

The Journal of the American West

Ranch & Reata

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FRONT GATE

“Ocean in view! O! The joy!

— William Clark, with Meriwether Lewis at the Pacific Ocean, November 7, 1805.



Photo courtesy NASA, taken December 24, 1968 from Apollo 8.

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Cover image: Photograph of Oregon’s Malheur Basin, part of the Malheur National Wildlife Refuge – by Scott Ripley

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EDITOR'S NOTE

Slow Journalism

By A.J. Mangum

On a recent writing assignment, I became acquainted with Paul Salopek, a two-time Pulitzer Prize-winning foreign correspondent and a contributing writer for *National Geographic*. Paul is three years into an eight-year journalistic adventure – a round-the-world walk retracing the path of human migration. Having begun his journey in Ethiopia, in the region considered by archaeologists the birthplace of our species, Paul is now in the Levant, preparing to travel east across Asia. From Siberia, he'll cross the Bering Strait to Alaska, then head southward, ultimately arriving in 2020 at the southern tip of Chile, some 20,000 miles from his starting point.

As he travels, Paul writes and photographs stories about the people he meets, their cultures, and the places in which they live. Subjects present themselves spontaneously, and Paul meets most of his interviewees through chance encounters. He calls the work “slow journalism,” a reference not to the speed at which he’s traveling, but to a guiding philosophy Paul sees

as an antidote to today’s quick-hit, clickbait-driven media strategies.

“We’ve all read stories set in [other] cultures that are clearly written by writers who’ve parachuted in,” Paul says. “They strain credulity because they rely on easy tropes and assumptions. When you *walk* through a community, as opposed to zipping through it, telling details emerge that inform a deeper, broader picture.”

The result, he contends, is an immersive brand of journalism, one rich in context and detail, offering angles and insight that would be out of reach for writers with only a shallow understanding of a culture or a place.

As Paul continued to explain this methodology, I felt a certain sense of familiarity. I realized I’ve been practicing something akin to this brand of journalism for nearly 25 years. So have my peers.

To be clear, I don’t think I’ve ever *walked* to a story, but writing credibly in this genre – journalism centered on the contemporary West – requires an in-depth effort,



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BUILT FOR THOSE WHO PRESERVE THE PAST FOR THE FUTURE. BUILT FOR THE WILD.**



photo by Rufat Gajayev/photo courtesy Paul Salopek

Journalist Paul Salopek in Azerbaijan.

not unlike Paul's, to peel back a story's superficial layers – those easily seen surface details and elements of novelty on which mainstream reporters might focus –

and to bring readers into the everyday lives of the people inhabiting this culture.

It's allowed writers in our category to present angles that larger media entities, outlets generally equipped with more money and resources, have missed – from the realities of ranching along the U.S.-Mexico border, to the nature of the controversy surrounding the reintroduction of wolves into ranching country, to the unintended, but serious, consequences of a horse overpopulation.

Working in this way can be time-consuming, involving many hours of navigating remote back roads and earning social acceptance from reserved ranch families. More time spent with subjects, of course, means uncovering an abundance of detail; the processes of shaping and telling a story become more complicated than they might with those quick-hit reporting approaches.

But such complications, Salopek contends, give slow journalism its strength. The strategy, he says, is an effort to “hook an audience into longer-form, more immersive storytelling. Things get more complex. And that's the way it should be.”



Follow Paul Salopek's round-the-world walk at www.outofedenwalk.com.

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IN PRAISE OF TEXAS Longhorn, Lasso and Latigo

By J. Evetts Haley

***Publisher's Note:** One of the great state of Texas' most respected writers was J. Evetts Haley. Haley was a Texas-born political activist and historian who wrote multiple works on the American West, including an enduring biography of legendary cattleman Charles Goodnight. What follows is a classic piece of Haley writing originally printed in Nature magazine in 1930.*

From the time the *conquistadores* of New Spain first gazed upon the broad ranges of the Tejas, and claimed them for the bounty of the King, and the glory of God, Texas was destined to be grazed by vast herds of cattle and of horses. Wherever they trampled their trails into the sod, which was across the face of the Western World, Texas steers stirred the imaginations of men, even as their flinty hoofs stirred to high heaven the dusts of the trail. And to this day where "Texas" is spoken, cattle are thought of, and the head of the longhorn is as much an emblem of Texas as the lone star.

The story of Texas ranches begins almost two and a half centuries ago. With the early Spaniards, the most tireless explorers of the Southwest as well as the most zealous seekers after treasure, trailed herds of Mexican cattle, dependable commissaries "upon the hoof." Spaniards brought the first cattle to eastern Texas in 1690, when they established the mission San Francisco, and began Christianizing the Indians. But the Tejas proved incorrigible, and preferred stealing the *padres'* cattle to chanting *Ave Marias*; within three years the mission was abandoned. Spain forgot the land for twenty more. But her frontiersmen left cattle and horses ranging across the sandy, red hills of East Texas. The state has never been without them since. They figure largely in her economics and her history; in her songs and in her stories.

Because of its extreme mobility ranching has always been a pioneer pursuit. The Texas industry dates from the establishment of the San Antonio and Bahia missions in the first fourth of the eighteenth century. For a hundred from



Charles Goodnight (1836 – 1929), pioneer and Texas builder with one of his buffalo bulls.

photo by Dane Coolidge, early 1900s



the South watched their cattle grow to great herds, while they themselves extended the far-flung frontiers of Spain. During the century following the founding of Bexar, scattering *ranchos* or *haciendas* spotted the country between there and the Rio Grande. Anglo-American settlers, coming into the state, had discovered the ease with which cattle grew, and Texas had one hundred thousand head by 1830.

Then came the war with Mexico. Range men from “the states” fell upon the more swarthy, easy-going riders from below the Rio Bravo, and Texas trails were blazed with blood. Mexican *rancheros* fled from their ranges, leaving their cattle to become spoils of war. Adventurous Texans rounded up these herds and drove them to their own ranges or to Louisiana to market. Vicious battles were fought, rider less horses drifted back to jackal doors, and the results passed into the unrecorded history of “the bloody border.”

While Texas was yet a republic, cattlemen began trailing their cattle to market. Early American settlers had trailed small bunches to the Atlantic; the Spaniards had trailed many to new ranges throughout the Southwest; but the Texans advanced trail work to a science, and gave history the most stirring, remarkable epic of range life the world has ever seen. Before the Civil War Texas cowboys trailed small herds to New Orleans, Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, and other markets. With the discovery of gold in California, they trailed lanky, long horned steers two thousand miles and delivered them as beef at hungry mining camps. The war broke, markets disappeared, trails faded beneath growing grass, while Texas ranges teemed with three and a half million cattle.

Reconstruction found Texas bankrupt, through an estimated six million cattle grazed her open ranges. Everywhere men began driving herds to Louisiana, Missouri, Arkansas, Kansas, New Mexico, California – anywhere that men would pay a pittance in gold. Upon the ranges they were hanging cow thieves and shooting outlaws; upon the southwest border battling Mexicans; upon the trail clashing with renegade Jayhawkers, and almost everywhere fighting elusive Indians. But the cowboys were used to strife and feud, and the trail quickly became an institution of the cow country. It closed in the middle nineties after an estimated ten million head of cattle and a million horses had streamed out of the state along its various ramifications. Cowboys rode proudly, buoyantly, recklessly upon the trail, carrying not only cattle, but the methods of handling them – the technique of the range – to the cow country from Chihuahua to Saskatchewan. Texas had become the cradle of the cattle industry of the Western World. In addition to this vast movement of cattle to the north, there was, with the close of the Civil War, an immense expansion of Texas ranches. Only half the state was occupied. To the west of the Cross Timbers, that belt of post oak that almost cuts the state in two, the mighty roaming warriors of the Comanche and Kiowa still lived upon the meat of the buffalo. Into this wide stretch of prairie country that gently rolled away to the rim-rock of the *Llano Estacado*, ranchmen trailed and located herds. Everywhere lines of settlement were expanding westward, and in less than twenty years the pastoral frontier had doubled the settled area of the state.

Cowmen on public domain arbitrarily divided the land between themselves, recognizing natural or imaginary boundaries, along which cowboys “rode line” to keep their particular brands from straying beyond prescribed ranges. In those days of free grass and water, each cowman recognized the other’s rights, and, bidding by the system of unwritten law, lived in perfect harmony.

Then in the early eighties came barbed wire to revolutionize the West. With wire came ownership of lands, improved herds, the end of the trail, the end of free range, and more strife and feud. The Fence Cutters’ War, which spread from Red River to the Rio Grande, pursued mainly by renegades who were fighting for free grass and water, is a bitter chapter in the chronicles of Texas cattle. But fences rapidly stretched their prickly lines wherever good grass grew, men rode these lines with rifles upon their saddles, and the Legislature declared fence cutting a felony. Wire had come to stay. Except for the eternal struggle with cattle rustlers, this was the last serious warfare among Texas man who ride in the dust of

cattle. Along with the many changes wrought by barbed wire, came the Texas ranch much as it exists today, the product of a fascinating evolution.

It is always under fence. It may consist of a few thousand acres; it may embrace a million. Usually its ranges are fairly blocked together, fenced around, and sub-divided into as many pastures as the owner desires. Near the headquarters of



photo by Erwin E. Smith, 1908

A JA ranch cook inspecting his stew. JA Ranch, Texas.

any ranch of size is a horse pasture, where the saddle horses, or remuda, may be kept. Nearby is usually an enclosure of only a few acres, called a “trap,” where a rustling horse is kept over night for the purpose of driving in the remuda of a morning. Out over the range graze the owner’s cattle, horses, sheep, or goats. Today, there are comparatively few horse ranches. Goats, or sheep, and cattle are sometimes ranged upon the same ranch, though usually in separate pastures. In great sections of the state where there is much brush, ranches once devoted wholly to the raising of cattle have been fenced with wolf-proof wire, and given over to sheep and goats. Mexican hands, called *pastores*, seem to make the best herders, while a Texan usually superintends the work.

Water is the first consideration of any ranch. Once springs and streams were absolute necessities of the range. Then, in the eighties, windmills came into general use, wells were dug, tanks were built, and grasslands devoid of lice water quickly filled with thousands of cattle. Upon most of the ranches west of the ninety-eighth meridian, wells and windmills are necessities. Water ranges in depth from a few feet to several hundred, but almost always there is sufficient wind to lift it to the surface, where it pours into earthen tanks. Cattle will water daily at these tanks, during hot weather; perhaps every other day during cold, and range back away from the waterings several miles after the best grass.

Many small ranches are operated entirely from the sections of their ranges where are kept cowboys who daily ride their rounds looking after the cattle, inspecting the waterings, and riding fence. These cowboys are sometimes married men; more often they are single. The majority range in age from eighteen to forty – the life is hard on old men. Almost all are rough and ready cooks, but most of all, expert horsemen. Ranch life today demands a wider range of activity than that of forty years ago. Men work upon the ground more; consequently there are fewer fine cow horses, fewer expert bronc riders and finished ropers.

To name a few of the most prominent Texas ranches, O’Conner’s, Rancho de la Parta, Kings, Spurs, 6666, Figure 2’s, Matadors, and the JA’s, is almost to indicate the geographical extent of the western half of Texas. There, as well as in the Coastal Plains country, the Texas cowboy did not pass with the mustang and the longhorn, and will not pass so long as climate and topography govern the pursuits of men. The chuck wagon with its bed rolls, the cook mixing his sour dough, the wrangler with his remuda, the cowboy – in his shop-made boots and jingling spurs – flanking calves or tailing-up creepy cattle – all this is still a part of the ranch life of Texas.

West of a line drawn through Fort Worth and Austin, and from Red River to the Gulf of Mexico, lies in the main the



present ranch country of Texas. There is much grass to the east, but agricultural lands predominate. To the west, particularly in the brush of the border, the high, rough lands of the Trans-Pecos, the picturesque Hills, the Edwards Plateau, the Staked Plains, and in the canyons of the Panhandle, Texas cowboys will long ride with the ease of natural horsemen.

Throughout this territory land is still measured by the section, and fifty square miles is not a “big” ranch. The Nueces, or Brush Country, with its tangles of mesquite, *huajilla*, and coma, has always been grazed by herds of cattle. With the Coastal Plains, it is still the supreme breeding section of the state. Between Corpus Christi and Brownsville lies the Rancho de la Parra of four hundred thousand acres, furnishing range for twenty-five thousand cattle, unnumbered droves of turkeys, hundreds of havalinas, and large herds of deer. Thousands of water-fowl, both resident and migratory, find shelter upon its ranges during the winter, and it is the habitat of a varied bird population during the summer. Adjoining it to the west, and almost spanning the distance from the Nueces to the Rio Bravo, lies the King Ranch of well over a million acres, now the largest range in Texas and the sanctuary of many traditions of the West now calmed and peaceful.

Stretching westward to the upper reaches of the Nueces, through the Devils River region, and on to the lower waters of the Pecos there is a great country once grazed by cattle and horses, but now in part by sheep. The Trans-Pecos, from the Big Bend to the Guadalupe, rock-bound, mountainous, and dry, covered with nutritious grama grasses, is a vast pastureland that will always be ranged by meat-producing animals.

Bounding this region on the east is the sinuous and salty Pecos, twisting and bending in endless convulsions through three hundred miles of Texas rock, alkali and sand, draining a great scope of country that must long remain, by geographical decree, a land of cattle and of horses. Its valley, strongly impregnated with salt and gypsum, is matted with bluish brakes of salt cedar, which, laden with dew, switch the rider in the face with stinging brine to chap and crack the skin.

In “the heart of Texas”, the region lying west of Austin and Waco, between San Angelo and San Antonio, is the scenic hill country. Once its cedar and oak-covered hills were full of cattle, but, being a land for browsing, it is now the center of the sheep and goat business of the state. Around the heads of the Concho there are many cattle, too, though San Angelo lays claim to the title of the “largest mohair market of the world.” From the Monahans Sand Hills and the southern limits of the Staked Plains, north of the land is still, as the cowboys say, “best side up.”

The Staked Plains, constituting a great plateau, are among the distinctive features of Texas topography. Out of them the Concho, Colorado, Brazos, and Red River take their sources. They are bounded on the eastern edges by a ragged cap rock or escarpment, ranging from a hundred to several hundred feet in height, breaking away into gullies and canyons and rough country known as the “breaks.” The breaks are the home of the Matadors, the last of the foreign companies that launched into the business in the early eighties, the Spurs, the Pitchforks, and a score of other famous brands.

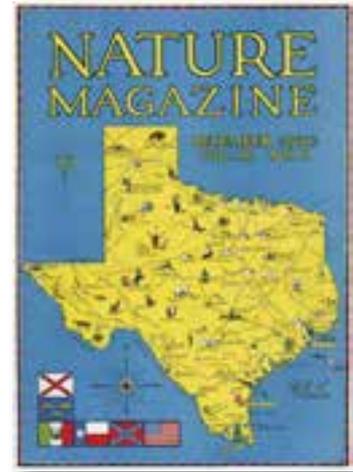
It was upon the High Plains that the XIT, or Capitol Syndicate, perhaps the largest fenced range that the world has ever seen, came into existence in the eighties when the state traded three million acres of land, in the western Panhandle, to a Chicago syndicate for the present state capitol. This land, in one block over two hundred miles long, was enclosed and subdivided into pastures with one thousand five hundred miles of barbed wire fence. It was watered with over six hundred windmills, and stocked with some one hundred and fifty thousand head of cattle. Every year its herds of steers were trailed a thousand miles to another great XIT range in Montana. Now the Capitol Lands are cut into hundreds of farms and small ranches.

But the first, and still the most representative, of the Plains ranches is the JA, its course, and pushed out his ranges in the breaks, and upon the Plains until they embraced nearly a million acres, and almost a hundred thousand cattle. There he preserved from extinction the buffalo of the Southern Plains, and, through years of patient experimentation, crossed them with Polled Angus cattle to produce the first herd of cattalo. The JA’s yet graze almost four hundred thousand acres

of grassy lands; its cowboys still ride herd upon from twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand head of JA Hereford cattle.

Though generally wide have been the encroachments of the agricultural frontier, wide still spread the ranges of Texas grass. For many years to come each fall will see again the gathering of beef and the loading of long trains of cattle. Each winter will find many cowboys wondering where “their summer wages have gone.” But each spring’s new grass will see remudas gathered into the horse pastures, chuck wagons loaded, and round-ups begun. Thousands of cowboys will again be riding the one hundred and twenty million acres of Texas grass, for it is still a land of beef.

(Originally printed in *Nature* magazine, December, 1930, Vol. 16, No. 6. For more information on the writings of J. Evetts Haley – an important volume of work about Texas and the West – please visit and support, The Haley Memorial Library and History Center in Midland, Texas. www.haleylibrary.com)



JOHN WAYNE: LEST WE FORGET

Storm Entertainment is releasing a new comic book biography (graphic novel) on the legendary John Wayne. *Tribute: John Wayne* will be released in both print and digital versions.

Few actors achieve the level of fame afforded silver screen icon John Wayne. Born Marion Mitchell Morrison, his distinct vocal cadence, intimidating physical presence, and signature look made him a box office draw for 30 years. Although he’s been gone for 36 years, his legacy remains. The 24-page comic book is written by Steve Urena and illustrated by Vincenzo Sansone. It will feature two collectible covers.

The Tribute line of comic books tells the stories of the classic entertainers that have passed on,” says Storm Entertainment’s publisher, Darren G. Davis “It is a way for us to honor these people who have made a difference in the world.

Previous classic Hollywood subjects that have been featured in the “Tribute” line include Elizabeth Taylor, Frank Capra, George Reeves, Lucille Ball, Marilyn Monroe and James Dean.

Print copies of the book can be ordered at www.comicfleamarket.com for \$3.99.

Tribute: John Wayne is available on your e-reader from iTunes, Kindle, Nook, ComiXology, DriveThru Comics, Google Play, My Digital Comics, Overdrive, Iverse, Biblioboard, Flipkart, ComicBin, Axis360, Blio, Entitle, Comicblender, Kobo and wherever eBooks are sold.





KIMES RANCH ANNOUNCES 2016 MODEL CONTEST WINNER

SCOTTSDALE, AZ – Kimes Ranch, an emerging leader in premium denim, announced the winner of their 2016 Modeling Contest, Tayler Teichert, on February 28th. Teichert was humbled and shocked to learn she had won.

“I was 100% shocked when I won, totally surprised. I liked Kimes Ranch on Social media, thought maybe I would enter, entered and the rest is history.”

Teichert, a 24-year-old full time ranch hand from Idaho came out on top with over 250 of the 2800 online votes. A win, that Teichert credits to her ranching community ties.

“I’m really good friends with the people that own J.M. Capriolas. I went and worked for them during a festival and I’ve taken pictures for their website. They showed me the jeans, and I actually bought a pair. I found you guys [Kimes Ranch] on Facebook and saw your posting for the model contest.”

In only its second year, the Kimes Ranch Model Contest boasted over 600 applicants from all different disciplines and backgrounds. Lindsay Perraton Director of Marketing for Kimes Ranch praised the contestants.

“We had such an amazing group of applicants it was a grueling process to pick a top 100, let alone a top five, so we deviated from our original plan and upped the finalists to a top ten for this year. The applicants were all beautiful inside and out with great back-stories. We are lucky as a company to have had such an overwhelming response and tried our best to show the variety of applicants in our top ten. Our Kimes Ranch community had the final vote and they chose Tayler as our representative. She is a perfect fit and we are thrilled to have her.”

