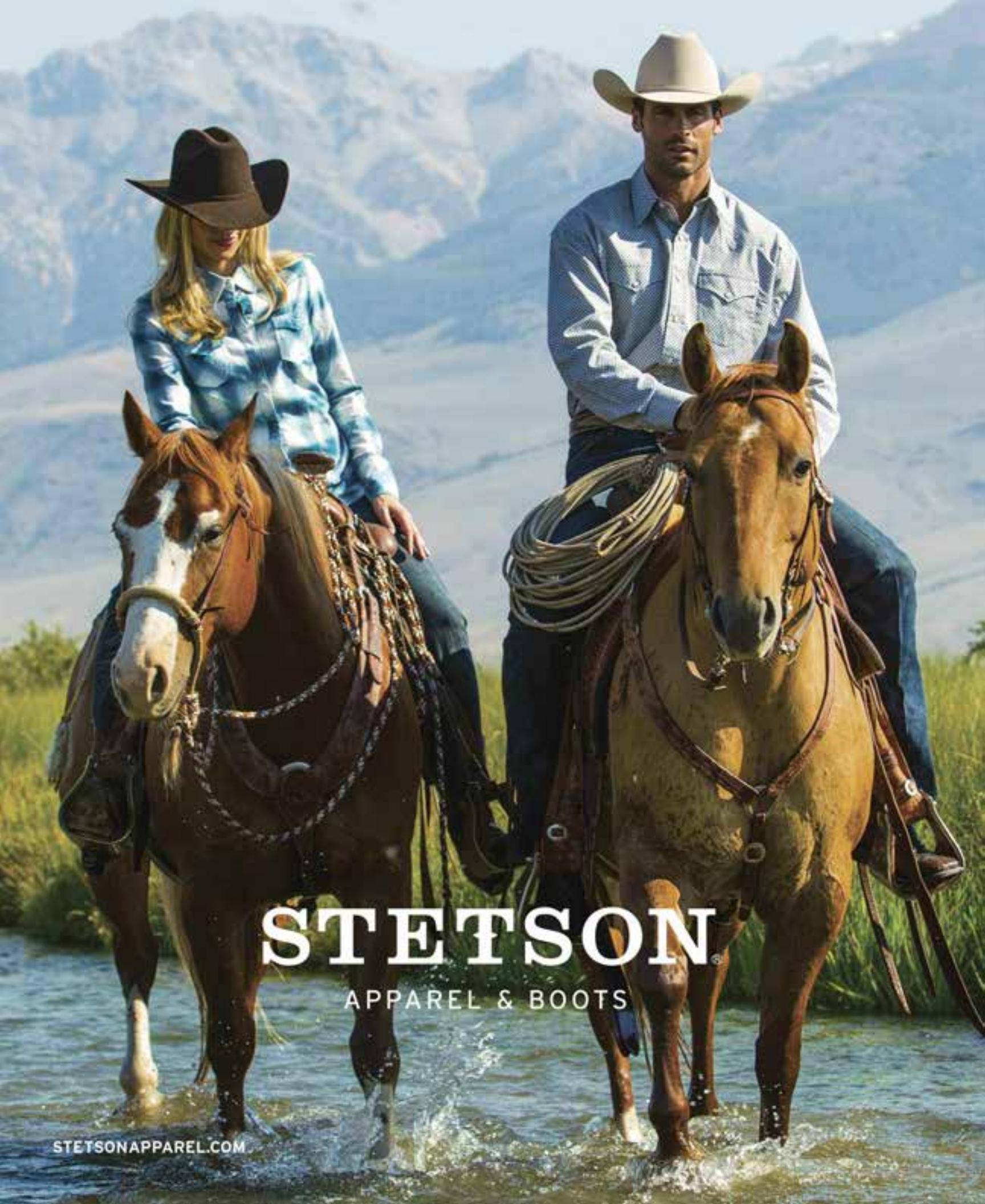
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town's character. While some small communities will fight losing battles for their existences, others – like Maupin, it seems – will live on, evolving and improving, keeping at bay demographers' predictions for slow, steady declines into irrelevance.

My street-view virtual tour of Maupin ends quickly, as the driver of Google's camera-car never veers from the state highway; side streets, sadly, remain unexplored. We descend a steep hill and cross a narrow bridge spanning the Deschutes. Soon, Maupin is left behind and the camera-car continues south on 197, beginning its 50-mile trek to Madras.

I'm not ready to end my visit, so I search online for contemporary images of Maupin. I locate a terrific panoramic by Portland photographer Scott Ripley. In Scott's photo, the Deschutes wraps itself around the east

edge of town. Visible whitewater offers a reminder of the river's dual personality: hypnotic tranquility punctuated with occasional interruptions of deafening violence. A train travels tracks that parallel the river. Behind the train's engine, boxcars stretch into the distance. The homes and buildings comprising Maupin nearly disappear into the landscape. There's a splendid isolation, to borrow from Warren Zevon; the rest of the world is an abstract notion, a theoretical place that might begin at a safe distance far down the rimrock canyon that carries the river.

The little town where I grew up is clearly a special place. And, even though much of my youth was dominated by escape plans and thoughts of what might be found at the end of that canyon, it likely always *was* a special place.



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Interesting Things and Stories from Out West

MECHANICAL BULLS, OIL FIELD COWBOYS AND DEBRA WINGER: REMEMBERING *URBAN COWBOY*

Always the persistent “hunter of moments,” our intrepid Of Note writers are constantly looking for stories that tell us not only where we have come from and where we may be going, but what it all means. Pretty Zen stuff but we had so many folks commenting on the Cutter Bill Western World catalog story (*R&R*, Issue 3.3) and how they really enjoyed remembering things that helped shape popular western culture; it made us dig a little deeper. We were looking through the files for some images from one of the true “moments” in the way the vision of contemporary west operates and, frankly is perceived around the world.

That big moment came after an article appeared in *Esquire* magazine in September of 1978. Writer Aaron Latham had penned a story titled, “The Ballad of The Urban Cowboy: America’s Search for True Grit.” As the story was described, “Enter the world of Gilley’s, a honky-tonk saloon in Houston, Texas, where the urban cowboys go at night to dance with cowgirls, punch the bag and prove their manhood on the treacherous mechanical, bucking bull. The values in the rest of society may be hard to understand, but they’re clear and simple at Gilley’s. It’s the



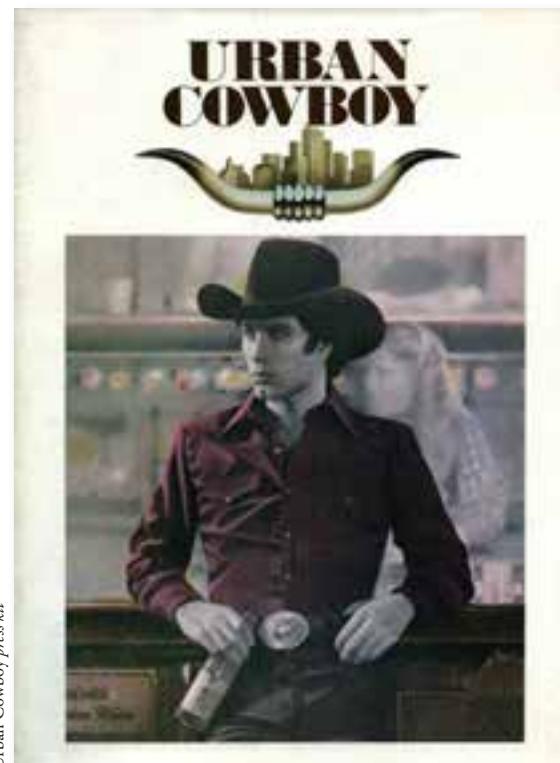
John Travolta on the mechanical bull.
One of the mainstays of 1980s bar culture.



Cowboy Code, all right, and home on the range, even though the range is a bar downtown. Learn all about this through the love story of three people who seem to be acting out a real-life country ballad."

Talk about your permission giver, the story exploded as the late 1970s was broadly embracing country music and the country music club scene was becoming a popular venue for all sorts of urban types. Paramount Pictures adapted the story and produced the film version of *Urban Cowboy* under legendary hand of producers Robert Evans and Irving Azoff. Latham and the film's director, James Bridges, developed the screenplay. The film was well received and many critics called it "the country music version of *Saturday Night Fever*."

Beyond the film's general appeal, it opened the doors of western stores to all sorts of new customer types. Business boomed as lawyers and bankers put on hats with big feather bands and boots with white wingtips. The film almost single-handedly brought attention back to the West – something that really hadn't happened since the perceived end of the traditional western film – around 1960. The scope of western wear makers changed and evolved with mainstream designers seeing the opportunity. Ralph Lauren gave credence to Wall Street types who wished to embrace the apparel and look of the American cowboy.



Urban Cowboy press kit



Gilley's, the bar/honky tonk founded in 1971 by country singer Mickey Gilley in Pasadena, Texas.

OF NOTE |

Many, many people started to discover something that was a true root-based culture in the country. Even though the look was based on a film experience, and was a bubble in the business – it changed the way business was done in western apparel from then on. And for good reason – in 1980 alone over ten million pairs of boots were sold and the hat business topped \$500 million – in 1980 dollars that was big dough. Remember the colognes? “Chaps,” “Stetson,” and “Colorado Sage.” It was a time of



John Travolta in a scene from the film with Barry Corbin (left) and Brooke Alderson (right)



Madolyn Smith as “Pam.”



Scott Glenn as “Wes”



“Sissy” (Debra Winger) and “Bud” John Travolta, work the dance floor at Gilley’s

change in America, a presidential candidate with a cowboy hat rode into town – “This is Reagan Country,” the billboards exclaimed.

We’ve all watched *Urban Cowboy* a hundred times – the bull riding scenes, the fights, Travolta and Winger, Scott Glenn and Madolyn Smith, Barry Corbin and James Gammon. And the music from the soundtrack – everyone was on it from Bonnie Raitt, to Joe Walsh to The Eagles to Mickey Gilley’s “Stand By Me” and Johnny Lee’s homage of the era, “Lookin For Love.”

The next time *Urban Cowboy* comes on cable or falls into your NetFlix queue, pull out those wing-tip pointy boots from the back of the closet and take another look at when America got its first glimpse of Bud and Sissy.

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FROM PIO PICO TO CLIFF MAY:

The Legacy of Rancho Santa Margarita y Las Flores

After the secularization of the California Missions in the early 1830s, Mexico gifted some legendary land grants throughout what was then Alta California. Here is a brief history of the region's great ranches, the Rancho Santa Margarita y Las Flores. You would know it today as Camp Pendleton Marine Base and even the ranch house itself has a colored history.

The Las Flores adobe ranch house, constructed in the late 1860s for Marcos Forster and his bride, was located on the land Marcos had been given as a wedding gift from his father, John "Don Juan" Forster. John Forster, an Englishman, had integrated into the *Californios'* elite and became a wealthy ranchero. His owned 335 square miles of land, including the 125,000-acre Rancho Santa Margarita y Las Flores.

The name Las Flores was established in July of 1769, when members of the Portolà Expedition descended into a broad coastal plain as they blazed the legendary El Camino Real through the dry hills of southern California. The men were astonished to find the plain covered with flowering vines and rosebushes. The padres called the region Las Flores (the flowers), and thus gave the area its permanent name. Portolà and his men also found Native Americans living in circular, woven-brush dwellings in villages scattered along the coast. These natives, the southernmost lineage of the Shoshoni, inhabited the land from San Onofre to Agua Hedionda and the Las Flores Adobe lies near one of their villages, Ushmai.

Twenty-nine years later, Mission San Luis Rey de Francia was founded fifteen miles to the southeast along the El Camino Real. Its domain embraced 2,000 square miles of surrounding territory, including Las Flores. Near the village of Ushami, the mission established an *estancia* known as "Rancho San Pedro" or "Las Flores." A typical *estancia* was a working rancho, with a chapel served by itinerant priests. By 1827 the Las Flores *estancia* consisted of a large, u-shaped complex measuring 142 by 153 feet, with granaries and a chapel with a forty-foot bell tower. The complex was undoubtedly

built by native labor. Local natives raised wheat and barley for the mission on the fertile plain, and tended cattle. In its



Images courtesy Camp Pendleton Historical Society





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heyday, the population of the Las Flores *estancia* numbered about 1,000. It was here that Juan Alvarado defeated the challenge to his governorship of Alta California in 1838. Circa 1869, the *estancia* served as stables for the Las Flores changing station of the Los Angeles-San Diego stage coach line. Now only crumbled remains are visible on a hill overlooking the Las Flores adobe.



When Mexico decided to secularize the California missions in 1833, some Native Americans remained as a “pueblo libre,” one of California’s four, experimental “free villages.” The Government restored land ownership to the native inhabitants of Las Flores.

In 1841 Pío and Andrès Pico received the largest land grant in California history – 89,742 acres of land. Most of the land granted to the Pico brothers had been part of the mission’s Rancho Santa Margarita, and was dotted with 2,000 horses, 15,000 sheep, and 10,000 cattle. In 1844, the Picos acquired Las

Flores and its surrounding Indian land, effectively ending the “pueblo libre” experiment. The Picos noted their acquisition in the expanded name of their rancho, Rancho Santa Margarita y Las Flores.

Pío Pico, the last Mexican governor of Alta California, and his brother Andrès, general of the Mexican army who signed the peace treaty with the Americans, lived lavish lifestyles and were passionate gamblers. They often mortgaged land at exorbitant interest rates to pay their debts. In 1864 threats of foreclosure resulted in the sale of the entire Rancho Santa Margarita y Los Flores to their brother-in-law, Don Juan Forster. He expanded the Santa Margarita ranch house into a princely, 8,500 square-foot residence befitting the fabled ranchero and his love of weeklong fiestas and dazzling rodeos.

Don Juan Forster died in 1882, leaving the Rancho, and a \$207,000 mortgage, to his two sons. An 1872 guest of the Forsters described Marcos as “more Spanish than Anglo Saxon, a fine-looking man, well-built, with eyes of fire and all dash of a Spanish cavalier, but evidently of poor business ability.” Within a year, financial difficulty forced Marcos to sell the Rancho for \$450,000 to Nevada’s “Silver King,” James Flood. Flood’s friend, Richard O’Neill, ran the Rancho and leased some of its land to tenant farmers, including the next residents of the Las Flores adobe, the Magees.

Henry Magee had come to California with the army. He married Victoria de Pedrorena, descendant of two of San Diego’s Old Town families, the Estudillos and the de Pedorenas. Two years after Victoria’s death in 1886, O’Neill offered



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the vacant Las Flores adobe to Magee's motherless children. Las Flores would be the Magee home for the next seventy-nine years.

Magee's eldest daughter, Jane, never married and proved to be an astute businesswoman as well as a surrogate mother to her brothers and sisters. She expanded the farmland to 3,000 acres. Under her management Las Flores became the largest lima bean producer in San Diego County, providing one-third of the state's crop. She became respectfully known as southern California's "Bean Queen."

Following the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor the U.S. government acquired the Rancho Santa Margarita y Las Flores for its west coast military training base. When President Roosevelt came to inaugurate the new facility in 1942, he allowed the Magees to continue to live and farm at Las Flores as long as they were of Jane's generation. Jane retired in 1922 and lived at Las Flores until her death in 1946 at the age of eighty-three.

Jane's younger brother, Louis, managed Las Flores until he retired in 1962. He predeceased his wife Ruth, who died in 1968. After Ruth's death, Las Flores became uninhabited, and the historic adobe was saved from demolition at the last hour and placed on the National Register of Historic Places in 1969. The current restoration project began in 2003.

The inclusion of Las Flores on the National Register recognized not only her enviable role in early southern California history, but also her singular place in early California architecture. Las Flores is a rare, two-story adobe ranch house in its original natural setting. The vast surrounding open space of hills and valleys enhances our understanding of the Las Flores ranch house as the heart of a working ranch.

The National Register nomination study noted that Las Flores is also "an unusually full expression of the Hispanic California architectural tradition." The elegant formal ranchero residence exemplifies the Monterey Style of the developing rancher economy, while the adjoining single-story wing embodies the Hacienda Style.

Las Flores' unrivaled design also fully interprets the "indoor-outdoor" living element with its

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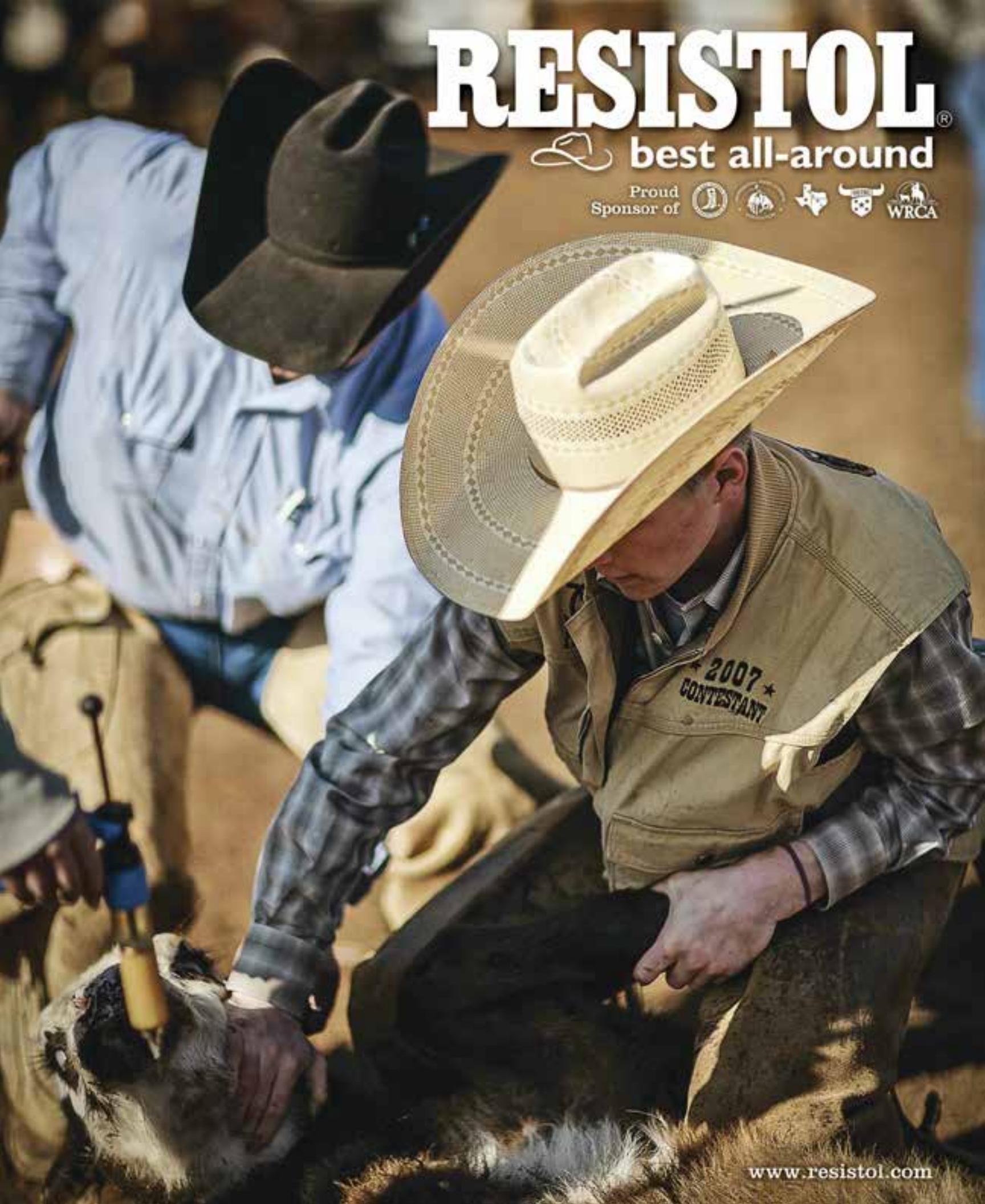
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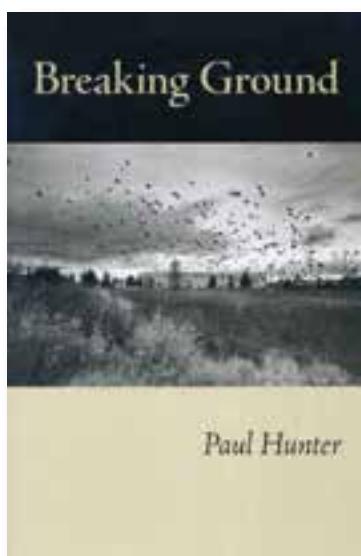
veranda, open foyer, corridor, and central courtyard. This architectural concept profoundly influenced Clifford May, a Magee nephew who lived at Las Flores during the summers of his youth. May became the celebrated designer who originated the California ranch-house style. Crediting Las Flores as his inspiration, Cliff May established her ongoing legacy in the modern ranch house that has rapidly spread out of California as one of the basic styles used in suburban residential design.

To find out more about Las Flores and to plan a visit, go to the Camp Pendleton Historical Society website at www.camppendletonhistoricalsociety.org or www.nps.gov/history/nr/travel/american_latino_heritage/Las_Flores_Adobe

PAUL HUNTER: IN PRAISE OF LETTERPRESS

Today the publishing world seems to be all about the electronic delivery of words. It's faster, cheaper, and oh-my-goodness – it's greener! Being of a certain era where one enjoyed the concept of picking up a book to not only read but to keep it or pass it along; I am sure the "big mo" of our current tech-fancying world will ultimately leave the likes of me in the muddy sludge of publishing's passing evolutionary march into a brave new world. But, until that happens, we can celebrate and share the work of Paul Hunter.

Our friend, Lynn Miller at *Small Farmer's Journal* sent us a copy of one of Paul's classic books of poetry titled *Breaking Ground*. It is a volume of verse of the earth, poems on farming – it's work, anticipation and appreciation. Paul has been a poet, teacher, performer, playwright, musician, instrument-maker, artist, editor, publisher, grassroots arts activist and "shade-tree mechanic." For many years he has produced fine letterpress books under the imprint of Wood Works – currently including 22 books and 46 broadsides. He is a person in obvious love with the process of making books – as well



as writing. Of his printing, he indicates his mission is "to encourage and present the best of contemporary and world literature, in a durable, compact, handmade format." For Paul – and hopefully a lot of us – that's still paper and ink. See more at www.woodworkspress.com

OPEN BOOKS – Paul Hunter

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and if we don't read
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that take so much living
to begin to make a dent
the child's dimple a tiny word
the frown of a young adult
a curse and the sags the scars
by forty a couplet
by fifty or sixty scarce a sonnet
even by ninety and a hundred
the tale told rarely an epic
but always
always worth another look

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REMEMBERING COWBOY ARTIST JOE BEELER

Joe Beeler was a Western original. He created art from the West he loved and from many of his own horseback experiences. This past April we were reminded of Joe's passing in 2006 and that he is missed everyday.

In 2004, Joe Beeler's friend and biographer Don Hedgpeth wrote *Joe Beeler, Life of a Cowboy Artist*. This timely book beautifully summarized a life in art well-lived and is filled with Joe's love of being horseback. The book was published through an imprint of the Claggett/Rey Gallery in Vail, Colorado and is available from them - along with select pieces of Joe's original art.



Cowpuncher

courtesy Bill and Ellen Reeds

In the book, Hedgpeth – a superb writer – wrote knowingly of his friend.

"Horses have always been – and still are an essential in Joe's life and in his art. Horses, like kids, can keep you young. Your kids will grow up and leave, but you can always find another horse who is happy to hang around. Joe's corrals and tack room are as much a part of his creative environment as is his studio. It is impossible to imagine Joe not having horses around, or to conceive of his art

without horses included in his compositions. Horses also provide the means by which he has been able to achieve intimacy and understanding for the land that is another primary element in his art.



The Nature of a Cow Horse

According to Joe, 'Seeing the best part of the West must be done horseback. I've been on some of the best and most beautiful ranches in the country, and have had the privilege to ride and punch cows in those places."

Joe Beeler was like no other. He loved the West as he loved his family – completely. Joe Beeler mattered. He made a difference. To find out more about Joe Beeler, his life and his art, visit www.claggettrey.com

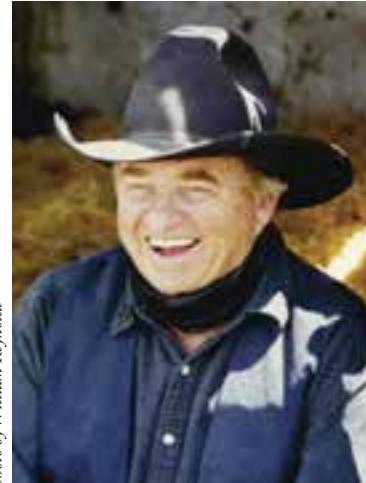
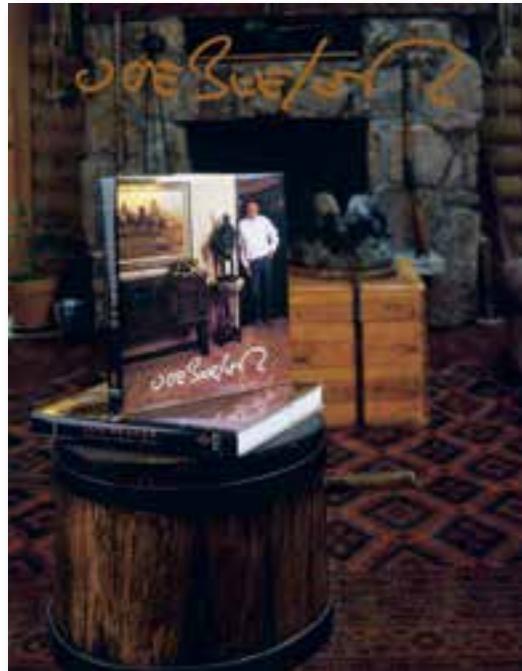


photo by William Reynolds

Joe Beeler (1931–2006)

CRIB NOTES – BUFFALO BILL CODY’S WYOMING LODGE

Publisher Note: Later in this issue, our intrepid reporter Tom Russell reports on assignment from Europe on the continent’s continuing love affair with all things Western. Over 100 years ago, no one was a bigger star than Buffalo Bill and his touring Wild West show. Here’s a look inside his Wyoming lodge, built in 1904, near the east entrance to Yellowstone Park.

By Alan Hess



Portraits of Native American friends of Buffalo Bill, some of whom toured with his Wild West Shows in Europe, line the dining room walls.

When Colonel William F. Cody, called Buffalo Bill, and his fellow investors began to move into Wyoming’s Bighorn Basin in 1895, it was one of the last large uninhabited areas in the West. Bill had already turned the rugged life of the West into a national myth and a national entertainment. He then helped to make it the basis of the new industry of tourism.

“Buffalo Bill’s Hotels in the Rockies” were advertised nationwide. In 1902 Bill opened the Irma Hotel, named for his daughter, in Cody, the new town named for himself. Two years later he built his own hunting lodge between Cody and Yellowstone Park. Traveling as much as he did with his show and for other purposes, he probably used the lodge a half dozen times

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Buffalo Bill's Wild West shows helped create and spread the aura of glamor, excitement, and romance we associate with the West. At his hunting lodge near his Wyoming ranch, he helped create a romantic image of the rustic Western home. The log cabin of peeled logs, ornamented with animal heads and skins, had the bravura of a rugged frontier life but was far from the sedate Victorian furnishings preferred by most actual ranchers.

structure was constructed from unpeeled lodge pole pine logs stacked together in a deliciously crude manner, purposely emphasizing the appearance of primitive construction. This was the home of a mountain man, a man who has had the polish of civilization rubbed away. But it was considerably more than a simple rancher's homestead: thirteen small bedrooms are tucked under the second story eaves.

The lodge's main room also reflected Cody's unique mixture of the authentic and mythic. Skins decorated the wall; the sightless eyes of elk's heads peered down from the gloom of the two-story space. But so did posters and advertisements for Buffalo Bill himself. The lodge was a stage set, a way to both retain and enhance some of the character of the original wilderness experience that was fast giving way to tourism and the managed wildness of national parks like Yellowstone. An era was slipping away.

at most; the rest of the time it was used as an inn. Just before he died in 1917, he was considering turning the working ranch he had bought in the Bighorn Basin south of Cody in 1895, the TE, into a dude ranch. The new wealth of the West lay in tourism as much as in cattle and minerals.

These operations were part of Cody's business empire, which was funded by the profits from his Wild West shows of the 1890s. He never quite stabilized his fortune, though. In 1909 he merged his show with Pawnee Bill's Wild West show, but by 1913 the combined operation went bankrupt and closed.

Cody still managed to entertain everyone from Theodore Roosevelt to Frederic Remington to Prince Albert I of Monaco in style at his hunting lodge, which was designed by his friend Archibald Anderson. Named Pahaska Teepee ("Long Hair's Lodge") by a Native American friend, the rustic base camp was built around a free-standing chimney made of river stone. The rest of the

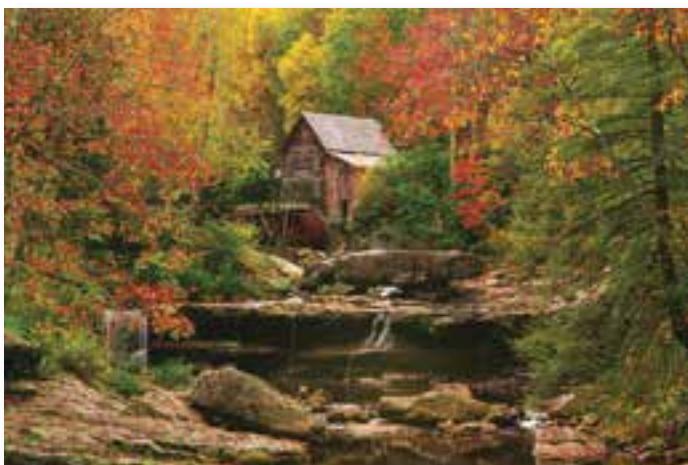


Buffalo Bill embarked on hunting parties from this lodge with friends like Theodore Roosevelt and Prince Albert of Monaco. Famous or not, guests stayed in one of the thirteen small rooms on the second floor.