“I like simple but I like something that’s a little bit different. I usually pull that in. I like some ugly sweaters, which you may have gathered by my pictures. I have some weird thrift store ugly stuff because it’s different and nobody else has it and that’s what I like,” Tayler says. In her spare time, Teichert writes for the Cavvy Savvy and moonlights as a freelance photographer. For more information on Taylor Teichert or to view her work visit www.taylerteichert.com. For more information on Kimes Ranch – www.kimesranch.com



Tayler Teichert



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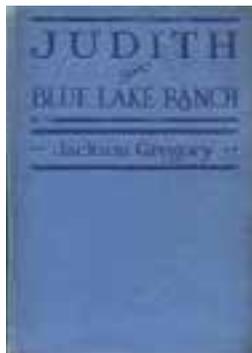
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The collection features work by renowned makers such as :
G.S. Garcia, Morales, Qualey, Echavarria, Visalia, Hamley, Shipley, & Gallup – this collection is being offered as a single collection. No single item sales. For more information and a listing of the collection – contact westerncollection2@gmail.com

NEW READ, OLD BOOK



We came across this little book recently, *Judith of Blue Lake Ranch* by Jackson Gregory. It was first published in 1919 by Scribner and has subsequently been published numerous times – including scanned by Google. Gregory was born in Salinas, California and authored over forty novels including many westerns. In this book, Bud Lee is the foreman of the Blue Lake Ranch and his morning usualness is disturbed by

the entrance of Judith Sanford whom Lee describes as a “sure enough wonder-bird” in the way she suddenly starts ordering the men around. The book is sort of classic in its pulp-western-ness approach but stands out with it’s illustrations by W. Herbert Dunton. It’s a charming throw-back of a read.





MORE PHONING IT IN

One of our Hens from the Hen House has flown. Ceily Rae Highberger is somewhere out there so here are some photo entries to her life journal via her phone.

The iPhone Files: Continued A Photographic Journal, Part II Photos in the Spirit of Spring

By Ceily Rae Highberger



April Showers...

Spring tends to bring out some things in me; wanderlust being one of them, urges to go branding being another, and the motivation to crawl on top of pickup trucks during rainstorms to capture some genuine desert springtime beauty: panorama style.

Bring May Flowers



Part of that wanderlust I mentioned results in some springtime hiking. Springtime hiking results in *cliché* (but not dull!) spring flower photos. So, while hiking through breathtaking scenery armed only with the camera on my phone, I remind myself that it is always a good idea to look down, because a macro picture of native wildflowers could be hiding amongst the picturesque *cliché* mountain shots.

Extra Gear



When hiking gets old, using four legs for transportation always seems like a great idea to me. On this particular pack trip into the Cloud Peak Wilderness, I snapped this shot in the only time window that my rain slicker was actually *tied* on to my saddle. The rest of the time was spring rain, green country, and miles on the trail.

... And Cattle En Route to Summer Pastures



Taken off the back of a 4th ride colt on a brisk spring morning trailing corriente cattle to summer pasture, this photo is probably one of my favorites. The longhorn and her calf traveled a little slower and created a unique view across the salt flat. I was almost too nervous to unzip my phone out of my vest pocket and snap the photo for fear of taking my attention off the colt. However, I decided that the picture was much to cool to pass up.

WESTERN STYLE WITH ASHLEY RIGGS-HAMMOND

When the West was “Fancy”

One of few heirlooms I have from my Grandfather is a fancy western shirt. Fantastically from the nineteen-fifties, it is turquoise cotton with pearl snaps, yokes with black steer heads (completed with golden eyes!) and a charming woven label that reads “Boss of the Plains.” I treasure it and it kindled my love affair with vintage Western fashion.

The western shirt is an amalgamation of pioneer, calvary, and Native American inspiration. Highlighting the romance of the old west, Buffalo Bill Cody and his Wild West Show set the standard for heavily decorated western wear. The 1920s and 30s began to codify the western shirt as we know it. It was around this period that piping, western shaped yokes, and cowboy themed prints began to appear. They appealed to an even broader audience of both young and old with the advent of moving pictures. Mail order catalogs sold ready-made shirts

and complete cowboy “outfits” for the little ones. Despite what you see in black and white photos, the colors were bright and FUN. Much like today.

Post WWII was indeed the zenith of the “Fancy Western” shirt era. Western and folk singers, like Hank Williams, were kings and queens of the jukebox. Western films with Cowboys were blockbusters. And who could forget Roy, Dale and Trigger! Nudie the “rhinestone tailor” began making his fantastically adorned Western suits during this era (and still today!). It was flashy, over the top, and uniquely American.



Chanel Pre-Fall 2014
Dallas, TX

Cowboy clothing continues to inspire the fashion world. I love to see how couture fashion houses like Chanel, Isabel Marant, Tom Ford and Ralph Lauren interpret the many design details. Being the only cowgirl

at my work, I often become the point person for the “fancy western” shirt (I design shirts FYI...). I love to design them and wear them quite often. Sure they aren’t true interpretations of what Cowboys and Cowgirls wear and work in everyday, but, they do represent good times, good memories, and a simpler era.

For more inspiration, follow my board “Navajos and Turquoise” on Pinterest at [Ashley_e_Riggs](#) and on Tumblr at [nynv-ashleyriggs.tumblr.com](#).



At the home ranch in Nevada wearing my Grandpa’s western shirt.



1937 Stockman Supply Catalog featuring early western shirts

Some favorites...



Tom Ford Spring 2015
Menswear Collection



Isabel Marant Fall 2012
Ready-to-Wear



Hank and Audrey Williams



King of Cool
Paul Newman in *Hud* 1963



Early Western Labels

NATIONAL COWBOY & WESTERN HERITAGE MUSEUM ANNOUNCES 2016 WESTERN HERITAGE AWARDS

The National Cowboy & Western Heritage Museum (the former National Cowboy Hall of Fame for you children of the 50s) hosted the annual Western Heritage Awards April 15 - 16. These prestigious awards celebrate the legacy the great



works by those who contribute to the understanding and appreciation of the American West. *Hell on Wheels* actor Anson Mount will serve as emcee of the event, with Country and Western singer Wynonna Judd as a presenter. Actor Tommy Lee Jones and other noteworthy icons are included in this star-studded awards weekend.

The ceremony celebrates the induction of honorees, selected by the Museum's Board of Directors, into the prestigious Hall of Great Westerners and the Hall of Great Western Performers. The recipient of the Chester A. Reynolds Memorial Award, named in honor of the Museum's founder, is presented to an individual who embodies the Western lifestyle.

"This special evening represents the highest echelon for Western songwriters, authors, entertainers, artists, and promoters of the West" said Museum President and CEO Steven Karr. "Each honoree espouses elements that embody the Western character, helping to make the region so dynamic and part of our national and, in fact, continental character."

The full list of 2016 inductees and honorees includes:

Hall of Great Westerners Inductees

- George Lane (1856 – 1925)
- Enrique E. Guerra (1929 – 2016)

Hall of Great Western Performers Inductees

- Tommy Lee Jones
- Bob Steele (1907 – 1988)
- Lee Marvin (1924 – 1987)

Chester A. Reynolds Award Recipient

- Rusty Richards

Film & Television Awards

- Television Feature Film – *Texas Rising*, A+E Studios, ITV Studios America, and Thinkfactory Media
- Fictional Drama – *Hell on Wheels*, *Hungry Ghosts*, Entertainment One Television, Nomadic Pictures, Endemol, American Movie Classics, Endemol Entertainment UK, and H.O.W. Productions
- Documentary – *Unbranded*, Fin & Fur Films, LLC and Implement Productions
- Western Lifestyle – *Red Steagall is Somewhere West of Wall Street*, Thunderhead Productions

Literary Awards

- Western Novel – *Endangered: A Joe Pickett Novel* by C.J. Box
- Nonfiction Book – *The Western Cattle Trail* by Gary and Margaret Kraisinger
- Art Book – *Painted Journeys* by Peter H. Hassrick and Mindy N. Besaw



- Photography Book – *Laguna Pueblo* by Lee Marmon and Tom Corbett
- Juvenile Book – *Texas Tales Illustrated: The Trail Drives* by Mike Kearby
- Magazine Article – *Finding the American West in Twenty-First Century Italy* by Renee M. Laegreid
- Poetry Book – *Woe to the Land Shadowing* by Red Shuttleworth

Music Awards

- Original Western Composition – *Ride a Wide Circle* by Mary Kaye
- Traditional Western Album – *Singing Songs by Waddie & Pipp* by Waddie Mitchell and Pipp Gillette

Each award winner and inductee receives the *Wrangler*, a bronze statue of a modern cowboy on horseback, created by noted Western artist Harold T. “H” Holden.



230 Drifter coat

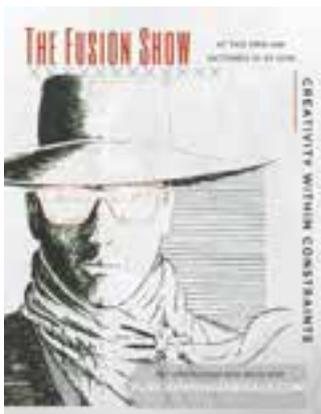
SCHAEFER RANCHWEAR

Whether you’re working the fence line or walking the trail, you want your clothes to work and walk with you, as authentic and agreeable as a mountain sunset. For three decades, Schaefer Ranchwear has been outfitting ranchers, cowboys, barrel riders and bronc-busters in American-made, well-crafted, long-lasting, eminently practical jackets, vests, shirts, pants and hats. These clothes are built for classic comfort with the best 21st-century materials. The Schaefer Drifter jacket is sewn with RangeWax[®],



805L Vest

a weatherproof oilskin with wax replacing the oily texture and smell of traditional oilskins. The Ladies Cattle Baron vest is designed with Legacy Melton Wool[™], the preferred wool for generations of hunters and soldiers and your best defense against the cold and wind. Both the jacket and the vest come with the distinctive details you’d expect in the finest American ranchwear: plenty of pockets, full taffeta linings, adjustable waists, solid brass logo buttons and your choice of colors. To experience the many possibilities for yourself, go to www.SchaeferRanchwear.com.



THE FUSION SHOW IS COMING TO THE BRANNAMAN PRO-AM THIS OCTOBER

Fusion is a collective of craftsman with the emphasis on “creativity within constraints.” This year the constraint will be a price point conducive to the individuals that participate in the Pro-Am Roping (www.proamroping.com). The piece, execution, and design are up to the craftsman. A much more detailed description is on fusionshowandsale.com. If you are a craftsman and interested in Fusion, please visit this site or call Nevada Watt, the curator, at 559-630-2530. See you all at the Pro-Am!



photo by Lori McIntosh

Laurie Montes



photo by Lori McIntosh

Buddy Montes



photo by Megan Elaine Luis

Chantz Albrecht

VAQUERO HERITAGE DAYS RETURNS TO THE HISTORIC MISSION TOWN OF SAN JUAN BAUTISTA, CALIFORNIA

In the 1700s, vaqueros journeyed with Franciscan Padres along California's Mission Trail. Vaqueros were skilled in horsemanship and stockmanship. Their heritage spans over 200 years and is celebrated at Vaquero Heritage Days August 19 – 21, 2016, the biennial event hosted by Franciscan Friars at their nostalgic 73 acre St. Francis Retreat, historic mission land of 1797.

The event, first held in 2010, celebrates, educates and raises public awareness of the California vaquero's legacy to visitors from throughout the U.S., Canada and many countries. The "Show & Sale" includes 30 artisans, gearmakers, historians, vaquero horsemen – sharing fine art, saddles, gear, braided rawhide, hair ropes, silver bits, spurs, jewelry, books and more! Visitors will be treated to vaquero-style horsemanship presentations and riata roping demos by vaqueros maintaining "Californio" traditions – Buddy Montes/*5th generation native vaquero*; Laurie Montes/*lifetime of ranching traditions*; Jeffrey Mundell/*traditional bridle horseman*; Chantz Albrecht/*dedicated to heritage*. Meet Guest Artist Curt Mattson well respected for his western action bronze sculptures and watercolor paintings. And take the opportunity to meet Peter Hiller, Curator of Jo Mora Trust offering works from artist Jo Mora (1876-1947).

Friday Artisan Grand Preview & Sale 4-7pm with chef-prepared hors d'oeuvres and beverages

leads up to "Concert Under the Stars" by Entertainer Dave Stamey 7-8:30pm. Saturday "Show & Sale" 9-5pm. Saturday 6–8:30pm Chef's Rancho Dinner, prize drawings and Concert by Singer/Songwriter Trinity Seely. Sunday morning 9am inspiration and song in outdoor amphitheater; "Show & Sale" open 9:30-3:30pm. Saturday and Sunday Vaquero Horsemen demos. Chef lunches, beverages, raffle drawing for 3 items, all custom made by artisans \$1000 value each! Friday and Saturday evening and concerts, advance ticket purchase a must! Details at www.vaqueroheritagedays.com and on Facebook|Vaquero Heritage Days.



Curt Mattson



photo by Neets

Trinity Seely



photo by Lori McIntosh

Dave Stamey



PRIX DE WEST SHOW SET FOR JUNE 10-11 at National Cowboy & Western Heritage Museum

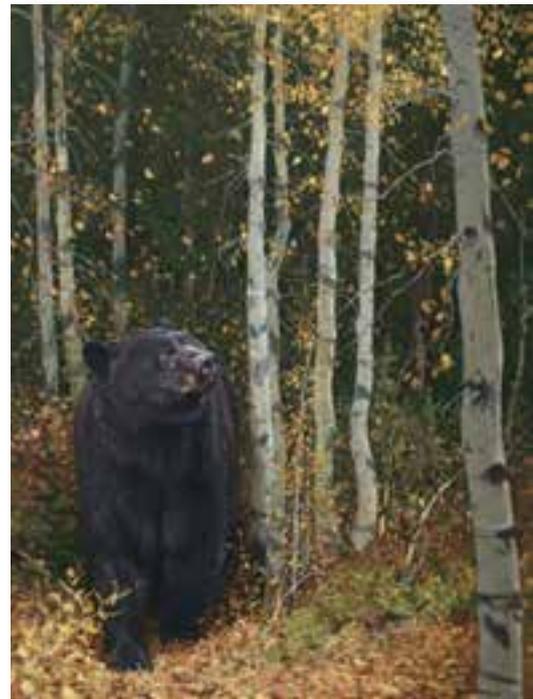
The National Cowboy & Western Heritage Museum announces the 43rd annual *Prix de West Invitational Art Exhibition and Sale*, this June 10-11. Festivities include seminars, artist demonstrations, luncheons, fixed-price draw for art, awards dinner, live auction, and celebration. This year the exhibition and sale will feature 98 artists and introduce two new guest artists, Glenn Dean and Z.S. Liang. *Prix de West* includes more than 300 paintings and sculptures by the nation's finest contemporary Western artists.

Bruce R. Greene and Loren Entz will lead master art classes before and after the opening weekend. *Prix de West* begins with two days of seminars on art-related topics and artist demonstrations. Seminar participants include Andrew Peters, Carolyn Anderson, Daniel F. Gerhartz, David A. Leffel, Dean Mitchell, and William Whitaker. *Prix de West* festivities culminate with a fixed-price sale of all the exhibition pieces followed by a live auction and closing celebration.

Friday night's *Prix de West* Preview Party and Awards Dinner



Terri Kelly Moyers
Primordial Hawaii
Oil, 24" x 36"



Randal M. Dutra
On Autumn Winds - American Black Bear
Oil on Belgian linen, 40" x 30"

is *exclusively* for those purchasing the premium event package. Five awards will be presented including the Frederic Remington Painting Award, Major General and Mrs. Don D. Pittman Wildlife Award, James Earle Fraser Sculpture Award, Express Ranches Great American Cowboy Award, and the Donald Teague Memorial Award for exceptional artistic merit for a work on paper.

At noon on Saturday, June 11 both the *Prix de West* Purchase Award and Robert Loughheed Memorial Award winners will be announced.

Saturday evening's traditional fixed-price draw for

art will be followed by a celebration including food and live entertainment but more importantly announce the Jackie L. Coles Buyers' Choice Award immediately followed by a Live Auction.

Prix de West packages begin at \$185 and the full, premium package is \$450. To make reservations, order an art catalog, or to arrange to bid by proxy, visit <https://store.nationalcowboymuseum.org/about/events/prix-de-west-2016/>

DESTINATIONS

Road Trip: The Rogue River Valley of Oregon

By Donna Stegman



Burney Falls

Winter has finally flown the coop, the weather has warmed up and we can't wait to enjoy the great outdoors – time for a road trip!

One of the best scenic summer destinations just so happens to be one of the least crowded and best-kept secrets on the west coast. Far from the busy cities, packed National Parks and popular tourist draws found throughout California, sits the breathtaking forests and rivers valleys of the California-Oregon border.

I've sped right through it numerous times while traveling up and down I-5 on our way to Seattle, never stopping for more than gas and a quick snack before hitting the highway again on our way up to the Pacific Northwest. I'm usually the one behind the wheel when

we take a road trip and my family would be quick to rat me out that I have a tendency to drive like it's a competitive sport. After about 2 hours into a trip my eyes begin to take on a hard, crazy gleam like I'm Clark Griswold headin' to Wally World, I am in-it to win-it and tune out everything but the road and my fellow competitors. So it's no wonder that with a bad case of highway tunnel vision I've never really noticed the blurry landmarks and little towns as I flew down the highway. So when our daughter picked a college in Southern Oregon I had a good idea where it was, highway marker 122, but I had never stopped and experienced the beauty of the Rogue River Valley and Ashland Oregon.

The route from Reno to the California-Oregon border is off the beaten path, but we quickly found out it was well worth it. The narrow but picturesque State Highway 89 cuts through the dense forests like a knife and winds slowly around breathtaking mountains, campgrounds and trout filled streams. The Sierras meet up with the Cascade mountain range in this area with the largest gem in its crown being Mt. Shasta, thus producing a plethora of National Parks and scenic photo-ops. We pass campsites and pull-offs galore with fishermen dotting the banks of every river we pass. We stop for a brief visit to a restroom and stumble across Burney. It's not much more than a handful of old wooden buildings in the middle of Lassen Park and the old camp store stocks snacks and the requisite "Beer, Bait and Amo" sign hangs slightly askew over the front door. After some helpful hints from the cashier, we drive a mile down the road and turn into Burney Falls Park. If you can make only one stop on your way make it Burney Falls, located in the heart of Lassen Volcanic National Park – it's a wonder to behold. An overnight camping resort that's focus is on swimming holes, canoeing and fly-fishing but the waterfall is its whole reason for being. President Theodore Roosevelt called Burney Falls "the Eighth Wonder of the World" and was declared a National Natural Landmark in 1954, it's breathtaking and photos will never do it justice. I've made a note to revisit this spot on another trip when I don't have reservations elsewhere, but this just goes to show you never know what you're going to stumble across on a road trip. Back into the car after a walk-about, after all I have a schedule to keep.