DESTINATIONS

Kentucky's Bourbon Trail, Part 1

By Donna Stegman



Fall in Kentucky

green pastures filled with thoroughbreds, I could almost hear Bill Monroe singing as I cruised down the highway. Scots-Irish immigrants brought Bourbon to this country in the 19th century so as you drive down the scenic byways throughout what is now called "bourbon country," you can still see the stone wall fences these early settlers erected. Being an innovative bunch, they used what they had on hand to make their whiskey and what they had was corn. To be called bourbon, the mash must be at least 51% corn, with the remaining ingredients made up of wheat, rye, and/or malted barley. The origin of bourbon is not well documented and everyone seemed to tell a slightly different story of how this all came to be, even down to the name. Most agreed that this home grown brew was named after its original destination of Bourbon Street. There are many conflicting legends and claims, some more credible than others – but that at least makes sense. So whiskey made from corn and the sweet, iron-free Kentucky water turns into bourbon – almost.

It appears that in the beginning, aging the new corn whiskey probably came about by accident. Farmers harvested their corn in late summer and made whiskey in autumn. Before they could ship it down the Ohio and Mississippi to New Orleans, they had to wait for the spring rainy season when the currents ran faster. Besides that, once their barrels were loaded for shipping, the trip downstream could take several weeks and sometimes even months. All that waiting meant wonderful things were happening inside those barrels, so the time the whiskey reached its destination, aging had turned it an amber color and evened out the flavor so it was smoother, richer, and a whole lot more pleasing to the palate than the un-aged whiskey. In 1964, the United States Congress recognized Bourbon as a uniquely American product, they were just acknowledging

Something funny happened on my way to Nashville – My plane landed in the wrong state. Now we all know that traveling can be exhausting, but toss in a few weather issues (like tornados and thunderstorms) and I'm fairly certain that I could have reached my destination faster on foot. We had to land in Louisville, but as it turned out, the trip was as much fun as the destination. Armed with a rental car and a map, I discovered the Kentucky Bourbon Trail on an impromptu road trip to Nashville.

America's bourbon country lies about 30 miles south of Louisville, with its rolling hills and lush



Charming style along the Bourbon Trail



what a lot of people already knew as a fact – America's only native spirit, Bourbon stands in a class by itself.

I found that Kentucky has no fewer than 12 distilleries that offer tours and tastings, all in a 60-mile radius. And in less than 10 minutes into my drive I spotted a sign for Maker's Mark distillery along the highway, free tours and tastings – yes please. The barn wood building is exactly what it should be; a charming old rustic homestead now converted into a visitor center is tucked under shade trees with landscaped paths leading to a trickling stream, aptly named, Whiskey Creek. The informative and very entertaining tour even taught us how to sample and sip bourbon like a pro – who knew I had been doing it all wrong? At the end of the tour, I was handed a minute snifter filled with the beautiful amber liquid, and was told, “give it a swirl and a sniff (with your mouth open) then sip and roll briefly on the tongue before swallowing.” It felt warm, then hot, then buckled my knees.



A Bourbon lover's bonanza

back to 1780, which I found makes for the perfect basecamp for your tour. Not only does it house the Bourbon Heritage Center, I was quickly informed that it was voted, “Most Beautiful Small Town in America” by Rand McNally-*USA Today*, no less. Cruising downtown reminded me of Walt Disney’s vision of Main Street. Bardstown is full of eclectic shops, neat little restaurants, civil war museums, southern hospitality and just as charming as it could be. It still has a milkshake counter in the old drugstore on the corner, serving up malts for over 70 years. Hotels are not plentiful in this little corner of the country; Bed & Breakfasts rule the roost for local accommodations. Coming from the west coast, I was surprised at the prices being so reasonable for such magnificent accommodations and meals.

If you’re a history nut, you’re in luck. Bardstown has a plethora of historical sites and museums, all within a few miles of the town center. One thing you can’t miss is Knob Creek, it was the home of Waddie Boone (yes, as in Daniel Boone) who established one of the first distilleries in Kentucky. Today Knob Creek is better known for being the epicenter for the boutique bourbon movement as many small batch spirits are being produced along this route and have been gaining popularity over the past decade. Aficionados of America’s native drink have turned away from mass-produced brands to handcrafted, small batch spirits that better capture the authentic flavor of the area. All of this is just a quick trip down the highway as you enjoy the beauty of Kentucky.

It’s amazing to think that over 95 percent of the world’s bourbon comes out of this little stretch of central Kentucky. Bourbon is as southern as barbecue and bluegrass, just ask anyone with a drawl. Following the bourbon trail makes for quite a picturesque road trip. Toss in a good dose of Southern history and a dozen distilleries’ with tasting rooms – now it’s a destination not to be missed.



photo courtesy Old Talbott Tavern

Since the late 1700s, the Old Talbott Tavern on Court Square has provided shelter, food and drink to Kentucky travelers. www.talbotts.com

PLANNING YOUR TRIP

WHEN TO GO

The locals say, "It's always beautiful here, but the fall is spectacular!" Fall festivals start in September, kicked off with Bourbon Days and run to Thanksgiving. You also avoid the crowds and the heat in October.

WHERE TO EAT

The Bourbon Manor is an 1870s Greek revival, antebellum mansion. It's impressive with 8 large, luxurious guest rooms all with en-suit bathrooms. The breakfast menu is to die for, the owners search for the best of fresh local foods – I would recommend the lemon soufflé pancakes! You can't get a bad room in this place – it feels less B&B and more like a boutique hotel. It's truly a little slice of country heaven. www.Bourbonmanor.com

WHERE TO EAT IN BARDSTOWN

Mammy's Kitchen for lunch, country cooking at its best. Be sure to try the pies! Easy to find, front and center on the main street.

Old Talbott Tavern for a snack and adult beverage. The tavern has been open every day since 1779 and fancies themselves as a haunted venue, the building alone is worth the trip. Fried food galore, you gotta try the fried banana peppers and a bowl of Kentucky Burgoo. www.talbotts.com

Bourbon Bar & Bites for dinner, this fabulously repurposed barn is located directly behind the Bourbon Manor. The menu changes weekly depending on what's fresh in the area.

YOU GOTTA SEE THIS

If you only have time for a few distilleries, then these are my picks:

Four Roses, Heaven Hill, Wild Turkey and Maker's Mark

THERE'S AN APP FOR THAT

Really, there is. (iPhone)

Kentuckybourbontrailapp.com

A FEW RECIPES I GATHERED ON THE ROAD

Boulevardier – 1927

1 oz. Campari
1 oz. sweet vermouth
1 oz. Bourbon
Stir in a mixing glass
Pour over fresh ice into an old fashioned glass
Lemon peel garnish



Kentucky Mule – My Favorite!

2 oz. Bourbon
.25 oz. lime
.25 oz. simple syrup
.5 oz. lemon
.5 oz. ginger syrup
Shake, then strain over fresh ice into a Collins glass, top off with soda water.

OTHER ESSENTIALS

If you're less of a bourbon *taster* and more of a bourbon *drinker*, let someone else do the driving. They have shuttles that run all day between distilleries for a nominal fee. Please drink responsibly!

The natives are very particular about how you pronounce Louisville, so for the record, it's pronounced LWHVL. Easy as pie, just don't use a single vowel.

The pace is slow here and the accents are a bit thick in places; I could have used a Kentucky-to-English translation book a few times. But this only added to their country charm. One thing I feel I must acknowledge about the folks in this area, I have never run into such honestly warm, friendly and helpful people in all my years of travel. Enjoy your trip!



HEAVEN IN TEMPLETON GAP

Pete Clark and his company are extremely knowledgeable when it comes to great ranch property across California's Central Coast and here's a prime example. Situated in Paso Robles, the heart of Central Coast Wine Country, in the highly sought-after area known as the Templeton Gap, Sleepy Farm Ranch is a 382± acre ranch overflowing with possibilities. Featuring soils ideal for almonds, grapes, pasture and grain, Sleepy Farm Ranch boasts 80± farmable acres with additional potential acreage along the ridge tops and the balance utilizable for grazing land.



Enveloped by vineyards and wineries, Sleepy Farm Ranch is complemented by a main home, barns, numerous outbuildings, corrals and one well which supplies water for domestic and agricultural use. The main home is a 1,560± square foot 2005 model manufactured home with 3 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, an office, vaulted ceilings, and front and rear decks. The garage/barn is a two-story Cliff Dunn type with roll-up doors, a small apartment and restroom and was recently painted and re-roofed.

Additionally, there are roads throughout, and the entire Ranch is perimeter fenced. The existing home site, as well as future potential sites, present astounding views of the surrounding countryside. For more information on this and other properties, www.clarkcompany.com



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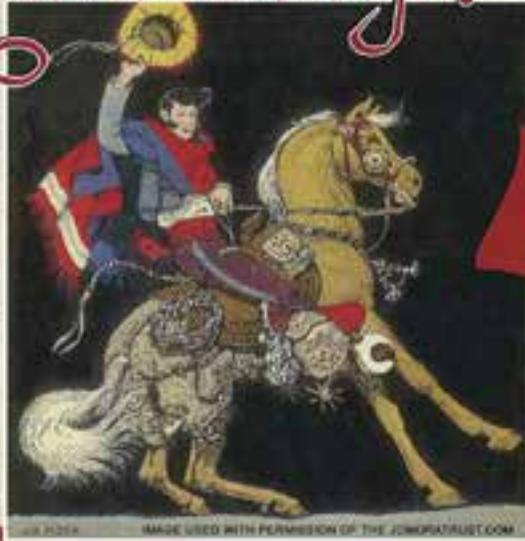
THE OUTDOORS
gentleman

The Western Buckle complements the textures and layers of the outdoorsman style. Blue jeans and a classic sweater can be accessorized to show a man's passion and interests. Hand tooled belts and Rugged Leathers such as elephant and bison finish this comfortable and classic look. At Maida's Belts & Buckles you will find an array of exquisite accessories that can finish off any style from formal wear to city chic to ranch wear.

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9:30AM – 3:30PM Artisans, Exhibits, Horsemen Demos!
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ART, ART, ART

The 2014 Coeur d'Alene Art Auction – July 26th in Reno, Nevada

For over 25 years the Coeur d'Alene Art Auction has specialized in the finest classical Western and American Art representing past masters and outstanding contemporary artists. The auction principals have over 100 years of combined experience in selling fine art and have netted their clients well over \$225 million in the last ten years alone. The auction always has some big stuff and their auction catalogs are available for \$60 and will be mail at the end of June. Auction catalogs and event tickets may be purchased online from www.cdaartauction.com or by calling 208-772-9009.

2014 Coeur d'Alene Art Auction Schedule of Events

- Friday, July 25, 2014

Auction Preview: 9 AM - 5 PM

Book Signing: 3 - 5 PM

Dr. Larry Len Peterson – *Charles M. Russell:*

Photographing the Legend – our cover of last issue.

Preview Party: 6 - 8 PM

- Saturday, July 26, 2014

Auction Preview: 8 AM - 12 PM

Book Signing: 8:30 AM - 10 AM

Lunch: 10:30 AM

Auction: 12:00 PM



WILLIAM R. LEIGH (1866-1955)

Dodging Lead (1943)
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CHARLES M. RUSSELL (1864-1926)

Trail of the Iron Horse (1924)
\$1,500,000-2,500,000



THOMAS MORAN (1837-1926)

A Water Pocket, Northern Arizona (1907)
\$1,500,000-2,500,000

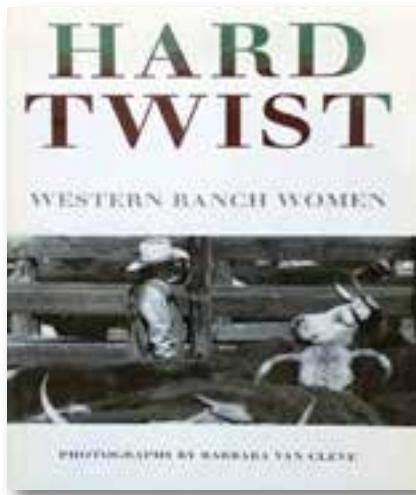


PHILIP R. GOODWIN (1881-1935)

A Break at Dawn
\$100,000-150,000

Barbara Van Cleve's "Hard Twist" at the National Cowgirl Museum and Hall of Fame

1995 National Cowgirl Hall of Fame Honoree Barbara Van Cleve's show entitled "Hard Twist: Western Ranch Women" features over 60 stunning black and white photographs depicting the tough and resilient side of ranch women of the American West will be on view through September at the Museum in Ft. Worth, Texas through September 11, 2014.



The exhibit features photos of 29 ranch women, including five National Cowgirl Museum and Hall of Fame Honorees – Jan Youren, Ruby Gobble, Gretchen Sammis, Bobby Brooks Kramer, and Linda Mitchell Davis. Visitors will be able to enjoy a guided tour of the exhibit using mobile devices, and hear the remarkable stories behind several of the photographs directly from Van Cleve.

From her travels, she created the book titled *Hard Twist: Western Ranch Women* in 1995, from which the exhibition was created. The term "Hard Twist"

refers to the old Manila hemp lariat rope that is tightly twisted. Van Cleve recognized that the term could also refer to a small, compact, physically strong person that rarely breaks – much like women of the West.

"We are thrilled to have Barbara Van Cleve's 'Hard Twist' exhibit featured at the Museum," said Dr. Diana Vela, National Cowgirl Museum and Hall of Fame Associate Executive Director, Exhibits and Education. "The photographs of ranch women during ordinary moments in their day, are really quite extraordinary in their ability to capture personal moments in the midst of some rather difficult ranch tasks."

Please visit, www.cowgirl.net



Kim Davis Barmann, CS Ranch,
Cimarron, New Mexico, 1986

NEW MUSIC

Tessy Lou and The Shotgun Stars

Leaving Montana

Warehouse Records/www.warehouserecords.com



Young Montana native Tessy Lou Williams' passion for music and songwriting is in her "genes," as her parents, Kenny and Claudia Williams, formed the core of a western musical legend in Montana – the band Montana Rose. One of her earliest memories





was falling asleep in a guitar case backstage, dreaming and singing along to the country folk tunes of the band. Given all that legacy –



Claudia Williams

young Tessy and her band's debut album, *Leaving Montana*, chronicles, sort of, her travels from her home state, through Nashville, to Austin, Texas. The band is great and her voice is spectacular. The songs are all

Tessy Lou who shares writing credits with her long time friend and co-writer Kandee Spaulding and Jimbeau Hinson. The beauty of this album is it's accessible nature. The daughter of the founders of what is considered Montana's greatest bar band has listened and learned. She has surrounded herself with a superb band capable of anything – Bryan Paugh's fiddle and Brook Langton's steel guitar, along with our pal, Mike Beck on electric B-bender guitar – are seasoned pros. A star is nurtured. www.tessylouwilliams.com

Eli Barsi

Portrait of a Cowgirl

Red Truck International Records/www.elibarsi.com

Recording Artist Eli Barsi brings the prestigious Wrangler Award home to Canada. She was honored April 12 in Oklahoma City, being the first Canadian woman to receive the bronze sculpture for "Outstanding Western Composition" for her song "Portrait of a Cowgirl," by the National Cowboy & Western Heritage Museum.

While in Oklahoma, Eli's home province of Saskatchewan, Canada, held their 25th annual Country Music Awards [SCMA]. Eli was also recognized at this event with 2 awards for The 2014 Roots Artist and Roots Album of the Year.

The Wrangler Award winning song, "Portrait of a Cowgirl," is the 3rd single release



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Joe Bee/er
(1936 - 2006) 9



Sugar for the Trail

from Eli's 13th album with the same name. With this song Eli pays tribute to her Mom, who was once a one room school house teacher on the prairies of Saskatchewan, farmers wife for 60 years, 4-H leader, and long standing community volunteer. This comes on the heels of the Canadian release of this song and video. Barsi said, "I couldn't be more pleased by this honor and it certainly is good timing. I wrote this song for someone that has inspired me my entire life, I never dreamed that this personal story would make such a difference to so many outside of my family. What a blessing!"

Eli's new album can be found on i-Tunes [Eli Barsi – *Portrait of a Cowgirl*] and by visiting her website www.elibarsi.com.

Hattie Craven

Eleven

Blender Logic Arts/www.hattiecraven.com

Recently we attended a wonderful, outdoor music festival in Carmel Valley and in the midst of all the action, witnessed a star being born. The people in the audience suspected young Hattie Craven was something special, but when she picked up her ukulele and started singing, accompanied by her father Joe Craven on mandolin – it was obvious we were seeing the beginnings of a big talent.



At 12 years

of age, Hattie has already released her first CD, way back in 2013. *Eleven* features eleven masterfully executed and eclectic tunes – from Van Morrison's "Brown Eyed Girl" to "Colors of the Wind" from Disney's animated feature *Pocahontas*. These, along with songs written by Hattie and very talented members of her family – including her father Joe Craven – who is listed as playing everything from mandolin to congas to caffeine. Hattie is a budding singer/songwriter and ukulele player and has performed an impressive variety of theatrical productions, concerts and major music festivals throughout California.

According to her family, she is known as the "Energizer Bunny" of the Craven clan, operating on two speeds – "off" and "full." As Hattie says of her first CD, "With this project, I decided to celebrate songs of positivity and togetherness, popular songs in the styles of Jazz, Traditional Folk, Reggae, Latin and other roots music. These songs have allowed me to take the first few steps on this inspirational journey of learning to honor myself and others." You can hear some of Hattie's music and order her CD at www.hattiecraven.com





Neil Young *A Letter Home*

Reprise and Third Man Records

Here's one of those stories about someone doing something – simply because they could. After making records for fifty years, Neil Young has created something very personal and very contrary, considering his current push for pure, high fidelity sound. As Alan Petridis wrote recently in *The Guardian*, "...as the staunch defender of the importance of high-fidelity sound, (Young's) taken it upon himself to release arguably the lowest-fidelity album ever made by a major artist. *A Letter Home* was made in a restored 1947 Voice-O-Graph booth fairground attraction that allowed users to take home a vinyl record of their voice. The result is muffled, distorted and buried beneath layers of crackle and hiss." The album is filled with Youngian covers of songs from Bob Dylan to Phil Ochs to Bruce Springsteen. Here's just a few of the songs Young covers – frankly, magically – and all those hisses and pops only add to the moments: the Everly Brothers' "I Wonder Why I Care As Much," sung as a duet with his partner in the project, Jack White; Gordon Lightfoot's "If You Could Read My Mind"; Willy Nelson's "On The Road Again"; Bruce Springsteen's "My Home Town" (incredible) and arguably the darkest yet most fascinating, Bert Jansch's "Needle of Death."

In the boxed set you get a ton of stuff – booklets, clear vinyl singles, two vinyl LPs and a handmade, "distressed" box complete with hand applied packing tape holding down Young's picture, hand-lettered with a Sharpie. Considering how incredibly busy Neil Young is today, *A Letter Home* seems like just that. And like a considerate, anticipated letter, it's worth waiting at the mailbox for. Hear some at www.neilyoung.com



GREAT HATS

Our pal Trent Johnson of Greeley Hat Works hand makes some of the West's finest hats and to each he brings his own creative character to make sure each customer gets a piece of headwear that celebrates the individual. See his extremely cool hats at www.greeleyhatworks.com



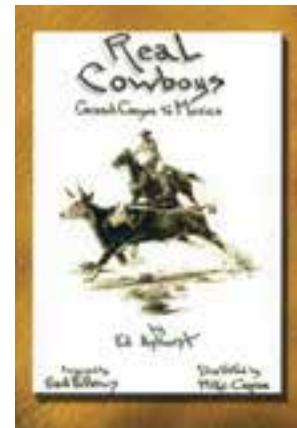
SOME RECENT BOOKS FOR THE NIGHTSTAND

Real Cowboys – Grand Canyon to Mexico

Ed Ashurst

Ed Ashurst Publishing, Douglas, Arizona

This fine little volume found its way here through the generosity of artist Fred Fellows. Fred has been a member of the Cowboy Artists of America for over 45 years and wrote the forward to Mr. Ashurst's wonderful book of stories about cowboys and stockmen Ed has known and worked with over his years in the saddle on some of Arizona's greatest outfits. As Fred Fellows says of Mr. Ashurst, "Ed has cowboyed for 50 years on the Babbit, Yolo, Muleshow, 7-Up, ORO and was the wagon boss on the Diamond A, arguably Arizona's biggest ranch. What Ed says about cowboys and ranch life you can take to the bank." This a wonderful collection of stories and remembrances of stockmen he admires from "Grand Canyon to Mexico." The book proves a point once made by poet Baxter Black about the longevity of the cowboy life – "The cowboy is not gone," Black said, "he's just a little hard to see from the Interstate. For more information on the book, email azgabbyashurst@gmail.com

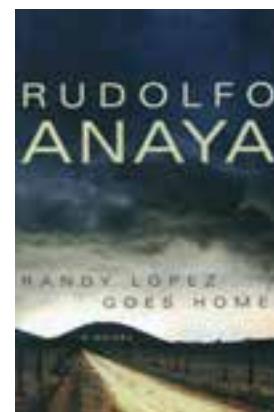


Randy Lopez Goes Home

Rudolfo Anaya

University of Oklahoma Press

This journal believes strongly in the contributions Latino and Chicano writers have given to the culture of the West. Arnold Rojas' books and writings celebrated here in the past are critical ties to the vaquero culture of the last century and before. Writer and poet Rudolfo Anaya is considered one of the most important writers in contemporary Chicano literature. His 2011 book, *Randy Lopez Goes Home*, is volume 9 in the Chicana & Chicano Visions of the Americas series published by the University of Oklahoma Press. The book centers on the spiritual journey of one Randy Lopez who is returning to his village in Mexico after seeking his fortune in the Anglo world to the north as a writer. After reaping some success there he has found something is missing and must reconnect with his past. This is a story of self-discovery as he comes home to tackle life's big questions starting in a haunted canyon that leads to his ancestral home. This is a thought provoking page-turner for young and old alike.

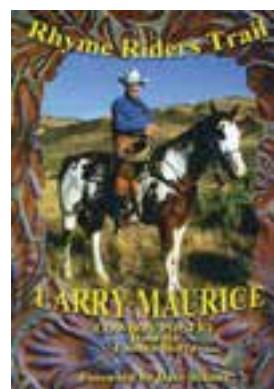


Rhyme Riders Trail

Larry Maurice

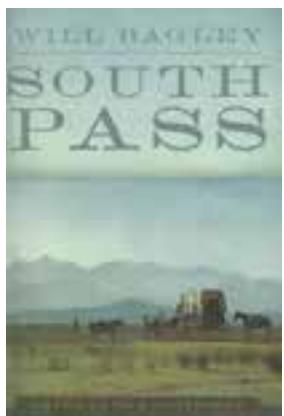
www.rhymeriderstrail.com

Our pal cowboy poet Larry Maurice released his new book of writing and poems and it is wonderful. Larry counts about everyone in the West as his friend and in his foreword to the book, Dave Stamey says of the author, "Larry uses words, and his huge, open-hearted unconditional love of the west to work his art." For the past 35 years Larry Maurice has worked as a cowboy, mule packer, horse wrangler, ski instructor and western entertainer. Larry's poems speak of a place he adores and listening to him recite live, one can't help but feel the wonder he feels every moment he spends "out there." A great and uplifting read.

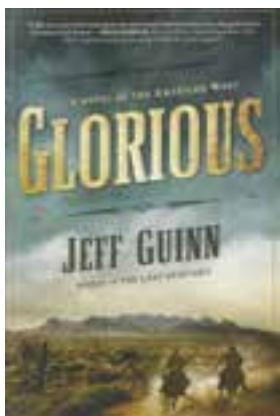




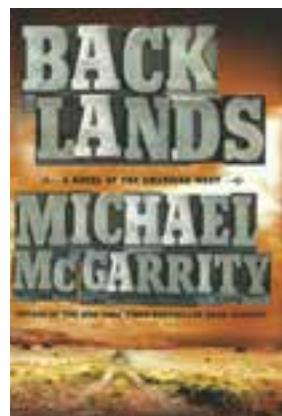
...AND FROM THE WESTERN WRITERS OF AMERICA BOOKSHELF



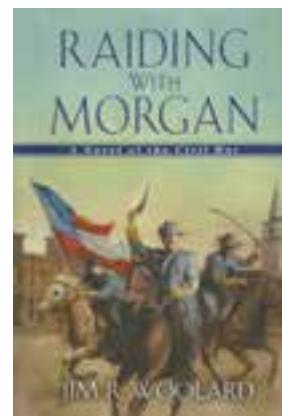
In South Pass: Gateway to a Continent, Spur-winning historian Will Bagley recreates the rich history of Wyoming's legendary South Pass, which President Dwight D. Eisenhower designated as one of America's first National Historic Landmarks. (University of Oklahoma Press).



Jeff Guinn, author of popular nonfiction titles such as *Manson: The Life and Times of Charles Manson* and *Go Down Together: The True, Untold Story of Bonnie and Clyde*, turns to fiction in *Glorious*, the first installment of a sweeping trilogy of the Old West. (Putnam)



Acclaimed mystery novelist Michael McGarrity continues to delve into the settling of the West in *Back Lands*, his sequel to his first historical novel of the West, the New York Times bestseller *Hard Country*. (Dutton)



Call it a Mid-Western. Spur-winning frontier novelist Jim R. Woolard of Ohio turns to John Hunt Morgan's 1863 Civil War raid in *Raiding With Morgan*, about a 17-year-old Kentuckian who joins Morgan's Rebels and searches for the father he has never met. (Kensington)

See more at www.westernwriters.org



Our friend sculptor Pat Roberts sent along a photo of her new bronze titled, *Buckaroo*, taken by artist Stephan Lang, that picked up a silver medal recently at the San Dimas Festival of the Arts and Western Exhibit. Pat does some very beautiful and highly collected work. See more at patrobertssculpture.com

PAT ROBERTS



WESTERN STYLE WITH ASHLEY RIGGS

Publisher's Note: Thus starts a new part of Of Note. A year ago our June/July issue 3.2 cover featured a photograph by Robb Kendrick of a young ranch girl from Elko, Nevada. Later in our Holiday issue 3.4, we introduced you to the photos subject Ashley Riggs in a story by Thea Marx. Ashley went on to study fashion at Parsons The New School of Design. Today she works in menswear design and still draws on family inspiration from the home ranch in Nevada. Each issue Ashley will bring us up to speed on what she sees as trending now in fashion, interiors and design – influenced by the American West. To start, let's get to know her a little bit better.

I grew up in the Northeastern corner of Nevada where my dad was the cow boss for a big-outfit between Elko and Carlin. My mom, my constant inspiration, stayed at home with me and taught me the beginnings of my love of design. Growing up in Nevada's outback, and working alongside them in the sunshine and sagebrush, I soaked up not only the cowboy way but also my parent's unyielding creativity, can-do attitude, and sense of adventure. My father told me, "If you're going to learn something, make sure you learn from the best." He had that opportunity when he was in his twenties and spent time working horses with Tom and Bill Dorrance. He learned things beyond horses with those two and I have tried to soak up every word and story he shared with me of the time. All his guidance prepared me to set off on my own quest for learning.

Sight unseen, I applied and was accepted into Parsons, The New School for Design in New York. Four months later with two packed bags, I left Nevada and popped out the "A" subway line in Manhattan. Off I went, starting my journey towards a career in fashion.

Today I work designing menswear, and I am inspired by my love of – and my upbringing – in the West. I see Western influences in the likes of Chanel, Isabel Marant, Ralph Lauren and others in subtle and accessible ways. It's inherently American and it can fit into so many styles. America is re-discovering our heritage and appreciating "Well Made Here" in the wonderful USA and nothing could make me happier.

I am continually inspired by "western vintage." I love the uniqueness and enduring quality of it. I like to mix vintage pieces with new pieces and style them with accessories both new and old. That way I get to break in the new and make it my version of "vintage". But my real draw

to western apparel is the functional practicality and ease of its design and inherent style. It works with almost everything and almost anywhere! Silk scarves, tons of denim, working outerwear, the perfect chambray shirt...I could go on forever, and you'll see in the next issue. Hope you enjoy the ride!

To see some of my favorites, see my Pinterest boards at [ashley_e_riggs](#) and on Tumblr at [nynv-ashleyriggs.tumblr.com](#)



photo by Eryld Frydendahl



photo by Mary Riggs



Some favorites...

"Her unique take on vintage western wear is so refreshing. With just the right amount of detail, every piece in this collection is suitable for every-day wear."



Isabel Marant Fall 2012 Ready to Wear Collection

"This entire collection is one of my all-time favorites. I can look at it again and again to be inspired! I love the glamorous element mixed in with Western classics."



Ralph Lauren
Spring 2011 Ready to Wear Collection

"Shades of denim and indigo is one of my favorite ways to wear a Western look!"



Anne Vyalitsyna, Jan Welters for Elle France, March 2014

HOMES ON THE RANGE

If you are looking for a new spread or just a place to call home, our friends at Mason & Morse have some great new places to dream about. Learn more at www.ranchland.com



Tybar Ranch, Carbondale, Colorado

Located in the central Rocky Mountains of Colorado, Tybar Ranch consists of 780 +/- acres of scenic and highly productive irrigated land. The ranch is world renowned for the development and production of high altitude Registered Angus breeding stock, features spectacular hunting, and offers numerous recreational opportunities. Ranch improvements include a main home, two manager/guest apartments, an equipment shed, three hay sheds, numerous corrals and barns that include the 22,000 square foot Prince Creek barn with an indoor arena area measuring 18,000 square feet. Tybar Ranch is secluded, yet close to town and includes panoramic views of the surrounding mountain ranges and Mount Sopris.

Sweet Grass Ranch on the Yellowstone

in Big Timber, Montana

Sweet Grass Ranch on the Yellowstone is a 1,571+/- deeded acre scenic ranch, which enjoys Yellowstone River frontage and commanding views of both the Crazy Mountains and the Absaroka-Beartooth Mountain Range. The ranch includes 76 acres under pivot, 59 acres of flood irrigated hay ground plus an additional 250+ acres currently under development. The ranch is fenced and cross-fenced for grazing rotation on dry land pasture with seasonal Hangman's Creek and several stock water ponds providing water for both wildlife and livestock. The historic ranch headquarters include a smaller log cabin, corrals and barns. A newly built large log home is surrounded by cottonwoods and is situated to take advantage of the mountain views and several developed ponds which attract an abundance of wildlife to the ranch.



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TOP 50 RANCH GETAWAYS

If you are looking for a superb ranch vacation – your one-stop is Top 50 Ranches (top50ranches.com). Jody Dahl and her crew have put together an adventure of a website. 50 of the best places set to give you the ultimate western vacation. Each issue we will share some information on one of the ranches recommended by Top 50.



Jody Dahl

The Ranch at Rock Creek Philipsburg, Montana



Philipsburg, Montana's Hope Mill was the first silver mill in Montana, and nearby Granite Mill was the greatest silver producer in the state. The Ranch at Rock Creek was originally a mining claim in the late 1800s. Somewhere around the turn of the century, The Ranch was homesteaded by W.W. Shaffer and P.W. White and has since been operated continuously as a working cattle ranch.

Current owner, Jim Manley, purchased the property in 2007 after a lifetime search for the perfect ranch and he found it at The Ranch at Rock Creek. It offers upscale, luxurious accommodations and provides the perfect

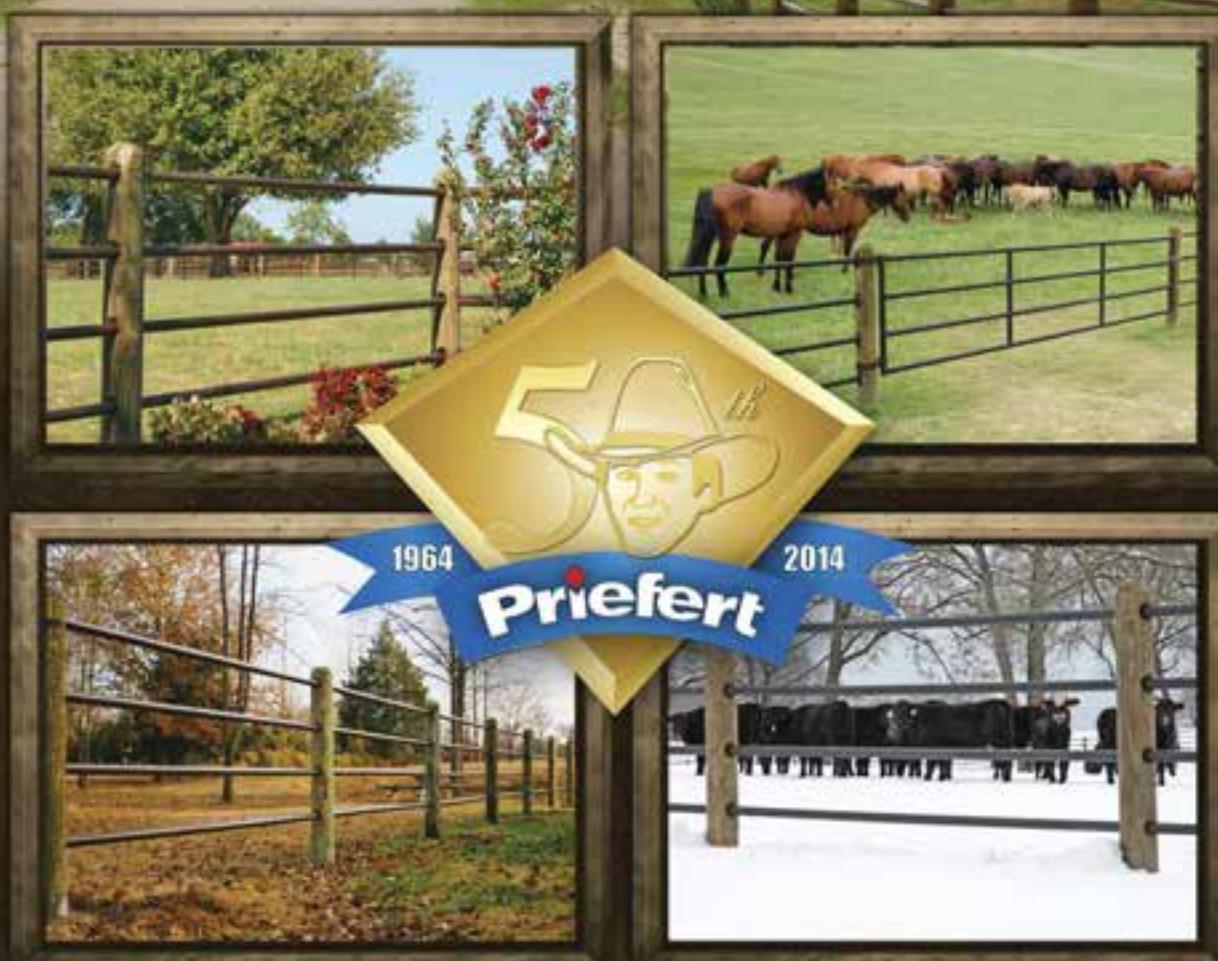
playground for children and adults alike. Although originally intended mainly for friends and family, Manley decided to open The Ranch to guests to ensure that his children would one day inherit the property and to welcome others who shared his dream of Western adventure.

The Ranch Today

With the exception of nearby Philipsburg (population approximately 930 persons), you will put anywhere from 30 to 50 miles of mountains, meadows, lakes and streams between yourself and any real evidence of civilization once



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OF NOTE |

you arrive. Whether you're looking for big mountain adventure, peaceful strolls by Rock Creek, relaxing spa treatments or all three, you've arrived at the right place. While they can't take credit for the scenery, the team at The Ranch have designed their guest ranch to offer a unique Western style of a luxury getaway. From the carefully decorated rooms in the Granite Lodge to the unforgettable 'glamping' experience' in our Canvas Cabins, they strive to maximize your comfort, enhance your enjoyment and allow you to relax fully. No matter what you



The Ranch encourages guests to enjoy Montana's fresh air and "Big Sky" while walking to and from activities. In addition, a mountain bike is provided for each guest upon arrival. Traditional shuttles are also available. See more of The Ranch at Rock Creek at www.top50ranches.com

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have come here looking for or whom you're traveling with, The Ranch offers something for everyone and many unforgettable memories will be made.

Nature and the Environment

The Ranch at Rock Creek comprises more than 6,600 acres (or approximately 10 square miles) of ranchland nestled at the base of the John Long Mountains and encompassing four miles of river frontage along Rock Creek. The Ranch borders the Deer Lodge National Forest with views of the Flint Creek Range to the east.

TUF COOPER PARTNERS WITH AMERICAN HAT

American Hat Company is excited to partner with World Champion Tie Down Roper and Professional Rodeo's Youngest Millionaire, Tuf Cooper. The partnership will include an Exclusively Designed collection featuring felts and straws designed by Tuf Cooper for American Hat Company. "We are excited to be associated with Tuf Cooper," said Keith Mundee, President of American Hat Company. "Tuf Cooper symbolizes all of the characteristics of American Hat Company; integrity, quality and the determination to be the very best." The Exclusively Designed collection will launch January 2015 at the Denver International Western/English Apparel & Equipment Market. The collection will consist of Tuf Cooper's signature straw hats with felt hats to follow. Please visit www.americanhat.net.





This year's event is held at Big Horn County Fair Grounds in Hardin, Montana.

July 11 – 13. Events include a Ranch Rodeo – with Indian Relay and Women's Steer Stopping (!!), Working Ranch Horses classes, Ranch Bronc Riding and a Cowboy Trade Show. For more information contact wjroundup@gmail.com

THE FOURTH ANNUAL WILL JAMES ROUNDUP

This is a great event as money raised goes to the refurbishment of the Will James Buildings at the Big Horn County Museum. Will James Roundup is a non-profit organization dedicated to the memory of the cowboy artist and writer.



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Please contact Andrew Barclay
at andrew@mfha.com
for more information.



A WORD ABOUT THE SPORT OF CUTTING – IN A CLASS ALL ITS OWN



When American cowboys of the 1800s began using their best horses to separate individual cows from a herd, it was part of the daily job. They would never have imagined cutting as one of the world's most popular equine sports. But each year, thousands of cutting events across the country – and the world – attract riders ages 8 to 80.

Cutting reflects real world skills of the horse and cow culture, especially with regards to doctoring and branding cattle. In competitive cutting, a horse and rider select a single calf from a herd of cattle and drive it out to the center of the arena. It is then that the magic of cutting comes alive as the rider must "drop his hand," meaning make no contact with the reins, and let the horse hold the cow by preventing it to get back to the herd. The feeling aboard is like

no other as the rider is truly just along for the ride – rather the dance – between the horse and chosen cow. During competition, a horse and rider will typically cut two to three cows during a ninety second run, and receive points based on their performance.

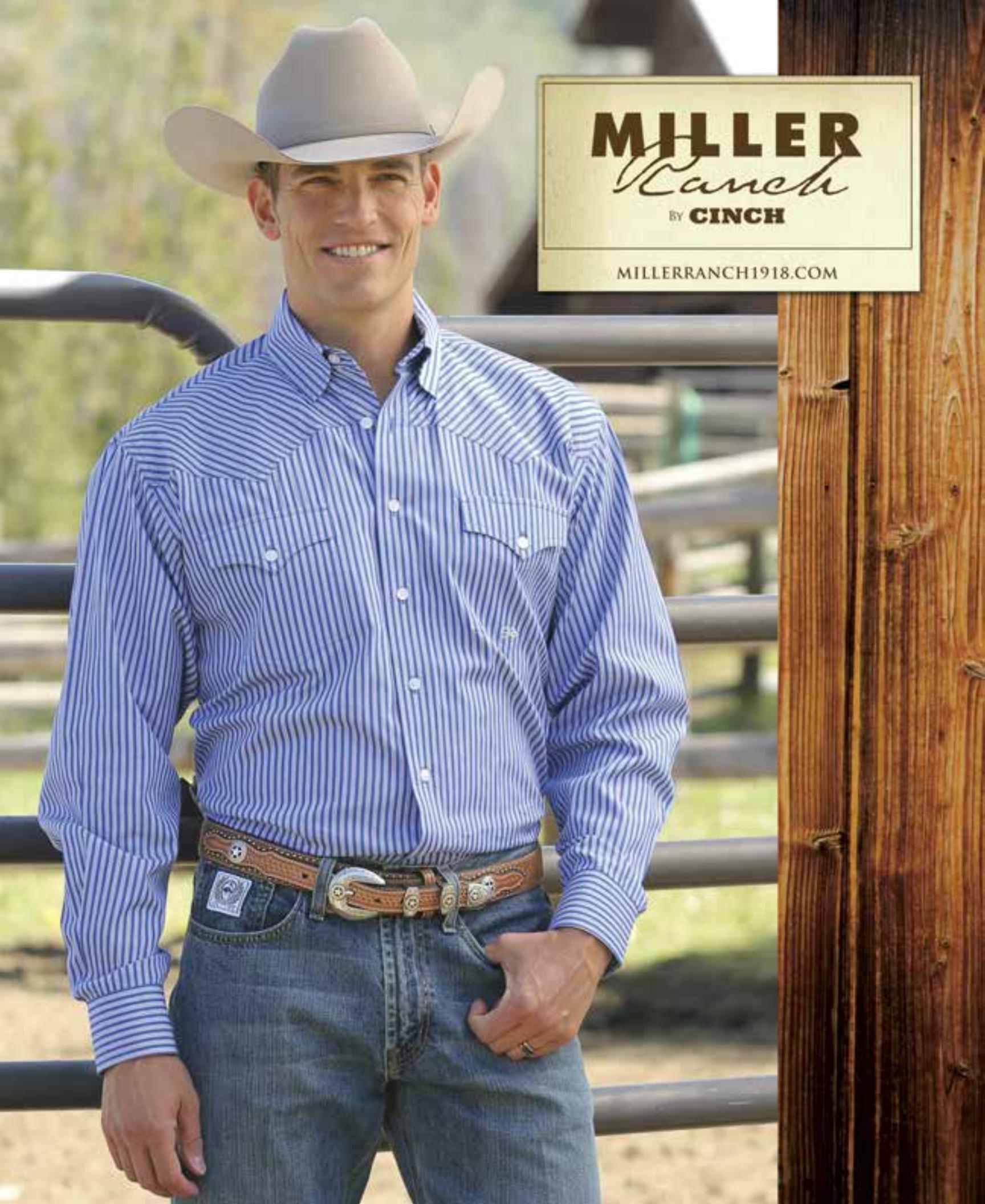
Today, cutting is among the richest of equine sports with total purses at NCHA-approved shows (National Cutting Horse Association) exceeding \$37 million annually. Cutting's Triple Crown events take place in Fort Worth, Texas, every year beginning with the NCHA Super Stakes in April. The NCHA Summer Spectacular



spans from the middle of July through the first week in August and the final leg of the NCHA Triple Crown is the World Championship Futurity where trainers and owners from all over the world bring their best 3-year-old cutting horses to vie for more than \$4 million in payouts and the prestigious NCHA Futurity Champion title. Canadian singer/songwriter Ian Tyson, himself a cutting enthusiast, has been quoted as describing the sport as "the disease for which there is no cure." See for yourself and visit www.nchacutting.com for more information.



Cutting buckle from Comstock Heritage/Old Cowdogs inspired by the rides of Don Dodge.



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BY HAND AND HEART

A New Line on the Pedigree

David Rigby represents his generation's place in the lineage of custom saddlemaking.



By Melissa Mylchreest

If horseman Kip Fladland calls you "one of the premier saddlemakers" of your generation, you know you're doing something right. The horsemanship clinician used just such words to describe David Rigby, a young saddlemaker based in Idaho Falls, Idaho.

"David's coming up in the ranks," Fladland says. "In 10 years, he'll be one of the most sought-after saddle builders in the country."

Fladland owns a Rigby saddle, and has long admired the craftsman's work. Getting Rigby to acknowledge

photo courtesy David Rigby



Idaho saddlemaker David Rigby and a work in progress.

his own talent, though, is akin to pulling teeth; a conversation with him is peppered with self-criticism.

"I wouldn't say I build the best saddle in the world," he insists. "I try to do a good job."

Despite his modesty, Rigby enjoys a growing reputation among horsemen. At a craftsman's exhibition at the 2014 National Cowboy Poetry Gathering, his work drew both crowds and accolades. Still, he remains humble, quick to recall his early days as an apprentice, fresh out of high school and unsure of what he



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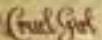
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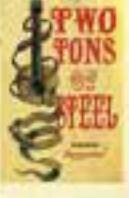


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wanted to do with his life. By happenstance, he wound up in a saddlemaking class.

"I wasn't a fast learner," he confesses. "I didn't do the



Amy Carpenter/courtesy David Rigby

Rigby's finished product reflects the influence of Frecker, as well as Frecker's own mentor, Dale Harwood.

best work and didn't have natural ability. It's probably a miracle he kept me around."

"He," in this case, was the course's teacher, renowned Montana saddlemaker Kent Frecker, who doesn't entirely disagree with Rigby when it comes to his early days in the craft.

"When David first came to me, he probably showed the least potential of any student I've ever taught," Frecker says. "But he turned out to be the best student I've ever had."

Rigby's turnaround was such that, after the course concluded, Frecker hired Rigby, and a mentor-protégé relationship quickly formed. The two spent the next 14 years building saddles in the same shop.

Frecker chalks up Rigby's success to persistence and determination, as well as a willingness to turn a critical

eye to his work.

"The truest test of a craftsman is whether you can judge your work and see where you need to make improvements, without somebody having to point it out," Frecker says. "David is one of those types. He sees where he can make improvements, and he makes them."

Rigby credits Frecker with teaching him the majority of what he knows about saddlemaking, and lists him as one of his biggest inspirations. But Rigby isn't the only one of the duo who has been inspired; Frecker says he's learned from his pupil a good deal about the human spirit.

From a young age, Rigby has been plagued by a series of unfortunate – and serious – medical issues, including cancer and several major surgeries, including a partial leg amputation.

"With all of these trials, I've never heard him complain once about his situation in life," Frecker says. "He doesn't sit around and feel sorry for himself. He just never gives up. When they took his leg, his mom called me from the hospital and asked if I'd come down. I was in the room when the doctor came in and talked to David about some of the activities he likes to do, to determine where to amputate the leg so a prosthesis would fit his lifestyle. David told the doctor, 'You can amputate my leg as long as I can still make saddles.'"

If Rigby's past weighs on him, he doesn't let on. In fact, he'll forget to mention any of his misfortunes when



invited to talk about his life; he'd rather talk about opportunity, hard work, family, and saddles.

Today, Rigby works from his own shop, but still gets most of his orders through Frecker. That suits the up-and-coming artisan, for the time being.

"There's always that itch to expand," he says. "But I don't want to break out big. I would like to branch out and learn some of the other ends of saddlemaking, though, and incorporate what I do on saddles into other media."

Changes in clientele and the saddle market, Rigby says, present intriguing challenges. Lightweight saddles are in demand, he explains, and buyers prefer unique, personalized designs. Rigby finds that contemporary saddle buyers tend to do their research before approaching a maker with an order.

"Customers are far more informed than they've ever been," he says, "and they want to know even more."

Fladland, an Iowa horseman who spent years working for and traveling with Buck Brannaman, recalls his experience collaborating with Rigby on a saddle design.

"When I ordered my saddle, I had some things in mind," Fladland says. "David said, 'Sounds good, but

what do you think about this?' He was accommodating of everything I wanted, but also had ideas that were better than what I'd come up with, not just from the saddlemaker's point of view, but for the guy that rides the dang thing all the time. I thought, 'Why didn't I think of that?'"

Frecker represents the youngest branch on a saddlemakers' pedigree that reaches deep into the past. Frecker learned the trade from master craftsman Dale Harwood, who himself learned from some of the early 20th century's most influential makers. Such lineage matters to clients like Fladland.

"David learned from one of the top five in the country," the horseman says, "and they learned from the best in the country."

It's a tradition Rigby hopes to continue. If there's a genetic component to saddlemaking, his two young sons are close to purebred, as Rigby's father-in-law also builds saddles. Even if his own children don't take up leatherwork, though, Rigby hopes to mentor aspiring craftsmen.

"You hear people say saddlemaking is a dying art," he says. "Compared to what it was a hundred years ago, sure. In my book, though, there's still lots of knowledge out there. It's just changing."



photo courtesy David Rigby

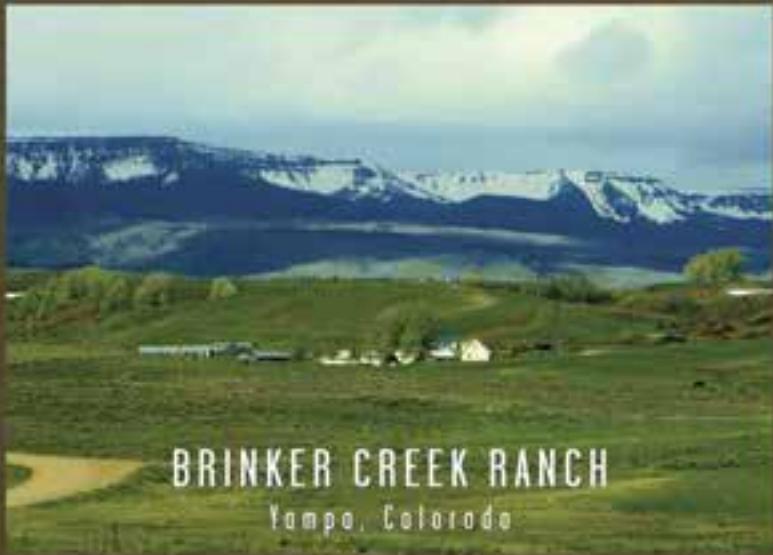
Rigby worked side-by-side with Kent Frecker for many years, but now works from his own Idaho Falls shop. The two continue a close working relationship, with most of Rigby's orders coming via Frecker.

Melissa Mylchreest is a writer living in Montana.



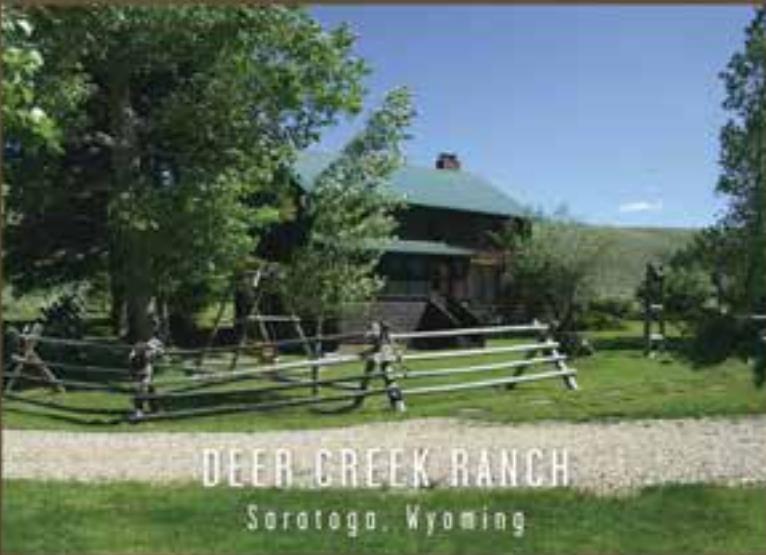


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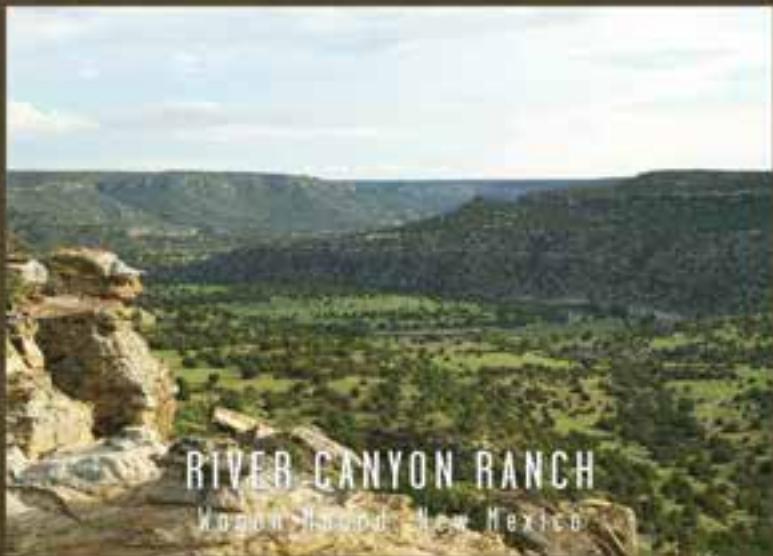
Yampa, Colorado



DEER CREEK RANCH

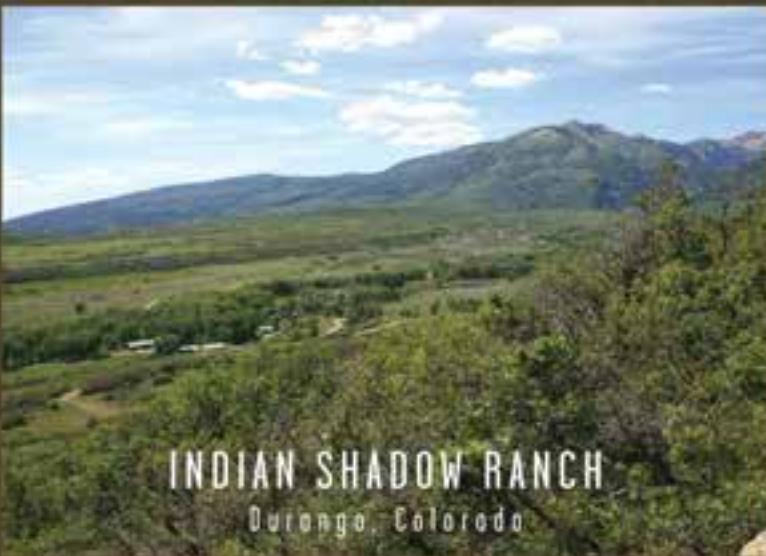
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VISTA VERDE GUEST RANCH

Steamboat Springs, Colorado

Steamboat Springs, Colorado - Shadowed by the rugged peaks of the snowcapped Zirkel Range, the 587-acre Vista Verde Guest Ranch has direct access to national forest and includes over 90,000 square feet of upscale improvements offering adventure, outstanding cuisine and indulgence to guests from around the world. This exclusive luxury guest ranch is one of only three ranches in the nation awarded the prestigious AAA Four Diamond rating. Located thirty minutes north of Steamboat Springs and convenient to the Yampa Valley Regional Airport, Vista Verde Guest Ranch is offered turn-key at \$19,900,000. Christy Belton, 970.734.7885



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BOOKS TO FIND

Bronzes, Poetry and Tying Knots

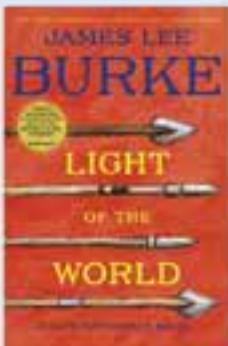
One of the culturally charming qualities of western art – and especially, western sculpture – is how it brings out those old, suppressed, Manifest Destiny feelings in some people. Especially when western sculpture is displayed “in town.” Discussions can be heard in polite company that the 19th century perspective about this country’s inevitable expansion is currently, rather politically incorrect. Yet one wonders how a depiction of a guy on a bucking horse supports politically incorrect perspectives rather than being simply a then contemporary, albeit romantic expression of the “wonder that was the American West adventure” created in the classic Greeley take on the whole concept.

Yeah, that’s it – blame Horace Greeley!

All this is an ironic lead in to a rather incredible exhibit from earlier this year, “The American West in Bronze, 1850-1925” at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York that went through mid-April. The exhibit is now available to be seen at the Denver Art Museum through August 31, 2014 and then will travel to China. Those “MD” emotions bubbled to the surface when the show opened in New York when – in his review of the show in the *New York Times*, Ken Johnson pretty well dismissed the show as “troubling, because it underplays a real-world history of appalling violence and evil, to which the sculptures appear oblivious.”



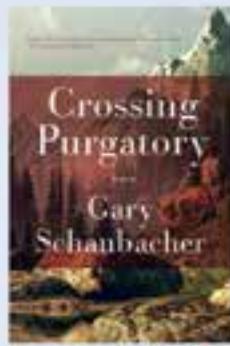
Western Writers of America 2014 SPUR® AWARD WINNERS



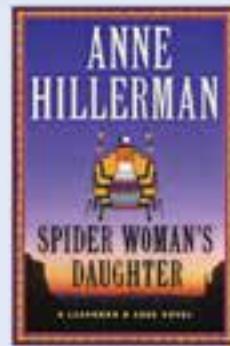
Best Western Contemporary Novel
Light of the World: A Dave Robicheaux Novel
James Lee Burke (Simon & Schuster)



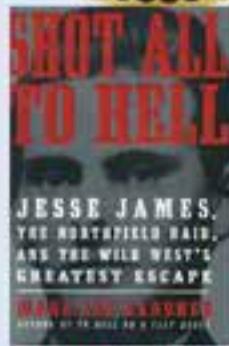
Best Western Historical Novel
Silvertip
Henry Chappell (Texas Tech University Press)



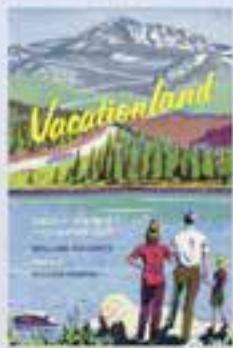
Best Western Traditional Novel
Crossing Purgatory
Gary Schaubacher (Pegasus)



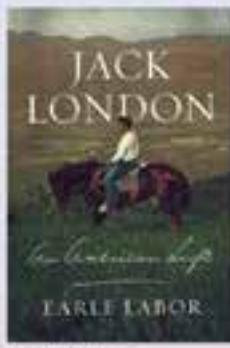
Best First Novel
Spider Woman's Daughter
Anne Hillerman (HarperCollins)



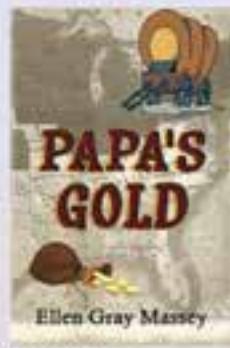
Best Western Nonfiction – Historical
Shot all to Hell: Jesse James, the Northfield Raid, and the Wild West's Greatest Escape
Mark Lee Gardner (William Morrow/HarperCollins).



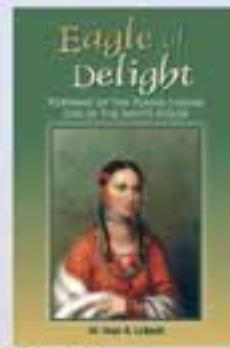
Best Western Nonfiction – Contemporary
Vacationland: Tourism and Environment in the Colorado High Country
William Philipps (University of Washington Press)



Best Western Nonfiction – Biography
Jack London: An American Life
Earle Labor (Farrar, Straus and Giroux)



Best Western Juvenile Fiction
Papa's Gold
Ellen Gray Massey (Pen-L)



Best Western Juvenile Nonfiction
Eagle of Delight: Portrait of the Plains Indian Girl in the White House
Jean A. Lukesh (Field Mouse Productions)



Storyteller (Best Illustrated Children's Book)
Yosemite's Songster: One Coyote's Story
Ginger Wadsworth (author) and Daniel San Souci (illustrator) (Yosemite Conservancy)



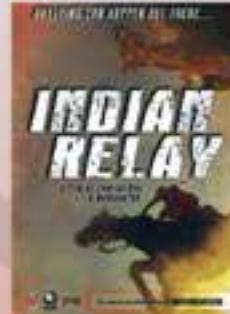
Best Western Short Fiction Story
"Cabin Fever"
Brett Cogburn (High Hill Press)



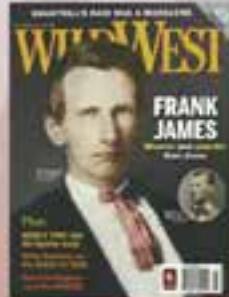
Best Western Poem
"Chamise"
Amy Glynn (*Orion*)



Best Western Song
"Still Here"
Waddie Mitchell and Juni Fisher (Red Garter Music)



Best Western Documentary Script
Indian Relay
M.L. Smoker (Dye Works Film)



Best Western Short Nonfiction
"The Other James Brother"
Mark Lee Gardner (*Wild West*)

No award given for Best Western Drama Script



Blizzard – Solon Hannibal Borglum, 1900

Really? Oblivious? The review goes on describing the mood of the show as “nostalgic and regretful.” Wow. We’ll stop there as frankly, *Ranch & Reata* ain’t the *New York Times* (Bumper stickers to be available soon.) and our view is that this show depicts well the actual purpose – the intent of these pieces – at the time. Not from hindsight filled perspective and safety of the future.