Once we pass the majestic Mt. Shasta we're dumped rather rudely back into civilization onto I-5, the border of

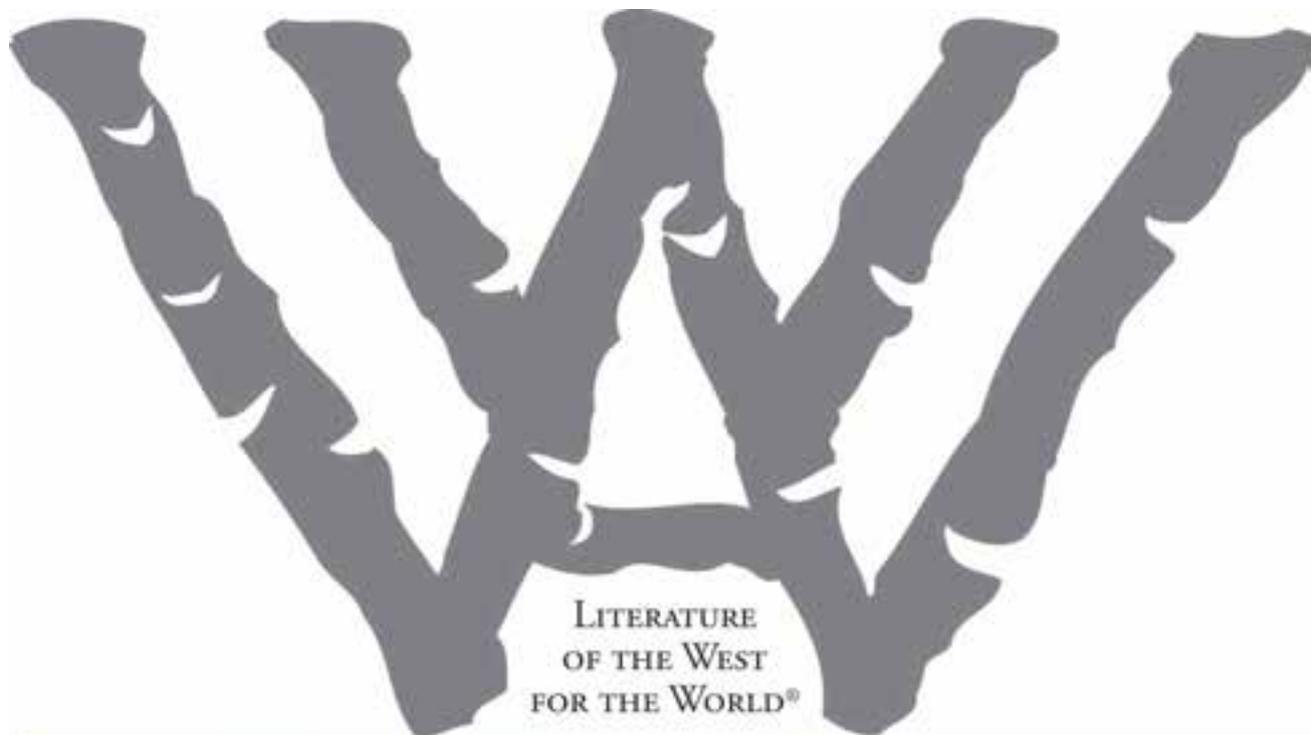


Ashland, Oregon

California and Oregon into a town called Weed. Yes, one of the northern most California cities is actually named Weed, and as you can imagine the Weed City sign is a big hot spot for selfies and also the home of the original Black Bear Dinner (try the buckwheat pancakes). The rest of the drive is short but slow going, two steep mountain passes later and we are rewarded by the stunning vistas filled with the rolling green hills of the Rogue River Valley of Oregon.

Ashland is the first town we pull into and it's absolutely adorable; this little hamlet sits directly off the I-5 Highway right over the Oregon border and is snuggled into the lush forest green hills of the Siskiyou Mountains. We made it to Ashland right before sunset

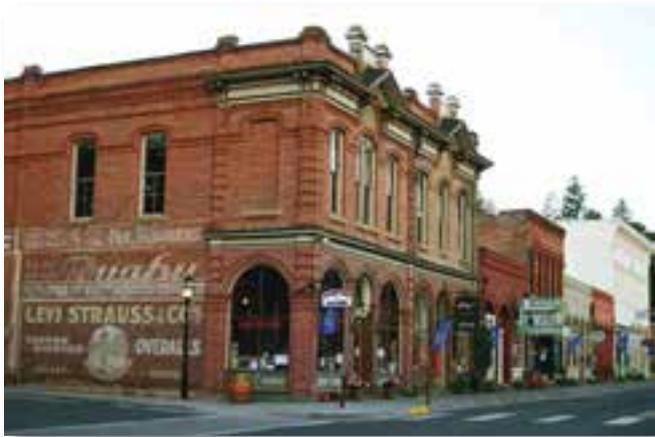
(because of course I made good time) and it was if we exited the highway directly into Stratford-upon-Avon England. Every charming lamppost was festooned with red banners sporting the House of Tudor's gold lion, thick walls of ivy clung to the red brick buildings and businesses had charming names like, "Puck's Doughnuts" and "Much Ado About Noshing." I'm usually repelled by excess cuteness but this all seemed to work for Ashland. It's built around a center square made up of little boutiques that features glass works, artful earthenware and unexpected treasures ranging from Chinese



Western Writers of America
www.westernwriters.org

singing bowls to Pendleton blankets and praiseworthy restaurants, that all have that slight touch of Shire. The unmistakable presents of Elizabethan atmosphere is due to the fact that Ashland is primarily built around Shakespearean Theaters and is ground zero for one of the largest Shakespeare Festivals in the United States. Ashland has been long known for its Tony Award-winning, large-scale Shakespearean productions but with a laid-back hippie vibe, but now it has a new element of sophistication offering a repertoire of works by modern playwrights appealing to a larger group of theatergoers. The Allen Elizabethan Theater is utterly remarkable, it's a replica of the Globe Theater in all its Tudor glory. You will be instantly transported when the lights dim and the show begins to 16th century England.

You can't help but notice as you drive around the valley, that between Kelly-green fields dotted with dairy cows and fields of playful goats, the hillsides are lined with vineyards. Oregon wineries have been garnering some serious positive national and international attention lately. The cold rainy winters help store the sweet sugars in the dormant vines to be released into the grapes when the summer ushers in its 90 plus degree temperatures. Some Sommeliers are writing that Oregon is what the Napa Valley was 40 years ago and has become a serious destination for some outstanding wines. We found that most of the local wineries are family run, vine to glass, no corporations in between. It's a very intimate experience to have the owner pouring your tasting and sharing stories of vineyard life. Take an afternoon to visit and support these wineries, one day soon they'll be famous too.



Grants Pass

My husband can drive right along without ever noticing an exit sign, highway patrol hiding under an overpass or a live bear standing alongside the highway, but he can eyeball a billboard for a cheese and ale shop from over a mile away. The Rogue Creamery was just a short drive north of Medford in Center Point and proclaims the, "best craft made bleu cheese in the world" and boasted a cheddar room and plentiful samples. Now how could we pass up this opportunity? In an old vintage building with loads of character it lures you inside with the promise of cheese nibbles and local craft beers on tap, it delivered that and more. It's a great respite on your way to Grants Pass for the Hellgate River

excursion; they'll even pack you up a world-class picnic basket for your adventure.

The warm green waters of the Rogue River snakes its way through the valley towards its final destination, the Pacific Ocean, its waters cutting a path leaving behind rugged cliffs and the occasional sandy shore. This is a huge destination for sport fishermen and river sport enthusiasts alike. Anglers flock here from early spring until the snow flies, the Rogue is full of a variety of trout including Steelhead but Chinook and Coho salmon are prized amongst anglers. And a few old-timers say if you go at the right time of the year, you can still hook a sturgeon in the lower section as it approaches the ocean.

But for us it's all about the high-speed jet boat ride down the river. The boat ride is a highly spirited adventure that had me holding onto the handles in front of me for dear life as you're blasted down the Rogue with its towering cliffs looming over you from both sides. Hellgate Canyon was made famous many years ago when Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid jumped off the imposing cliffs in that famous scene, since then several movies have used this spot for a backdrop including John Wayne in Rooster Cogburn and Meryl Streep fighting the rapids in The River Wild. The



guides are animated and well versed in interesting local lore and you're almost guaranteed to spot some local wildlife such as deer, bear and eagles.

After a fantastic and full day we headed back to our resort of choice, the Lithia Springs Resort and Spa, the only word that rises to the top when I think of this hotel is Enchanting. But hotel isn't really the right word for it, a cozy cluster of Cape Code style bungalows is more accurate and it sits just a mile or so outside of the center of town, but you'll feel like you're a million miles away from the hustle and bustle of daily life. It's truly unexpected and we found it held a certain grace that seems to be lacking in most hotels these days. All the spaces, inside and out, have a freshness about them that we loved and I felt not just well served but actually cared for in our stay. Our room was spacious with a relaxing sitting area complete with white leather couch, mounted flat screen with DVD player, gas fireplace and a wet bar. All rooms also include large jetted spas with plumbed in Lithia springs water to soak away sore muscles after all your outdoor adventures and beds, you'll never want to leave. They serve a lovely included breakfast everyday, I was quite fond of their eggs with asparagus tips and they make superb pineapple and coconut scones. You can dine inside or find a quiet spot outside in one of their lush garden sitting areas. The grounds could rival any park and we loved the numerous little flower gardens with secret-sitting areas all furnished with bright white Adirondack chairs overlooking their streams and koi ponds. So be sure to bring a good book.

The Rogue Valley does a marvelous job pairing art and culture with rugged outdoor beauty, excitement and adventure. Southern Oregon is a four-hour drive from Portland or 5 from Reno and it's rich in both scenery and sensory experiences. With a gallery of resplendent landscapes in any direction, from the wooded Rogue River and serene Crater Lake to the acclaimed arts and theater that lights up the night in this rustic region, it's no mere day trip. So put down your phones, turn off your laptops and take a few real days to enjoy all that nature and your family has to give.

PERCHANCE TO DREAM

Lithia Springs Resort

The water source for this adorable establishment is fed by Ashland's legendary lithium hot springs. Don't be put off by the sulfurous smell; the minerals make this water an ideal treatment for sore muscles. I'm a usually a skeptic, but I can testify that my lower back in fact did feel completely better after our 3 days at The Lithia Springs Resort! www.lithiaspringsresort.com

Lithia Springs Hotel

In 1925, the nine-story Lithia Springs Hotel opened its doors as Ashland's first luxury hotel and is located in the town center and happens to be the tallest building between Portland and San Francisco. Several name changes and a \$10 million makeover later, the Ashland Springs Hotel has a chic new look. Some original details were spared in the renovation – the lobby's terrazzo floor, chandeliers in the ballroom, and the guest rooms' floor-to-ceiling windows so you can take in the view. www.ashlandspringshotel.com

Crater Lake Lodge

If you want the camping experience but hate outdoor living, try out the Lodge. After a six-year, \$15 million renovation, the 1915 Crater Lake Lodge has regained its former stature. The 71 rooms have no phones or televisions, but half of them have views of the sparkling blue lake. They have many activities and celebrations planned for summer guests. www.crater-lake.com

ADVENTURE

HellGate Canyon

The coolest trip on the Rogue River is a tantalizing and scenic 2-hour, 36-mile round trip departing from Grants Pass. You skim over the river



water and then jet through historic Hellgate Canyon. Learn the river’s history as you discover old floodwater marks on the narrow heights

above. This narrated tour will offer a unique view of native plants and wildlife. This was a real hotspot for movie filming, visit the location where John Wayne and Katherine Hepburn filmed Rooster Cogburn and all while learning the history of the Rogue Valley. www.hellgate.com



JUST RELAX

Spa

Book an afternoon at the Ashland Springs Spa to recuperate from a hike at Crater Lake or a rafting trip on the Rogue River. Treatments range from the exotic Javanese Mandi Lulur to trendy Hawaiian hot stone massages. Each is preceded by a 30-minute sauna session and peppermint foot soak. www.ashlandspringsspa.com

Lithia Park

This park is located in the center of town and is one of the most amazing public parks I have ever seen, 93 open acres accessible by strolling along the walking paths. A new and wonderful spectacle awaits you around every corner, from duck ponds to Japanese gardens and towering majestic water fountains, all shrouded in native trees and moss. The Ashland River cascades down from Mt. Ashland bisecting the park into its distinct areas with charming English footbridges to take you to and fro and be sure to catch the free live music shows throughout the warm summer evenings in the outside theater.



Lithia Park Theater

FOR THE FOODIES

AMUSE

Erik Brown, a former chef at St. Helena’s Tra Vigne and Jamie North, a pastry chef at Napa Valley’s French Laundry and Terra opened their version of Northwest-French cuisine incorporating organic, seasonal ingredients – and their menu changes daily. Some big hits at this little café are grilled quail with lentil salad and black-truffle butter; artichokes stuffed with marrow beans, arugula, and Meyer-lemon cream. For dessert, try the bittersweet chocolate truffle cake, served warm with coffee ice cream, or the beignets with crème anglaise and jam made from heirloom berries.



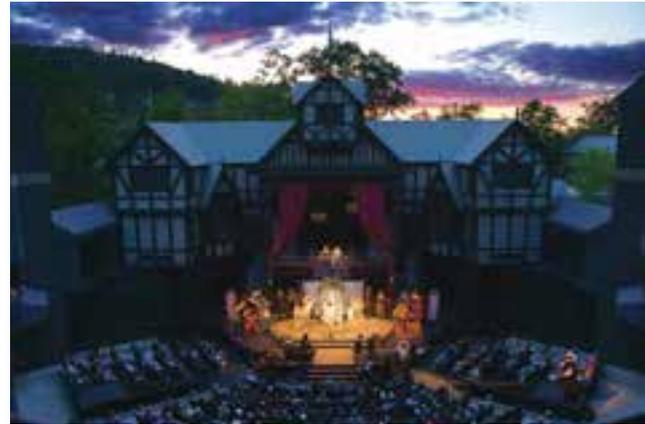
Black Sheep Pub

Right in the middle of the Ashland Plaza sits the Black Sheep Pub, this is more than a restaurant, it's a way of life. Eclectic Celt fayre and libations fill this authentically decorated public house. We love this place so much we actually had our Easter dinner here, complete with a full Irish Session of music and singing. It's your usual traditional Brit and Irish pub fare, but only tasty and on Sunday's they serve up "Mum's Sunday Dinner" until the roast beef and Yorkshire pudding runs out. www.theblacksheep.com

DIM THE LIGHTS

Allen Elizabethan Theater

On three stages scattered around the town center, updated versions and perfect classic Shakespearean plays run daily for 8 months of the year. This spring's lineup included – Twelfth Night, Great Expectations, The Wiz and Richard II just to name a few. Go online to see dates and schedules. www.osfashland.org



Rogue River

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

Rogue River

Much of the area falls within the watershed of the Rogue River, which flows 215 miles west from the Cascade Mountains to the Pacific Ocean, making the region famous for its world-class salmon fishing, whitewater rafting, wildlife spotting and breathtaking hikes. With its warm water and range of rapids, the Rogue is a must-paddle for outdoor enthusiasts, while jet boat tours take adventurers of all abilities around the river to see the sights.

Crater Lake

Crater Lake sits just 2 hours east from Ashland, like a sapphire in the Oregon wilderness; it's the deepest lake in the United States. Formed when the volcanic Mount Mazama collapsed around 7,500 years ago it left a cliff-lined, crystal-clear wonder in its place. A pair of visitor centers, some shops, plenty of campgrounds and the Crater Lake Lodge provide the only modern comforts in the park, but the hiking and views are the real draw here.

BASIC TIPS

- Be sure to book any plays in advance, some productions sell out months in advance, same goes for accommodations.
- Hellgate tours are a great way to cool off in the hot summer months, just be sure to take a change of clothes, you're going to get wet. And pack your phones and cameras in a Ziploc baggie.
- It's strange for most of us, but it's against the law in Oregon to pump your own gas.

Questions or Comments-Dstegman@aol.com



THE WEST IS OUR HERITAGE.



VISTA RIDGE ESTATE

Evergreen, Jefferson County, Colorado

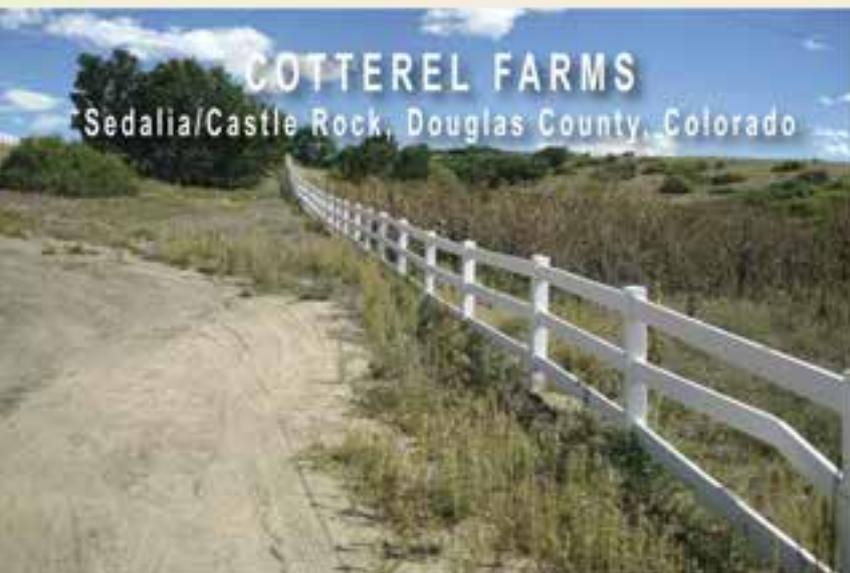
A one-of-a-kind legacy property with absolute privacy and amazing views. These 19.25 acres, bordered on two sides by national forest, feature a modern home with authentic mountain-rustic style, stunning custom features and impeccable architecture and craftsmanship. Other improvements include an attached garage, shop/RV garage and gym/studio above. **\$6,800,000. Ron Morris, 970.535.0881, ron@rmabrokers.com**



LONE CONE RANCH

Norwood, San Miguel County, Colorado

Adjacent to national forest, this ranch/retreat on 496 acres consists of a custom home with magnificent views, equestrian facilities, other nice improvements and easy, year-round access off a paved and county-maintained road. Abundant wildlife, one-acre stock pond, and recreational opportunities close to Telluride. **\$3,950,000. Ron Morris, 970.535.0881, ron@rmabrokers.com.**



COTTEREL FARMS

Sedalia/Castle Rock, Douglas County, Colorado

Just 3 miles north of Sedalia, these 414.28 acres has 364 acres zoned Agricultural One "A-1" and 50 acres in the Rural Residential "RR" zone. 2,000 feet of frontage on US-85 and a variety of tree and shrub cover which attract the local wildlife. Topography is gently rolling terrain. There are 497 acre feet of adjudicated water rights, including 4 permitted wells. **\$10,000,000. Ron Morris, 970.535.0881, ron@rmabrokers.com**



VALLEY VIEW RANCH

Pagosa Springs, Archuleta County, Colorado

Just two miles from Pagosa Springs and bordering national forest with unobstructed views, the 1,353-acre historic homestead runs 900 yearlings and includes varied topography and senior water rights. Half the mineral rights and geothermal rights are included in the sale. Great candidate for a conservation easement or has potential for development. **\$7,450,000. Ron Morris, 970.535.0881, ron@rmabrokers.com**

MAKE IT YOURS.