In the over 60 sculptures presented in the exhibit – with most depicted in a glorious companion volume published by the Metropolitan Museum of Art and distributed by the Yale University Press – the perceived essence of the “West of the Era” – of a nation’s adventure – has been captured. Noted western scholar, Brian Dippie wrote in his contribution to the book, “It was a simple epic, really, a nation’s creation myth. The story of America was the story of civilization’s triumphant advance across a continent, as transplanted Europeans transformed a wilderness, displaced a native race, and were themselves transformed into Americans. The West loomed large in the epic as fact – the land to the West of settled areas yet to be



Slim – Alexander Proctor, 1914



The Broncho Buster – Frederick Remington, 1895 (cast 1906)

occupied – and as idea. Out there, after overcoming every obstacle that lay between the seeker and the goal, was eternal happiness in a mythic home for heroes. ‘The West of the Imagination,’ as William H. Goetzmann called it, was everything an American idea should be. Deeply rooted in European culture, it was nevertheless unburdened by the past. It was all hope and yearning, enticing and elusive.”

Elusive. Like those bucking horse rides. This book is a grand journey through of some of the great sculptures of the western experience of the era. No apology necessary.

www.metmuesum.org

Chapman's West

The iconic poem, “Out Where The West Begins” was written by journalist and author, Arthur Chapman (1873 -1935). He wrote it in 1912, as he was, according to his obituary, “a prolific poet – he wrote of all sorts of things – the pony express, of science, of skyscrapers and New York. But he knew his West and he wrote the poem after reading of a discussion of state governors as to where geographically the West actually began. When he wrote it, it was almost on a dare and he first considered

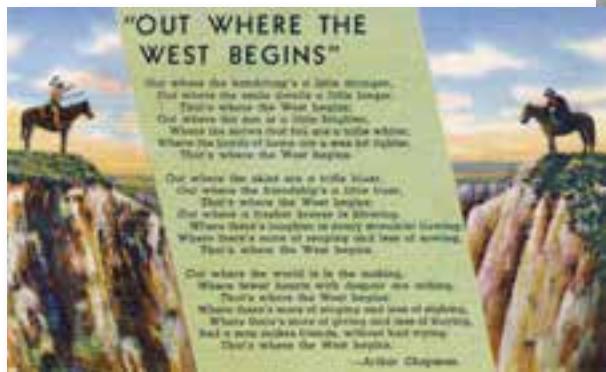


RANCHO  ESTANCIA

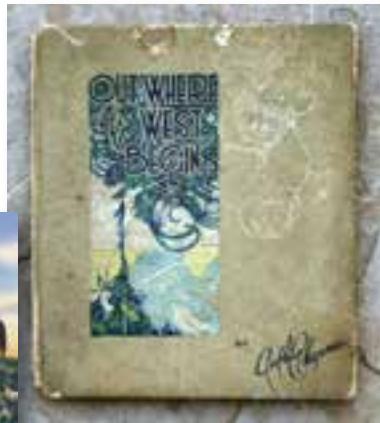
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it too unimportant to even copyright." His mistake. The poem went on to be one of the most beloved poems of the region and was quoted, printed worldwide and even put to music several times. It



can be found in many forms but Chapman finally copyrighted the poem in a book of his western verse, which carries the name of his most famous poem as its title. He wrote hundreds of poems and published several novels including *Mystery Ranch*, a book of murder and intrigue on an Indian reservation. Chapman is a fascinating character yet he is remembered primarily for this little invitational poem – all twenty-one lines – about a special and mystical place. The poem and the book, in a newer, not as glorious edition as the depicted special edition, is available at amazon.com

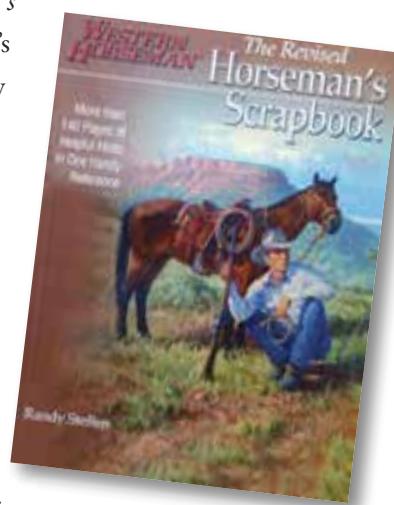


Why Knot?

The late historian, artist and *Western Horseman* contributor, Randy Steffen, created hundreds of "Horseman Tips" for that magazine's readers in the form of highly detailed line drawings. His drawings first appeared in the

January 1953 issue under the eye of then editor, the late Dick Spencer. Steffen was a graduate of the Naval academy and throughout his life was known for his detailed research. Over the years *Western Horseman* printed many of his tips and drawings along with a number of books about Randy's work. The best are still available in a sort of greatest hits volume, *Revised Horseman's Scrapbook*.

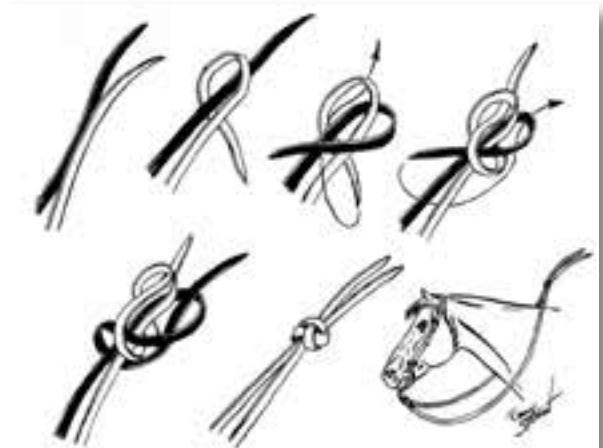
Randy's ability to apply nautical-based knots to everyday horseman needs is one of the aspects of the classic book's continuing appeal.



Knotting has been a skill of man

dating to the dawn of civilization, evolving from essential survival knowledge to also include many decorative purposes. Tying knots – especially decorative – became one of the earliest folk arts and the skills involved were, for many years, carefully guarded secrets.

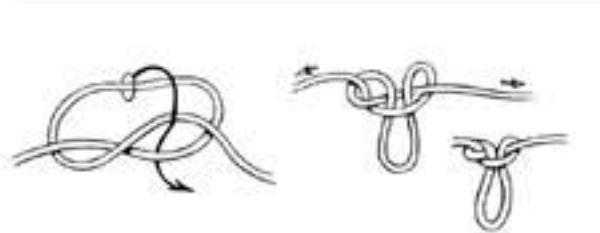
Many of the knots used in the working ways of the West had their origins aboard ships at sea, so it is natural



One of the most basic knots used around horses is a basic "Turk's Head" knot. A true "binder knot," the Turk's Head held many uses aboard ships as binder knots held two objects securely together. For the horseman, a simple Turk's Head adds a dash of style to a pair of split reins being tied together.

that the early vaqueros who lived and worked along the West coast ports would come in contact with the craft of their maritime counterparts. Time, being the vaquero's greatest resource, allowed him the opportunity to unravel and learn many useful nautical-based knots that could be applied in his land-based life.

At first, learning knot-tying was a person-to-person taught task. This, in contrast to today with literally hundreds of websites devoted to either the history of knot tying to many that carry "YouTube" type how-to videos bringing the skills right to you. Given all this wonderfully improved and seemingly unending



A single-strand stopper knot is the ideal solution for creating tie-up loops on a picket line. The knot is related to a slipknot but has a variety of looks.

information access – for the horseman's purpose – there are still two superb and must-have books that are indispensable when it comes to learning this unique cowboy craft. The book is available through *Western Horseman* and www.nrsworld.com.



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THE COOK HOUSE

Mike Hurst's Jambalaya



By Kathy McCraine

*Jambalaya, and a crawfish pie and filé gumbo
'Cause tonight I'm gonna see my ma cher amio
Pick guitar, fill fruit jar and be gay-o
Son of a gun, we'll have big fun on the bayou.*

Recorded in 1952, Hank Williams' popular song, "Jambalaya (On the Bayou)," hit number one on the Country charts for 14 non-consecutive weeks. Thanks to the continuing popularity of the song, the Creole and Cajun dish for which it was named is a household word today.

In Louisiana there are as many versions of jambalaya as there are cooks, but to me, the best jambalaya I ever ate was cooked at this year's Mardi Gras celebration in New Roads, Louisiana, by local Creole rancher Mike Hurst.

My husband, Swayze, his sister Maellen Langlois, and I

own a house on False River, just north of Baton Rouge. The "river" is an oxbow-shaped lake that was once a big bend in the Mississippi River, but was cut off from the main channel in 1722. The French settled what would become the town of New Roads in the 1720s on the north side of the lake and built the *Chemin Neuf* – French for "new road" – connecting False River to the Mississippi. Today, with a population of about 5,000, it's the hub of an agricultural community producing sugar cane, cotton, pecans, soybeans, corn and cattle.

It's also a resort community for tourists who enjoy



photos by Kathy McCraine

Mike and Carolyn Hurst.

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James Earle Fraser (1876-1953), *The End of the Trail*, Roman Bronze Works N.Y., 36" high, Estimate: \$300,000-500,000

boating and fishing on the lake. Today, rustic fish camps and piers, dating back to the turn of the century, vie for precious space with sprawling McMansions, most of which occupy, along with charming antebellum homes from the Civil War and before, the north side of the 14-mile lake. Our little house is on the south side, which locals refer to as “the island.”

We had come to False River to celebrate Mardi Gras, not the raucous binge of New Orleans fame, but the traditional country Mardi Gras that dates back to the Middle Ages. We were invited to a private *courir de Mardi Gras*, which was to take place on a plantation 60 miles away at Eunice. Traditionally, beer-drinking, costumed revelers ride horseback through the country, stopping at each house to dance and beg for ingredients for a community gumbo to be cooked that night. If the ingredient offered happens to be a live chicken, the riders have to chase it down and capture it.

Unfortunately, the winter of 2014 proved to be our nemesis. On Fat Tuesday, we woke up early to driving sleet and rain, with temperatures in the 20s. Just as we were leaving, we learned that highway 190 to Eunice had been closed due to icy conditions, and we were forced to cancel.

Plan B was to take the bass boat across the lake for the New Roads Mardi Gras parades. Mike and Carolyn Hurst were cooking a big jambalaya for friends in the garage of daughter Erica’s beauty salon downtown, providing a warm place to duck into between parades.

Touted as the oldest Mardi Gras celebration in the state, the two New Roads parades attract up to 100,000 people, who line the street 10 deep as everyone competes to catch beads thrown off the floats. As we’ve learned, it’s not wise to venture into New Roads by car on Mardi Gras day as, once in town, horseback patrolmen block every avenue of escape until long after the last parade.

However, none of us wanted to brave the icy pier and blowing sleet to cross the lake, so we took a chance on driving. At the salon, a group of men were huddled around a big black cast-iron pot Mike was stirring with a handmade spoon. The air was filled with the mouth-watering smell of frying Cajun sausage, pork, chicken and the vegetables that are a requisite in almost every Cajun or Creole dish – onions, bell peppers, celery and garlic.

At 53, Mike is a big man, BIG in big letters, a 6-foot-4 tower of muscles honed on a life of working cattle and pouring concrete, his other business. His black eyebrows and cropped mustache are peppered with gray, and his hooked nose gives him the look of a regal hawk. Jokingly he tells us in his Creole drawl that he is cooking up a jambalaya of possum and pig... well, something that shouldn’t be repeated in polite conversation. It turned out the pig meat in the pot was actually smoked pigtails, a south Louisiana specialty which gives the dish its smoky flavor.

Inside the salon, Carolyn was serving homemade eggnog, wine, chips and dips for snacking, and her sherry cake. She is petite, with skin the color of caramel sprinkled with freckles, and has a welcoming smile. She and Mike have been married 33 years, and raising cattle on the “island” for 23.

“Growing up in New Roads, I always wanted cows,” Mike says. “Like every other little boy, I’d pass those farms and ranches and dream of having my own some day.”

The concrete business enabled him eventually to buy land, and today he runs 140 cows, mostly Brangus. Pastureland on the island is typically set up “shotgun” style, narrow along the road bordering the lake, but stretching back a full mile. This layout dates back to old Spanish land grants which allowed everyone to have a piece of the lake.

Now that the Hurst’s son Lucas is grown, he



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oversees much of the concrete business, when he's not roping, allowing Mike to spend more time working his cattle. When the summer work and shipping are done, though, Mike indulges his other passion, cooking outside in his big cast-iron pots.

"Cooking is a way of life here," he says. "If you don't cook, there's something wrong with you, and when the cooks cook, the eaters and drinkers come. Sometimes the party lasts all night. And the black pot is the thing. If you don't cook in a black pot, you're nothing; they won't even eat your food."

Mike owns nine black pots, ranging from 12 quarts to a 45-gallon vessel that holds enough to cook 30 hens and gumbo for 600 people. He and Carolyn have cooked for numerous benefits, where local cooks donate time and food, usually preparing wild game like rabbit, turtle, squirrel, deer and fish. "Anything from the woods," Mike says.

And, while Carolyn gives Mike all the credit for the cooking, he is quick to say, "All I do is stir the pot." The two work as a team, with Carolyn chopping and preparing the ingredients that go in the pot, and running back and forth from the kitchen.

This Mardi Gras day, Mike was cooking jambalaya, plus a big pot of white beans, for about 25 friends. The first parade started at 11 a.m., so we reluctantly headed out to the street, where it was still 28 degrees and raining. Despite the weather, a small crowd lined the parade route, and we joined them, shivering under umbrellas. Sad to think of all the work that went into the homemade floats rolling by, and the bead throwers smiling bravely through chattering teeth, as they tossed their colorful beads to outstretched hands and shouts of, "Throw me somethin', mister!"

After the first parade, we headed back to the salon,

where Mike and Carolyn had lunch ready. Everyone agreed this was the coldest Mardi Gras they could remember, but the big plate of steaming jambalaya on my lap was the perfect antidote to a cold, rainy day. It was a Mardi Gras to remember.



Jambalaya

- 1 5-pound Boston butt pork roast
- 20 pounds chicken drumettes
- Tony Chachere's Creole Seasoning
- Granulated garlic
- 5-6 pounds Cajun sausage, sliced
- 1 pound pigtails (optional)
- 3 large onions, chopped
- 2 large bell peppers, chopped
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup minced garlic
- 1 whole stalk celery, chopped
- 5 ounces Worcestershire sauce
- 3 ounces soy sauce
- $\frac{3}{4}$ ounce Louisiana hot sauce
- 3 ounces Louisiana green sauce, such as Cajun Chef Green Hot Sauce
- 12 cubes chicken bouillon
- 12 cups rice
- 24 cups water



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Cut pork in $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch cubes. Season the pork and drumettes generously with the Tony's and granulated garlic. Fry drumettes in oil until browned, then remove from pot. Fry sausage and pigtails until browned. Add onions, peppers, celery and garlic, and cook down, stirring frequently for 20-30 minutes. Add Worcestershire, soy sauce, hot sauces and bouillon cubes. Return chicken to pot and cook 20 minutes. Add

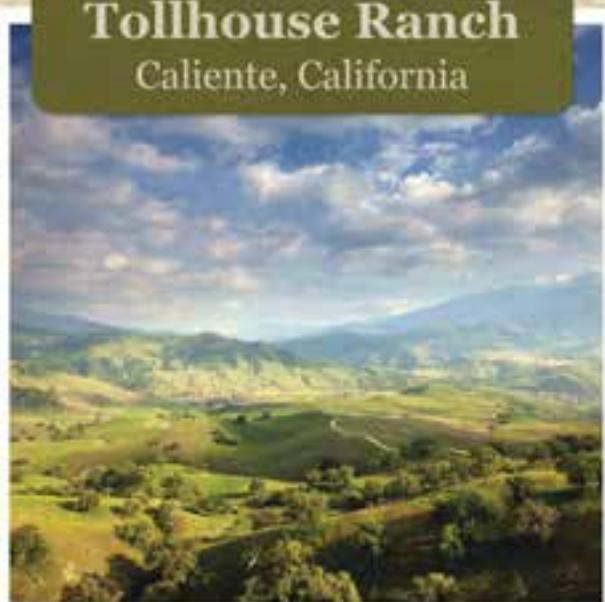
rice and water. (The rice and water are the only ingredients that really have to be measured, because if not the right proportion, the rice will turn out too hard or two mushy.) Stir until thick, lowering heat until barely bubbling over a low fire, about 15-20 minutes. Cover and cook another 30 minutes. Turn fire off and stir well. Return top and let sit a few minutes before serving. Serves 25.



Kathy McCraine is the author of *Cow Country Cooking: Recipes and Tales from Northern Arizona's Historic Ranches*. Visit her web site at www.Kathymccraine.com.

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Cowgirl Crooner

For musician Kristyn Harris, music and horsemanship are a single discipline.

By Hal Cannon

We've all known girls who sketched horses in the margins of their notebooks, and rushed to get schoolwork done so they could go out and be with their horses. I've known these girls. In fact, I'm married to one. And, I recently met another young woman who's that same kind of girl. Kristyn Harris is her name.

When Kristyn discovered old Roy Rogers and Gene Autry movies, it was the horses and horsemanship that first captivated her. Soon, though, she discovered other appealing elements to those old westerns: stories of heroism and fantastic music that seemed to amplify the romance of life in the wide-open West. She was hooked.

By the time Kristyn was 14, she was active in 4H and already had her first horse. One weekend, her family went to an auction of mustangs gathered in a BLM roundup. At the end, she

led away a wild, shaggy filly. After the drama of getting the horse home, Kristyn put the young horse in a round pen. The mustang promptly jumped the fence to join Kristyn's Quarter Horse in the pasture.

At first, the mustang wouldn't let Kristyn near her, but the teenager was determined. Each day, Kristyn got closer and closer, until she got close enough to touch the filly's velvety nose. Kristyn named the horse Velvet. Before long, the two were inseparable.

About the same time, Kristyn picked up a guitar and found that the instrument, like her mustang, was unruly. Giving it the same brand of attention she'd given Velvet, Kristyn tamed the instrument. Two pursuits – horsemanship and music – met.

Kristyn sang to her horse, sang her the songs she loved from the old singing-cowboy movies. There was



photo by Lori Eith

Texas musician Kristyn Harris.

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top Tom Browning, *The New World*, 34" x 50", Oil

bottom Howard Post, *Part of the Crew*, 24" x 60", Oil

right Tim Cherry, *Mother Goose*, 19" H x 32" W x 20" D, Bronze



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left Detail of bit by Wilson Capron

right Bruce R. Greene, *Life, Seen from a Saddle*, 48" x 26", Oil on canvas

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a logic to it: Kristyn needed the practice, and the music seemed to calm Velvet. One particular song, "Beautiful Texas," became the soundtrack to arduous hours of training Velvet to load in a trailer. For Kristyn, horses and music had melded into a single discipline.

Even today, Kristyn says, "Riding is the best place to practice singing." The audience, of course, is never too critical, but Kristyn credits Velvet for a brand of support beyond human capacity. Kristyn's song "Mustang Waltz" is dedicated to Velvet:

She sings as they ride and her horse breathes a sigh
 Cause there's no place that they feel more free
 As they glide to a lope the wind whistles a note
 To add to their song's harmony
 Cause the Mustang Waltz plays through their lives
 every day
 It's a dance in their very own way
 For there never was a horse so loved
 As the mustang that I'm speaking of

Kristyn is now 19, and has three horses – her first, an older Quarter Horse; her mustang mare, Velvet; and a new mustang she's training. Kristyn lives with her parents and older sister, Kyla, on a horse property near Dallas. We often marvel at how different two siblings in one family can be: if you ask Kyla, she might tell you they're not quite close enough to Dallas; Kristyn would probably tell you they live just a bit too far from the open spaces she loves best.

In a previous issue of *Ranch & Reata*, I wrote about the young cowboy singer Andy Hedges. Andy, like Kristyn, was homeschooled. Both seem to have avoided the peer pressure so invasive in those formative teen years; each enjoyed a freedom to connect to music far removed from the hip-hop likely favored by their peers.

Kristyn says her family sees her as a throwback to an



Kristyn Harris performs at Elko's National Cowboy Poetry Gathering.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SX7pBvpJvfk>

older time. She doesn't care. She likes being old-fashioned, wants a life as a cowgirl, and dreams of performing cowboy songs and perhaps one day becoming a rancher.

I recently visited Kristyn at her family home near McKinney. I was driving across Texas with my producing partner, Sherre DeLys, from Australian Radio Corporation, recording music and interviews for a documentary on cowboy music.

We arrived early at the Harris farm, and first asked if we could visit Kristyn's horses. It was a windy day, and we had all sorts of distracting equipment flying around. As Kristyn rode Velvet, I sensed the mustang wanted to blow up. Patient and determined, Kristyn reassured the horse and before long the two were moving across the pasture as peaceful as could be. As we watched Canadian geese land on a nearby pond, we could hear in the distance Kristyn singing a lullaby to her beloved Velvet.

Later that day, we drove to the Will Rogers Equestrian Center in Fort Worth, where Kristyn was to perform as part of a Bobby Kerr horsemanship event. Several acts preceded Kristyn. I watched as a microphone was set up in the arena; it looked so small



amid all that arena dirt. I also noted the audience wasn't exactly there for a concert. They'd come for action.

Then, a petite young lady strode out with a guitar. Kristyn exuded the same patience and determination I'd seen earlier in the day as she worked with her horse. Kristyn sang from the heart, playing guitar chords all over the neck with grace and conviction. The crowd loved her.

It's no wonder Kristyn is a rising star in the world of cowboy music, performing full time while taking college classes from the road. This year, she won the female performer of the year award from the Academy of Western Artists. In 2013, the Western Music Association named Kristyn's record *Let Me Ride* the year's best country swing album. Already known for her

swing guitar, Kristyn is working on finger-style playing, and on honing her songwriting skills.

When she's not performing, Kristyn can be found on horseback. I recently tracked her down in Wendall, Idaho, helping out a branding. I asked if she'd be roping. She explained that she avoided ropes, as her fingers were pretty valuable to her.

Next week, Kristyn will be working on a made-for-TV movie called *Final Breath*, where she'll have a minor role as a ranch hand. She gets a chance to sing in one scene. She's also working on a new album that will feature old songs and originals. Kristyn's a young woman to keep your eye on, one who offers the promise for a bright future for cowboy music.



Hal Cannon is a musician, folklorist and journalist living in Utah.

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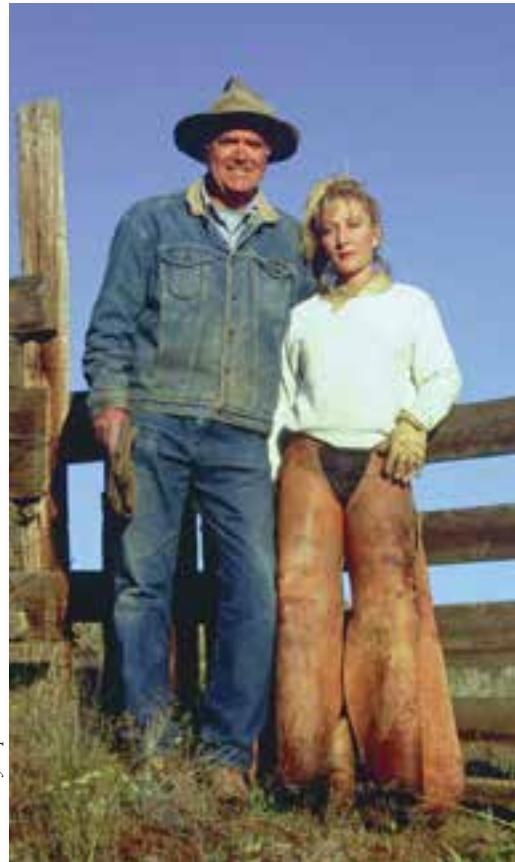
Value Added

A historic Oregon ranch rebrands itself with an innovative business model combining sustainable agriculture, farm-to-table meat marketing and – what else? – fashion.

By Emily Esterson

The symphony of sheep might've closed the deal. Central Oregon rancher Jeanne Carver held her cell phone in the air so the caller – from Ralph Lauren's New York City offices – could hear the ringing of sheep bells and the bleating of lambs calling for their mothers. The July 2012 call, the first of many with the Ralph Lauren operation, began a business relationship culminating in the 2014 U.S. Olympic team parading into Sochi, Russia's Fisht Stadium while wearing Ralph Lauren sweaters made of wool from the Imperial Stock Ranch, owned by Jeanne and her husband, Dan.

The alliance with Ralph Lauren formed as the couple were successfully reshaping the business model for the Imperial, a historic, 35,000-acre operation



photos courtesy Imperial Stock Ranch
As the wool market collapsed in the late 1990s, Dan and Jeanne Carver developed a new business model that included producing yarn, apparel and farm-to-table meat.

outside the community of Shaniko, Oregon (pop. 37). In detailing their journey from struggling ranchers to members of the fashion industry and innovators in sustainable agriculture and direct-to-table marketing, Jeanne at times chokes back tears. The path has been difficult, with steep learning curves, but the couple have navigated it with the determination of the pioneers who first established the Imperial.

Jeanne and Dan purchased the ranch in 1985, and are the fourth owners since the property was homesteaded by the Hinton family in 1871. Lured by the prospect of free land, the Hintons were the first white settlers in what is now Shaniko, and successfully

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developed a multifaceted, self-sustaining livestock and farming operation, using a cave as their living quarters until they had saved money to build a house.

"At that time, there were sheepmen and there were cattle-men," Jeanne says. "Richard Hinton didn't have the bias that an operation should be purely sheep or cattle. He established sub-irrigated fields and grew meadow hay. That diversity helped Hinton succeed where so many failed, and set the stage for what has continued for 143 years."

In the decades following the HINTONS' arrival, Shaniko became a major wool center, with its vast warehouse serving as a hub in a network that linked Oregon's sheep country to the rest of the United States. When a new rail line was constructed through Bend, Oregon – 80 miles south – Shaniko's prominence dwindled; a subsequent fire destroyed Shaniko's business district and completed the town's ruin. Today, Shaniko is all but a ghost town.

After World War II, industrialization brought changes to both the textile industry and the Imperial. Synthetic fibers manufactured in factories came into flavor. The 100 men who had once worked on the Imperial were long gone, and the number of sheep in Oregon had declined from 2 million in 1920 to 1

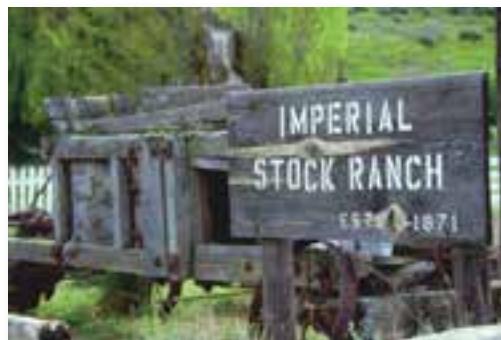


The Imperial Stock Ranch occupies 35,000 acres outside the small community of Shaniko, Oregon.

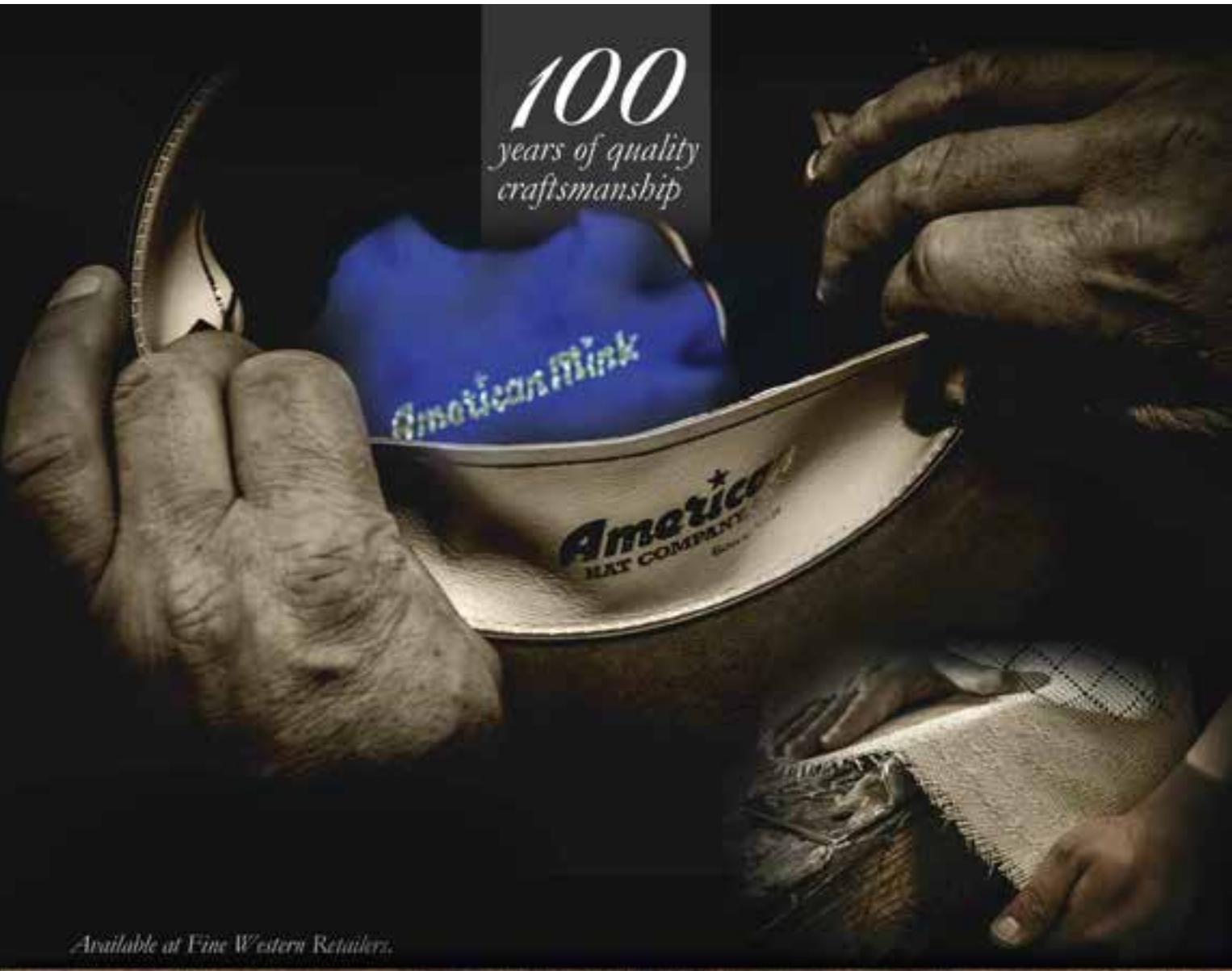
million by 1945. The troubles plaguing the wool industry would continue through the end of the century; by 1999, when the Carvers had owned the Imperial for nearly 15 years, global trade policies heavily favored overseas textile production, demand for

American wool had declined sharply, and just 200,000 head of sheep remained in Oregon.

"We called the wool buyer we'd been selling to, and he said, 'We won't be buying wool anymore. We're going offshore like everyone else,'" Jeanne says. "People couldn't sell wool, there was consolidation in the meat sector, with only one buyer for lamb, and we were losing 40 percent of our crop to coyote



The Imperial Stock Ranch headquarters is listed on the National Register of Historic Places. It's the only privately held ranch in Oregon with such a designation.



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A cowboy pushes sheep on Central Oregon's Imperial Stock Ranch.

predation. We couldn't go on with that model."

The Carvers began rethinking their ranching practices and outputs. They knew nothing of marketing to the yarn industry, but forged a relationship with a small mill that processed raw wool. Yarn buyers soon demanded a clothing line, so Jeanne found a designer to turn Imperial wool into branded garments sold in boutiques. The Carvers also ventured into the farm-to-table meat market, sending lamb directly to a Bend restaurant; the strategy fit perfectly with the emerging "slow food" movement, which places a high value on locally produced meat

meat, fiber and skins – and adding value by taking them to product stages and direct to consumers. With each step, anything that's 'left' is then turned into its own new product."

The conversation led to an introduction to the director of corporate responsibility for clothing retailer Norm Thompson, which placed a substantial order for Imperial-branded products.

"We'd been working so hard, but no one could hear our voices," Jeanne says. "Suddenly, people were paying attention."

As they continued to build their regional markets for beef and lamb, the



The Victorian home built by the Hintons – the homesteaders who founded the Imperial – serves as headquarters for the ranch's various enterprises.

backed by an authentic story; regional chefs, excited by the Imperial's historic homestead and sustainable methods, began buying.

As the Carvers' new strategies were taking shape, Dan was asked to speak at an Oregon Environmental Council event, where he happened to be wearing one of the ranch's designer jackets, featuring a black-and-white cowhide design.

"OEC's executive director asked about my jacket," Dan says. "I shared the idea of taking everything that comes from the sheep –

meat, fiber and skins – and adding value by taking them to product stages and direct to consumers. With each step, anything that's 'left' is then turned into its own new product."

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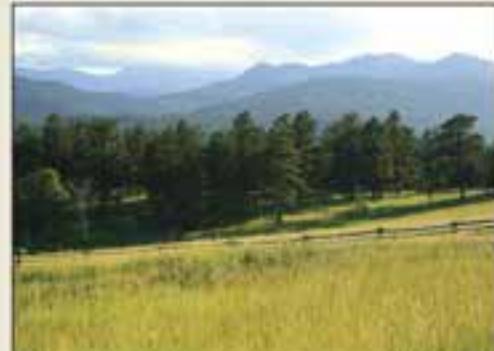
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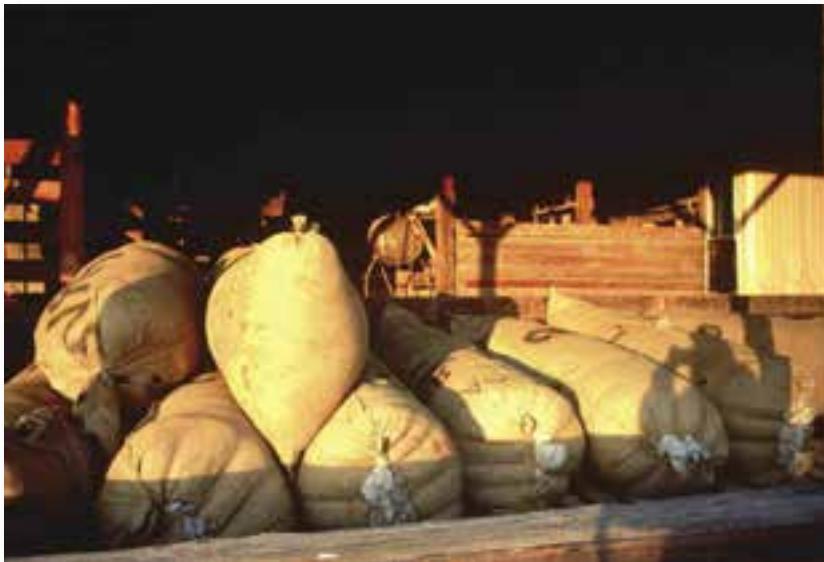
Located 10.5 miles west of Evergreen, this gentleman's ranch offers 290± deeded acres and features an historic 9,940± sq. ft. lodge. A mixture of open meadows and heavily timbered areas with stunning views of Mount Evans.

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Bags of Imperial wool will be processed into yarn distributed at 300 stores

Carvers supplied wool products to Norm Thompson for four years, until the clothier sold to a catalog company, ending that revenue stream for the Imperial. "We weren't a cheap enough product," Jeanne says.

The Carvers began placing additional emphasis on the yarn market, capitalizing on the appeal of the Imperial's "soil to finished goods" strategy, and an increased demand for American-made wool, to forge a distribution network that now puts Imperial yarn in 300 craft stores across the country. With profits from the yarn business maintaining the ranch and its sheep herd, and eliminating their dependence on traditional commodity markets, the Carvers were content to leave the apparel business behind.

Then, in 2012, Jeanne received that call from Ralph Lauren's New York headquarters, requesting yarn samples to be considered for a then-

secret project: the creation of a full line of American-made U.S. Olympic team apparel. Jeanne rushed samples to New York.

When the Ralph Lauren design team visited the Imperial, the Carvers gave them a tour, ending with a lasagna dinner featuring the ranch's beef. "I told them the story of our sustainability," Jeanne says. "Then we ended up in our headquarters and they started holding, clutching, the skeins of yarn. I knew that was very good." The order for red, white and blue yarn came six months later. Ralph Lauren selected 40 suppliers for its Olympic initiative, but Imperial

Yarns became the company's poster child for the effort.

"This was a whole new ballgame," Jeanne says. "We had to deliver yarn to spec. We'd established ourselves, though, and had wool going through four mills. We had relationships with stock dyers, and we weave, knit, cut and sew. We could do anything in textiles from start to finish and put our label on it."

The Olympics raised the Imperial's profile, doubling yarn sales. Recently, Norm Thompson has been back in touch, and the ranch is on the minds of other clothing manufacturers. And, with the aid of a USDA grant, the Carvers have launched a new clothing line, contracting with designer Anna Cohen, with whom Jeanne had worked on fashion projects in 2008 and 2009. Jeanne now spends time on the road

marketing the line, known as Imperial by Anna Cohen. "We have a mountain to climb," Jeanne says. "As



Ralph Lauren used Imperial yarn – in red, white and blue – to create cardigan sweaters for the 2014 U.S. Olympic team.



Eugene, Oregon, NBC affiliate KMTR produced this segment on the Imperial Stock Ranch.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nlRjvcJPhzk>

ranchers, it's hard getting in front of buyers."

In the meantime, the Imperial is still a working ranch and, while the Carvers don't run livestock in the numbers they once did, ranch chores still occupy their place on the itinerary, alongside taking orders, marketing and designing. The Imperial's employees – six full-time, in addition to part-timers and contractors – are occasionally called away from the yarn operation so they can grab horses and help gather cattle.

"We've still got bottle babies and have to tend the land and the animals and our business," Jeanne says. "We believe in our vision, though, and in the work we're doing here."



Ralph Lauren highlights the Imperial and the "made in the USA" mission that guided the design of the clothier's 2014 U.S. Olympic team apparel.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=z7BDDj_NBEQ#t=14

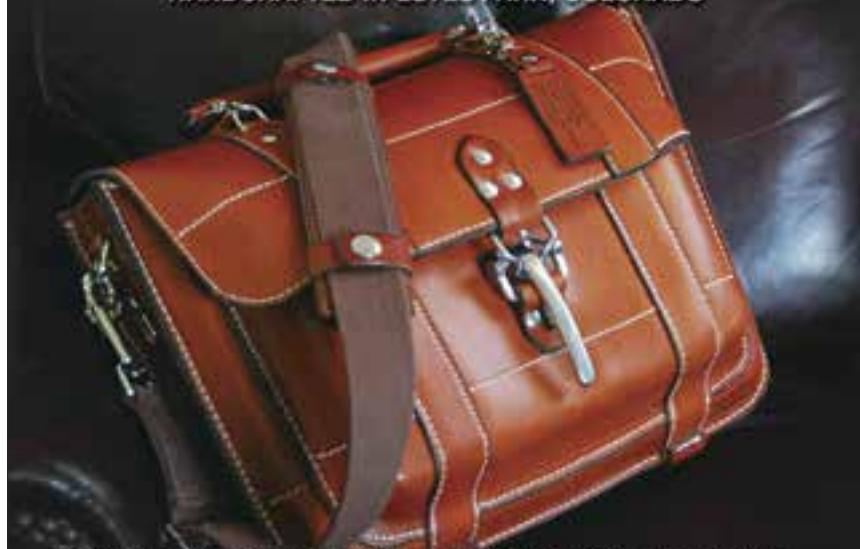
Emily Esterson is a New Mexico-based writer, and the editor of the fox-hunting magazine *Coverstide*.

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Photo: J. C. Carver

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YOUR HORSE'S FEET, A SERIES

A Tale of Two Paradigms

By Pete Healey, APF

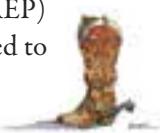
In the last month I have been in the realm of two worlds. One was the academic setting of a university and the other was of the ignorance and arrogance of reality.

This last April I had the opportunity to go to Auburn University to teach for two days with my friend Dr. Dave Jensen. Dave owns San Marcos Equine in Los Alamos, California, and one of his primary practice interests is podiatry. Dave is unique compared to most veterinarians in that he recognizes the relationship between foot health and its effect on other lameness issues. He has noted that when dealing with lameness in his practice, getting the feet right gives the client the "biggest bang for the buck." Dave and I have been working together for a few years with great success. Part of his program consists of a detailed radiograph mark-up system that gives specific parameters to the soft tissue and bone angles of the foot. This information is then transferred to a chart that he and I developed which determines what areas of the foot are out of balance. I then shoe the horse to reestablish equilibrium and then "Bang" – the feet start to recover. Along with appropriate medicine, a lot of these lameness issues get resolved, or at least get better. Those that don't respond get further diagnostics or treatment but at least we have taken the feet out of the equation.

Last year Dave and I spoke at a seminar at North Carolina University where we presented some case studies. While we were there we met Dr. Debra Taylor, who was one of the presenters. Dr Taylor teaches large animal clinical medicine at Auburn University. Interested in what we were doing, she invited us to teach for two days at Auburn.

The Auburn College of Veterinary Medicine is one of the few veterinarian colleges that offer a two-week equine podiatry elective to the senior students. Our teaching time was a combination of lecture and labs. Our information consisted of communication between vets and farriers, biomechanics, radiograph reports, measuring feet and using formulas to write prescriptions. The students were great and eager to learn. I would have to say that they were a little overwhelmed with all the information. Which was an important part of our message; the foot is a complex organ, which needs the same knowledge consideration of any other organ of the equine body. Teaching is a great experience because you have to learn what you're teaching about; also being around Dr. Taylor was a unique opportunity as she had a wealth of podiatry knowledge.

Getting back to work at home was mentally taxing because of the real world reality of the industry. I work at a clinic that has an MRI, which is used on a lot of horses sent from referring veterinarians. Most of these are high-level performance horses valued in the six figure area. The shoes on these horses are removed prior to the MRI and then replaced afterward, this way the metal doesn't obstruct the magnet. I have yet to see one horse go through the MRI (300 + per year) that didn't have some kind of mechanical red-flag about their feet. The majority of these feet are in terrible trouble. What's interesting is that there is no visual attempt that anyone has used proper mechanics to fix their feet. So what does that say about our knowledge base as veterinarians, farriers, trainers and owners? Is it just a complete not know? What a shame, and nobody really seems to care. I have tried to give a voice to these horses but it falls on deaf ears. It's not like the information isn't out there. Just in the last American Association of Equine Practitioners (AAEP) convention proceedings, Dr. Morrison presented with references how the role of the foot is highly correlated to common and often serious musculoskeletal diseases.



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Success is All in Your Head

Sports psychologist Nora Hunt-Lee helps rodeo competitors to success.

By Rod Miller

There's a word to describe Nora Hunt-Lee: champion. Her credentials as such are many: seven California high school rodeo championships (including two all-around titles); 12 regional National Intercollegiate Rodeo Association championships (including four all-around titles); NIRA Rookie of the Year; Professional Women's Rodeo Association Rookie of the Year; University of Nevada-Las Vegas NIRA champion women's team member; PWRA world champion breakaway roper and world champion calf roper; and three-time California Cowboy Pro Rodeo Association champion breakaway roper.

And that's just the list so far.

While Nora still spins a championship-caliber loop in the arena, she now works in another arena, as well, championing the careers of other rodeo athletes as a sports psychologist.

We'll get to that. But, first, a look at how Nora got there.

Nora comes by a love for rodeo honestly. Her mother, Liz, is a former California high school all-around champion, and her father, Bruce, was a standout roper for Utah State University and Cal Poly, as well as a competitor on the pro circuit back in the 1970s. For the past 32 years, he's coached the successful rodeo

program at West Hills College in Coalinga, California.

"I can't remember a time when I didn't have a profound desire to excel in the rodeo arena," Nora says. "I had the desire to be the best cowgirl in the world, and I believed it was possible. I also had support from my family, who coached me to be confident and competitive. My dad introduced me to 'positive thinking' when I was little and I began roping and riding."

Rodeo went hand-in-hand with education. Nora earned an associate's degree while rodeoing at West Hills College, a bachelor's in sociology and master's in education and health promotion while on a rodeo scholarship at UNLV, and a doctorate in counseling and education psychology from the University of Nevada-Reno.

"My interest in [sports psychology] was driven by my desire to be the best," she explains. "So I not only outworked competitors in the arena, I outworked them mentally."

And it wasn't always easy.

"I'd never been away from home when I transferred from West Hills to UNLV," she says. "I experienced a huge culture shock and, as a result, really struggled with my roping. I'd never experienced a slump before, and

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this challenge was hard for me. My dad put me in contact with sports psychologist Diana McNab, a former Olympic skier. I connected with her and learned techniques that put me back on track with my rodeo career. This new way of thinking and performing changed my life, and influenced my educational path. I wanted to learn how to change people's lives the way my life had been changed."

In pursuit of that goal, Nora started teaching young cowboys and cowgirls the skills required to succeed in rodeo. She's conducted clinics in places as far-flung as Hawaii and Australia. She created an instructional video on proper techniques for roping and goat tying. She also works with competitors one-on-one.

"I teach them face-to-face how to rope, ride and tie goats or calves," she says. "I've also done some video coaching, where I critique videos athletes send me and offer suggestions via the phone or Internet."

But teaching the physical aspects of success only scratches the surface of what Nora does for rodeo athletes. Her counseling is intended to get past the physical and get inside an athlete's head.

"Once athletes reach a competitive level, when their physical skills are equal to those they're competing against," Nora says, "attitude and mental toughness become the key elements separating those who win from those who don't. The most common challenge with rodeo athletes is making personal-best runs in competition and under pressure, as opposed to in the

practice pen. Many athletes feel pressured by others, or believe they have something to prove to other people – coaches, family, fans or competitors."

While success is often defined by winning, Nora



photo courtesy Nora Hunt-Lee

Rodeo sports psychologist Nora Hunt-Lee with a next-generation champion, her daughter, Stella.

teaches her clients that a true definition isn't so simple. "I teach athletes to redefine success," she says, "to move away from the idea of winning or losing, and focus on personal-best performances."

Many of the techniques Nora uses are typical in sports psychology. But her rodeo experience allows her to adapt those methods to the exclusive demands of the sport.

"Rodeo athletes report the same types of challenges as other athletes, although they're unique because their sport involves animals, which means additional variables outside the athletes' control," she says. "When I work with athletes in timed events, I teach them the importance of being focused and aware

Outstanding.



All Standing, Shumway Ranch, Juniper, Oregon. Joan, Anna Rose, Gabriel, Claire, Luke and Martin (standing on the horn)
Photograph by Madeleine Graham Blake



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of what they're thinking and feeling, and how these things transfer to the horses they ride. I teach rough-stock riders to anticipate drawing stock that will lead them to the pay window."

Just as timed-event and rough-stock athletes require different approaches, so do men and women. "In general, women are more inclined to seek counseling, while men are reluctant," Nora says. "The difference comes down to focus. Men tend to get distracted with the outcomes of their performances, and begin to question their abilities. Many female athletes lack self-confidence, and focus on how other competitors perform as opposed to their own performances."

But male or female, timed event or rough stock, competitors of all stripes turn to Nora to find success. "I believe all people can make adjustments to their lives and reach realistic goals if they're open to new strategies and committed to the process," Nora says. "Every athlete I've worked with has made at least small adjustments to their thinking, gained self-awareness, and achieved some level of success by applying sports psychology techniques."

Professional ethics prevent Nora from naming her students. And, she prefers to stay in the background, as she believes success belongs to the athlete. "It's important for me to help people gain independence and confidence, and master their skills," she says. "Even though I feel great excitement and am so proud when

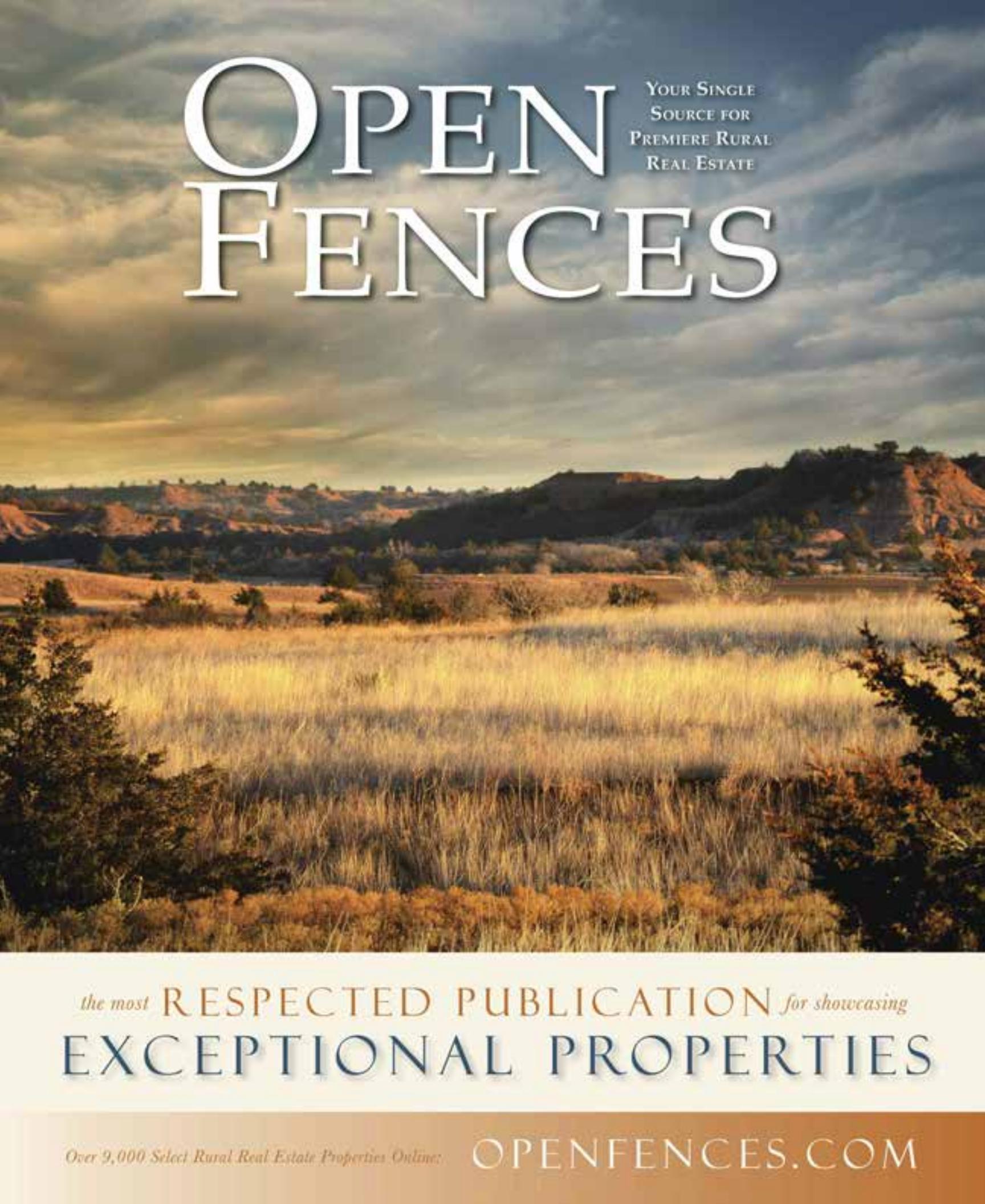
a person calls me up and says they did well at an event, I've never been one to take credit for another's success." Still, she admits she's "had the pleasure of being involved with state, regional and national champions at the junior high, high school, college, amateur and professional level."

Sports psychology isn't the whole picture with Nora. She's also a part-time instructor in the Department of Human Development and Family Studies at Western Nevada College's Fallon campus, and runs a private practice in marriage and family therapy. Then there's her husband, Tommy, and their children, Stix and Stella. It doesn't leave much time for her to rodeo.

"I've worked to reframe my own definition of success, which can now be described as being balanced in my roles as a mother, wife, counselor, teacher and competitor," Nora says. "I don't think it's within me to sit on the sidelines and not compete, but I've had to learn to perform from a different place, as my life has shifted to make room for two kids and a husband. I don't rope calves as much as I used to but, as a family, we team rope quite a bit and I can say that I ride an excellent head horse, have learned to maintain my heading skills by roping a dummy, and have probably never roped better. I have to say that I am living my ideal life right now."



Author and poet Rod Miller's latest book, *Goodnight Goes Riding and Other Poems*, is due out this summer. *Rawhide Robinson Rides the Range* is his most recent novel. Visit him online at www.writerRodMiller.com.



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THE WESTERN HORSE

Thrill of the Hunt

Fox hunting's future might be in the wide-open spaces of cowboy country.



By Emily Esterson

Western riding and the hunt-seat discipline of fox hunting might seem products of vastly different cultures – because they are – but these two traditions find common ground on the plains and deserts of the West.

The sport of fox hunting got its start in 1600s England as a means of keeping fox populations in check. Despite a 2004 ban in England, fox hunting remains a British pastime, kept alive by hunt organizers taking advantage of legal loopholes.

Fox hounds were brought to the American colonies in 1650, and hunt clubs like the Potomac and Marlborough, both headquartered near Washington, D.C., have been in operation since the arrival of this country's first Irish and English immigrants.

In comparison to the sport's identity in the

United Kingdom, fox hunting has a somewhat gentler cast in North America, where it's often called "fox chasing"; at around four out of 10 clubs in the United States and Canada, hounds follow a drag line, a manufactured fox scent laid out in advance of a hunt. According to the Masters of Foxhounds Association, there are 159 registered fox hunting clubs in the United States and Canada.

At a hunt, the hounds – as few as 10, as many as 50 or more – seek and then follow the fox's scent. The huntsman and his "whippers-in" direct the hounds to the most likely scenting areas. When the hounds find a scent, they begin to bay; it's the sound of a pack of hounds "giving voice" that brings fox hunters back morning after cold morning.

Once the chase is on, riders gallop at full speed



photo by Zina Balash

Opening day at Colorado's Arapahoe Hunt.

behind the hounds, taking on whatever challenges the landscape might offer; in the East, obstacles typically include fences – triangular coops, rail fences, stone walls – as riders follow the hounds from pasture to forest and back to pasture; in the West, riders might have to deal with arroyos, canyons and steep, rocky terrain.

Despite its strict adherence to tradition – North American riders wear the coats, breeches, ties and tall boots one would find on an English hunt – fox hunting this side of the pond is open to adaptation. While riders in eastern states hunt on smaller tracts of land common to the Mid-Atlantic and Northeast, fox hunters in the West have at their disposal large private ranches and expanses of public land, vast regions with sparse

populations and favorable attitudes toward hunting. As a result, clubs thrive in states like Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and Nevada.

One of the West's oldest clubs is Arapahoe Hunt Club, headquartered south of Denver International Airport, on Colorado's eastern plains. Founded in 1907, the hunt went dormant during World War I, but was relaunched in 1929 by the Phipps family, originally from Pittsburgh. Eighty-one-year-old Marvin Beeman, DVM, co-founder of the Front Range's premier equine clinic, Littleton Equine Medical Center, has hunted with the club for 56 seasons. His father, rancher George Beeman, was a member of the Arapahoe club from the days of the Phipps' relaunch until the 1980s. The hunt



photo by Lexi Mackenzie

Fox hunting outside Santa Fe, New Mexico.

club was once headquartered, along with a local polo club, at the old Highland Ranch.

"The cowboys used to make fun of us in our little English saddles," Beeman says. "You can't rope in English tack, but you can do just about everything else. From the beginning, the ranch and the hunt all worked together. We hunted around the cattle and helped with the branding."

When the Highland sold to developers, the hunt moved to 21,000 acres of abandoned bombing range east of the Denver suburb of Aurora.

Beeman equates fox hunting skills to those needed for hunting birds or big game. Tracking skills, he explains, translate well to directing a pack of hounds to a "covert," where a fox (or coyote) might be hiding.

Hunt staff typically come from the United Kingdom or Ireland, but difficulty with immigration visas has prompted clubs to consider alternatives, including professionals from the American West, where ranch-raised stockmen typically have the skills to

manage hounds, horses, unpredictable weather and challenging terrain.

Indeed, hunts in the West are often linked to ranching. The Juan Tomas Hounds live on the Field Ranch, 26,000 acres owned by the Nance Family in south-central New Mexico. The ranch, located 90 miles from Albuquerque and accessible by 30 miles of dirt road, was settled in 1830, and was once a trading post and post office. Because of the Field's remote location, the Nances trailer their horses and hounds to Albuquerque-area public lands and ranches where they have permission to hunt.

Other hunts, the Caza Ladron, based in Santa Fe, and the Grand Canyon Hounds, in Flagstaff, also draw enthusiastic participation. The Santa Fe group hunts on BLM land within 100 miles of the city, but makes an annual trip to Chinle, New Mexico, on the Navajo Reservation, to hunt coyote on a large ranch near Canyon de Chelly.

Nevada's Red Rock Hounds club hunts territory around Reno, and travels for hunts in Montana, where the group has been instrumental in developing a hunt on the Mantle Ranch, near Three Forks. Back in Reno, hunt master Lynn Lloyd invites local farmers and ranchers to hunt, relaxing the dress code to increase participation.

"After a while, the cowboys get hooked," she says. "They'll ask where they can get one of those jumping horses. The future of fox hunting is in the West, no doubt. We've got the wide, open spaces, so we don't have



photo by Zina Balash

At its heart, fox hunting is a hound sport.

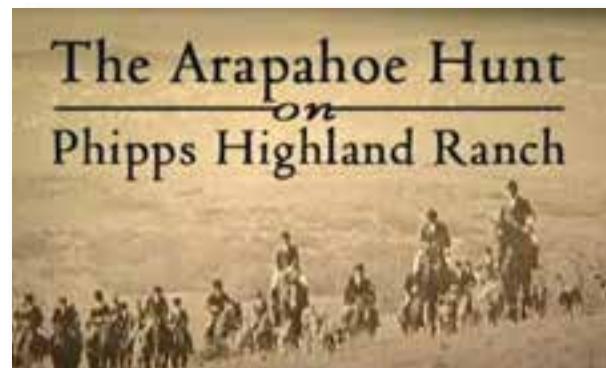
to shut the hounds down. We run out of horse before hounds run out of country. There's room to move, and less population."

There's a saying in the fox hunting world: there are those who ride to hunt, and those who hunt to ride. At its heart, fox hunting is a hound sport, and true enthusiasts appreciate watching the hounds work almost more than they do galloping cross-country. The West's open spaces allow for better views of the action – at Grand Canyon, you can watch hounds work from a half-mile or more away – but offer drier conditions.

Some hunts have experimented with breeding hounds outside of the fox hound lines dictated in the MFHA studbook, crossing to long-legged, far-running sighthounds, for example, or to African Lion Hounds that can scent in extremely dry conditions.

While fox hunting is officially banned in the United Kingdom, and under pressure from animal-rights interests, western hunts tend to operate off the public radar. Nevertheless, Beeman says he's occasionally encountered anti-hunting activists; meanwhile, Lloyd worries that endangered-species restrictions could close some of her hunting territory.

Despite any public perception, though, fox hunters are, at heart, lovers of wildlife and the outdoors, fueling a passion for following a pack of singing hounds through open country.



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This video explains the roots of the Arapahoe Hunt Club, and its identity as a "fox chasing" group.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YGptATYCxf8>

Emily Esterson writes about horses and business from her home in New Mexico.

She is the editor of *Covetside, The Magazine of Mounted Foxhunting*.

Learn more about the sport, and hunt clubs in your region, at www.mfha.com.



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The Wild West in Europe

By Tom Russell

*Buffalo Bill is the only one who gained the permission
to lead real Red-Skins, the only one who could assemble
real cow-boys and he is the real Buffalo Bill, the king of
scouts and pioneers!*

Le Figaro, Italy, 1905

I was running through the streets of snowy Turin, Italy, trying to catch a train north back to Switzerland. We'd played a folk club the night before. My path led through a long, winding, antique book market, snaking beneath the arcades in the old part of town. I noticed a cardboard advertisement for tobacco featuring an Indian in full headdress. It was a yellow placard about a foot high. Colorful as hell. The vendor said it was from 1916, so I bought it. *Thirty euros.* Cash. *Cruwell-Tabak from Belefeld.* Natural fine-cut tobacco from the Brother's Cruwell. It's a beautiful piece of deco art – an Indian smoking a peace pipe stuffed with German tobacco.

I ran on toward the station but kept noticing Western images on comic books, the covers of Karl May novels, old etchings of Indians, cowboys on cigarette and match

packs, and other Western offerings. I wished I'd had the time to look into it all. You cannot escape the American Wild West in Europe. It's a lingering vision. A war drum beating softly through an Italian afternoon.