RMA
RANCH MARKETING ASSOCIATES

HILLSIDE RANCH

Hillside, Custer County, Colorado



Nine miles from Westcliffe, this high-quality 580-acre executive ranch features luxurious improvements, 360-degree views, pastures and meadows set up for grazing. Ideal for entertaining, the elegant 7,350-square-foot, 3-bedroom, 3.5-bath home has a large open floor plan. This is an exceptional mountainside retreat. **\$2,900,000. Ron Morris, 970.535.0881, ron@rmabrokers.com and Duane Daskam, 719.942.3734, duane@rmabrokers.com**

VALLEY PARK RANCH

Divide, Teller County, Colorado



Just under 1,200 acres with grand views of the nearby Pikes Peak, this convenient yet private ranch retreat is within one hour of Colorado Springs. A restored ranch house and guest cabin provide comfortable living and the ranch's spectacular four-season scenery can be explored on horseback, foot or mountain bike. Within an hour of Colorado Springs. **\$7,995,000. Ron Morris, 970.535.0881, ron@rmabrokers.com**

NORTH PLATTE RIVER VALLEY RANCH

Fort Laramie, Goshen County, Wyoming



Five miles west of the historic settlement of Fort Laramie, these 7,254 deeded acres with 1,160 BLM and state leased acres have 1.5 miles of frontage on the North Platte River and modest improvements. The ranch provides excellent livestock grazing and has been owner operated running 350 cow/calf pair or 600 yearlings. Various wildlife. **\$5,200,000. Ron Morris, 970.535.0881, ron@rmabrokers.com**

BRANNAN RANCH

New Castle, Garfield County, Colorado



Along both sides of a mile of Main Elk Creek, these 243 acres are nestled among towering pines, hay land, cottonwood trees, scrub oak, juniper and sage. Remote yet accessible, the ranch offers a modest cabin with views of the valley, surrounding hillsides and meadows. Conveniently located near golfing and Harvey Gap State Park with many recreational opportunities. **\$3,800,000. Mike Deer, 970.618.3081, mike@rmabrokers.com**

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BY HAND AND HEART

Old World Ways

Traditional tools and values fuel the work
of a new-generation saddlemaker.



By Juli S. Thorson

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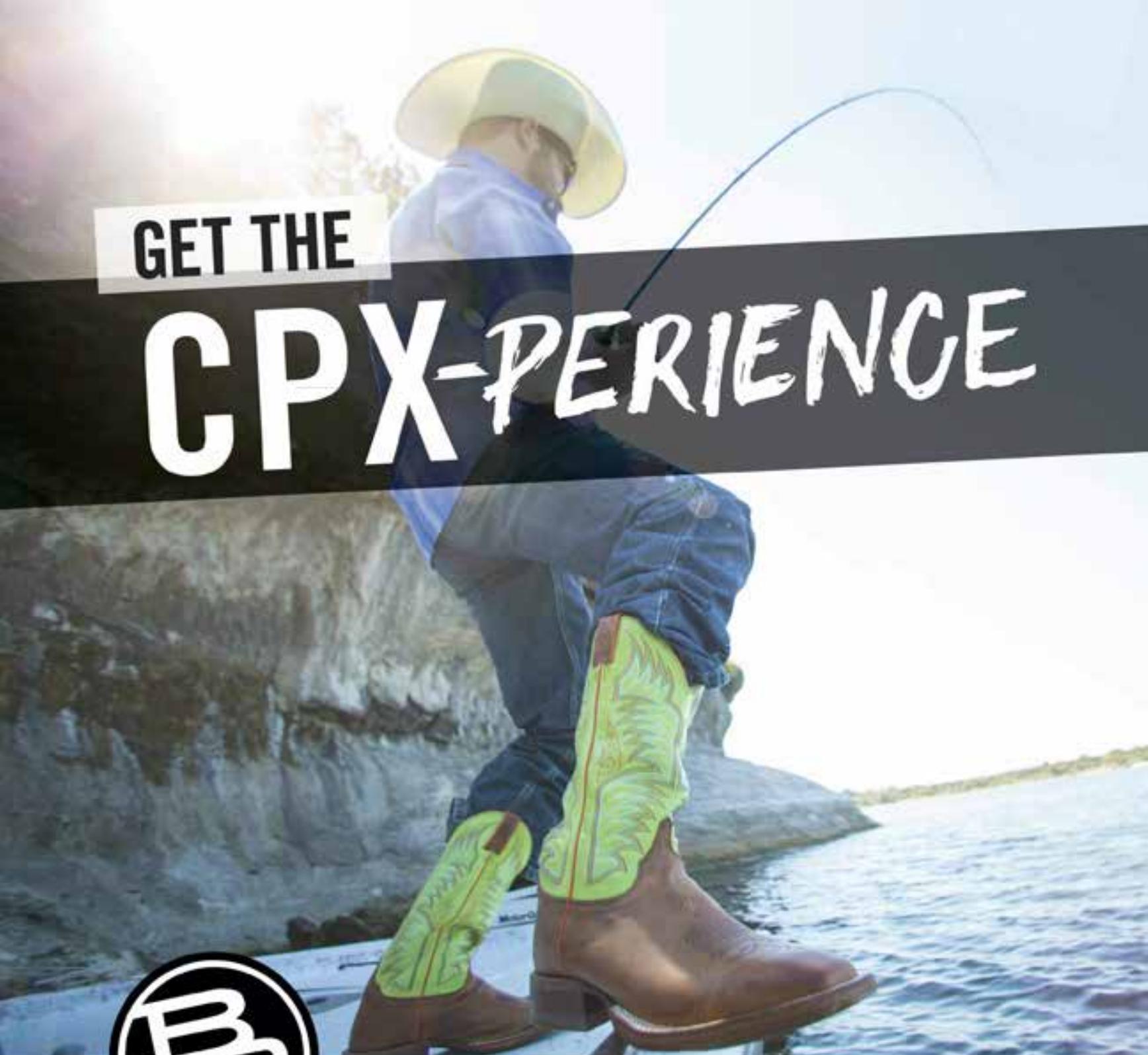
Sixteen years after building his first saddle, Darcy Kabatoff, 47, now has a career that fits him as well as one of his handmade wooden trees fits a horse and rider. Not only does the painstaking, meticulous work of making a saddle feed his fever for craftsmanship, it also cloaks him with connection to a family heritage he values.

Based in Mission, British Columbia, and doing business as D.A. Kabatoff Saddlery, the maker is keenly focused on a mastery of saddlemaking tools and techniques from the 19th century. “The old tools, when you can find them, can’t be beat,” he says. “They’re made well because they were made to use and to last.”



photos courtesy Darcy Kabatoff

Darcy Kabatoff in his British Columbia shop.



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Kabatoff admits to an obsession with the intricacies of floral carving. He aspires to find his own style within that of the Visalia tradition.

formed for the user, repairable if necessary, and worthy of use by subsequent generations.

Kabatoff's route to saddlemaking was indirect. He calls himself a "classic underachiever" in high school, adding that from fourth grade on, he was obsessed with becoming a deep-sea diver, like his boyhood hero, Jacques Cousteau.

That obsession led him to commercial diving school, and a first career as a professional diver. The long pursuit ended when he decided the lifestyle wasn't for him, and started a business of making log furniture.

Kabatoff's own heritage didn't include cowboys, ranching or rodeo. His parents, whose fathers were immigrant homesteaders from Russia and Poland, raised him and his two siblings in Calgary, Alberta, western Canada's second-largest city. However, he did have the opportunity to know his grandfathers, both of them good at making things with their hands, and realizes now that they were early influences on the work he does today.

Using simple hand tools, Kabatoff's paternal grand-

Even after winning the 2015 Traditional Cowboy Artists Association Emerging Artist competition for saddlemaking, he'd still rather be thought of as a craftsman than an artist.

"Artistic quality, yes, but mastery of tools and function comes first," Kabatoff maintains. "Competitions are nice to win, but their real benefit, to me, is the chance to share techniques and passion."

His cowboy clientele, built largely by word of mouth, comes to Kabatoff for saddles that reflect his favored hand tools: The saddles are functional, durable,



Brent Cotton, *Farewell to Autumn*, Oil on linen, 32" x 40"



Tony Angell
Hawk of Passage
Bronze
18" H x 7" W x 8 1/2" D

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father, a carpenter, “could take a rough-cut board and turn it into a beautifully finished piece of lumber,” Kabatoff recalls. His maternal grandfather, out of homesteader necessity, had many tradesman skills, from carpentry to bricklaying, and was inventive as well.

“If something needed to be made, he could make it,” Kabatoff says. “If something needed to be done, he’d figure it out. I liked and admired that about him. I was very close with my mother’s father and, although I wasn’t necessarily conscious of it at the time, I’m sure his work ethic and dedication to the task at hand wore off on me.”

True to this influence from grandparents who’d grown up in the Old World, Kabatoff built his first saddle out of necessity: He wanted a good saddle for himself, but couldn’t afford one. “I started wondering if I could make one,” he says, “and took an old junk saddle apart just to see how it went together.”

By pure coincidence, he says, he saw a film on TV with a clip called *The Saddle*. It featured Chuck Stormes, a fellow Canadian who would eventually become Kabatoff’s mentor. (Find a link to the clip at Stormes’ Web site, www.chuckstormes.com.)

“I was transfixed by the work he was doing,” Kabatoff recalls. “He had a wall of old tools behind him, and for any craftsman, tools draw you in like candy does to kids. I had a tape of that film, and I wore it out, starting and stopping it to examine every scene to see what I could learn from it.”

His interest piqued, Kabatoff consumed what books he could find on saddlemaking, then went to talk with Bob Land, a maker in Vernon, British Columbia. Kabatoff built his first saddle with Land’s guidance.

“That was an eye-opening experience,” Kabatoff remembers. “It was much more involved than I’d expected. I enjoyed every part of it except the



Kabatoff’s winning entry in the 2015 TCAA Emerging Artists competition.

handsewing. I hated it! Oddly enough, I love it now, and it’s probably one of the things that sets my work apart. I’ve been told that when other saddlemakers look at your work, the quality of the handstitching draws the eye, first thing. If three saddles were side by side, one of them mine, I’d hope the clean, smooth work in the small details, like the handstitching, would stand out as my trademark.”

Kabatoff says he’d made about four saddles when he decided to take one to Stormes for a critique.

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“This was like being a starting writer and taking one of your stories to Hemingway,” he says. “Chuck asked, ‘Do you want to know what I really think, or have me tell you it’s nice and send you on your way?’ He was gracious and pointed out the good as well as the bad. That was such a big motivating experience for me. Chuck is my single biggest influence, my biggest mentor, and a friend to me as well.”

The two talk as often as their schedules allow, with Kabatoff coming away with words of wisdom, as well as tips on technique.

“Chuck was the one who made me realize that if I was trying for perfection in my work, I’d most likely be disappointed,” Kabatoff says. “If I strived for excellence, that was something I could achieve.”

With Stormes’ encouragement, Kabatoff is now focused on differentiating his floral carving style, something he sees as a necessary next step as a journeyman saddlemaker.

“I appreciate the California Visalia style, for its lines and balance,” he says. “Finding my own style within the California style of carving is currently my greatest

challenge. I still go to bed at night thinking about flowers I’d like to carve and saddles I’d like to build. I’m enticed by simple elegance in all forms of craft and art. I want the lines of my saddles to be balanced and smooth, and the floral carving to be soft, quiet, and reflect nature. Sometimes I’ll try to take an actual flower and translate it into leather.”

Along with Stormes, Kabatoff credits his wife, Margaret, as his other biggest supporter. A craftswoman in her own right, she makes the handwoven cinches that go with his handmade saddles.

Although he prefers old, traditional hand tools when building a saddle, Kabatoff sees a place for the new tools of social media. His Facebook page, he says, has exposed his work to many who wouldn’t otherwise see it, bringing him many inquiries.

“People have talked about saddlemaking as a ‘dying trade,’ but there’s a good number of makers you don’t hear about,” he says. “With social media, we learn more about who’s out there and what they’re creating. And it’s showing us that traditional saddlemaking isn’t dying. It’s growing.”



Juli S. Thorson is a writer and editor living in Idaho.
Learn more about Darcy Kabatoff at www.dakabatoff.com.

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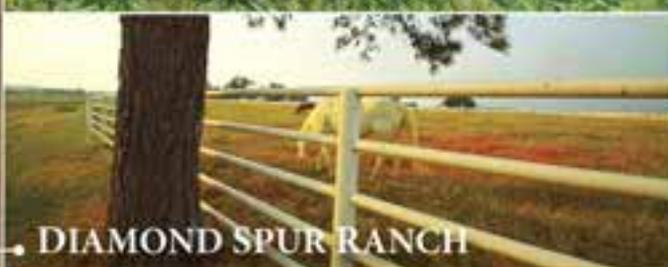
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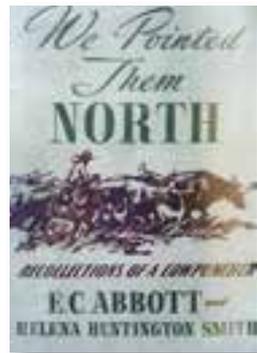
BOOKS TO FIND

The West at its Bookshelf Best

These are the “desert island books” the ones we simply must have if we are going to be cast away on a desert island and would have to read and reread the same volumes. These would do the trick for *cowboyphiles* – no matter how long we were cast away. (Publisher/publication dates are for the first editions.)

We Pointed Them North: Recollections of a Cowpuncher

E.C. Teddy Blue Abbott
and Helena Huntington
Smith
Farrar & Rinehart, 1939

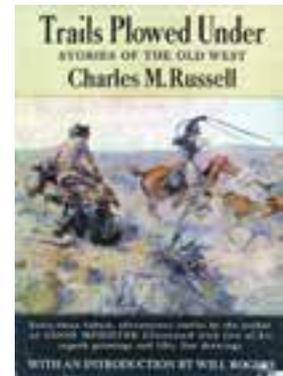


E.C. “Teddy Blue” Abbott was by all accounts a regular cowboy who had worked on the range in the 1870s and 1880s. Abbott was “discovered” by a journalist named Helena Huntington Smith, who had read an interview with Abbott in a Montana newspaper. She began to meet with him and soon became convinced that his stories needed to be documented. Working with the aging cowboy in 1937 and 1938, Smith wrote as quickly as

Abbott talked, preserving the tone and excitement of his stories and first-person memories of life on the big outfits. This is the real West. Abbott was a close friend of Charlie Russell as their memories were similar in context – if not truth.

Trails Plowed Under: Stories of the Old West

Charles M. Russell
Doubleday, 1927



Charlie Russell was able to secure his place in our collective western imaginations through both his art and his writing.

This book of stories is a classic and over the almost ninety years since it first was published, it is still energetically read by lovers of the Western genre. Here’s what the venerable *New York Times* said of it – “Russell writes easily, and in the vernacular. He tells of Indians and Indian fighters, buffalo hunts, bad men, wolves, wild horses, tough hotels, drinking customs, and hard-riding cowboys...[He] lived long enough in the West to

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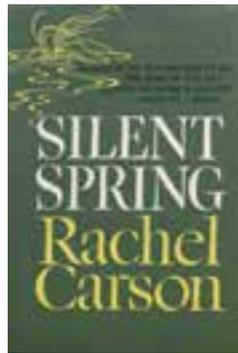
acquire a vast amount of information and lore, and he has left enough from his brush to prove his place as a sound interpreter of a stirring period and a fascinating country.”

Writer J. Frank Dobie said, “Russell was the greatest painter who ever painted a range man, a range cow, a range horse, or a Plains Indian. He savvied the cow, the grass, the blizzard, the drought, the wolf, the young puncher in love with his own shadow, the old waddie remembering rides and thirsts of far away and long ago. He was a wonderful storyteller...His subjects were warm with life, whether awake or asleep, at a particular instant, under particular conditions. This is a collection of yarns and anecdotes saturated with humor and humanity.”

This book is still in print and is available in all sorts of electronic editions as well, but the paper and ink version simply feels the way Russell would have wanted it. And that matters.

Silent Spring

Rachel Carlson
Houghton Mifflin, 1962

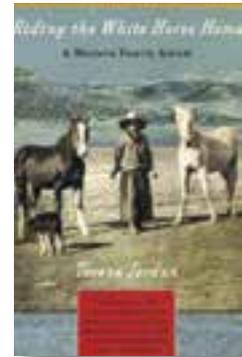


Silent Spring was first published in three serialized excerpts in the *New Yorker* in June of 1962. The book appeared in September of that year and the outcry that followed its publication forced the banning of DDT and spurred revolutionary changes in the laws affecting our air, land, and water. Carson’s passionate concern for the future of our planet reverberated powerfully throughout the world, and her eloquent book was

instrumental in launching the environmental movement. It is without question one of the landmark books of the twentieth century – and perfect for our island stewardship plan.

Riding the White Horse Home

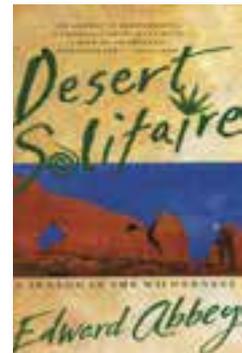
Teresa Jordan
Pantheon, 1993



The daughter and granddaughter of Wyoming ranchers, Teresa Jordan gives us a lyrical and superbly evocative book that is at once a family chronicle and a eulogy for the land her people helped shape and in time were forced to leave. Ms. Jordan has written a number of books, many illustrated with her wonderful paintings – this is one of her best.

Desert Solitaire

Edward Abbey
Ballantine Books, 1971



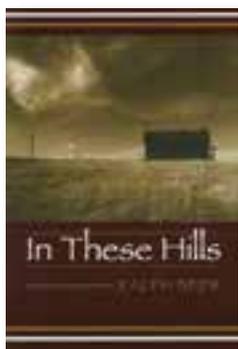
Always the disruptor – before the word was hipster vogue – Edward Abbey lived for three seasons in the desert at Moab, Utah, and what he discovered about the land before him, the world around him, and the heart that beats within, is a fascinating, sometimes raucous, always personal account of a place that has already disappeared – but is worth remembering and not letting happen anywhere else.



In These Hills

Ralph Beer
Bison Books, 2003

After a lifetime spent writing and working on his family's cattle ranch outside of Helena, Montana, Beer provided a moving and elegiac tribute to lives now passed, an often-humorous homage to the provincial, and an attempt "to fathom the place where we live, to decipher who we are," as he writes in his introduction. From his first experience with a wheat harvest, to the winter rebuilding of a 1947 Dodge Power Wagon, to his moving exploration of an old family mystery, these thirty-three essays slice

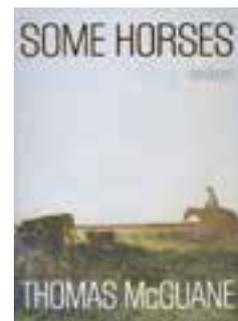


sharply under the sod of our embedded romanticism, exploring not only the brute hardships of a living made from cattle ranching but the inextricable satisfaction of it as well. As Beer himself says in the final pages of this collection, "Stories outshine instruments of gold. Stories outlast stone."

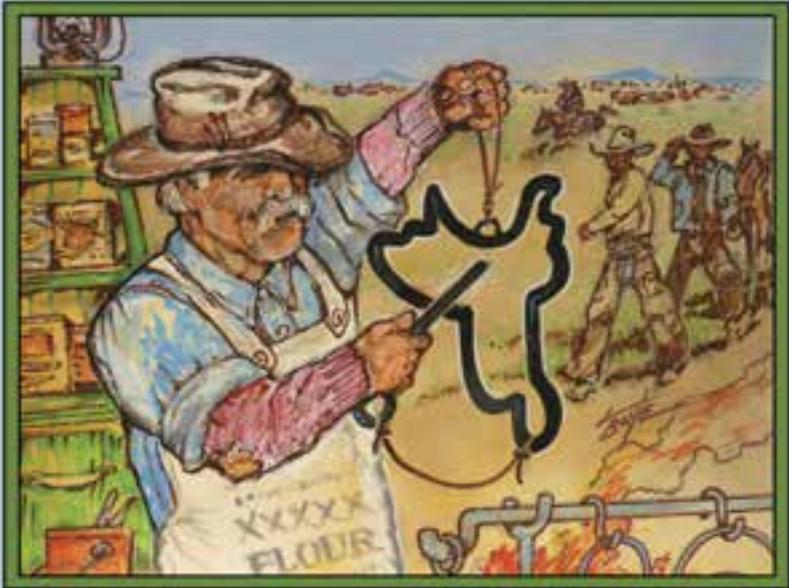
Some Horses

Thomas McGuane
The Lyons Press, 1999

McGuane brings to life the horses he has known in this book of stories, celebrating the unique glories that make each of them



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memorable. His writing is infused with a love of the cowboy life and the animals and people who inhabit that world where the intimate dance between horse and rider is magical. The current edition features cover art by our own, Teal Blake.