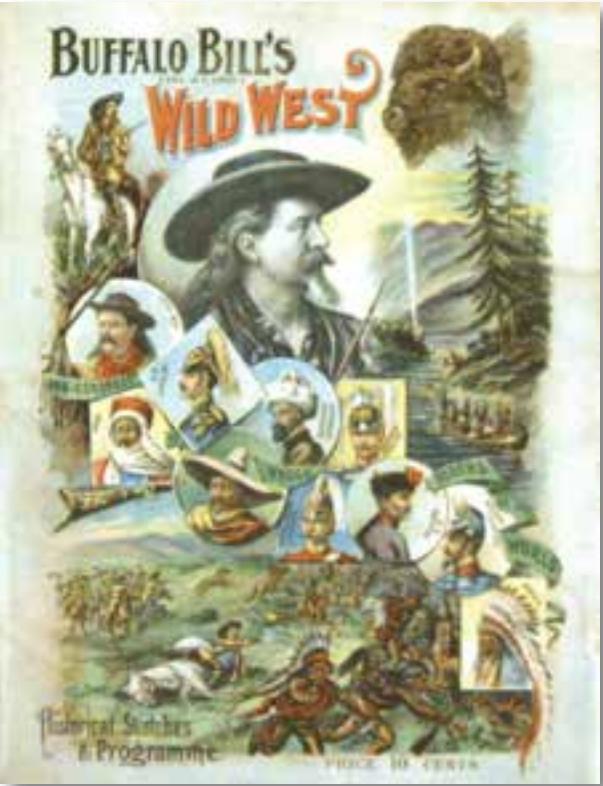
I ended up running into the train station beneath a neon sign over the entrance: *Wild West Tex Mex Bar.* I'm sure they had *Texas T-Bone Steaks*, and *Apache Cheeseburgers*, and *Pancho Villa Sangria*, served by buxom Indian maidens from Milan. No time though, boys.

Years back I played *Cowboy and Truck Driver Festivals* in Germany and Switzerland – odd music carnivals where folks walked around dressed like Buffalo Bill, Wyatt Earp, Hopalong Cassidy, or Sitting Bull. Or that's what they *thought* they looked like. In England I've seen Civil War re-enactments and Tombstone shootouts.



image courtesy Brian Lebel's Old West Events

image courtesy Brian Lefebvre's Old West Events



Europeans are fascinated with the American West. They travel to America and visit all the National Parks and famous Western Towns. They want to see Tombstone and Rosa's Cantina and maybe drive down Route 66 for a capper. They have the thirst.

A few years ago I did a concert in Berlin and the promoter gave me a book titled *Polish Poster Art and The Western* – classic American cowboy films that were dubbed in Polish. The introduction by Edward Buscombe and Kevin Mulroy gave detail to the Wild West and Native American penetration of Europe. I've added my own points to their loose chronology:

1616: Pochohantas is brought to England to visit The Court of St. James.

1840s: George Catlin carried his Indian paintings to London for a large exhibition which attracted 32,000 customers. Caitlin had a dozen real *Iowa* Indians hanging around for color – they were brought over by P.T. Barnum. Charles Dickens gave the show a nasty review. Dickens didn't dig Indians.

1887: *Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show* appeared at Earl's Court in London. The Queen was there. Cody's show drew 83,000 people on Easter Monday.

1890: Buffalo Bill is pictured in a gondola in Venice Italy accompanied by four Sioux Indians – *Black Heart* and *Rocky Bear* are two of them.

1893: The German writer Karl May's latest Western novel, *Winnetou*, appears. It's a blockbuster. May reinvents his own American Wild West and sells a million copies.

1939: Gene Autry is mobbed at a street parade in Dublin, Ireland.

Sliding forward into the present:

2012: Reenactments of *Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show* are installed at Euro-Disney in Paris.

December 18, 2013: 100 American Indian artifacts go on sale at the Drouot auction house in Paris, including items from the San Carlos Apaches and 24 pieces held sacred by the Hopi Tribe. The Annenberg Foundation of Los Angeles successfully buys up most of the Hopi artifacts and plans to return them to the tribe.



We could add detail and color to this list, but I can boil the European fascination with the Wild West down to two major characters and their influence: Buffalo Bill Cody and the German novelist Karl May. Western films, TV shows, cowboy songs, and Western art were influential, but the enduring shadows of Cody and Karl May loom large. Throw in a chorus of *Tom Dooley*, in German, and you've got the mix.

I Buffalo Bill's Wild West Sails to Europe

Buffalo Bill is the most romantic figure in American history, the idol of every man and boy. Book tickets now while his name is on every tongue....

Promotional Flyer

(Probably written by Cody himself)

It is often said on the other side of the water that none of the exhibitions which we send to England are purely and distinctly American. If you will take the Wild West show over there you can remove that reproach.

Mark Twain to Buffalo Bill

The year is 1887. Imagine being a wrangler onboard one of two ships transporting Buffalo Bill's Wild West entourage across the Atlantic Ocean towards Europe. The troop included 200 cowboys, cowgirls, and vaqueros, as well as 97 Native Americans, 18 buffalo, 181 horses, 10 elk, 4 donkeys, 5 Texas longhorns, 2 deer, 10 mules, and one *Deadwood Concord* stagecoach. Hang and rattle, boys. Tonight we ride. These days I find it hard enough to negotiate a European tour with two guitars and a rental car.

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The show was aiming for the 1897 World's Fair and the special *American Exhibition*. Cody's troupe toured England for the next six months, returned the following year, and continued visiting Europe until 1892. For European audiences, Buffalo Bill and his Wild West show not only represented the West, but all of America.

A brief update: Buffalo Bill was born William Frederick Cody on February 26, 1846. He lived until January 10, 1917. Cody grew up on the frontier and loved the cowboy life. As he got older, some of his titles he earned included: buffalo hunter, U.S. army scout and

guide, Medal of Honor winner, and Wild West showman, as well as Pony Express Rider, Indian fighter, actor and author.

In 1883 Cody launched *Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show* in Nebraska. Cody was the star of the show and the hero of all historic re-enactments. At the turn of the twentieth century Buffalo Bill Cody was known as *the greatest showman on the face of the earth*, and he dominated the Wild West show business. It would appear Cody learned much from circus owner P.T. Barnum about the art of promotion – back in the 1800s promotion was occasionally termed *humbug*, and Barnum was the spin-master.

It didn't take much prompting by Mark Twain and others for Cody to consider a tour of Europe. Cody knew he'd be lionized. He could provide foreign audiences with a living re-hash of the Wild West, with himself as a major player and hero.

II Tableau Vivants, Cycloramas, and The Rough Riders of the World

It was like being at a pitched battle without the real terror of anything happening to you, but it was happening all around you with startling clarity and realism...These were real Indians. They were not using real bullets, but the sound and the action was all the same. And the men lay there dead....as on a real battle scene. But they got up and everyone cheered, and then she could see it all again the next day....

*A French Girl's Recollection of The Cody Show
Black Elk Speaks*



The initial Buffalo Bill show in Europe was based on a spectacle titled: *The Drama of Civilization*. The structure was a series of *tableau vivants* (living pictures) in which actors stood like statues against theatrical backdrops as the action took place in front of them. The backdrops were grouped into four *epochs*: *The Primeval Forest*, *The Prairie*, *Cattle Ranch*, and *Mining Camp*.

Act I, *The Primeval Forest*, ended with a fight among the Indians. It was followed by an interlude featuring Native American dancing, then a demonstration of Lillian Smith's sharp shooting. Lillian was a young rival to Annie Oakley who was also on the show. Lillian didn't possess the shooting chops of Annie but dressed loud and talked a good game.

Annie Oakley usually outshot Lillian and all the male sharp shooters as well. (Fast forward in time, to Broadway and Irving Berlin's score in 1945, of *Annie Get Your Gun*, starring Ethel Merman. Songs included "There's No Business Like Show Business," and "You Can't Get a Man With a Gun.")

Act II, *The Prairie*, included a buffalo hunt by the Indians, the passage of a train through *hostile land*, a prairie fire, and a stampede, followed by *cowboy riding, roping, and bronco busting*.

Act III, *The Attack on the Mining Camp*, starred Buffalo Bill defending a cabin against *gunfire and screaming Indians*, followed by Cody and Annie Oakley performing a shooting act. The last act, *Mining Camp*, featured the Pony Express, an attack on a Deadwood stagecoach, and *a cyclone*. A cyclone? Trains? That's what the program said.

Eventually a fifth act was added: *Custer's Last Stand*. After the dramatized massacre Cody entered and circled the arena on a horse, while the warning *Too Late!* was projected onto the *cyclorama*. The *cyclorama* was a panoramic painting – a lavish backdrop – which gave the viewers the sensation they were inside the scene.

The dramatic conclusion suggested that Cody had been near the Custer battle scene, but had arrived too late to save the day. That wasn't exactly the case in real life – Cody was far away. What the hell, Buffalo Bill wasn't above creating his own mythical twists to Western history. *There's no business like show business.*

Imagine those huge theatrical gimmicks: the *tableau vivants* and the *cyclorama* – the lavish backdrops for the action. In front of these settings

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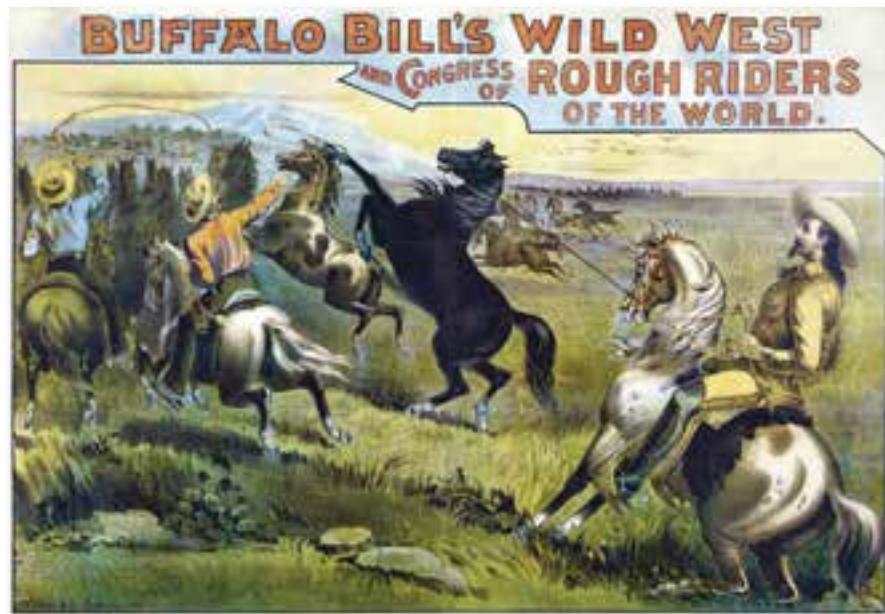
Placerville, California

came marauding Indians, cowboys on bucking broncs, *vaqueros*, the stagecoach, the burning cabins, and the small herds of buffalo, deer, and elk. Then Buffalo Bill himself, bigger than life, well mounted and firing his six guns. Who needed a Western movie? You were riding with Buffalo Bill, inside the action. It was *live*, and you could smell the blood, smoke, and horse dung.

And it scared the hell out of the Queen of England. Europe was hooked forever.

Bill Cody had renamed the official title to: *Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Congress of Rough Riders of the World*. This enabled him to expand on his vision and use horse-culture groups from around the globe: Turks, Gauchos, Arabs, Mongols and Russians, as well as their *distinctive horses and colorful costumes*. They rode alongside the Indians and cowboys. The opening parade was spectacular.

Cody, like Barnum before him, brought the goods. Irving Berlin later captured Cody's spirit in the showbiz song from *Annie Get Your Gun*:



*The cowboys, the wrestlers, the tumblers, the clowns
The roustabouts that move the show at dawn
The music, the spotlights, the people, the towns
Your baggage with the labels pasted on*

*The sawdust and the horses and the smell
The towel you've stolen from the last hotel
There's no business like show business
...Like no business I know
Amen.*

III Black Elk Speaks

It is in the darkness of their eyes that men get lost.

Black Elk

Most of the Native Americans in the show were from the Sioux tribes, including Black Elk, second cousin to Crazy Horse. Black Elk would live until 1950 and record his history in a narrative written

down by the poet John Neihardt, who then published the classic *Black Elk Speaks*. Carl Jung, the prominent psychologist, urged that the book be published in German – which it was in 1953. One of the chapters deals with Black Elk's tour with Cody.

Black Elk lived a full-up *Western* life. He took his first scalp at age thirteen at the Battle of Little Bighorn and later survived the Wounded Knee Massacre. Buffalo Bill sometimes dreamed himself into the center of key battles of the old West – but Black Elk didn't have to create any forked-tongue myths about



history. He was *there*. From the great Indian victories, to the final historic massacre of Indians fomented by white soldiers, to the Wild West shows. He was also a respected medicine man.



Young Black Elk rode in the mock Indian raids and met the Queen of England. This transpired because Cody had invited the Prince of Wales, (who later became King Edward VII) to a private preview of the *Wild West* performance on May 5, 1887. The Prince of Wales was impressed enough to arrange a command performance for Queen Victoria on May 11.

The Queen enjoyed the show and wrote in her

journal about meeting Cody, Annie Oakley, Lillian Smith, Chief Red Shirt, and Black Elk. She also recorded her fright of the Indian war dance, saying: *they danced to a wild drum & pipe, it was quite fearful, with all their contortions & shrieks, & they came so close!*

Black Elk said of Victoria: *she was little but fat and we liked her, because she was good to us.*

IV Turn Away Business in a Drizzling Rain!

**The Towel You Stole From the Last Hotel!
An Insider's View of The Euro Wild West Tour...**

*Within two minutes from our main entrance
you could take a trip, to heaven, hell, the North Pole
or any old place for four cents...ours was
the big show and everything in it was proclaimed American.*

Charles Eldridge Griffin

In 1908 Charles Eldridge Griffin published *Four Years in Europe with*

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Jedlickas
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Ricotti Saddle Co
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Clements, CA 95227

Maida's Belts and Buckles
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Buffalo Bill. Griffin was a magician, fire-eater, hypnotist, illusionist, sword swallower, and newspaper publisher. He'd also worked in the Ringling Brothers circus and married a snake charmer named Olivia. *There's no people like show people!* Griffin was approached to work the Wild West show and sailed aboard the Cunard ship *Etruria* in 1903. He performed magic and sideshow acts with the troupe.



100

As a companion piece to Black Elk's later reports, Griffin provides us with an inside view of the tour with Cody. He begins with his ocean journey aboard the *Etruria*. It appears the passengers were well fed:

I ate my regular six meals a day...breakfast at eight, bouillon and sandwiches at eleven, luncheon at twelve, tea at five, dinner at six and supper at eight o'clock.

Onward to the show:

We opened the season on 1903 at Brook's Bar, Manchester, April 13, to turn away business in a cold drizzling rain, which turned to snow. At the opening performance Colonel Cody was thrown

from his horse, or rather the horse stumbled, severely straining one of the Colonel's ankles, consequently he was unable to ride during the three weeks engagement at Manchester, but was driven round the area in a carriage at each performance.

(*The New York Times*, April 14, 1903, reported Cody's horse reared up and fell over on top of him.)

At Birmingham, June 7, there was born to Chief Standing Bear and wife Laura (Sioux), a squaw papoose, the only one ever born in Great Britain...the little stranger was christened Alexandra-Pearl-Olive-Octavia-Birmingham-England-Standing Bear...after the birthing the mother walked across to our dining pavilion and ate a hearty meal...two days later manager, Mr. Parker, had them on exhibition in the annex...they proved a potent attraction...

The first fatal accident occurred at Bristol, July 23, Isadore Gonzalez, one of the Mexican riders, was thrown from his horse and instantly killed. He was buried at Bristol...

Shortly after leaving Paris, glanders broke out among the broncos...forty two horses were taken out and shot in one day...when we closed the season at Marseille we only had about one hundred broncos left to give the performance, two hundred having been killed during the season...when the show was over it was decided to kill the remaining hundred broncos and burn all the trappings, being the only way to stamp out the plague, we would import new broncos from America for the next season...

Griffin wrote a long article about the shooting of the horses for the American press (he called it a *French*



Tragedy), but the manager of Cody's show concluded: *The less said about this the better.* The story was squashed. *Glanders*, an infectious equine disease of the lungs, has since been eradicated in America and Europe.

Onward they went, wintering in Marseille, then performing in Rome, Genoa Vienna, and Budapest. Sipping espressos, posing in gondolas, learning local customs, flirting with the French girls. Griffin's book includes a blurred photo of at least fifty Sioux Indians posing inside the Rome Coliseum.

Griffin, in the end, declares his utter exhaustion at trying to make himself understood as a sideshow magician because he'd encountered sixteen different languages during his tours. But he concludes that *Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show and Congress of Rough Riders of the World* left a long shadow across Europe, which would last for centuries. The shadow endures.

V Karl May and his Alter Ego: *Old Shatterhand*

I have given my mind and soul an earthly garment, called a novel...this garment is the only body, in which it is possible for the people inside me to talk to my readers, to make themselves to be seen and heard.

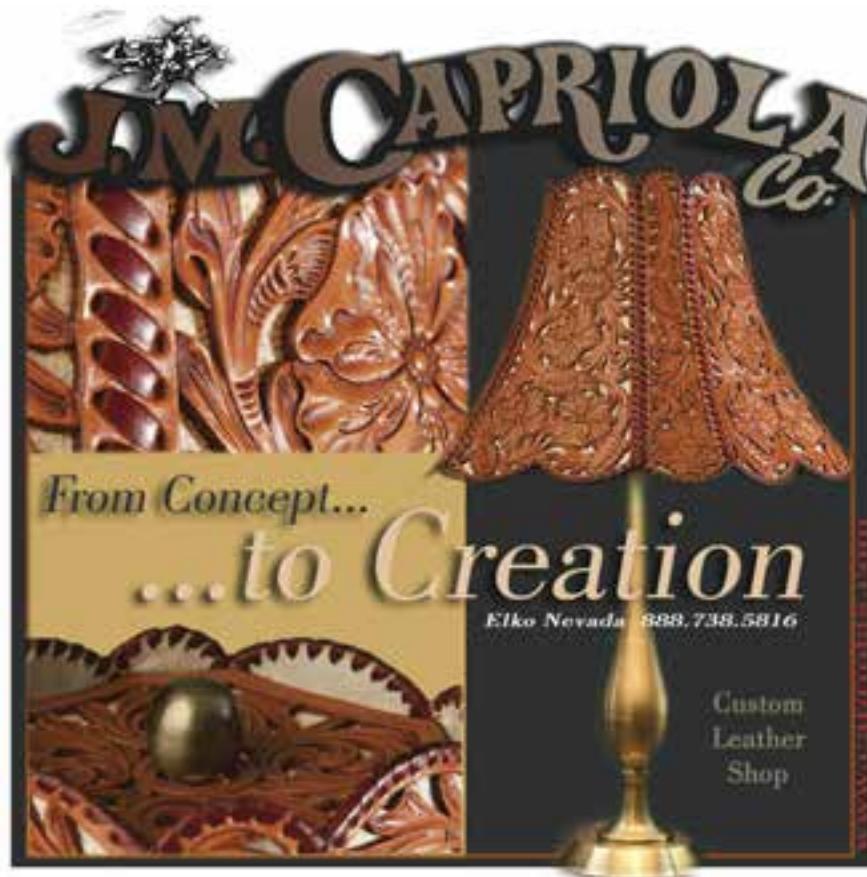
Karl May

In an antique store in a small farm town in Switzerland, I came across an entire shelf of Karl May novels. I bought one titled *Der*

Shatz im Silbersee (The Treasure in the Silver Lake). The cover painting is of an Indian in full headdress standing up in a canoe on a lake. He's saluting the mountains and the sky. In Karl May's world Indians walked around in full headdress, raising their hands in salute. Urging peace. The Noble Savage rides again.

On the back of the book there's a photo of Karl May (pronounced *My*) where he resembles Buffalo Bill. May sports an Old West style mustache beneath a large sombrero hat. There's a coyote or wolf skin (or a German Shepherd pelt) draped over his right shoulder. May was also known to walk around in a suit of stitched buckskins, sporting a ring of bear teeth around his neck. This was in his mansion in Germany in the 1880s.

The Treasure of the Silver Lake was later made into



a film – the first of the so-called *Kraut Westerns* or *Black Forest Westerns* of the 1960s. The film, in German, starred American actor Lex Barker as *Old Shatterhand*, and a Frenchman, Pierre Brice, as *Winnetou* – the noble Apache Chief. The plots of Karl May Winnetou books are akin to *The Lone Ranger and Tonto* type setups – leaning heavy, as always, on the myth of The Noble Savage.

I was trying to figure out Karl May as I began writing this in the Wild West of Switzerland. My wife and I slip over here when the weather in El Paso hits 115 degrees. Every morning the farmer next door herds his Simmental cows into the field below me. Another farmer up the road raises Galloway cattle and Swiss *warm-blooded* draft horses. The clanging of Swiss cowbells and the *clop clop* of draft horse hooves was my soundtrack as I wrote about The West in Europe.

Down a village street is a Western store called *Cheyenne*. A Swiss-German man sells kitsch American Indian art – feathers, beads, statues, jewelry – the stuff



you see in gas stations along Highway 10 in New Mexico and Arizona. *Made in China*. But it's the *symbols* and the Native American *images* which endure here. And cowboys. Much of it has to do with the ghost of Karl May and his novels.

The town of Segeberg, Germany, features an annual Karl May Festival that draws up to 300,000 people. Karl May's romantic-western novels have sold over one hundred million copies. They continue selling. Karl,



in his travels, had never been West of Schenectady, New York, but he led people to believe he'd ventured far and wide, spoke Native American languages, and was even the living embodiment of his main character *Old Shatterhand*. He was a dreamer who heard voices, and those voices spoke out through his Western fiction.

In April, 2012, *The New Yorker* magazine published a lengthy article on May titled "Wild West German," written by Rivka Galchen. The subtitle was: "Why do Cowboys and Indians so captivate the country?" The enduring popularity of May's Western novels might be baffling to American readers and historians. It takes an understanding of the German temperament and their yen for exotic and romantic yarns set in the shoot-em-up West. Deeper than this lies the mystery of who in hell this Karl May *was* and how did he dream the stuff up?



May was born in 1842 in Saxony, one of the fourteen children of an impoverished weaver. May claimed he was blind from birth and then miraculously cured. Karl May claimed *a lot of things*. He was known for what the New Yorker article called his *confabulations*. That's a fancy word for *harmless, multifarious bullshit routines*. For the sake of art.

May grew up a juvenile delinquent, in and out of jails, eventually doing four years in prison for stealing furs. He worked in the prison library and read a number of books on the American West, no doubt familiarizing himself with James Fennimore Cooper's *Leather Stocking Tales* and *The Last of the Mohicans*.

In his 30s, Karl May began to write pulp fiction and make a living as a writer. In 1893, when Karl was 51, he published his first *Winnetou* and *Old Shatterhand* novel, and this one took off. Winnetou was an Apache (sort of) and Old Shatterhand was a German-American immigrant and railroad surveyor who becomes Winnetou's friend. Together they ride across the West, righting wrongs and promoting peace.

When Buffalo Bill brought his Wild West show to Germany there could have been an historic meeting of the two minds, but Karl May avoided meeting Cody and the Indians. May didn't speak English well (nor the Native American languages he claimed to know) and he surmised Buffalo Bill was mistreating the Indians. He didn't think Cody was the real deal.

There wasn't room enough on one Wild West stage for the showbiz egos of Buffalo Bill and Karl May. Karl probably didn't want to look into the eyes of a real roughrider or an Indian. Black Elk might have scared the hell out of him. No matter. Karl retreated to his German mansion, donned his bear tooth necklace, summoned *the voices* and pumped out another Western yarn. His readers gobbled it up.

It's easy for myself, as an American, to deride May's Western novels, but May was a decent writer who'd done research and effectively implanted a love for the American West and Native America into the hearts of his German speaking readers. In *The New Yorker* essay the author, Rivka Galchen, states that while she was living in Germany many Germans asked her why there was a museum of Holocaust in Washington, D.C. but no museums about slavery or Native American genocide. Good question.

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**National Cowboy & Western Heritage Museum
1700 NE 63rd St.
Oklahoma City, OK 73111**

...more being added everyday!

Ranch & Reata

With few exceptions, May hadn't visited the places he described, but compensated for his lack of direct experience through a combination of creativity, imagination, and documentary sources – including maps, travel accounts and guidebooks, as well as anthropological and linguistic studies. Readers took it all as fact.

Here's the kicker and maybe the key to May's ability to dream up his own *West*. While digging through articles on Karl May (your cowboy reporter breaking into sealed vaults in the dank basement of a long-shuttered Berlin library) I came across a research paper published in 1994 by a Dr. William E. Thomas later titled: *Karl May and Dissociative Identity Disorder*. Eureka! I microfilmed the article and fled through a fire exit, guard dogs yapping at my heels.

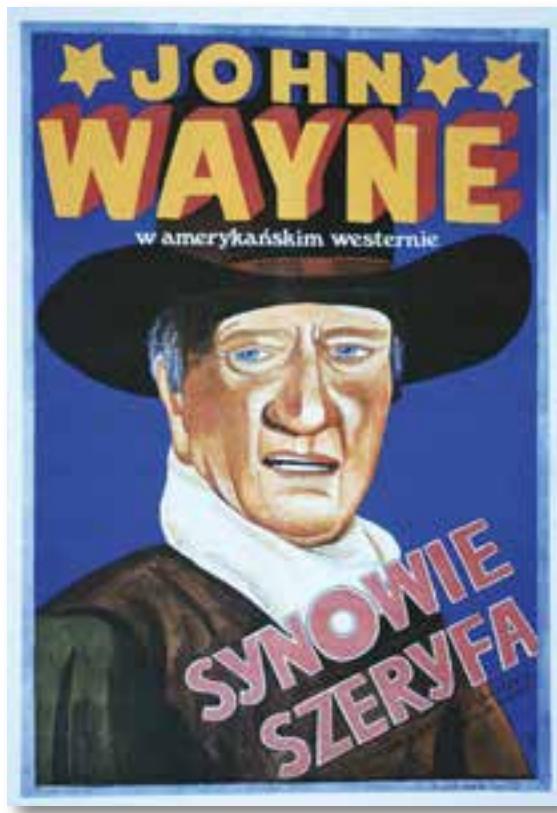
Dr. Thomas surmises Karl May's traumatic early life (parental abuse and prison time) led to a personality disorder. I won't bore you with the heavy lifting in this article. You've heard the routine. The messed-up, early psychological conditions which breed killers, misfits, and pissed-off artists.

The Doc's conclusion: *When faced with traumatic situation, from which there is no physical escape, a child may resort to going away in his/her head. It is a dissociative process which is a highly creative survival technique.* The abused kid learns to disassociate, and different personalities rise up and split off. The kid creates his own

world and goes into a *fugue state*. Bring on your Bach's, Beethoven's, and *Billy the Kids*. And novelists. They hear voices, and turn the voices towards profit. Or plunder.

Enter *Old Shatterhand* and his sidekick *Winnetou*. *I have given my mind and soul an earthly garment, called a novel,* (wrote Karl May)...*this garment is the only body, in which it is possible for the people inside me to talk to my readers, to make themselves to be seen and heard.*

Karl May actually believed he'd *lived through* these Western experiences and was the living embodiment of *Old Shatterhand*. So be it. Hitler and Einstein and fifty million other readers were fans, and a Karl May Native American Museum now exists in Germany. As I write this, a Native American tribe in Canada is asking for the return of a sacred skull and other artifacts housed in the museum. The West rolls on and on.



VI Coda: A Swiss Girl's Wild West

Hängen Sie Ihren Kopf, Tom Dooley

Hängen Sie Ihren Kopf und schreien...

Tom Dooley (GermanVersion)

Ten years ago I met my future wife in a Swiss cowboy bar called *The Dream Valley Saloon* located in the mountains near the Swiss city of Bern. The proprietor had a small ranch near the saloon and two



fairly tame buffalo he kept in a stout corral near his house. He said he bought the Buffalo in Geneva. His saloon served steaks, burgers, and BBQ ribs.

Fast-forward a few years later. I married my Swiss gal in Elko, Nevada, at the Cowboy Poetry Gathering. Our honorary best men: Ian Tyson and Ramblin Jack Elliott. An ongoing Western Romance story, which begins in Europe and keeps spinning round and round.

I learned back then that my wife, and her mother, were quite familiar with The West and Tex Mex music. My mother-in-law is a lifelong fan of legendary outlaws, Indians, and the Old West. Here was an opportunity to ask a living person how she learned about cowboys as a young gal growing up near Basil, Switzerland.

A few snippets from Silvia:

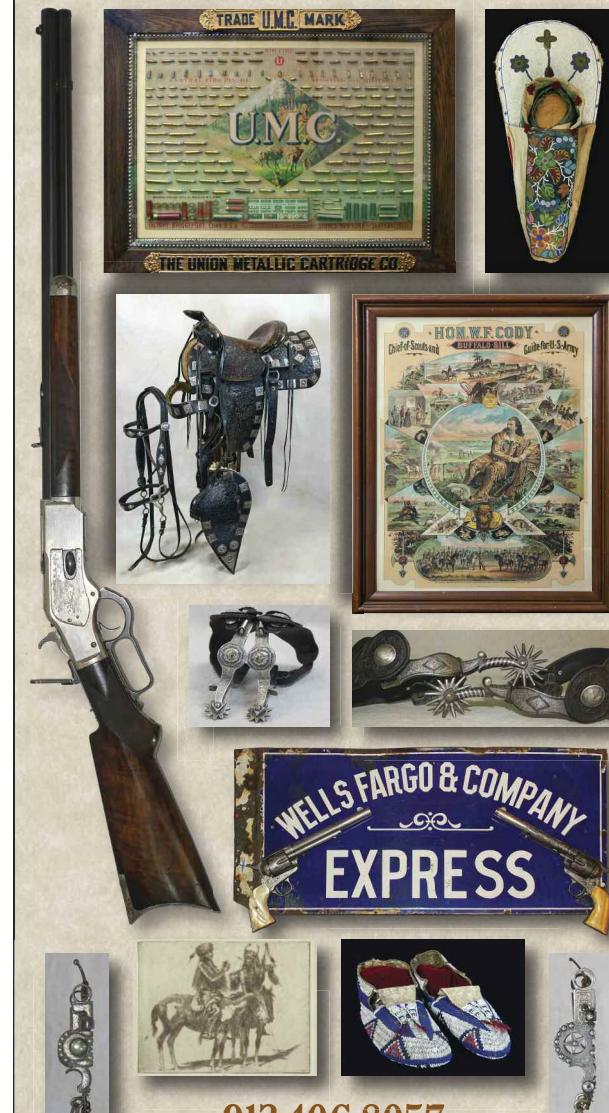
When I was about seven or eight we watched Bonanza on television. Those brothers who came riding up on their horses while the music played. It was dubbed into German. Then when I was ten or eleven we read Karl May in our school and also the priest's house had a library with a lot of Karl May. Everyone read Karl May...priests, my parents, everyone. The whole country.