**This House of Sky:
Landscapes of a
Western Mind**

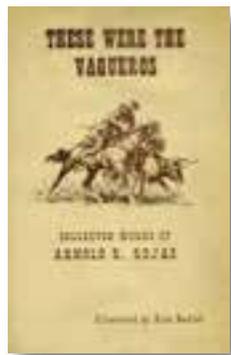
Ivan Doig
New American Library,
1966



Ivan Doig grew up in the rugged wilderness of western Montana among the sheepherders and denizens of small-town saloons and valley ranches. What he deciphers from his past with piercing clarity is not only a raw sense of land and how it shapes us but also of the ties to our mothers and fathers, to those who love us, and our inextricable connection to those who shaped our values in our search for intimacy, independence, love, and family.

These Were The Vaqueros

Arnold Rojas
Self-Published – 1966

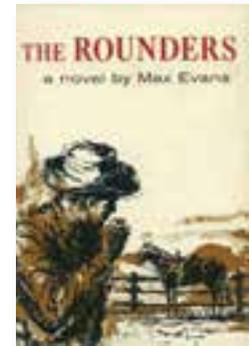


The collected stories of *Latino* writer Arnold R. Rojas in five sections – based on five of his earlier works – with tales gathered from old California vaqueros. The first section tells the history of the early land grants and of the vaqueros who drove the great herds. The second section gives the lore of the vaquero – his ways and beliefs. Part three is filled with more

stories from the vaqueros of old and how they worked their horses and mules. Part four tells more of the methods of the vaquero and section five speaks of bits and biting and the ways of the bridle horse.

The Rounders

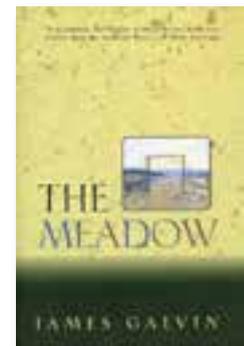
Max Evans
Macmillan, 1960



A bawdy and moving story of two contemporary bronco busters, *The Rounders* was Max Evans’s first novel and is still his best known work, thanks largely to the success of the 1965 movie version starring Henry Fonda and Glenn Ford. Acclaimed for its realistic depiction of modern cowboying and for its humor, it is also a very serious work, described by the author as a “tragicomedy.”

The Meadow

James Galvin
Henry Holt & Co, 1992



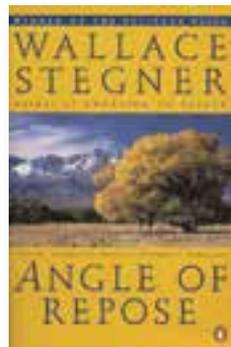
Galvin’s book depicts the hundred-year history of a meadow in the arid mountains of the Colorado/Wyoming border. Galvin describes the seasons, the weather, the wildlife, and the few people who do not possess but are themselves possessed by this terrain. In so doing he reveals an experience that is part of our heritage and mythology. For Lyle, Ray, Clara, and App, the struggle to survive on an independent family ranch is a series of blameless failures and non-witnessed successes that illuminate the Western character.



Angle of Repose

Wallace Stegner
Doubleday, 1971

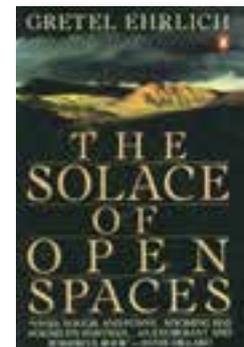
Confined to a wheelchair, retired historian Lyman Ward sets out to write his grandparents' remarkable story, chronicling their days spent carving civilization into the surface of America's western frontier. What emerges is an enthralling portrait of four generations in the life of an American family. Stegner's Pulitzer Prize-winning novel is a study of personal, historical, and geographic discovery.



The Solace of Open Spaces

Gretel Ehrlich
Viking, 1985

Living in Wyoming, Ehrlich fell in love with the wilderness of the state, its primitiveness, and wide-open spaces. As a result of this transformation and her introduction to the world of ranch life, Ehrlich began to write about it in 1979. Over the next five years, she would record her experiences as a ranch hand and herder as well as a friend to others in the same occupation. Gretel is one of our favorite writers and this is one of her best works.



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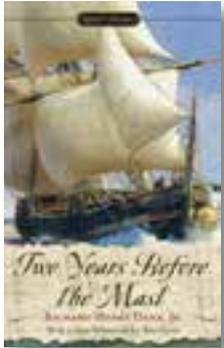
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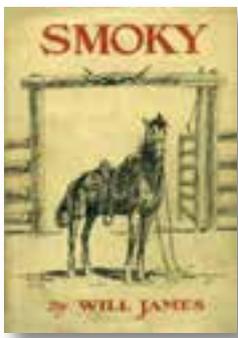


Two Years Before The Mast

Richard Henry Dana
Harper and Brothers, 1840

Just two weeks after his nineteenth birthday, Richard Henry Dana Jr. left Harvard University, made his way to Boston harbor, and talked his way onto a ship. It was 1834, and the voyage would take Dana around Cape Horn, at the southern-most tip of South America, to California, a sparsely populated outpost of newly independent Mexico. Dana thought the salt air and exercise would do him good – a bout with measles had weakened his eyesight – and it did, even though he spent much of his time “before the mast,” in the common-crew quarters at the front of the ship. To this day, his descriptions of what would become California stand as authoritative observations. He would add a chapter on changes to the region in a later edition published in 1869 after his return to California, a year before statehood in 1859. This book was a school reading list standard through the middle of the last century and has been published in over 700 editions since 1840.

46

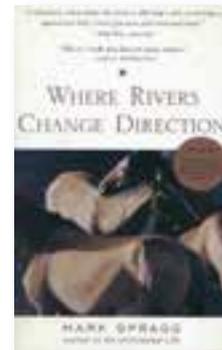


Smoky the Cowhorse

Will James
Scribner, 1926

Will James’ first novel of a little cowhorse – and as the story goes, Smoky knows only one-way of life: freedom. Living on the open range, he is free to go where he wants and do what he wants. And

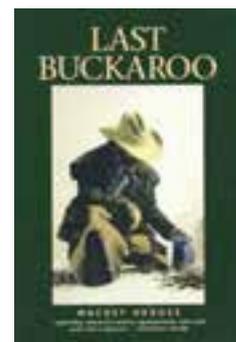
being a smart colt, he learns what he must in order to survive. But then he comes across a new enemy, one that walks on two legs and makes funny sounds. Smoky can’t beat this enemy like he has all the others. But does he really want to beat it? Or could giving up some of his freedom mean getting something else in return that’s even more valuable? A book for everyone.



Where Rivers Change Direction

Mark Spragg
University of Utah Press,
1999

In the tradition of Ivan Doig’s *This House of Sky* mentioned earlier, Spragg’s work renders an unforgettable story of an adolescence spent on the oldest dude ranch in Wyoming – a remote spread on the Shoshone National Forest, the largest block of unfenced wilderness in the lower forty-eight states. In this sublime and unforgiving landscape, Spragg’s distant and mercurial father, his emotionally isolated but resilient mother, his fierce and devoted younger brother Rick, and his mentor, a wry and wise cowboy named John, cleave to one another and to the harsh life they have chosen.



Last Buckaroo

Mackey Hedges
Gibbs Smith, 1995

Mackey Hedges has written the buckaroo’s own version of what goes on in cow camps, ranches, pack

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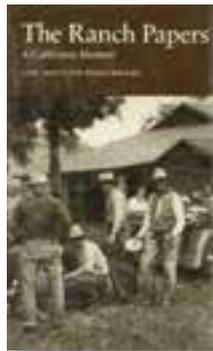
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stations, feedlots and trails of the west. Through the persona of Tap McCoy, larger-than-life narrator, tales of buckin' horses, a horse falling into and hanging upside down from the branches of a pine tree, eccentric cowboys..., spontaneous rodeos, and horse wrecks are spun. This is one written by a sure-enough, "real deal." As Hedges noted, "I wrote *Last Buckaroo* in 1995 while healing up from a broken back. I hope I do not get the opportunity to write too many more books. I'm not sure I can stand all the prosperity."

The Ranch Papers

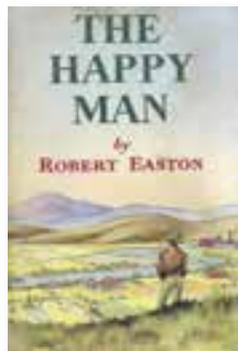
Jane Hollister Wheelwright
The Lapis Press, 1988



Another California ranch book, *The Ranch Papers* is a collection of the late Ms. Wheelwright's writings from her journal as she re-explored by horseback, the "land that raised me," – noting every sound, every sagebrush and sycamore, every quail and coyote on her family's treasured Hollister Ranch near Pt. Conception. All thirty-nine thousand acres were sold after her father's death and the book is a glorious ride-along into the Ranch's past. It is a mystical read about connecting to a beloved place.

The Happy Man

Robert Easton
Viking, 1943

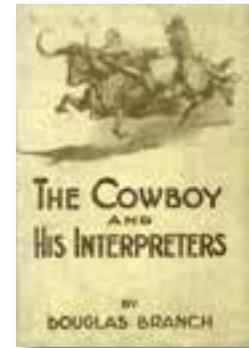


A novel about California ranch life, Robert Easton wrote the novel while undergoing Army training at Camp

Roberts in Central California in the early 40s. Happiest when working as a hand, Easton writes of being a hand with A.B. Miller's B.B. Cattle Company in the Sacramento Delta – the West's biggest feedlot operation, followed by a stint at the historic McCreery Ranch in the Coast range near Hollister. He presents with clarity his world of men and women working alongside their animals in the big ranch country of California during the early part of the last century. His title describes him perfectly.

The Cowboy and His Interpreters

Douglas Branch
D. Appleton & Co., 1926



This descriptive book of the cowboy arts and the real West takes on a narrative tone as author Douglas Branch includes interesting excerpts from other books which illustrate cowboy songs and conversations. The book includes a huge bibliography at the end and is gloriously illustrated by Will James, Charles M. Russell, and Joe DeYong. Here is the life of the cowboy written about when many of the "older fellas" were still around. It's a timeless presentation.

The Last Best Place: A Montana Anthology

William Kittredge and Annick Smith, Editors
Montana Historical Society, 1988



This book is an anthology of some of the greatest

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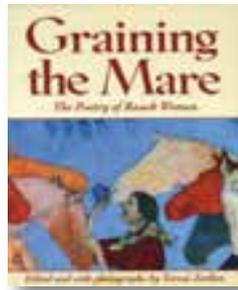


stories and storytellers of the American West. Through eight chapters and over 800 pages, 150 writers present scores of myths, stories, poems, essays, and journals that document Montana's significant literary tradition. The selections range from pre-white Indian days to the present and, taken as a whole, they offer a powerful microcosm of the entire western experience. The special touch of Kittredge and Smith can be seen throughout as one moves from the past to the contemporary West through the writings of the region's best.

And finally, two books of poetry.

**Graining the Mare:
Poetry of Ranch Women**

Teresa Jordan,
editor and photographer
Gibbs Smith, 1994

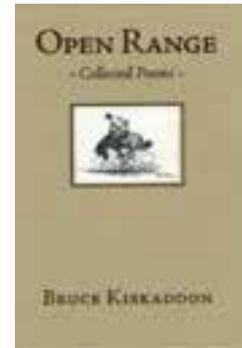


Teresa Jordan, author of *Riding the White Horse Home* listed earlier, has assembled an anthology that includes a blending of nationally known authors such as Gretel Ehrlich, Linda Hasselstrom, Linda Hogan, and Luci Topahanso; performers at the annual Cowboy Poetry Gathering in Elko: Linda Husa, Thelma Poirier, Gwen Petersen, Marie Smith, Myrt Wallis, Sue Wallis and others; and some relative newcomers. Subjects of the poems are wide-ranging, and even though these women

tell about events on the ranch, they are talking of experiences that are common to us all. They tell of loneliness and challenges, of sweet births and gut-wrenching deaths, of horses they have loved and livestock they have nurtured.

**Open Range:
Collected Poems**

Bruce Kiskaddon,
edited by William Siems
Old Night Hawk Press, 2006



The cowboy poetry movement would not be what it is without the work of poet Bruce Kiskaddon (1878 – 1950). Bill Siems' monumental 600-page celebration of the collected poems (all 481 of them) of Bruce Kiskaddon includes 323 line drawings by Katherine Field, Amber Dunkerley, and others. The book was published in 2007 in a numbered, limited edition of 300 copies and a limited edition of 26 leather bound books and is now out of print. Copies can be found if one looks with care. Kiskaddon's poems are the benchmark of the genre.

Yes, this is a lot of books to consider – but they all will, if you let them, grab hold to a part of your heart. Besides, who knows how long we will be stuck on that island? BR





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Cow Boy Days

By Bruce Kiskaddon

Can you recollect the country
That we knew in days gone bye?
Where the prairie met the sunrise
And the mountains met the sky.
Where you rode through rugged canyons
And oer rolling mesas wide
Or you crossed the wind swept prairie
On a long and lonely ride.





How your bits and spurs would jingle
And the only other sound
Was the creaking of your saddle
And the hoof beats on the ground.
Almost any where you landed
There was something you could do
You were happy in that country
With the people that you knew.





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THE COOK HOUSE

Julie Hansmire's Lamb Shanks



By Kathy McCraine

Julie Hansmire knows how to put on an alfresco dinner party, even if it is in the middle of nowhere. The 57-year-old rancher has spent a long busy day horseback, then on her four-wheeler tending to ranch business, but somehow she has managed to cook up a pot of succulent, perfectly roasted, lamb shanks. She did it all on a tiny propane cook stove at the remote sheep camp where she spends her summers near Eagle Creek, Colorado.

Julie and her late husband, Randy Campbell, built Campbell Hansmire Sheep LLC from nothing after they married in 1983, and since Randy's death from cancer six years ago, Julie has continued to run the operation with the help of her son, Lynn. With 3,000 mother ewes and 200 cows, the outfit is one of a handful of nomadic sheep ranches that still moves its entire operation twice a year between summer and winter pasture in Colorado and Utah.

While Julie's Merino sheep and crossbred cows spend June through October in the high country of the Eagle River Valley in northwestern Colorado, Julie stays the same period at her sheep camp in order to manage the ranch hands-on. The "camp" is an 18-foot trailer with a wood stove, propane cook stove, bed and shower, all powered by solar.



photos by Kathy McCraine

Rancher Julie Hansmire

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Julie, a trim, athletic woman with blue eyes and long blond hair, professes she wasn't always a good cook. "I've ruined more legs of lamb than you can possibly imagine," she says, "but I've had good friends who could cook, and they let me look over their shoulders. The cool thing is, I've been exposed to Greek families and the Basques, so between those two cultures I got my eyes opened. Being in the sheep business is what really got me interested in cooking."

Living near the upscale ski town of Vail has also had an influence. Over the years, the ranch has frequently sponsored lamb tours, with prominent local chefs demonstrating their cooking skills. Randy learned from the Greek community how to cook a whole lamb on a spit, Greek style, and the couple made extra money putting on lamb barbecues for friends, sometimes cooking as many as four or five lambs for a party or wedding. For these events, they had a special chuckwagon built, patterned after a sheep camp, with a wood stove, solar panel for lights, and propane for hot water.

The chuckwagon has also come in handy during sheep shearing and branding seasons, giving Julie the opportunity to cook for the entire crew and still work with them all day. During shearing season, some eight to 10 shearers come in for three to four days. Some are domestic shearers, but because there aren't enough workers to fill the need, many come from New Zealand, on contract with short visas, moving from ranch to ranch, and shearing 1,000 to 2,000 sheep per day.

"Not everybody is willing or able to cook for their shearers, but I think it pays off, and I enjoy doing it," Julie says. "You stick a couple of legs in the oven in the morning with some potatoes and onions, and I'll make up a couple of salads ahead of time. It works. Those New Zealand guys especially love leg of lamb."

Back at Julie's camp, the sun is getting low and there is a distinct chill in the Colorado air. It's been a longer

day than expected, but with Julie's method of cooking the shanks, they're doing fine in the oven. Next to the camp trailer someone has built a roaring fire in an old bathtub to take the chill off. Julie explains that they call it the "East Lake Creek Hot Tub."

"All the families around here, when they're having a party, they'll grab that hot tub and take it to their place to build a fire," she says. "Everybody wants to borrow it. It's a little redneck, but..."

Julie has set a nice table in the open air and she serves locally made cheeses and wine from nearby Colorado vineyards to start. For appetizers, she grills little lamb rib chops that we take with a paper towel and eat with our fingers. The sheep dogs are happy to share in the leftover bones. Next she brings out the shanks, sizzling in a cast iron Dutch oven, and we devour them with Greek salad and fresh fruit. It's the simplest of recipes and the perfect ending to a beautiful Colorado summer day.





Julie's Lamb Shanks

6 lbs. lamb shanks (about 4)

Garlic salt

Lemon pepper

Bottled sauce such as raspberry chipotle or chutney

Julie's Directions: For lamb shanks, the important thing is to start them off hot. I use just garlic salt and lemon pepper to season them, then put them in a Dutch oven and bake uncovered at 400 degrees for at least 45

minutes. They've got to brown really well first. Then I cover them and cook for 5 hours or more at 250 degrees. You can put a little water in there, but with their fat, you don't have to use any liquid, or you might end up with something like a pot roast. If you're gone all day, they'll be fine. The last hour, I put a sauce on top, like raspberry chipotle or chutney of some kind. I figure about 1 shank per person, depending on the size.



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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Inspired by Nature

The Art of Michael Albrechtsen



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Recruited by Hallmark straight out of the MFA program at Utah State University, Michael Albrechtsen arrived at the greeting-card company's Kansas City headquarters with a love of nature, forged in his Utah childhood, and a passion for creating images, which emerged during his time as a sketchbook-carrying missionary in Thailand.

Albrechtsen's paintings offer a blend of reality and imagination; streams and mountains that exist only in the artist's mind find themselves in otherwise recognizable landscapes conjured from memory. An accomplished figure painter, Albrechtsen completes one such work, typically depicting a family member, each week.

The portfolio Albrechtsen has created over his career reflects a respect for detail and accuracy, and an approach that pulls heavily from his education in technical drafting and creating three-dimensional renderings, academic pursuits that could have their roots in mechanical engineering, a profession in which many of Albrechtsen's family members have worked.