Every afternoon when we got out of school we ran to the forest. We threw our books down and played Winnetou and Old Shatterhand...he was the friend of the Indian. We also had Indian caves in the rocks...

When I was about eight or ten my brother was always singing "Tom Dooley" with his guitar. He sang it in German. There was a German version by The Nielsen Brothers that was a hit song here...everyone sang Tom Dooley...they're still singing it.

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Karl May, *Bonanza*, and *Tom Dooley* – a hit song in America, recorded in a half-dozen languages across the globe. The Kingston Trio recorded the first popular version. 1958. One hundred years back, Laura Foster had been murdered by a Confederate veteran name of Tom Dula. Dula, Foster's lover and fiancé, was convicted of her murder and hanged May 1, 1868. Then came the folksong. *Dula* became *Dooley*. Change one syllable, add just two chords, and you have a hit.

I was always curious about Tom Dooley's wide popularity – a *hanging ballad* – and I wrote and asked Bob Shane, the only living original member of The Kingston Trio, why he thought the song was so popular around the world. Even in Switzerland.

Bob was kind enough to write back:

A fellow once said to me that if you had a public hanging in Madison Square Garden, it would be sold out overnight. Hate to say it, but that's probably part of the reason of the song's success – meaning, it's a story that intrigued people in that kind of macabre way. Also, at that time, American music was all bubble gum (think "Itsy Bitsy Teeny Weeny Yellow Polka Dot Bikini") and I think the public was ready for something different. Also, the song had 2 chords and was very catchy, with lyrics that were easy to follow and a pleasing melody.

Hang down your head, Tom Dooley.

Thanks to Silvia Von Daeniken.

Tom Russell's tour dates, CDs, books, and artwork may be accessed through
www.tomrussell.com or www.villagerecords.com

He will be appearing at the Durango and Monterey Cowboy Gatherings in the fall.

So be it. A grand-entry parade of Western voices echoing across Europe for the last century and a half: *Buffalo Bill, Annie Oakley, Black Elk, Karl May, Old Shatterhand, Winnetou, Tom Dooley...* and whatever happened to *Alexandra-Pearl-Olive-Octavia-Birmingham-England-Standing Bear?* Remember the little Native American baby who began her life as a Western sideshow exhibit in Birmingham, England? And where in Bristol might we find the grave of the Mexican vaquero and roughrider, Isadore Gonzalez? There should be a *corrido* written for him.

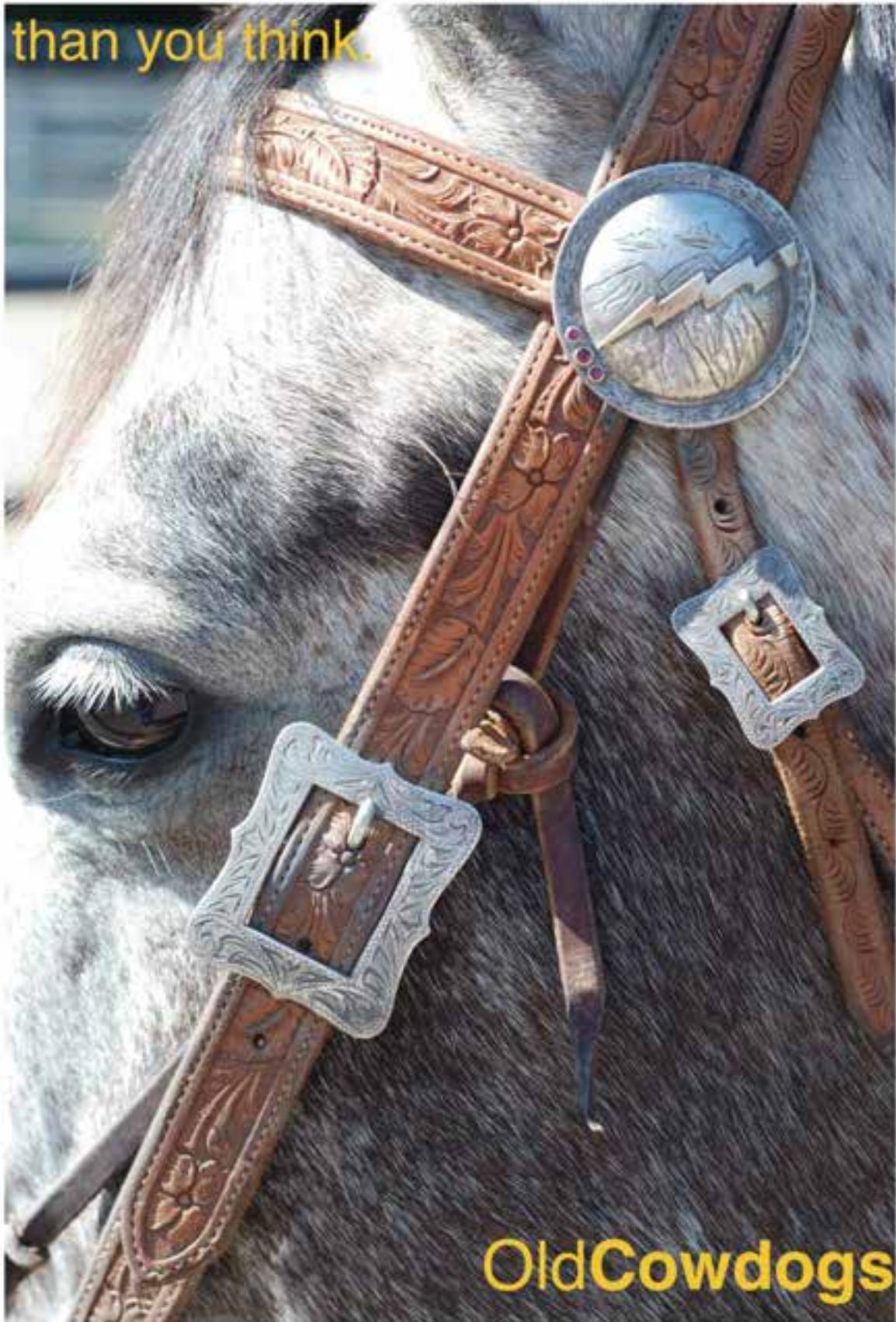
I'm finishing this essay in our hacienda in El Paso. I can hear my wife practicing her Swiss-German accordion. It sounds like she's playing *Tom Dooley*. Tex-Mex style. Maybe she'll yodel. Yodeling was used in the Swiss Alps by herders calling their stock in Alpine villages. The earliest record of a yodel is in 1545, where it is described as *the call of a cowherd from Appenzell*. And Swiss German accordion music was picked-up by Mexican musicians and formed the foundations for *Norteno* and Tex Mex accordion styles. The circle spins 'round again.

*Ole! Hang down your head. Hold fast.
 Hang and rattle.*

Auf wiedersehen!



More than you think.



OldCowdogs.com

Rough and Romantic

Jason Rich strives to create impressionistic, yet authentic, depictions of the West.



Autumn on the River

“For me, every painting starts with the horse, the way the light catches its gesture and movement,” says Utah artist Jason Rich, who spent his childhood riding, training and drawing horses on a small farm in southern Idaho.

Rich studied art at Utah State University. After earning his MFA, he dedicated himself to a full-time career as a painter, quickly establishing a presence in galleries across the West, and earning recognition in

prestigious shows. In 2011, the Cowboy Artists of America accepted Rich as a member; he’s since earned the group’s silver medal for oil painting twice.

“Some of the greatest artists in western history have been, and are, a part of this group,” Rich says. “It’s an honor to be included among them. It will push me to grow as an artist.”

Rich has experimented with many painting styles and techniques, but prefers an approach he calls “wet in



Working Sun to Sun

wet." Generous amounts of paint are pushed around the canvas to create textures and spontaneous clashes of color. Rich strives to simplify his images, to "say more" with fewer strokes, to soften edges and create contrast. Such an impressionistic approach, he contends, speaks to the rough yet romantic aspects of western lifestyles and landscapes.

To gather inspiration and reference material, Rich often rides with cowboys working corrals or

packing through the mountains of northern Utah, where the artist lives with his wife and three children. He then combines firsthand experience, imagination and research to create authentic depictions of cowboy life.

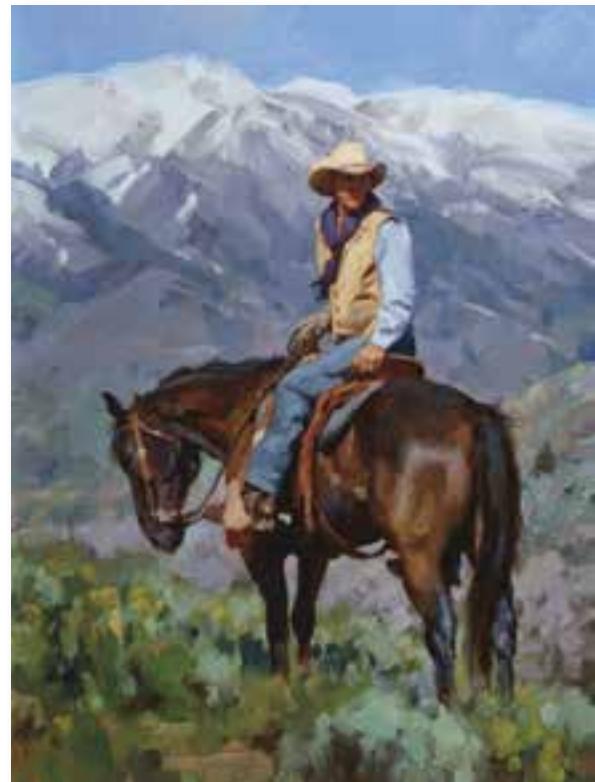
"I like being in the thick of it while the cowboys are working," he says, "catching the light on the movement of horses, cattle, ropes, dust – whatever comes into play in the scene."



Teton Cowboy



Trailherd



Checking the Range



Autumn Hunter



Young Cowboy at Spring Branding

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© 2014



The Smell of Water



The Smell of Dust



The Outfitter



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Jason Rich is interviewed in this video, produced by the National Cowboy & Western Heritage Museum.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-48W_kK7kDo

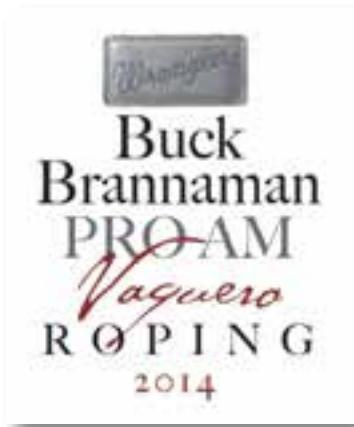




A VISIT WITH BUCK BRANNAMAN

Here comes the 2014 Wrangler Buck Brannaman Pro-Am Vaquero Roping.

Rabout this time last year my daughter Reata and I were discussing our upcoming first “Brannaman Pro-Am Vaquero Roping” that we were planning for October. We looked at each other and knowing that the ropers would come, we both wondered aloud if anyone else – like sponsors and spectators – would come and support the effort. Well, the short story is, it was a big success and the folks that came and roped or simply came to watch enjoyed it so much, we decided to make it a three day roping instead of just two. This year’s roping will be held October 24, 25 and 26 in Santa Ynez, California – like last year. We have enlarged the number of teams who can enter to 100 from the 60 teams we had last year. And – staying true to our Pro-Am formula – we will have 20 “Pros” who will each rope with 5 teams. We will, like last year, be having two arenas going with 25 teams roping in each, Friday and Saturday, October 24 and 25, with the



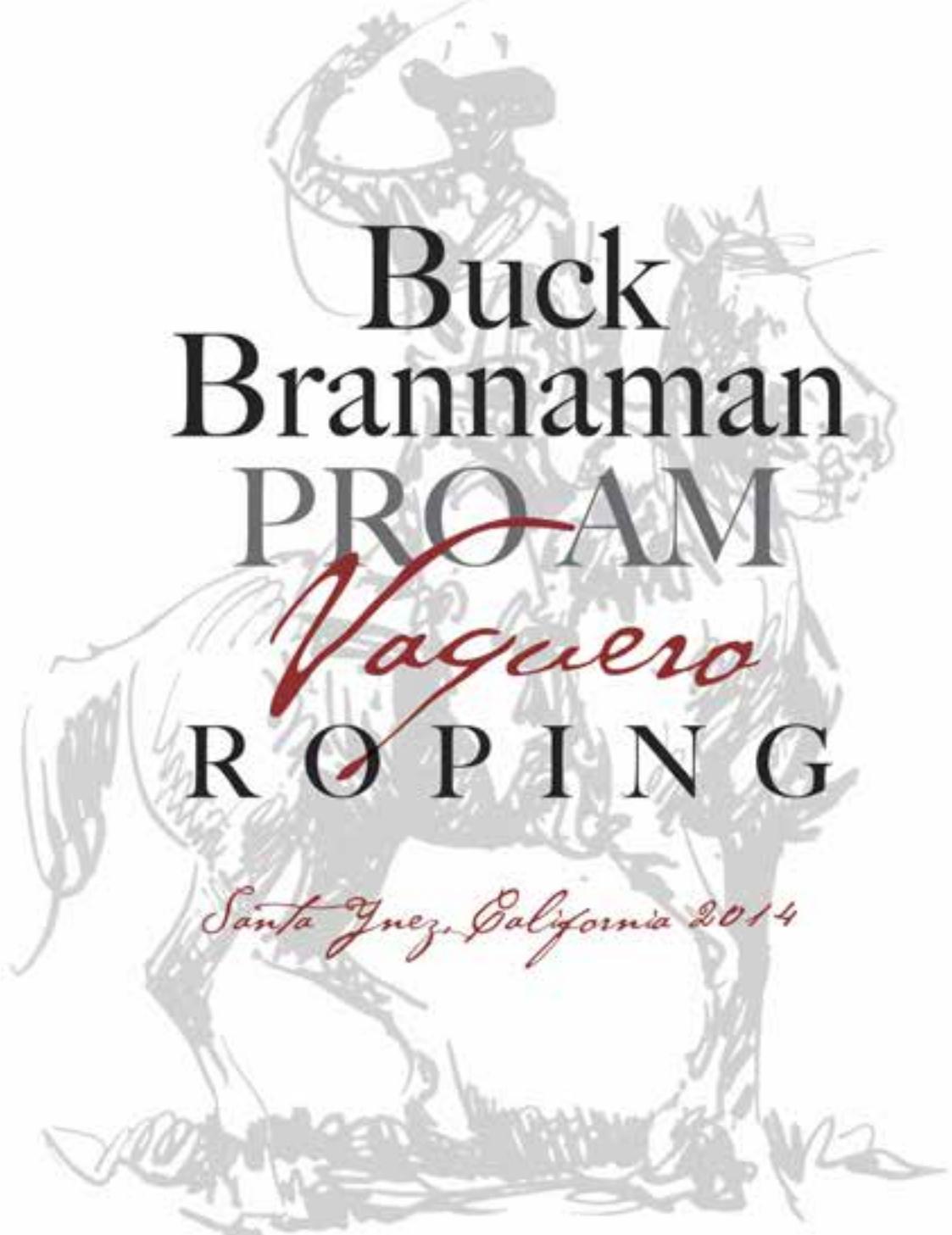
top 30 teams coming back Sunday, the 26th for the finals.

This year ropers will be able to rope on an additional team – total 2 teams – but it must be with a different contestant. This will be a really fun event and we all hope you will come and see some great roping by folks of all ages and from all over. Below is a breakdown of the rules for the event and all the information needed is at the Brannaman website at www.brannaman.com. Hope to see you in Santa Ynez!

General Rules

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.

October 24, 25 & 26
www.brannaman.com



Buck
Brannaman
PRO AM
Vaquero
ROPPING

Santa Ynez, California 2014



photos by Jenny Coxen/junaphoto805.com

Buck's Basic Details On The Event

1. We will start with 100 teams. You will come to town as a two person team, entries must be submitted and paid for by check with the entry form pdf on the brannaman.com website – available June 1, 2014. First entered and paid for, first in. We are only accepting checks for entries. No credit cards for entries.
2. The Thursday evening before the event each team will draw their third member from the pool of pros who will be introduced that evening (Buck is picking the 20 pros and each pro will rope with 5 teams.) – this will be your team.
3. 50 teams will rope Friday, the next 50 will rope Saturday. Teams 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. Each team member, in each go around – in both the prelims and the finals, must rope at least one set of heels or one head.

9. Time will stop when ropes are strung – front and hind and the ground person stands up.
10. The top 30 teams will come back the third day for the finals.
11. You will be given 4 head this time. The team with the most points – wins.
12. We will pay to 8 places. Good luck friends!

Scoring and Points

Head Shots – All Shots that Turn Over (Del Viento, Contra, Johnny Blocker, Etc.) – 12 Points

Scoop Loop – 10 Points

Houlihan – 8 Points

Overhand – 7 Points

Underhand (Sidearm) – 6 Points



Legal Head Shots – Head, Half Head, Neck and Front Leg, Figure Eight One or Both Front Legs

Heel Shots – Any Turn Over Loop – 12 Points

Scoop Loop Hip – 11 Points

Houlihan Over Hip – 10 Points

Overhand Over Hip – 9 Points

Cola (Straight Behind) – 8 Points

Standard Hip – 8 Points

Backhand Flank – 7 Points



Overhand Trap – 6 Points

Underhand Flank – 6 Points

Any Shots not Listed will be at Judges Discretion

According to Style – 6 Points (+Or- 3)

Rope Strung on Down Animal – 3 Points Only For
Heel Shot

Back in to Heel Loop – 3 Points Only

Time Additions – Under 1:30 +9 Points, Under 2:30
+6 Points, Under 3:00 +3 Points

Other Additions – Step Over Spoke And Lay Down,
+2 Points, Front Foot – Two Feet Only, +3 Points
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!

Deductions

Missed Shots – -1 Point

Belly Roped – -1 Point

Wrong Cow – -1 Point

Lost Rope – -1 Point

Spill Rodear Before Cow is Roped – -2 Point

Dally on One High Hock – -3 Point

Chocking or Excessive Dragging (Abuse) – -2 Point

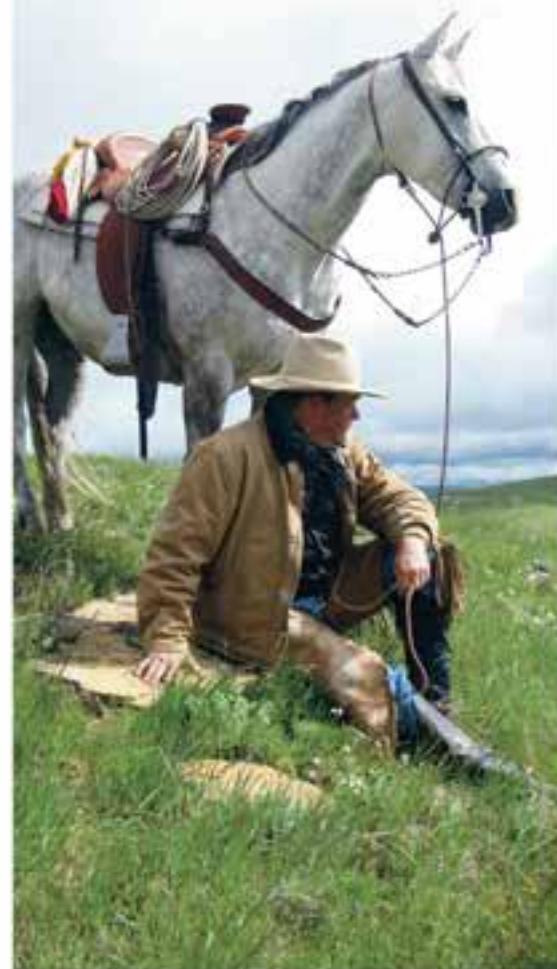
Bucked Off – -5

Rim Fired – -5

Complete information is available at
www.brannaman.com



"Keeping the traditions"



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THE HEN HOUSE

Less... Is Not Always, But Usually... More



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

It is probably safe to assume that most people grew up hearing and speaking helpful little life sayings. In case you are not one of those people or need a refresher, here are some common examples that get uttered all of the time: "Show your true colors," "One good turn deserves another," "You catch more flies with honey than you do with vinegar," "Nothing ventured nothing gained," "Actions speak louder than words," "Grin and bear it," "Kill two birds with one stone," and the list goes on and on and on. Seriously, Google old sayings on the Internet and you will stumble into more than you ever wanted to or cared about. It is also probably safe to assume that to most people these sayings can get tiring, especially when misused, over used, or are used in a degrading manner. However... there is wisdom and truth in these sayings, important enough to have become old and sometimes annoying in the first place!

To get to the main point, there is one specific saying

that we at the Henhouse find to be true more often than not, and that is "Less is more". To the point and very simple, reflecting exactly what it means, "Less is more" comes in handy when one is navigating through life. Now, there are plenty of instances where this is not true. When you think about it, more is better when it comes to laughter, happiness, and kindness. More is better in terms of heart and motivation to do something, and let's face it, more is ALWAYS better when it comes to fun, always. But based on people we look up to and experiences we have heard about or lived, we would like to spend the rest of the article each talking about when and why less is more.

To varying degrees, I am sure that everyone at some point in their life has embarked on an adventure or went to move somewhere else and has entered that packing panic frenzy mode where the amount of your stuff plus yourself, your bags, and your dog simply does not equal



the available space in your vehicle. No amount of repacking will fix it and the only option left is to start the dreaded process of thinning things out. "Dang, I really need this, but I could make do without, no... what if this happens??" back into the duffle it goes, "Gosh, this sure would be handy but... nope" just do it, leave it behind. By the time you have finished stuffing your vehicle with surgical precision, you feel almost like an artist, having just completed a masterpiece of stacked boxes, crammed duffle bags, precariously perched hats, and in there somewhere is your saddle, bed roll, skis, camping equipment, tent, and a dog. Once it is done, you make a vow to never again accumulate more stuff than your truck or car can hold and you realize; less is more. Quite similar to the art of jigsaw puzzling your life into the back of a car is the art of utilizing gear of all kinds to their full potential. The key to keeping your gear to a minimum is efficiency, quality, versatility, and functionality. Making sure everything you own has a purpose and could possibly be used for more than one function justifies its existence and lessens the amount of money you have to spend on things you would rather be spending on something else. When did life become so materialistic? Shouldn't we be using our stuff to help us get on to the things in life we actually want to do? Not the other way around? Here is an example: a week long spring break trip into the deserts of Southern Utah, Northern Arizona, and Eastern Nevada with some buddies to see and experience as much of the unknown as possible. It surprisingly can be done with little effort, preparation, and money! Fuel efficiency? Lets take the jeep not the pickup. No room for the tent and no money for hotel rooms? Throw down the back seats and that jeep sleeps three girls parked in a scenic pullout just fine. Small backpacking camp stove? Easy, just buy simple add water meals, a block of cheese, a hunk of sausage, some apples and call it good, make it last the whole trip,



Hannah Ballantyne

eat less! Less is more right? When in doubt, share more! If you don't have it, someone else probably does. Plus, the more things you have, the more there is to lose. I find it almost liberating to be able to pickup my stuff and head out down the road with everything you could possibly need in one place.

These concepts were learned in part from my limited experience, but mainly from my parents and other mentors who mastered these arts that I have mentioned above. I would always look to my father's collection of well-used backpacking, livestock packing, and cowboy gear and think that it was outdated and in need of replacement. It took me a while to realize that everything he owned was well-used for a reason, that it was quality, it had its purpose and usefulness. The system his gear fit into was perfectly tried and true, and

many items could be used across all his areas of interest. There was no need to go and buy something new when the old worked perfectly fine. I think my parents regret that I finally understand this. Now they have to ward



off my attacks at “borrowing” THEIR gear for my OWN purposes. “Dad, I need to borrow the wall tent this weekend for a road trip!” “Hey can I inherit this stove a little earlier than planned?” “Gosh, this is such a cool bit...” “NO, step away from the bit, isn’t anything sacred around you dang kids!!!”

It is helpful to be on the same page with the others you are around too, when us girls at the Henhouse head out for a branding, it’s almost daunting the amount of stuff four girls need to fit into one truck and trailer between the horses, saddles, chinks etc. etc., but it all works out because in the end, less is more.

~~~~~

I wish I had a dollar for every time I heard my dad say, “Do less” when I was working on a young horse. Doing less to get more is such an overlooked part of horsemanship nowadays that it just gets lost in the maze of gimmicks and games that are considered “horsemanship” by the common (very impressionable)

populous. Head too high? Put a tie down on, not enough collection? Draw the reins, won’t stop? Bigger bit. It’s never ending! The contraptions, pullies and levers they come up with to go on horses heads are never ending! OK, I’m done ranting about when more is worse. Whenever I see these kinds of deals, I just look to the little Mr. Brannaman on my shoulder telling me “less is more.” When a horse is offered a good deal and it’s followed by proper release and timing it is amazing how they will meet you half way. By doing less sooner and following through to get the job done, you are opening the door for the horse to make the right choice without punishment and abuse. Make the wrong thing difficult and the right thing easy! The biggest issue with people is that they don’t want to put in a little bit of time to make things right, they just want to buy a tool to fix it right away. These concepts apply to more things than just horses as well; the same goes for working with cattle, dogs, or even a show lamb for the local county 4-H fair!



Equipment check

I’m pretty grateful that my parents raised me the way they did, the same way they ride their horses. They never told me to make the right decision, they allowed me to choose my path by guiding me down the right road and along the way they influenced my decision making for



the betterment of not only myself but the other people around me. Horses are the same as kids, less is a lot more, but when you do more right off the bat, it's just going to take more and more as time goes on.

~~~~~

Another aspect of less is more can be applied to a more personal point of view such as health, exercise and what we eat. Now I know you are all probably thinking, how could less be more when it comes to health and exercise? Lets talk about that... disclaimer here, I am not saying I am a trained professional personal trainer but over the years I have attempted to educate my self in this area. Exercise is different for all people and every one and everybody has their own personal goals. However, there are a few basic underlying rules of sorts that should be followed. For instance, good form and attention to ones own body should always be the first priority. Just because you can do 100 pushups or 50 squats doesn't mean that you attempted to utilize each muscle during those movements. Less is more because when you have a mind body connection and all muscles are simultaneously working together, 15 reps could be all you need. Repetition can also be your enemy because your body will quit adapting and improving when workouts are never altered. So what do you do? Change it up! Go outside and run a trail you never have before, grab a few friends and workout in the park, try yoga, do a military workout,

doing whatever you can do to keep it fresh will help your body improve. Less can be more when it comes to high impact training. Yes impact is good for your bone health and joint structure, but don't forget the workouts that stretch and passively strengthen those muscles. And less can be more when it comes to location. Gyms are great with their abundance of machines and equipment but don't think you are limited to them, they can get expensive and you can always bring some running shoes and set out wherever your travels may take you!

Now diet is probably a no brainer when it comes to the concept of less is more. Way too often intake amount is more focused upon than the content of what is being consumed. Less is more when you eat a variety of wholesome food options, not just one whole bag of potato chips a day! You would think well duh, of course, but many people forget that your body needs nutrients from numerous sources to be

most effective in metabolism. Less is NOT more when it comes to time spent on eating though. If you race to finish a meal, slow down! Eat slower and listen to your body... ok, I also will stop ranting now, but just remember eat fresh wholesome foods from a variety of sources and you probably need less than you think!

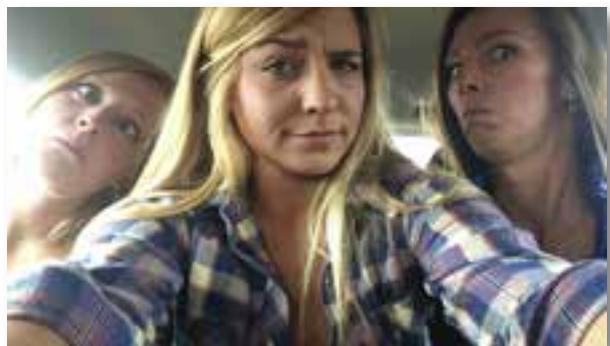
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We live in a world of consumption. Everywhere you look there's a product for this and a gadget for that. The



The Fit and the Strong: Ceily Rae (left) and Nevada (right) with Nevada's mom, Colleen Watt (center)

beauty and clothing industry are constantly bombarding young people, especially girls, with an image of what they should be. Quite frankly that image is ridiculous. Not to mention completely unrealistic 90% of the time. I was lucky to be raised by parents that did not buy in to preconceived standards of ‘beauty’. They made sure



Reata and associates: Knowledge is key.

that I knew that beauty has very little to do with what you look like, and that you certainly don’t need masses of stuff to make you stand out in the crowd. My mother was and is, a woman that embraces and examples the ‘less is more’ motto. A swipe of mascara and maybe some lipstick in the evening is all that’s needed. Her clothes are always classy and never splattered with labels and she understands the power of a well-placed accessory. In fact all of our mothers are just natural beauties too busy living their lives and doing real things to bother with all that girly stuff, and yet they always look so classy!

So many people have been convinced that they need a bazillion products and the latest fashions to be presentable in public. That’s simply not true. Now, let me take a moment to say, I am not promoting never brushing your hair and wearing the same clothes every day or not putting care into your appearance. What I am saying is there are so many ways to enhance your individual beauty and style without spending loads of money on numerous items. All that *stuff* is wasteful. And waste is never cool.