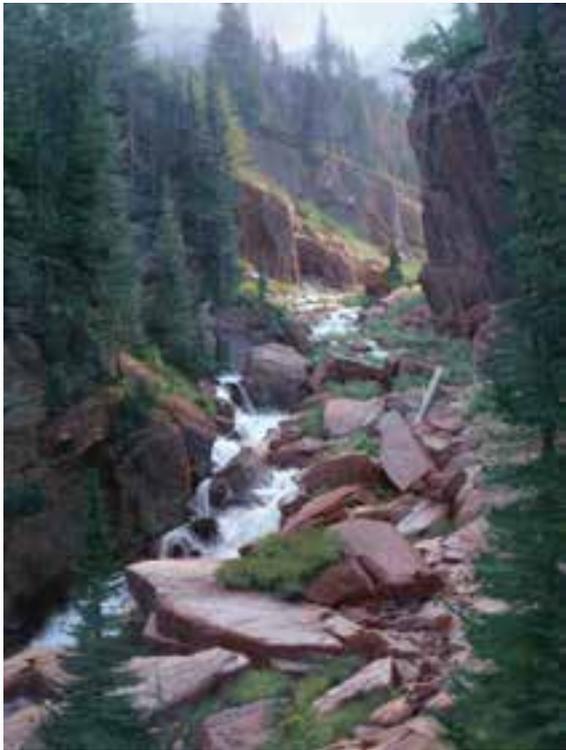
Reaching Glory



Evening at Rest



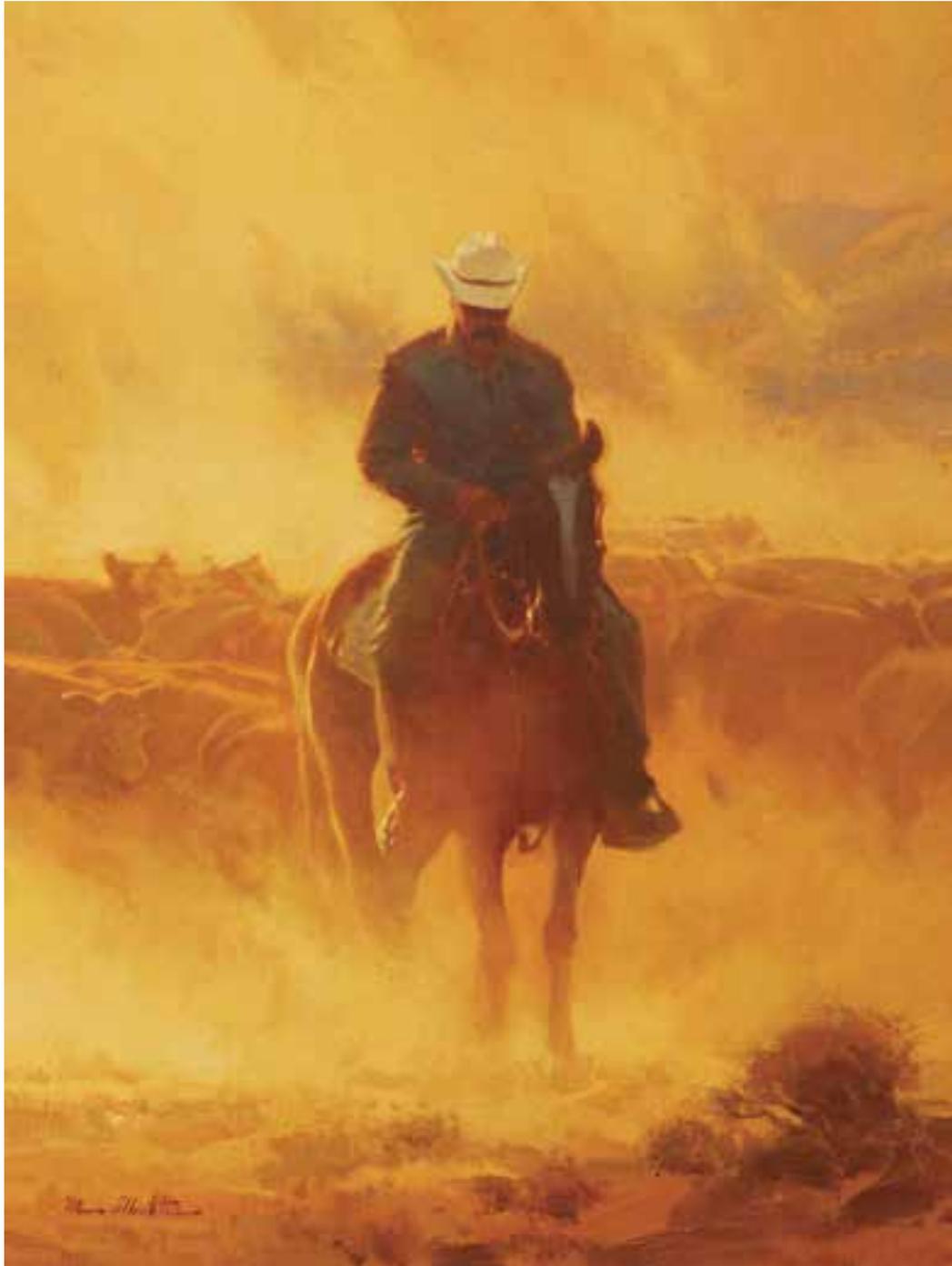
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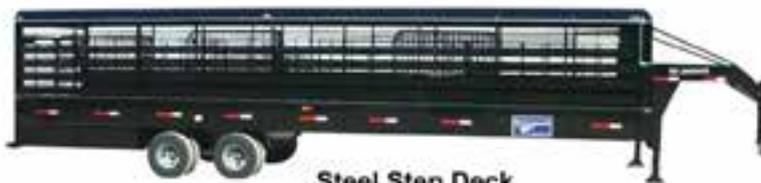
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Bridges Gives Back

Actor and westerner Jeff Bridges takes a stand to help end childhood hunger.

By Brian D'Ambrosio

Hunger is not political discourse to Jeff Bridges. When the actor discusses the inability of children to access food, reduced food quality, the importance of food banks, or federal nutrition programs, he evaluates them as societal or communal problems, as opposed to explicitly political ones.

"I don't believe something such as hunger can be a political thing," says Bridges, who, in 1983, founded the End Hunger Network, a nonprofit dedicated to feeding children around the world. Bridges and his band The Abiders are set to perform fundraisers in the fall and summer to support the re-election of Montana Governor Steve Bullock, who, Bridges says, has made childhood hunger and food insecurity topmost priorities.

"I see all of us working at it as a bipartisan issue, and I have great connection with Republican and Democratic governors on the hunger issue," Bridges says, "whether it's Governor [Brian] Sandoval [R-Nevada] or Governor Bullock, [a Democrat]. I played the Democratic convention a couple years ago with The

Abiders, but I can't say I'm only supporting one party. Hunger is one of the issues I really respond to. And the hunger and the health of our kids is a pretty good compass of where we are as a society. Man, if our kids aren't doing well, we are far off course."

In March 2014, Bridges organized a meeting with several Democratic governors, including Bullock, to address childhood hunger in their states.

"I first met Governor Bullock and his wife, Lisa, as the national spokesperson for the Share Our Strength/No Kid Hungry campaign," Bridges recalls. "I thought that Governor Bullock and Lisa responded beautifully to the idea of making Montana a 'No Kid

Hungry' state. The panel discussed removing barriers to bringing breakfast from the cafeteria into the classroom, and both the governor and his wife were responsive to the federal funding available for after-the-bell and summer meal programs."

Between 2013 and 2015, Montana's No Kid Hungry program, which optimistically views hunger as



photo courtesy Jeff Bridges

Sam Waterston and Bridges, on the set of *Rancho Deluxe*.



a “solvable” predicament, has tripled the number of after-school meal programs, and boosted participation in summer meal programs.

Bridges says he’s aware of the risks of political endorsements, but isn’t worried. (He does feel politically akin to Bullock, and rattled off myriad personal reasons he’s supporting the governor’s candidacy.) Nonetheless, Bridges says he has no aspirations to compete on the political front; lending his name to highlight and correct food insecurity, he says, is the least he can do for what he deems his “home state.”

Indeed, Bridges is no well-meaning outsider: a 40-year resident and small-town denizen, he is as Montanan as mountain views and meandering cold-water rivers. He met his wife, Susan, at Chico Hot Springs, and he lives

in a cabin initially constructed as a prop for use in one of the three made-in-Montana films in which he’s starred.

His relationship with Montana began when he was selected to play opposite Clint Eastwood in the 1974 movie *Thunderbolt and Lightfoot*. Shot in 47 days in the summer of 1973, almost entirely in and around Great Falls, the film follows a pair of drifters who fall into friendship and criminal enterprise. Bridges received an Oscar nomination for best supporting actor.

“*Thunderbolt and Lightfoot* was an exciting movie,” Bridges says. “I was a young guy and Eastwood was producing [along with Robert Daley], and he was giving Michael Cimino his first shot, his first editorial job. I fell in love with Montana. I bought a Harley Davidson, and there was no better place to buy a bike and ride

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around. It was all a wonderful experience. The light, the mountains, and the people. Everything just struck a chord in me.”

The 1975 Montana-made film *Rancho Deluxe*, written by Thomas McGuane, tells the quaint tale of two modern-day cattle rustlers – Bridges and Sam Waterston – disconnected between a romantic past and a motorized present, and the distant memories and principles of the West.

“*Rancho Deluxe* has special significance for me because I met my wife during the filming,” Bridges says. “She was working her way through college and I couldn’t take my eyes off the girl waiting tables with a broken nose and two black eyes [from a car accident]. She said no. But she said that she might see me around.

We were married three years later.”

According to Bridges, a *Rancho Deluxe* makeup artist mailed the couple a photograph 10 years after they married, showing the moment they met.

“The makeup man was going through his files and found some pictures of me asking Susan out,” Bridges says. “I’m speaking our first words, and there she is, answering no.”

Bridges also played in Michael Cimino’s finance-inflated *Heaven’s Gate* – often derided as Hollywood’s biggest box-office disaster – a mismanaged flop which culminated in the disbandment of United Artists. The 1980 movie, based on an 1890 range war in Johnson County, Wyoming, starred Kris Kristofferson, and was filmed at five different sites in Glacier National Park, as

well as several areas adjacent to the park, with a few scenes in Idaho and Colorado.

“Michael Cimino received a lot of bad attention for [*Heaven’s Gate*], and undeservedly so,” Bridges says. “I consider it a classic, because it really puts you back into what the times must have been like [in 1890s Wyoming]. The movie is leisurely paced, it’s quite slow, but the filmmaking has a rhythm, and I’ve ended up enjoying it more and more over the years. It’s a beautiful film and set at an amazing time in our nation’s history.”

United Artists gave Cimino absolute artistic control of *Heaven’s Gate*, and he immediately carried the project over the film’s initial budget of \$7.5 million.





While the exact number is disputed, Cimino overspent at least \$30 million on props, tools, helicopter rentals, and mindboggling set construction. At the film's end, Bridges acquired a log house that had functioned in the picture as a brothel. He dismantled it and had it relocated to Livingston, near the Absaroka-Beartooth Wilderness.

"Toward the end of the movie, there's a whorehouse in *Heaven's Gate* and Michael Cimino said, 'Does anyone want this cabin?'" Bridges recalls. "I numbered the logs and took them 400 miles south to Livingston. To this day, I'm living in the *Heaven's Gate* whorehouse."

Bridges says his roots as a professional musician have their origins in the unplanned jam and tutoring sessions that took place on the set of *Heaven's Gate*.

"We shot for close to six months on that movie," Bridges says. "During those six months, Kris Kristofferson invited a lot of his friends. On movie sets, many actors play music. Kristofferson brought Ronnie Hawkins, Stephen Bruton and T-Bone Burnett, and our downtime was spent making music. Some lifelong friendships started there and *Heaven's Gate* was really the birth of the music that came out later in *Crazy Heart*."

Since then, Bridges has gone on to become one of Hollywood's most accomplished actors, a six-time Academy Award nominee. His performance in *Crazy Heart* (2009) as Bad Blake – the luckless, alcoholic country music singer – garnered him his first Oscar for best actor. He had initially passed on the role because the script "lacked music." But when Bridges learned songwriter, musician and producer T-Bone Burnett was interested, he reconsidered.

In August 2011, Jeff released a self-titled debut album for Blue Note Records, produced by Burnett. He's also released a solo effort, *Be Here Soon*, on his own label, Ramp Records, and a live album, *Jeff Bridges & The Abiders Live*.

At 66, Bridges is a guy who loves engaging in art far

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too much to rest on one medium's laurels. Indeed, he's been enamored of music (in addition to drawing and painting) since his mother forced him to take piano lessons at age eight, and his interest peaked when he first listened to his brother, Beau, experiment with a Danelectro guitar. In high school, Bridges linked up with a batch of musically inclined buddies for a Wednesday night gathering – which they continued, weekly, for 15 years.

The actor says that music has found special significance in several of his film projects. “Different assignments through the years have turned me on to various kinds of music,” Bridges says. “*The Fabulous Baker Boys* was steeped in jazz and the Bill Evans style of piano playing. You're engaging the music and they put that in the movie.”

Acting and music, he adds, draw from and enhance similar creative forces.

“There's not too much difference,” Bridges says. “I remember years ago, while preparing for a role in a hotel room, I had the idea for a song, and I was really irritated that I had to get back to work. Sometimes I get an idea for a painting while playing the guitar. I've found that, over the years, all of my creativity is connected, and it all gets shook up and manifests in different ways. In *Fearless* (1993), I played this architect who was in a terrible plane crash, and I went out during filming and bought a bunch of artsy material, a brush and ink, and decided to go free form and try to imagine just what he [the character, Max Klein] might paint like. The director saw it, and said, ‘That's going to be in the

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photo by Danny Clinch/courtesy, Jeff Bridges

Jeff Bridges says acting and music draw from similar creative forces.

movie.’ These manifestations of creativity – I think that it all flows together.”

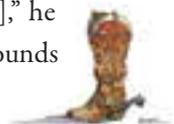
Though recognition encircles him, Bridges asserts that the fight to end childhood hunger will be what takes center stage at the upcoming fundraisers.

“I believe that with hunger and hunger-related issues, we make these advances,” he says, “but if we’re not watching, these advances go away and hunger raises its head again. If we’re not watching, we’ll lose programs, safety nets, and those gains we’ve made. The gains will slip through the holes if hunger programs are not properly

supported or funded. I will be there [at End Hunger Network fundraisers], and you never know what’s going to happen. There will be a lot of improvisation, and we’ll be getting together and jamming.”

Leading roles. Intermittent touring. Fundraising. Charity work. There’s always something sending Bridges off in a different direction, splintering time.

“Right now, I spend a couple of months in Montana [and the rest of the year in Santa Barbara],” he says. “I wish it were closer to 50-50. That sounds pretty good to me.”



Brian D’Ambrosio is a writer living in Montana.

Dog Days

Journalistic misadventures among the canine cowboy set.

By A.J. Mangum

In the late 1990s, a writing assignment landed me at a northern California ranch that specialized in raising and training stock dogs. Located outside Redding, the operation boasted a nationally acclaimed Border Collie program, and hosted clinics and competitions. The two days I spent there offered a crash course in a sub-culture with which I'd been completely unfamiliar.

The ranch was managed by a couple who handled day-to-day operations, instruction of dog-handling students, and event management. Somehow they also found time for a Fox Trotter breeding program, and a small guest-ranch effort aimed at the stock-dog crowd. There were three or four cabins to accommodate guests who brought their dogs for long weekends of one-on-one instruction.

My stay coincided, by design, with an all-day instructional clinic, followed the next day by an in-the-field stock-dog trial. The night before the clinic, students and competitors trailered in from all across the northwest corner of the country – Washington,

Oregon, Idaho and, of course, the Golden State's northern half – filling available open space in the ranch's long dirt driveway. (The stock-dog handlers would work from horseback, thus the need for the trailers.)

The morning of the clinic, spectators, clinicians and the media (just me) took their places along the weathered rails of a large set of corrals situated on the leeward side of a picturesque old barn. A trio of cows was turned out into one of the larger corrals and was soon joined by a horse-and-rider pair accompanied by a keen Border Collie. As the dog eyed the cows, the rider took up a position in a

corner of the corral, a spot from which he and his horse wouldn't move for the duration of what was to come. (Truthfully, the role of the horse in these events is a little questionable, seemingly limited to providing the dog handler an elevated perch.)

One of the clinicians provided brief instructions to the student in the saddle; the goal was to direct one of the cows along the fence, through some obstacles – poles or pylons in the center of the corral, as I recall – and into



photo courtesy AKC.org

The Border Collie is the most recognizable breed on the stock-dog scene.



a smaller enclosure. The dog would do all the work of pushing the cow, responding to verbal cues offered by the rider. The horse, likely a veteran of these events, had already cocked a hind leg, and stood with his eyes half-shut as he leisurely tongued the cricket of his spade bit; this was clearly a nice gig for a ranch mount.

A set of voice commands, I knew, would be the dog handlers' primary tool, but nothing prepared me for the complexity of the language. "Watch" put the dog on alert. "Walk up" sent him in a straight line toward the cow. At "come by," the dog assumed a clockwise path relative to the cow; he reversed to a counter-clockwise path at "away to me." The dog halted in place at the "stand" command, and dropped instantly to the dirt on hearing "lie down." "That'll do" brought him back to the handler.

I stood at the rail fence, dumbstruck. These dogs understood English. I mean, they obviously weren't prepared for Lincoln-Douglas debates, but their grasp of the interpretations of a fairly long list of specific terms was, for a newcomer like myself, nothing short of amazing.

Responding to the rider's commands, delivered in rapid-fire succession, the Border Collie cut a cow from the trio and directed her through the short obstacle course and through a gate leading to the adjacent corral. It looked so simple.

Each of the other students took his or her turn, most achieving something approaching the first student's success at separating a cow and moving her through the predetermined pattern in the corral. As

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By Andy Andrews

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Stock dogs work in response to a handler's verbal cues.

each team of dog, handler and half-asleep horse worked – their efforts seemingly instinctive (especially on the part of the horse) – the clinicians provided a running commentary and the occasional hint.

74

The clinic ended in mid-afternoon, just as the back of my neck had begun to turn crisp in the summer sun. As groups of dogs playfully jumped in water tanks to cool themselves, I took notice of the variety of breeds on hand. I had expected Border Collies to be ubiquitous – and there were plenty of them – but Kelpies, Australian Shepherds and Blue Heelers were represented, along with enough other varieties to inspire some improvised sidebar material, a reader's guide to recognizing stock-handling dog breeds.

As I began photographing dogs to illustrate said sidebar, one of the handlers who'd participated in the morning clinic walked past and jokingly asked if I was ready to buy a dog.

You know what? I thought. *Maybe.* I'd grown up on a ranch, and in the horse business, and had ridden competitively in stock-horse events for several years. By the time I began covering equestrian events as a journalist, that culture had evolved, or so it seemed to me, transforming into a scene that had taken on a bit too much polish and politics. This, though, the stock-dog world, seemed to possess an ideal blend of complexity and novelty, with an intact grass-roots vibe. And, I had at home an aging gelding that had been diagnosed recently with a mild case of ringbone; a new career as a stock-dog-trial mount, a job that looked as if it consisted of standing quietly in place, seemed an ideal opportunity for him.

The fantasy continued to play out through the afternoon and into the evening. By morning, I was thinking logistics: If I acquired a dog, who would take care of him (her?) when I traveled? Among the cattle



owners I knew, who would be likely to let me use their stock to hone my dog-handling skills? What would this dog do at home all day while I was at the office? Could I take him with me *to* the office? Would I be *that* guy? The acceptably eccentric takes-his-dog-to-work guy? There was plenty to contemplate.

I managed to return my attention to the proceedings of day two – a competitive stock-dog trial held on a lush, green pasture. White poles and sets of corral panels had been positioned at various points in the field, forming the course through which dogs would have to push cattle. Perched on a hilltop above the action, I watched the event through a long lens, shooting images of dogs herding stock with incredible precision through predetermined patterns and into the awaiting corrals. They worked in response to that same set of verbal cues, this time shouted by horseback handlers situated a considerable distance across the pasture from their canine partners. I was still hooked.

That afternoon, once the trials had ended, I was walking back to my guest quarters in a ranch cabin when one of the clinicians caught up with me.

“You want to give this a try?” he asked. “We’ve got a horse and a dog you can use.”

My honest response would’ve been: “What, *now*? With an audience? No thanks.”

My actual response: “Sounds great! Where do you want me?”

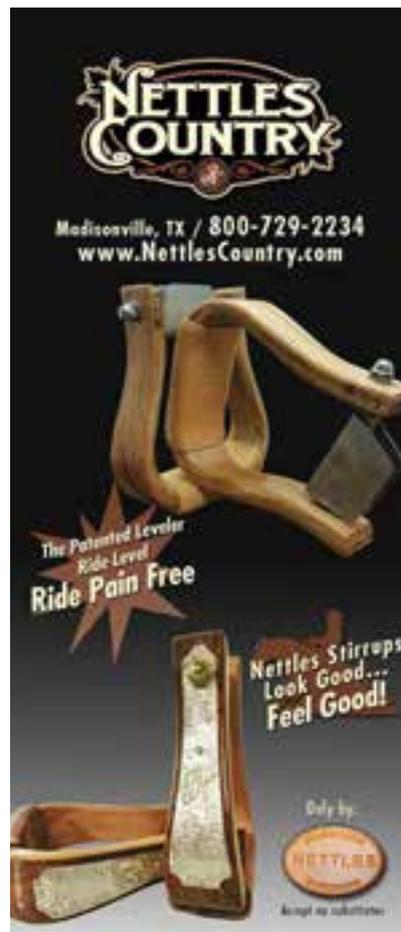
Fifteen minutes later, I was aboard a Fox Trotter gelding, in the same corner of the corral that each clinic student had briefly occupied the previous day. I recall at least some effort on the clinicians’ part to lower the degree of difficulty for me by sending in just one cow, a fat and docile Hereford, if memory serves. My dog, a borrowed Border Collie, stood at attention in the center of the corral, awaiting my first command.

The plan was simple: I was to direct the Border

Collie to push the cow along the corral perimeter; after the cow made a couple of corners, I’d cue the dog to bring her toward the center of the corral and through the opening of a small U-shaped enclosure formed by three linked steel panels. It was a dumbed-down version of one of the clinic tests of the day before.

To my advantage, the cow was, by sheer accident, already in position along the corral fence. She was even pointed in the right direction. I took a moment to formulate my plan. The dog needed to approach (slowly) the cow’s hip, pushing her forward, then take up a position behind her and to her left. Before the corner, he’d need to back off, let her make the turn, then get back in position to pressure her forward again. Of course, if the cow got hung up in that corner, I pondered, I might need to send the dog into the corner to put the squeeze on her. But, if he didn’t go in at just the right pace

I began to feel like I was mapping out a chess game, thinking several moves ahead and working out contingencies for contin-





gencies. *Enough*, I thought. *Let's do this.*

"Walk up!" I commanded.

The Bugatti-like responsiveness of a well-trained stock dog cannot be underestimated. Before I had a chance to decide upon the options for my second command, the Border Collie made a bee line for the fat Hereford and the cow waddled forward, angling away from the fence.

At that moment, the dog-handling vocabulary – on which I'd had only a tenuous grasp, and had certainly made no effort to memorize – escaped me entirely. Obviously, I needed to send the dog forward and to the inside of the cow to push her back along the fence. And the command to achieve that would be ... what, "walk up"?

"Walk up!" I yelled again.

I can picture the Border Collie pausing a beat to turn and look at me, as if to say, "You sure?"

The dog and cow weren't converging as I hoped they would. Mild panic (if that isn't an oxymoron) set in. My plan to push a cow in a series of *three straight lines* was already out the window. I needed to get the cow back on the fence.

"Away to me!"

Instead of pushing the cow back along the fence, the dog – obediently following my cue – got between the cow and the fence, pushing her deeper into the corral. My "away to me" should've been a "come by" (I think). Even though the time had passed for that command, I threw it out there anyway, for no particular reason.

"Come by!"

I threw a couple of other unwise commands into the mix, and now had the dog pushing the cow back in the general direction of her starting point. In my peripheral vision, I noticed a crowd of spectators

building along the corral fence. *Maybe*, I told myself, *they'll think I'm such a purist that I'm insisting on starting over from square one.* Had I been able to direct the dog to stop the cow anywhere close to where this comedy of errors had started, the ruse may have had a chance of succeeding. Instead, the cow simply wandered along the fence, the dog following in her wake and darting questioning glances toward me as he trailed the cow.

Suddenly fearful that I was going to ruin my borrowed dog for all future handlers, I frantically searched my memory for a cue that would put us all out of our shared misery.

"That'll do!" was the command on which I landed, although I'm sure it came out as, "That'll do?"

The dog eased off and hustled toward me. Now I wondered if he expected a follow-up command. After all, the cow was still on the loose, aimlessly wandering about the corral.

"Lie down," I told the dog. The Border Collie dropped. I felt like apologizing to him, but feared the potential debacle that I might unleash with any combination of consonants and vowels.

I avoided eye contact with any of the spectators as the clinician convincingly yelled, "Nice work!" and followed it up with the crowd-dispersing "Lunch is on!"

That's right, I thought. *Declare victory and get out.*

By mid-morning the next day, I was on a flight out of Sacramento, headed home. Any thoughts of stock-dog ownership had faded. I didn't know anyone who'd be willing to take care of a dog when I traveled. And, the ranchers I knew wouldn't want a dog chasing their stock around a corral. And I certainly didn't want to be the takes-his-dog-to-work guy.

It just wasn't my scene.



A.J. Mangum is the editor of *Ranch & Reata*.

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THE WESTERN HORSE

90 Percent Off

The hall-of-fame bucking horse War Paint was no bargain for bronc riders.



By Rod Miller

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Sometimes sport is unfair, as in a one-on-one competition against an opponent who prevails in nearly nine out of 10 contests. Idaho saddle-bronc rider Bob Schild didn't know it, but that's the situation he found himself in at the Pioneer Days Rodeo in Ogden, Utah, in 1954.

He was relatively new to professional rodeo and had drawn a bronc with which he was unfamiliar. So, as rodeo contestants are wont to do, he asked other bronc riders about the horse. "I remember asking Manuel Enos what this horse was," Schild says, "and he told me he was just an old Indian pony off the reservation." That much was true. But it wasn't the whole story. As Schild tells it, "Everybody just stood around and snickered. I should have been tipped off, but nobody would tell me."

What nobody told him was that War Paint, the

horse he was about to get on, bucked off practically every cowboy who climbed aboard, including the best bronc riders in the business.

In the annals of legendary saddle-bronc horses, the name War Paint appears near the top of any list. There's Steamboat, of course, who shed riders right and left back around the turn of the 20th century and whose image is enshrined on the Wyoming license plate. There's Midnight, and his rough-string counterpart Five Minutes To Midnight, who came out of Canada in the 1920s and bucked off most comers until they retired – Midnight in the mid-1930s and "Little Five" into the mid-1940s. Years later, the rodeo world repeatedly tipped its hat to Descent, a palomino that both wounded the pride of and won a lot of money for saddle bronc riders in the 1960s and '70s.

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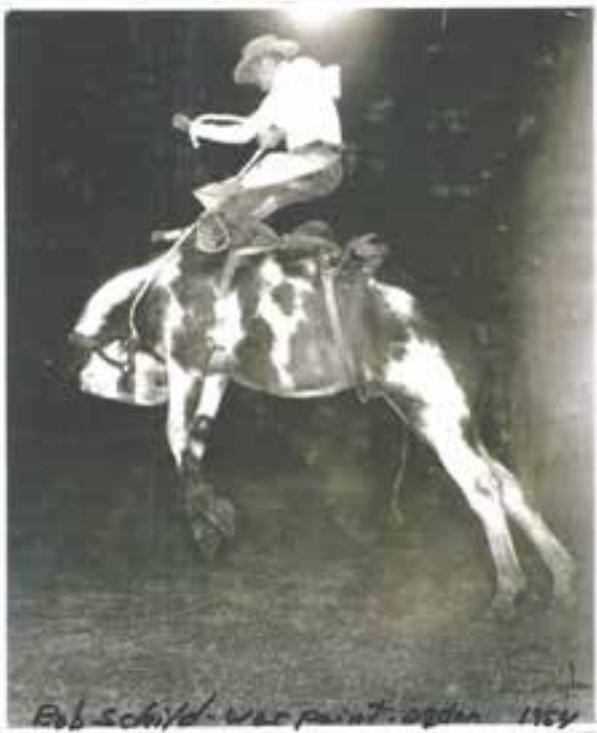


photo courtesy Bob Schild

Bob Schild launching from War Paint at Ogden, Utah, in 1954.

And there's War Paint.

80 Foaled into a band of wild horses on the Klamath Indian Reservation in southern Oregon in the late 1940s, the pinto pony was captured in a roundup and owned for a time by rancher Orrie Summers. In 1951, he sold the three-year-old gelding to Christensen Brothers Rodeo Company. Respected cowboys in their home country around Eugene, Oregon, Bob Christensen, born in 1911, and younger brother Hank, born in 1913, started staging rodeos in the 1930s. For nearly 50 years, the outfit provided stock for shows throughout the West – including Denver, Pendleton, and Cheyenne – and was ranked among the elite in the business. The Pro Rodeo Hall of Fame contractors bucked out celebrated horses Miss Klamath, Blackhawk and Mr. Smith (later re-named Smith and Velvet), and

renowned bulls Oscar and Oscar's Velvet.

But in the 1950s, it was War Paint who carried the flag for Christensen Brothers. And on that warm July evening in 1954, Bob Schild was called upon to salute that banner. He was no stranger to a bronc saddle when he stood over War Paint in the chute. Schild had just been named the 1954 National Intercollegiate Rodeo Association champion saddle-bronc rider. He'd also won the bareback championship and was runner-up for the NIRA all-around title.

One of the saddle bronc rider's first decisions in the bucking chute is determining how much rein to give a horse. The right amount gives you lift and leverage to maintain balance, keep a seat in the saddle, and execute a proper spur lick. Schild measured off what he calls a "wild-horse average" for War Paint, marking off the length of a fist and extended thumb behind the saddle swells.

Canadian bronc rider Les Johnson once claimed riding War Paint required a shorter rein. "They're all giving him too much rein and that's why he's bucking 'em off," he said. "Have you ever seen a picture of him with his head down? Just give him this much, at most," Johnson instructed, showing only his fist.

But War Paint's power and strength sometimes overrode the cowboy's decision. Schild says the horse could take some rein away from you. There's a photograph of Schild floating out of the saddle that night. "You can see how much rein I had," he says. "I'm still in shape, and I've still got my feet right, but he got so much rein away from me it just let me out of the saddle."

Casey Tibbs, six-time world champion saddle-bronc rider, agreed. Schild says, "Casey was there, I remember, 'cause he walked up to me and he said, 'By gosh, son, I believe you'd have rode him if he hadn't got all that rein from you.'"

Tibbs was no stranger to War Paint. He had bucked off the horse before and would do so again. But, like all



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courtesy Devere Helfrich/Courtesy Nat'l Cowboy & Western Heritage Museum



Six-time world champion saddle-bronc rider Casey Tibbs bucks off War Paint in a 1958 matched ride at Red Bluff, California.

top bronc twisters, he relished the challenge of taking on the best. “He’s a horse that allows you no mistakes,” he said in an interview. “If you ride him, you’ll win the money every time. He’s that tough. But if your spurs hang just a split second in the neck or if your weight gets just an ounce too far to one side, he’ll fling you clear out of the arena.”

“He bucked you off fair and square. He didn’t whirl or rear,” said Bobby Christensen Jr., the second generation of the Christensen Brothers Rodeo Company. For most, he said, climbing aboard War Paint meant a short ride. “War Paint usually had guys bucked off on his first three jumps out of the chute because he was so strong.”

Schild had a second opportunity to try War Paint when he drew the horse at Porterville, California, in 1956. “I rode through all that bad stuff, only had about a jump left to go and I thought I better be careful or I’d fall off. But the last thing you want to do is be careful when you’re riding broncs. You’ve got to keep charging. So I fell off, maybe half a second

from the whistle.”

Surviving all the “bad stuff” aboard War Paint was no easy task. Perhaps the horse’s most famous bout was a matched ride against then-world-champion saddle-bronc rider Alvin Nelson at the National Western Stock Show and Rodeo at Denver, Colorado, in 1958. A photograph of the contest by famed rodeo photographer DeVere Helfrich shows every eye in the crowd riveted on War Paint. The bronc is just clear of the chute gate, high in the air and coming back to earth at a fierce angle. Nelson is flying through the air at the same angle as the horse and reaching for the ground. The champion cowboy was bucked off by the third jump out of the chute.

But there was no shame in being bucked off by War Paint, even for the world champion, for Nelson wasn’t the only champion in that contest. War Paint had just been named bucking horse of the year for the second time. The honor, instigated at the urging of Casey Tibbs in 1956, let pro rodeo’s top saddle-bronc riders vote their choice of the sport’s best four-legged

courtesy Devere Helfrich/Courtesy Nat'l Cowboy & Western Heritage Museum



World champion saddle-bronc rider Alvin Nelson loses out in a 1958 matched ride against War Paint at Denver, Colorado.



athlete. War Paint won the honor in its inaugural year, was a repeat winner in 1957, and won again for a third time in 1958.

War Paint continued challenging the best until 1964. After he bucked off his last rider at his hometown Emerald Empire Rodeo in Eugene, the Christensen Brother Rodeo Company put the famed pinto out to pasture. He lived until October 1975.

Fame outlived War Paint. With the establishment of the Pro Rodeo Hall of Fame in Colorado Springs, Colorado, in 1979, the “old Indian pony off the reservation” was among the original members inducted into the hall.

Even today, War Paint attracts crowds of admirers. His still-bucking body is on display at the Pendleton Round-Up and Happy Canyon Hall of Fame in Pendleton, Oregon, wearing the first of the three silver-mounted halters recognizing him as bucking horse of the year. The display reads, in part: “He was one of the greatest and most well-known saddle broncs of all time. During a career that spanned nearly 20 years during the 1950s and 1960s, War Paint bucked off about ninety percent of his riders.”

Devere Helfrich/Courtesy Nat'l Cowboy & Western Heritage Museum



Manuel Enos survived one more jump after this photo was taken at Prineville, Oregon, in 1955.

A one-in-10 chance for any rider who drew the storied saddle bronc. It hardly seems fair. But in the sport of rodeo, it has always been about the challenge. And when the chute gate cracked open and War Paint roared into the arena, it was rare for the man with feet in the stirrups and buck rein in hand to be up to that challenge.



Utah writer Rod Miller is author of fiction, history, and poetry about the West. His latest books are a collection of short fiction, *The Death of Delgado and Other Stories*, and a novel, *Rawhide Robinson Rides the Tabby Tail: The True Tail of a Wild West CATastrophe*.



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YOUR HORSE'S FEET, A SERIES

The Summit

By Pete Healey, APF

This last February I attended the International Hoof Care Summit in Cincinnati, Ohio. This was the 13th Summit put on by the American Farriers Journal and was one of best attended yet with close to two thousand people from several countries. I have got to say this was a big endeavor and from what I could see they did a great job putting this on. I also have to say I never met so many nice people, everybody was happy, polite and practicing their talking not just nodding their heads.

I was actually one of forty speakers and I had two classroom presentations, one was on the Hoof-Pastern Axis and the other was Evaluating the Foot to the Radiograph. These were only fifty minute talks and I probably put about five hours of information into each one. It was probably too much but these people paid to go to this. I like information overkill, I want the meat. I want to know what I don't know. A lot of presentations at meetings are too vague. I was talking to a guy at the bar and he said he had been coming to the summit for years and I asked him what he thought about the content. He said when he first started coming he learned a lot now he learns a little. This made sense to me. The low fruit is easy to pick but the higher fruit isn't and you really got to want to get it, but it has to be there.

What did I think of the content? Well there was a lot I didn't get to see because there were multiple classrooms going on at once. I did get some biomechanical aspects I hadn't thought of that turned the light bulb on but this was from the higher fruit. There was a lot of low fruit that I didn't get much out of but it's a good indication of where we are in the industry. One thing I keep hearing was how can we support the low or negative palmar angled (bottom angle of the coffin bone to the ground) foot. My question to this is why? Why not fix these feet? One hot topic was the veterinarian-farrier relationship and who should be in charge of what happens to the foot. There was a couple of friends/clients of mine at the meeting and they said it best, "Each side wants a say about this but what about the horse owner and the horse". The American Farriers Journal is supposed to send out a DVD with all the presentations, so when I get to see them I will give you readers my two cents worth.

Right after I got home I did three consultations: one local horse, one from Southern California, and one from Germany. They all had the same problems, I'll bet a person could go anywhere in the world and see the same feet. That's why they call it the *International* Hoof Care Summit. Until next time, www.balancedbreakover.com.





Water Holes and Grub

(Ruminations on Western Food and Drink)

By Tom Russell

It has been jokingly said that, with the exception of the Battle of Little Bighorn, all Western history was made inside the saloons.

Richard Erdoes

Saloons of the Old West

I drink to make people interesting.

George Jones



The author in deep research mode.

I Waking Up in Singapore or Tucson: The Bars

*In all the beer parlors, all down along main street
The dreams of the seasons, all spill down on
the floor
All the big stands of timber, just waiting for
the falling
And the hookers standing watchfully, waiting
by the door.*

Ian Tyson

“Summer Wages”

Chief Dan George, the renowned Native American actor, was sitting in front of me. Drinking ice water. I was center stage above him on the club bandstand. He held his index finger up toward me and politely requested Peter La Farge’s “The Ballad of Ira Hayes.” I sang it for the chief.

*Then Ira started drinkin’ hard
Jail was often his home’
They let him raise the flag and lower it
Like you’d throw a dog a bone*

The chief listened deeply. Eyes closed. *Ira Hayes* was one of the strongest folk-protest songs of the 60s. About the sad fate of the Pima Indian who had helped raise the flag on Iwo Jima. I always honored the chief’s requests. Dan George waited for a moment after the song ended, then nodded his thanks, got up and walked out of the bar.

This transpired every few months in the early 1970s in a skid row bar called The Gulf Club in Vancouver B.C. I don’t think the chief drank alcohol. Nor did he live near skid row. He came to hear *Ira Hayes* and I was happy to oblige. This was around the time that Dan George starred in *Little Big Man*, and I was starting my musical journey, performing in bottom rung skid row bars.

Cowboy and Indian saloons! Those very same bars Ian Tyson emerged from in the 1950s and later sang about in “Summer Wages.” Main Street beer parlors where there were separate entrances for men and women back in the 1950s.

I am sitting here now, fifty years later, trying to conjure my favorite Western water holes and grub joints. We’ll start with the bars. From the refined to the rowdy – the blood buckets, saloons, taverns, roadhouses, gin mills, canteens, taprooms, and pubs. I performed in a few of them, drank in others, and some *I think* I drank in. If you follow my drift. To borrow from Raymond Chandler:

*I’m an occasional drinker, the kind of guy
Who goes out for a beer and wakes up in
Singapore with a full beard.*

The First English Dictionary of Slang, from the year 1699, lists at list fifty odd terms associated with strong drink and barrooms, and an equal number of slang words for *whore*, thievery, and con games. Men were *rogues, wags, vagabonds and swill bellies*. Tainted women were *harridans, mabs, thornbacks, and trulls*. The *dram house in gutter lane* (the bar) was where *rum peddlers*



Ranch & Reata Roadhouse, Santa Ynez, CA, 2012



congregated and begged strong drink. Potent drink was poetically termed: *a cup of the creature, a line of the old author, Old Harry, or Balderdash.*

This colorful lingo drifted over into the American West on the slack tongues of every reprobate, remittance man, horse thief, pickpocket, hooker, and scalawag exiled into the cow camps and saloons. Enter the cowboy and his song. I take pride that my Irish-Norwegian tribe descends from this rabble.