Here are some good places to start. Get rid of the heavy foundation – especially if you’re young. You may think you need it to cover up blemishes or ‘imperfections’ in your skin tone. But all that foundation is just making your blemishes worse because your skin can’t breathe and heal. And most likely, no one notices those imperfections but you. Shape your brows well – a healthy, well-groomed brow frames the face and makes it look ‘done’ even if you’re not wearing makeup. Go easy on those tweezers though, less really is more here, you don’t want to end up looking like you have two tadpoles on your forehead. Rethink facial cleansers and lotion – I don’t own face-wash. My bathroom sink will not see a miracle-overnight-rejuvenating-collagen-serum-lotion, ever. Those lotions don’t really work, ever. Ladies, stop being suckered by marketing and packaging. There are so many natural things out there like coconut oil and activated charcoal that can replace the piles of product on your counter for half the cost. Stop abusing your hair – hair should be a crowning glory but often it’s a fried, over-processed mess. Step away from the straightening iron. Who on earth decided that pin straight hair was so attractive anyway? Also, take a peek at the ingredient list on all those bottles in your bathroom. Half the stuff in there has no business anywhere near your skin. Hair dye – it’s expensive and makes your hair follicles cringe in fear. Your natural hair color is probably just fine. But if you think it’s boring, lemon juice + sunlight will jazz it up with some natural highlights.

Two words – coconut oil. This incredible substance can replace your lotion, your shaving cream and your face wash, (it removes eye makeup like a dream) and it has a natural SPF of 10. Put it in your hair as a deep conditioner. You can even cook with it. And it smells delicious. A 14 oz. jar is eleven dollars and lasts for ages. It is basically ‘less is more’ in a jar.

Now let’s think about the thrift shop – Some people



think of thrift stores and picture mothballs and ratty sweaters from the 1980s. Banish that image from your mind! Some of the best items in my closet were bought in second hand and antique stores. Numerous Pendleton wool jackets, hand tooled leather Mexican sandals, 501 Levis and even a custom made Rocky Mountain Hat Company felt hat. Style isn't about what's trendy in the shops, it's about personal expression and having what other people don't. Find clothes that are unique and that you love and you'll find you don't need as many of them. Not to mention the money you will save!!

~~~~~

It is important to remember that all of this stuff we have been yakking about applies to not only how you do

things but also how you act. In the end be yourself because everyone else is already taken! Always be humble because you never know who else might be more knowledgeable and experienced than you. To leave off, here are some more thoughts with the same theme as less is more:

Talk less show more

A penny saved is a penny earned

Better three hours too soon than a minute too late

And work smarter not harder!

Cliché we know, but hey,

Leave no stone unturned!

Knowledge is key!

Respect your elders...or something along those lines. OK, that's it, we're done, we promise.



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Eddie would.

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Monument Valley

Kurt Markus premieres his stunning portfolio and provides a thoughtful homage to Arizona's mystical place, unlike any other on earth.





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As I write this I can look above my laptop and see my Ansel Adams calendar, opened to April, and coincidentally featuring a Monument Valley photograph, taken from the Scenic Overlook. It's the classic composition, the iconic view, duplicated to varying success by every tourist with a camera. A huge rock that looks ready to roll down the steep hill fills the foreground, the "Mittens" and "Merrick Butte" take the

eye to the horizon, many miles away. Ansel seemed to have lived a charmed life when it came to clouds, so perfectly placed in his more famous prints, but on this day Ansel worked without them. He still managed to make the flat, punishing light of midday work for him, such was his power. But I don't think Ansel ever returned to Monument Valley, in spite of his back and forth relationship with the Southwest. Thank God. Had he



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made it his other Yosemite, I would never have taken a camera to Monument Valley. Ansel's shadow is long, wide and deep and most of us live and work within it; sadly, almost pitifully, many of us are also happy in his shadow; we put our tripods where his were, we wait for the same clouds and storms. But since Ansel touched so little of what Monument Valley offers, I have been emboldened to leave my mark on the place. Truly said,

Monument Valley is leaving its mark on me.

My first trip to Monument Valley was in 2002, thanks to an assignment from *Conde Nast Traveler*, British edition. I've bounced around the West quite a bit, and who doesn't know about Monument Valley, but I thought it a tourist's destination – spend a couple hours there, buy the t-shirt on the way out. What I knew of the Valley was what I understood from John Ford and



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© 2013

the several Westerns he directed there, particularly *The Searchers*. That film touched a rawness that, if you know a bit of the West you could watch John Wayne rage across the landscape and not be embarrassed by bad costumes and corny dialogue. Ford finally made the film only he could have made. It wasn't his last Western but many consider it his best. (There is an "outdoor" scene, toward the end, that was obviously shot on a sound stage in

Hollywood, to me an unforgivable lapse in the visual realism Ford had achieved up till then.)

On a mostly sunny day in June I checked into Goulding's Lodge, a couple miles from the entry to the Valley, went to my delightfully clean and comfortable room, unloaded my personals and headed out.

A bore-sighted two-lane asphalt takes you to a toll booth where you pay a few bucks to enter; you can keep

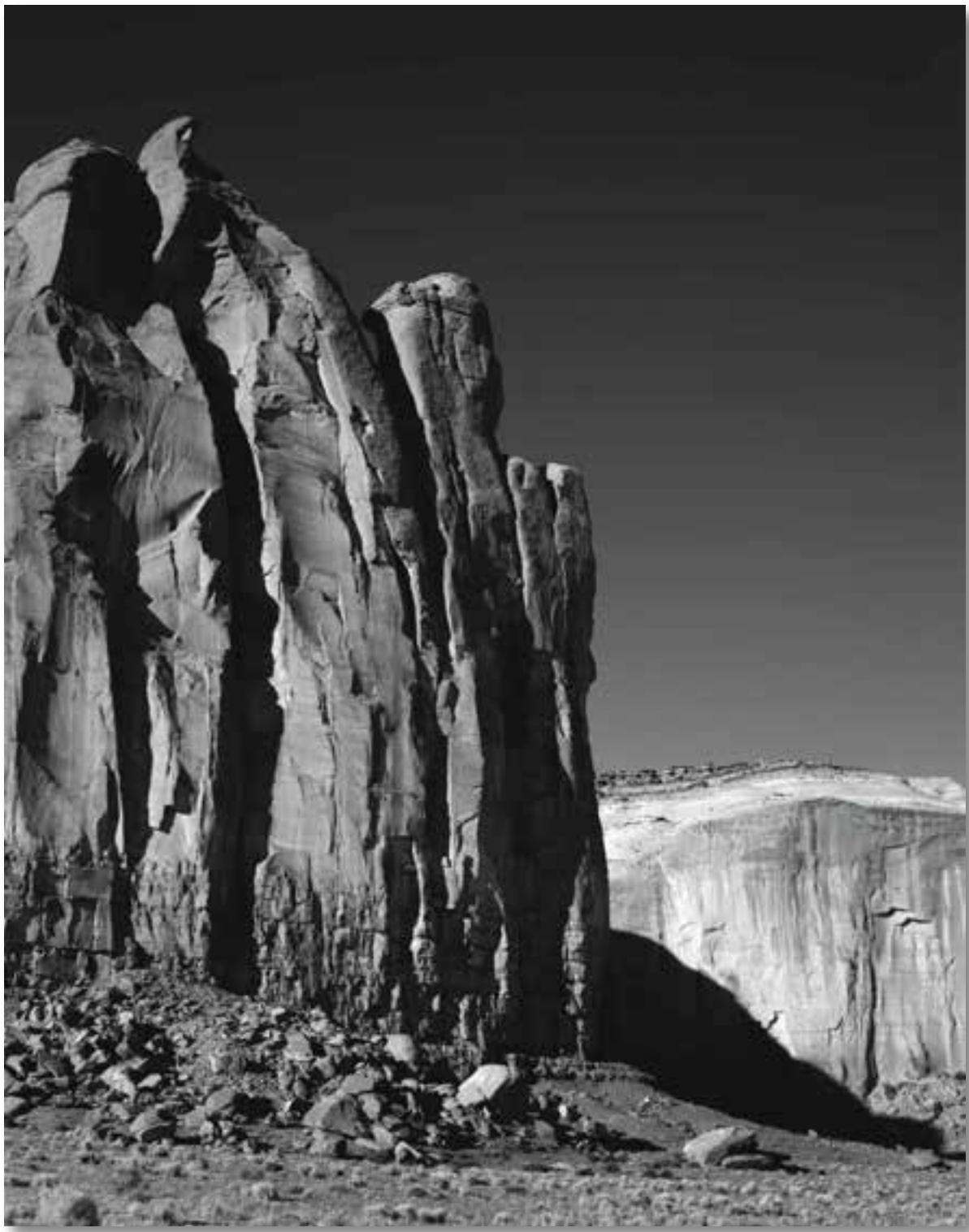


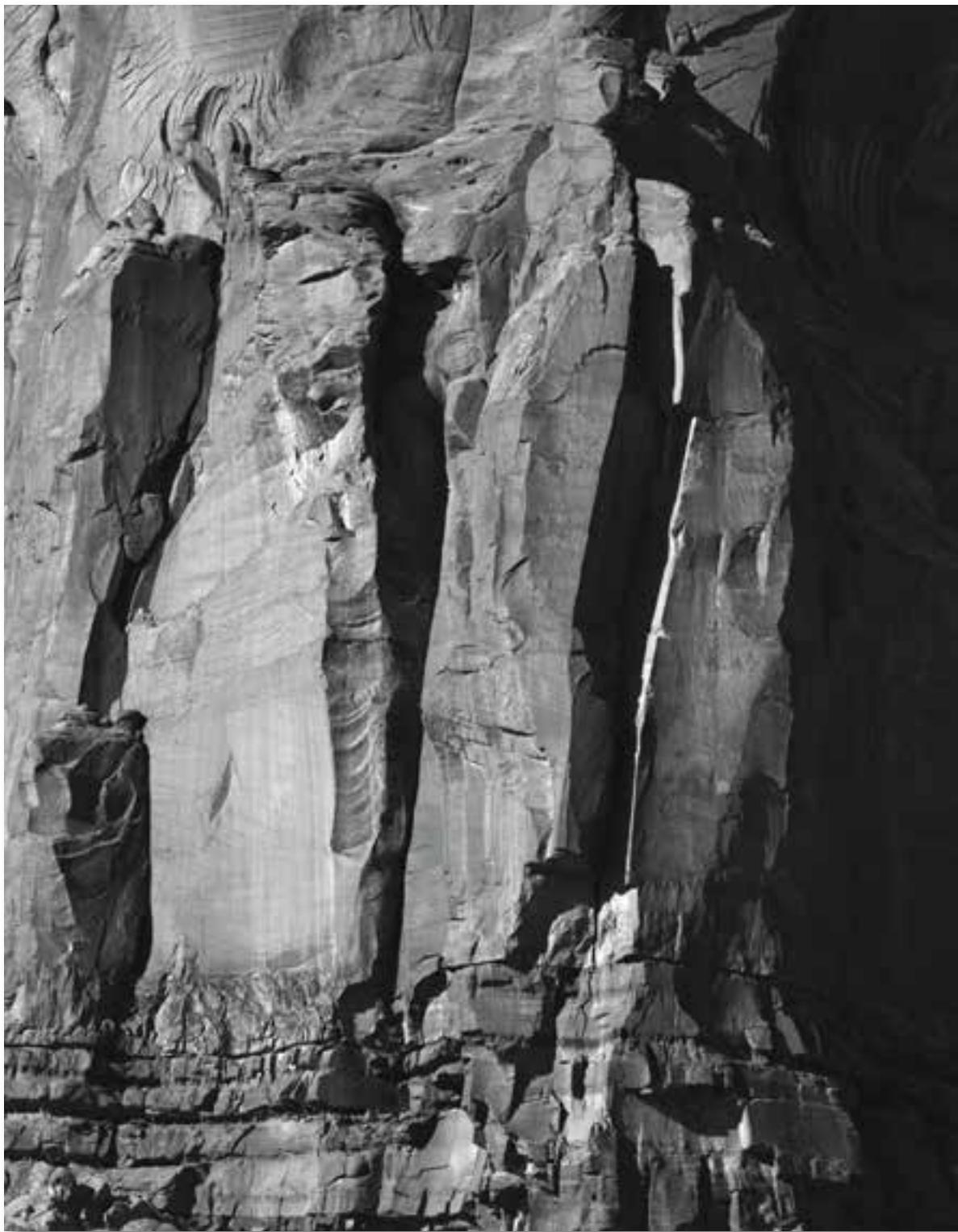
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your all-National Parks pass in your wallet, this is Navajo country. The minute you leave the paved parking lot at the Visitor's Center you'll know you're nowhere near a National Park. Wagons Ho! Adventure! If you've been on the 17-mile Valley Drive loop road before, and you see a Corvette begin the descent, you'll smile and shake your head, this ought to be entertaining to watch. Good luck to you, sir. What I like about this off-road road is

that it makes the experience vivid, like you've earned some sort of merit badge for "Road Courage," bonding you to your fellow travelers.)

But the view. It draws you down, no thoughts of turning back. And on this particular day the sky was filled with those exploding, yet non-threatening, white not black, towering clouds; get out the camera and tripod, try to slow the heart. There are technical issues





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to contend with too, even as you give thanks for the gift-wrapped pictures. I would learn later, on many of my seven trips there, not to expect gifts, that I would have to sweat out pictures under blank skies, just as Ansel had.

I believe nature is the most difficult of all subjects for the camera. The instrument was made for portraiture, at which it excels. Black and white. Landscape, to me,

comes alive through paint. Color. Let me see those thick, heavy brush strokes, the paint piling on. No time for exactitude, plein air, just get the soul down, step back and give the canvas one last look. Add a reckless signature. Walk away while the fever is still in control. That's how I imagine it, anyway. I wish I could do that. Maybe one day I'll try, just for me. Because I am married to black and



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white film doesn't mean I'm unresponsive to color. Just not in photography. (I have piles of Kodachrome slides from my day in the cowboy West that I hope someday to bring to light, which makes me a liar and a hypocrite. But that Kodachrome was beautiful, was it not?)

I was in Monument Valley for only a couple days in 2002, but it was enough. I couldn't wait to return.

There was a wildness I responded to. The Navajos had figured out how to share this remarkable place with all sorts of people, of many persuasions and ambitions, without either trashing or anally protecting it. Had they paved the Valley Drive most visitors would be in and out of the Valley in a half hour, feeling perhaps let down because they'd driven many miles to this remote



spot only to wonder, “Is that all there is?”

The wise and lucky take the guided tour in one of many open-air trucks outfitted with seats in the bed and a canvas canopy, and you ought to hear the howls as the drivers manhandle the vehicles at speeds not thought possible, passing the “self guided” cars crawling along.

The Japanese arrive by the bus load, and handle the trip through the Valley politely, quietly. But the Italians – those people know how to party. They sing and laugh with each jolt, encouraging the drivers to bounce them about even higher.

There are two choices of accommodations near or



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at Monument Valley. There's the View Hotel, relatively new, perched overlooking the monuments, an arm's length to the Valley Drive Road. I've never stayed there because it wasn't built when I first starting going and I'd already formed loyalties to the people at Gouldings. I like everything about Gouldings, from the service to

the history, the nightly screening in their small theater of the old Westerns featuring Monument Valley (*Stagecoach*, *Cheyenne Autumn*, etc.), the handy grocery store and gas station, the kindness and attentiveness of the staff.

But this is all backdrop to the real story, which is



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©Kurt Markus

the space. With or without clouds there is always something calling for your eye. The monuments seem to be placed by an unfathomable design, giving this 50-square-mile Tribal Park an intimate sense of scale. Monuments that tower a thousand feet close up still manage to impose themselves even at a distance. I'm

coaxed to take witness of every condition there is, to see what might be revealed; as unimaginative as it seems to say, Monument Valley is reborn moment by moment, changing, forever new. Worthy of a life's romance and discovery.



Thoughts on Cameras and Film

I come from an earlier era, pre digital, and have seen no reason to quit the kind of photography that has challenged and nourished me since I began making pictures in earnest, plus or minus four decades ago. In that time I grew comfortable with film's limitations, even to the point of embracing them. Now, as then, I understood the most difficult picture to make, successfully, was one created with the utmost simplicity. No gimmicks or intellectual overlays (I'm talking about made-with-the-brain-not-the-heart "concept" pictures, the kind only smart insiders "get"), just a straight-ahead, focused (realizing sharp is subjective), and honest representation of what the photographer has framed. If you can do that, make a compelling image within those conditions, you've been to the mountain top.

Most of the time when I'm trying to make a landscape I don't need to work that fast. I'll chase clouds and light, for sure, but what I enjoy most is to let the land and sky leak into me, maybe guide me to a picture I might



Photographer Kurt Markus

not have otherwise seen. Look with my eyes first, roughly decide where to put the camera and what lens to use, find the corners (got to locate those sometime because they will define the photograph). Retreat under the darkcloth. There's the image, already 4"x5" big on the Linhof ground glass, upside down and reversed. You really get the sense of what the picture will be. It's not a snapshot. Exciting. Satisfying.



Kurt Markus is an internationally acclaimed photographer, film maker and writer. He has made pictures for, with few exceptions, virtually all of the major publications, including *Vanity Fair*, *GQ*, *Rolling Stone*, *Travel + Leisure*, *New York Times Magazine*, *Outside*, *Esquire*, *Conde Nast Traveler*, *Texas Monthly*, *People*, *Entertainment Weekly*, *Men's and Women's Health*, *Vogue*, *Flair*, *German Elle*, *House and Garden*, and *Best Life*, among many others. He has done advertising campaigns for such clients as: Armani, BMW, Sony, Levi's, Timberland, Calvin Klein and Nike. Read more about Kurt Markus and see his books and images at www.kurtmarkus.com

The Road Trip List

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

#31 Guy Clark

Out in the garden she's got a website

It sparkles in the mornin' dew

– Guy Clark, “Analog Girl”

Several issues ago – that’s how we tell time around here – we celebrated Texas singer-songwriter Guy Clark’s 2014 Grammy win for Best Folk Album with his sentimental *My Favorite Picture of You*. Clark has been around a long time and the Monahans, Texas native has had his songs covered by biggies over the years including the likes of Steve Wariner, Jimmy Buffett,

singing along to his tunes, shall we say, highly accessible. In 2006, his album *Workbench Songs* was also nominated for a Grammy and it is one our favorites in the pick-up, so here’s a reminder that several of the songs on the album are true gems. Clark can cut to the chase pretty quickly and as the *Austin Chronicle* in its review of the album and his songwriting used the phrase “exquisite simplicity and captivating lucidity,” we like the easy way he describes the simple truths and the accessible – as in his song, “Tornado Time in Texas.”



Rodney Crowell, Lyle Lovett and Jerry Jeff Walker among others. Clark credits the late Townes Van Zandt as a huge influence on his writing and his everyman, my-give-a-damn-button-is-broken singing style that makes

Well the sky was blacker than a funeral suit

Hotter than a depot stove

Hide in the cellar

Here comes Amarillo

Blowin down the road

Ya got yer hail stones big as hen eggs boy

Yer clouds as green can be

Old mother natures raisin hell

She parked a pickup in a tree

Tornado time in Texas

Take the paint right off of your barn

Tornado time in Texas

Blow the tattoo off your arm



*Well when pigs fly, no I mean really fly
You can bet that it's blowin hard
Uncle Clarence was sittin in the outhouse
Now he's sitting in the yard
Granny's got the barn cat under her arm
She's got a dish pan over her head
Daddy's countin kids four five six
Better bring a loaf of bread
Tornado time in Texas
Take the paint right off of your barn
Tornado time in Texas
Blow the tattoo off your arm
Hidin in the cellar with the cannin jars
Sounds like a train up top
Hold your breath and peek outside
To see what we ain't got
It'll take your wheat, it'll take your corn
Even take your cotton balls
Suck red river just as dry as a bone
Dump it on Wichitaw falls*

This song steers you right into the eye of the storm with the drums of Eddie Bayers and the violin of Chris Latham. It's a tune that sticks with you, like that pickup parked up in the tree.

Another favorite from the album – and one that is becoming increasingly timely is “Analog Girl.” In a growing connected world, there are some who just won’t give in. And it is clear that Mr. Clark finds this gal pretty disarming.

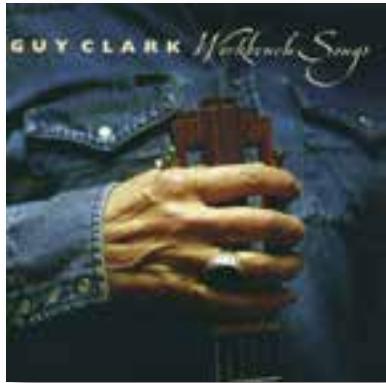
*Well she ain't got no cell phone
You got to call her when she's home
All of her clocks have got hands
Now don't try to e-mail her,
you've got to snail mail her
You got to take pen in hand*

*Ones and zeros, zeros and ones
She'll have none of that virtual fun
She's a real deal ol' fashioned analog girl
In a digital world*

Now she gets online out in the backyard

*Hangin' up her ol' blue jeans
She's got all of the memory she can live
with
She really hates drum machines*

*Ones and zeros, zeros and ones
She'll have none of that virtual fun
She's a real deal ol' fashioned analog girl
In a digital world*



*Out in the garden she's got a website
It sparkles in the mornin' dew
Got a mouse in her pocket,
she's got spam in a can
What's an analog girl to do*

Beyond being a superb and master songwriter – this album is a gem on many fronts as Mr. Clark is also a skilled luthier and plays many of the guitars he makes. It all may sound simple but it's a lot harder than it looks. Simple usually is difficult to pull off correctly. This is a great record for the road. www.guyclark.com

Watch the videos:

“Tornado Time in Texas”
<http://youtu.be/utv3j8NtlCg>

“Analog Girl”
<http://youtu.be/BAmDlmrAIiY>



A Western Moment



“Can of peaches...A big can please!”

Steve McQueen in *Nevada Smith*.



TWO WRAPS AND A HOOEY

Of Peppers and Cowboys

Hard to believe a photograph of a vegetable could create a life path, but for this issue's featured photographer, Kurt Markus, it did.

"My vocabulary changed both as a writer and as a photographer – when I first saw a picture made by Edward Weston," he says. "That image (his *Pepper #30*) was at once wonderful as well as rather liberating. I realized one could take pictures of anything, if it was done with purpose. It's all in the seeing and emotion and commitment. It really was quite freeing for me. And frankly, I ultimately had found it in subjects I had grown up around – the cowboys and stockmen, as well as the land they worked on."

Photographer, writer and film maker, Kurt Markus had spent a full life in the West before becoming internationally acclaimed for his fashion and portrait work and, even today, there are very few cow camps and bunkhouses in the region that don't have some evidence of that period of his work. He published three culture-changing books on cowboys and stockmen. The first,



After Barbed Wire, published in 1985, was sort of a positive follow up to the concept of a book published in the mid-fifties of photographs, principally by the great L.A. Huffman shot at the turn of the last century. In that book, *Before Barbed Wire*, Huffman exclaimed that the west was gone, fenced off with barbed wire and with the wire, a chapter closed. Mr. Markus differs. In his introduction to *After Barbed Wire* he wrote, "The West is proving to be more durable than most of us imagined, but then most of us never imagined cowboys, especially chinked-up buckaroos packing 80 feet of twisted rawhide and shot-filled-quirts. Nothing I am able to recall in

my Montana years was preparation for cowboy culture, so I can only guess what the retired military agents must have felt when they left the blacktop for the back country West and encountered Charlie Russell placemats and jinglebobs. It's no wonder developers lost heart and their ambition to colonize the way-out West; they'd run up solid against cowboys and a special kind

of logic called common sense."

The book would go on to be a classic and create a broad appetite in western types for what Markus had accomplished – the graceful depiction of cowboys committed to everyday tasks at hand. There was a sophistication and civility in the presence his subjects exuded. These were not dusty day-workers, but individuals with elegantly specific competencies who used those skills in almost effortless ease – no matter how bad things got.

For Kurt Markus, the people of the West became important subjects, a subtext for the rest of America. But the cowboys were not his only interest as his first inclination was to leave Montana for the “real” world of journalistic photography and reporting.

His attraction to the West and its people as subjects seems more about an admiration for his subject’s commitment to a life so many wish to dismiss as a dying breed.

“I was not born to ranching,” he says, “I was born a daydreamer, and I know of no slot for one of those on any ranch. My consolation is a simple-heartedness I would not exchange. The greenest cowboy alive has my respect.”

His second western tome, *Buckaroo*, published in 1987, celebrates the Great Basin region that includes parts of Nevada, Oregon, Idaho and Washington. Some of this part of the West is so out-there that some of it isn’t even mapped. The cowboys that inhabit the Great Basin work with a unique style – flat brimmed hats, cuffs, and slick-fork saddles. They are a throwback

to the old ways of the *vaquero* – hence the Americanized “buckaroo.”

As he wrote of his subject, “In buckaroo country there is a “Californio” tradition of *mañana* horsemanship, the movement of a young horse from snaffle to hackamore, to two-rein, to bridle, which, if all goes smoothly, takes years. There is no room for shortcuts in the system because omissions will show up later.” The nature of this style of training is by its nature time-intensive; a requisite in some corners of today’s world that’s not a plus in many types of work. Out here it’s appreciated because the end results – of a fine bridle horse –

are justified. But the approach is not always transferable to other aspects of life. One fellow in a Nevada cow camp explained it this way, “The world has moved too far to understand anyone retreating into the past.”

The images in *Buckaroo* show a studied, patient approach to stock handling. A quiet pace where slow is fast. There’s plenty of space out there and the stock and its care is paramount. The fewer the buck-offs the better. “The bucking horse rides, and the wrecks with ropes are flame-outs in space; *poof!* They happen,” he says, “usually at a distance seen by wide-angled lenses of cell phones that dramatize nothing and rinky-dink everything.” Being there is enough, for Kurt Markus, there’s plenty to see. “The cowboy West has drama, light, a rare purity. And when the sun comes up, cowboys ride out into it.”

His third foray into books of his cowboy imagery is called, simply, *Cowpuncher* – winner of the 2000



Wrangler Award for “Best Western Art Book” from the National Cowboy and Western Heritage Museum. This book, as the previous two, continues to celebrate the cowboy at work, this time in the Southwest. There is great style in both movement and presence in the black and white images presented. Of this work, Mr. Markus says in his introduction, “Cowboys have worked the

pass along and give the appearance of orderliness. But out there, lurking in the sage and mesquite are deviants who won’t be classed by other cowboys, and particularly not by clerks publishing definitive studies fixing cowboy character once and for all. Cowboys are as different as the stars in the sky.”

For Kurt Markus, the joy of creating these three

seminal books so many years ago came with the added benefit of time. He was on his own then, not on severe time constraints as he finds himself when doing assignment work today. “I guess the draw for me was the constant changing nature of shooting subjects in the West. The people, the land, the work, while tied to seemingly repetitive cycles, are always changing. The picture, always fresh. I’ve learned to appreciate that having grown up in a Montana town I thought had no consequence – and while growing up I wanted

out. I went on my own circle, never appreciating the nature of circles and how they bring you back.” BR



The author’s “using” copies of Markus’ classic regional trio.

style angle well and long and have now, after these years, got it down good. So well, it seems, that you’d think they invented a code – a code for all to abide and enforce and



To learn more about Kurt Markus’ photography, film making, books, and writings, please visit www.kurtmarkus.com



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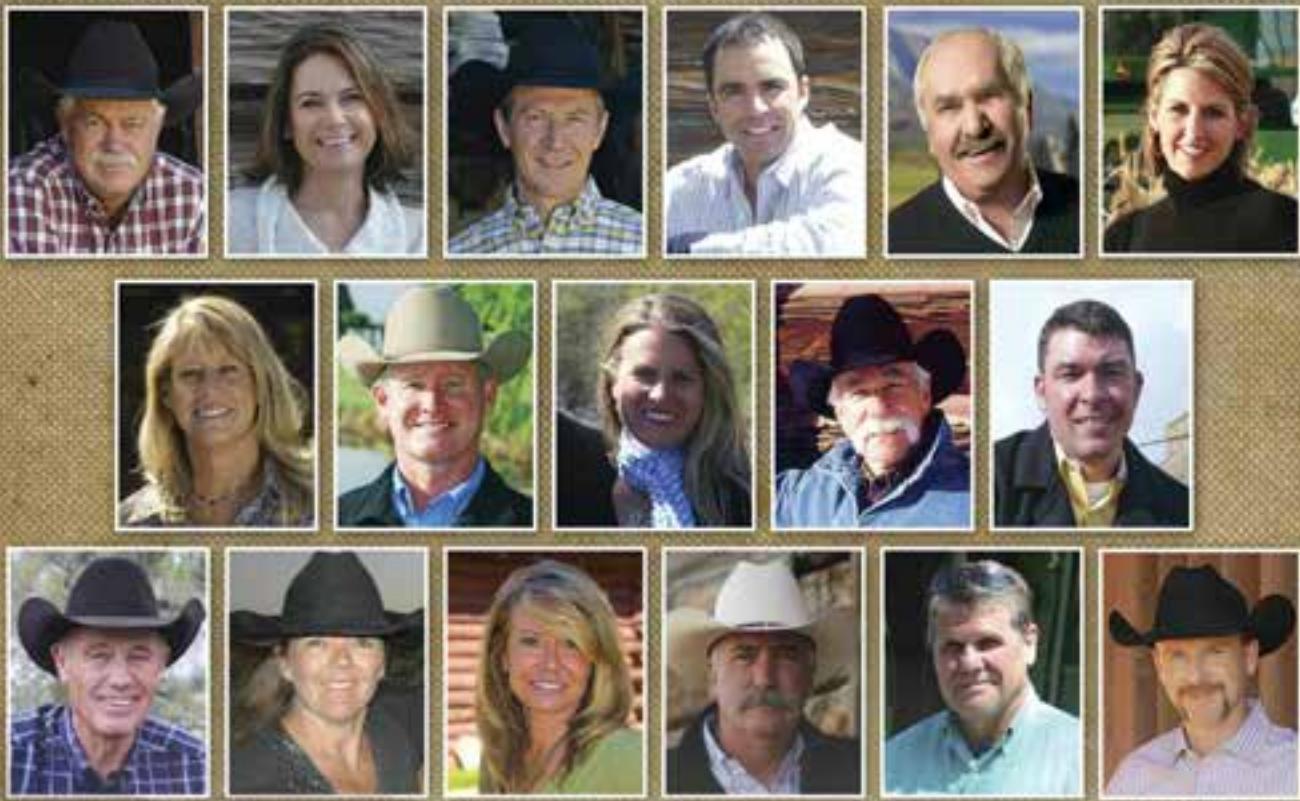
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“I love to rope. If something has anything to do with roping,
I want to be a part of it.”

— Don Butler (1947 – 2014)

Artisan, Saddlemaker, Silversmith, Husband, Father, Grandfather, Vietnam Veteran and Friend to all.

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