One of my far distant aunts was an Irish pirate queen, Grace O'Malley, born 1530, who owned a thousand head of horses. My father's father was a sheriff and Iowa horse trader. Some of the ancestral progeny, myself included, ended up employed or recreating in New World saloons like the Gulf Club – *where many things fall between the cup and the lip.*

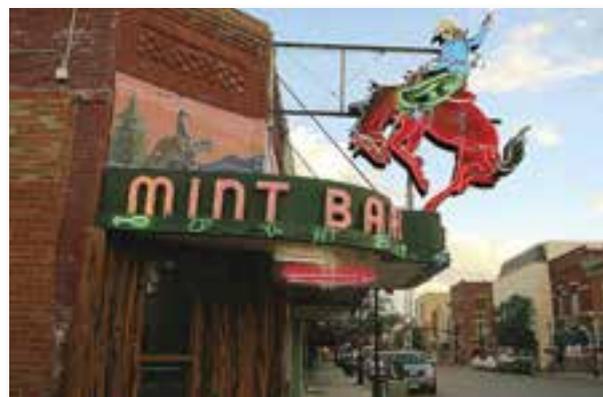
The Gulf Club! Herein was your bottom-line Western blood bucket, complete with a one-eyed janitor named *Old John* who was willing to serve as your guide into the deep, rum and blood-soaked history of this dodgy joint.

Old John would curse the bar owner behind his back – the owner being a wild card named Minky. Minky employed two hard assed bouncers fresh out of B.C. Pen, a Haida-Indian bartender, and a varied entertainment roster of country-rock bands, topless and bottomless dancers, strippers, sword swallows, snake acts, and a 300 pound female impersonator named *Big Jimmy.*

The customers were a raw mix of North Coast Indians, sailors on leave, loggers from up-country, cowboys from the interior, drug dealers, rummies, and other residual scum of God's great earth. The most upright customer was the noble Chief Dan George.

My band provided the backing soundtrack – eight hours a night, six days a week. We were: *The Mule Train Review – Skid Row's Finest Band!* So it was decreed in

broken letters on the outside marquee, directly below the word *Topless & Snake Acts.* The *Snake Act* was a black muscle man called *Onyx.* His snake was a huge boa constrictor named *Pharaoh.* The *act* consisted of Onyx running around the room with the snake over his head screaming and scaring hell out of the drunks, while we played a Duane Eddy number like *Forty Miles of Bad Road.* Well, hell, ma, I'd always wanted to be in show biz.



The Mint Bar, Great Falls, Montana

A cop once told me that there was an average of two felonies committed every hour in the Gulf Club. Bouncers rolled sleeping drunks, relieving them of wallets, knives, and watches, then tossed the victim into the alley. Some nights I couldn't pull my truck out of the back because of the drunken bodies piled behind the back wheels.

The back alley was a hellish medieval lane of smoldering trash cans, crack smokers, junkies, Indians drinking shaving lotion – all of this disparate tribe lying near the back door entrances to old hop joints turned Chinese cafes with names like The Green Door, The Red Door, The Yellow Door, etc. Here, indeed, was your *gutter lane.*

The back alley had to be the most dangerous and dirty thoroughfare in North America. And still is. Six



The Sip 'n Dip Lounge, Great Falls, Montana

months ago my road manager, from Belfast, made the mistake of parking our van a few blocks from this alley and I lost my *war bag* with Lucheese boots, direct box for guitar, and Shure microphone.

I envision some crack head wearing my boots and singing *Navajo Rug*, busking for quarters in Pigeon Park. May God bless him.

I could write a few hundred pages on The Gulf Club, especially the night my parents showed up to check out their Jesuit-educated son's new career – but I'll save it for my memoir. I'm just trying to set the proper Western saloon tone. Now onward to the safer waterholes.

90

II Tonight We Ride Down Whiskey Row

*They starts her out at the Kentucky Bar,
At the head of the Whisky Row,
And they winds her up at the Depot House
Some forty drinks below.
They sets her up and turns her around
And goes her the other way,
And to tell you the Lord-forsaken truth
Them boys got drunk that day.*

Gail Gardner

“Tyin’ A Knot in the Devil’s Tail”

If you were thirsty and crazy enough, and hauled fresh horses and wished to tie a knot in the devil’s tail, you could concoct a 48-hour binge-journey from Tucson to El Paso/Juarez and on up the *Hornado del Muerto*, the historic *Oven of Death* trail the conquistadores followed.

You might wind up in San Antonio, New Mexico, hung over and babbling, with green-chili cheeseburger sauce smeared all down your vest. You could grab a nightcap and sleep it off in Santa Fe, then wake up and write a song.

You’d have raised pints and shot glasses, or non-alcoholic beer, in many of my favorite water holes. Your thirst would have deepened as you crossed the Sonora and Chihuahua Deserts, dodging cartel soldiers, Mexican jaguars – sailing through at least two major Border Patrol checkpoints.



Congress Hotel

On occasion I perform at a notable historic venue in downtown Tucson called The Congress Hotel. I’ve writ’ about *The Congress* a few years ago in an essay on the barroom painter Guy Welch, but I’ll reiterate the color points.

John Dillinger was caught hiding out there in 1934. A fire broke out and Dillinger and gang climbed down the fire escape and hit the streets, then Dillinger bribed



a fireman to go back up and rescue his bag of machine guns. An error of judgment.

There was also 23,000 bucks in stolen cash in the bag. The money spilled out onto the street. Dillinger was busted (*I'll be damned*, he declared) and went to jail. He broke out with a gun carved out of soap. So goes the mix of history and myth.



The Tap Room, Congress Hotel, Douglas, Arizona, 2014

The bar off the Congress lobby is called *The Tap Room*. Quench your thirst whilst staring at the buckaroo drawings and paintings on the walls, rendered by a cowboy named Pete Martinez. Pete traded art for drinks in the 1930s and 40s. He was a damn good bronc rider.



Gueros Taco bar

After his rodeo career ended he liked to drink and draw.

Trading art for drinks is a rich tradition which might be traced back to the great Charles M. Russell, Ed Borein, and Will James – Western painters who drew on bar napkins, minting their own *wampum* and whiskey money. Picasso even scribbled on bar napkins.

I've painted for drinks myself. If you're in Austin, Texas, there's a place on South Congress, *Gueros*, which serves damn good tacos and world-class *margaritas*. On the inside wall of the bar is a large six by four foot painting of mine called *Pulque*, which I traded for a voucher for \$500 in tacos and *margaritas*.



Saddle and Spur Tavern Gadsden Hotel

Back to the Sonora Desert and our whiskey trail. Driving East out of Tucson, turn south and stop in Bisbee, an historic mining town with plenty of bars,



photo by Jay Dusard

The Ghost of Pancho Villa – Gadsden Hotel

then continue on down to the border town of Douglas, Arizona, and the bar in the Gadsden Hotel – *The Saddle and Spur*.

Pancho Villa once rode his horse up the inside lobby steps of the Gadsden. Evidence, I believe, is on the seventh step – the hoof-chipped step is still there from Pancho’s mount, *Siete Leguas*, the famed horse that could run seven leagues without stopping. In Mexico a *league* is the distance a sober individual can walk in one hour.

I used that lore in my song “Tonight We Ride.”

*Tonight we ride, tonight we ride
We’ll skin ol’ Pancho Villa,
And make chaps out of his hide
Shoot his horse, ‘Siete Leguas,’
and his twenty-seven brides
Tonight we ride, boys, tonight we ride*

Siete Leguas is also a great brand of tequila.

From Douglas head north, then swing east again down old Highway 9, across the bottom of New



photo by Jay Duscard

Gladiators of the Gadsden
Gadsden Hotel, Douglas, Arizona, 2014

Mexico, aiming for Texas. This is a ghost town highway through Animas, Hachita, and Columbus, the town Pancho Villa's troops raided back in 1916.

General Pershing, with a young George Patton in tow, chased Villa into Mexico but never caught him. A good read on this is: *The General and the Jaguar:*



The Pink Store

Pershing's Hunt for Pancho Villa: A True Story of Revolution and Revenge, by Eileen Welsome. It's a fine comprehensive rundown of the unfathomable and twisted ups and downs of Mexican history.

In Columbus you could detour a few miles down to the border, and cross into Palomas, Mexico, for a drink at *The Pink Store*. They feature *mariachis*, decent food, and authentic margaritas. Tequila tastes different on the Mexican side. The whiff of danger rolls up through your nostrils as long forgotten cowboy songs and *corridos* snake into your mind – the poetry of bloodshed, revolution, and redemption. *Andale!*



Writer Russell at the gates of his subject.

Cross back over and head west for El Paso and *Rosa's Cantina*. It's about sixty miles away. If you time it right you can make happy hour, plunk a few dollars into the Wurlitzer and listen to Marty Robbins spin out the best cowboy song of all time.

*Out in the West Texas town of El Paso
I fell in love with a Mexican girl
Night time would find me in Rosa's Cantina
Music would sway and Felina would whirl*

If God made a better cowboy song he kept it to

Himself. I've written about Rosa's in my longer essay on Marty Robbins' history making, chart topping song. Let's just say it's a worthy watering stop on old Doniphan Road and the best place in the world to hear *El Paso*.

Further North on Doniphan there was a joint called *Pistoleros*, once owned by my old friend Tommy Gabriel, who played piano in Juarez in the same lounge where Frank Sinatra sang. Back in the days when the border was an entertainment destination equaling Las Vegas.

Pistoleros had a back patio looking out on a small arena with bucking chutes. The bar featured potluck bull riding every weekend and country music. I saw Johnny Rodriguez there once, playing with the house band. Unforgettable. Beer, bull dust, and old time country music. The real thing. Twenty minutes away cockfighting was still legal in the mountains of Southern New Mexico – until the year 2007. The lawless roads have been paved.

Let's dip back across the border to my all time favorite water hole.

slowed down the city bulldozed many of the old bars and the Plaza Monumental Bullring was torn down to build a Wal-Mart. I'll pause here for a moment of sad, reverent silence.

The good news is that *The Kentucky Club* is still in Juarez, two blocks down from the border bridge. I'd suggest walking across the bridge, leaving your firearms back in your truck in the USA side. Keep your eyes straight ahead and aim for The Kentucky Club. Myth has it the *margarita* was invented here in the 1940s. Order one and seek out Ana Gabriel on the jukebox – especially the *corrido: Valentine de la Sierra*. She'll rip your heart out.

Last time I was in this bar the old barkeeps still hand-squeezed fresh limes and concocted the strong classic *margarita*, and *margaritas* taste damn good in a town like Juarez. Tequila allows you to have eyes in the back of your head. You may need them.

Back when I was in between relationships I used to drink a few then start mumbling Bob Dylan's classic lines:

*When you're lost in the rain in Juarez
And it's Easter time too
And your gravity fails
And negativity don't pull you through...
Don't put on any airs
When you're down on Rue Morgue Avenue.
They've got some hungry women there
And they'll really make a mess out of you*

Stagger back over the border, sober up on three coffees, and head North up Highway 10 to Highway 25 and aim for San Antonio, New Mexico (near Socorro), about a three-hour drive, on the road toward Albuquerque and Santa Fe. Right off of Highway 25, in San Antonio, sits *The Owl Cafe*, with a great vintage bar



Kentucky Club

Ten years ago they called Juarez *the most dangerous city in the world*. It's quieter now, but after the drug war



and the world's finest green-chili cheeseburgers. Greasy and sizzling on an age-old grill.



The Owl

I'm growing woozy from the memories. There are hundreds of renovated saloons and taverns across the West, from Durango to the Dakotas and back.

There are fine saloon histories in Richard Erdoes' 1979 book: *Saloons of the Old West*, and a good ride in Toby Thompsons' book: *Saloon: A Guide to America's Great Bars, Saloons, Taverns, Drinking Places, and Watering Holes*. Toby declared as his mission: *What I seek in a Great American Bar is form to frame or isolate chaos*.

Toby was searching for the real thing back in the 1970s and contemplates the demise of the architecture of the true American saloon. He wrote me recently:

Yes, for me the pre-Prohibition saloons were the ones where the center held. Everything changed, design-wise, at Repeal. Tavern owners convened and decided old saloon interior design held bad connotations. Saloons became 'taverns' and 'cocktail lounges.' The cocktail took the place of shots and beer. Design became art deco.

Women were more freely admitted. All of

which is fine in retrospect, but for me in the early '70s, as the culture came apart like a frag grenade, I wanted stasis. And what remained of tradition.

I wonder what happened to the *World's Longest Bar* (*The Mexicali Beer Hall*) in Tijuana, and if *The Basque Hotel* bar is still operating in Fresno? There was an old *Jai Alai* court falling to ruin on the side of that hotel – eighty years ago sheepherders from Spain could imbibe in a mug of Basque Cider and peer out and bet on the *pelota* (*Jai Alai*) games.

Which takes us to Spanish cuisine and Western grub, and El Quixote's Restaraunt.

III Grub

Part of the secret of success in life is to eat what you like

and let the food fight it out inside.

Mark Twain

Having bowed to the inevitability of the dictum that we must eat to live, we should ignore it and live to eat.

M.F.K. Fisher,

An Alphabet for Gourmets

I am an inveterate collector of old menus. I have a whole box of them somewhere in the garage, buried under tubs of books, old guitar cases, and cartons of LPs. I recall the *Jai Alai Cafe* Menu circa 1952 Tijuana with an amazing selection of food – from lobster and abalone and ten different cuts of steak. I've also written about the Oldest Restaurant in the World, *Botin*, in Madrid, which Hemingway mentioned in *The Sun Also Rises*. It's on the ancient street of the knife makers and specializes



El Quijote NY

in roast suckling pig. Menus reveal secrets about past and current cultures.

I have one here on the desk – a leather bound masterpiece from a Spanish restaurant called *El Quijote* on 23rd street in New York City, next door to the historic Chelsea Hotel. Yes, I consider this a Western food joint since our West trails back to Western Spain. And this establishment is on the West side of Manhattan, a watering hole for rodeo cowboys (in the Madison Square Garden days), and renegade artists and writers for the last eighty years.

On the front of the menu, in hand carved leather, is a skinny gent mounted on a bony pinto nag, spurring wild. Don Quixote himself, tilting at windmills. Hang and rattle. As you open the menu there's a replica of the award certificate from *The Minister of Spain* in 2002, declaring El Quijote the best Spanish restaurant of any country outside of Spain. I would agree.

From the *tapas* card: crab meat, escargot, clams *buquerones*, *cigales al whiskey*, *croquetas de bacalo*, *mejillones*, *chorizo al vino*, quail, *calamares*, crab cake...and onward through the wild game, various shellfish dishes, the pork, the rack of lamb, the veal, quail, and short ribs. Then cometh the *paella* pages,

then the fresh fish: sole, grouper, tilefish, salmon, scallops, bluefish, and then the steaks.

Last time I was there I ordered a large glass jug of *special recipe sangria* chocked full of wine, brandy, and assorted fruits. It's akin to supping the Spanish earth. After four goblets I was speaking fluent *Spanglish*, wandering around the Chelsea Hotel lobby demanding to see the room where Dylan Thomas passed out after imbibing eighteen straight shots of whiskey at the White Horse Tavern. Your reporter, on the beat.

If you consider the above menu excessive in comparison to your local eatery – consider Chicago in the 1840s. Richard Erdoes, in his saloon book, informs us that Chicago: *was still a raw frontier village in 1840, customers on the Tremont House Tavern Porch shot ducks hunting for frogs in the mud on the road before them...and had roast duck and frog's legs for dinner.*

Other menu items back then: boiled sheep, bear, buffalo tongue, racoon –sixty varieties of wild game and fish. Three different varieties of bear were offered. How about *bear's paws in Burgundy sauce?* Crunchy.

Then there's an Erdoes' footnote on the side effects back then. The lack of proper refrigeration and ice meant that the varied fare might not have been so fresh. Rankness was often disguised with hot sauces and peppers. Then cometh the colic and loose bowels. French and English tourists were not amused. Brandy and rum, on the house, quieted the complaints.

I tend to conjure up bars and cafes which have past significance to me. The places where I've returned to decide if previous perceptions were accurate, or had been influenced by the wine and cocktails, or historic spirit of the joint. An enduring favorite is *The Pantry* in downtown L.A.



IV Midnight at the Pantry, in the City of Broken Dreams

When it was opened in 1924, the restaurant consisted of one room, a 15-stool counter, a small hot plate and sink...it has been ranked as the most famous restaurant in Los Angeles.

Notes on the Historic Pantry

In the 60s, when I was attending school in Santa Barbara, I drove a big rose truck three nights a week down to the Los Angeles Flower Market and back. Skid Row. Midnight to six in the morning. While I waited for the truck to be reloaded and fitted I stopped in for an early morning breakfast at *The Pantry* – on 9th and Figueroa.

The Pantry has never closed since 1924, but the days of serving free coffee ceased about 92 years ago. In the 1960s back when I ate there regularly, all the old waiters wore bow ties and starched white shirts. The rumor was they were all ex-cons. Everyone who entered the joint got a free bowl of coleslaw. It's a designated historic monument.



The Pantry

I recall myself, around four in the morning, bent over the third cup of *java* as I watched the old fry cooks tossing eggs, bacon, and pancakes. I always felt the urge

to begin writing a *noir* crime novel about two old ex-con fry cooks knocking off a bank or an armored car.



Musso and Frank, Hollywood, California

If you're looking for a steak house with a deeper literary history I'd suggest *Musso and Frank* on Hollywood Boulevard, operating since 1919. This place has the proper steak house feel: high ceilings, polished dark wood panels, and red leather booths. The waiters still wear red coats and treat you with the proper respect.

At Musso's there's not going to be a new-age *haute cuisine* greeting: *have you dined with us before?* That routine where a *faux* sophisticated prat reads you the rules of the modernist menu, and the plates come out looking like a minimalist painting by Mondrian, or drip-art by Jackson Pollock. Not for me.

It's Steak and potatoes at Musso's – with a few olden dishes: Welsh rarebit, Lobster Thermidor, and their famous chicken potpie. Here's a laundry list of the literary regulars over the years: James M. Cain, John Fante, Raymond Chandler, William Saroyan, Nathaniel West, Dashiell Hammett, Dorothy Parker, William Faulkner, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Charles Bukowski.

California historian Kevin Starr declared that the list of writers who hung out at Musso's resembled: *the*



list of required reading for a sophomore survey of the mid-twentieth-century American novel.

Seeking the real cowboy eateries, off the beaten track, I asked my stock-contractor brother, Pat (infamous for his edited recitation of *The Castration of the Strawberry Roan* on my last record) what his favorite grub-joints might be.

His first choice was *Jack's Grill* in Redding, California. Sayeth my brother:

Used to be no menu. There your only choice was a big one or a little one. He fried up his steaks, and man he knew how to fry 'em. Salad and beans, no choices. No dressing choices. Family style.

Pat also spoke of: *An old hotel on the Delta called 'Al the Wops.'* I've located the place, in Locke, California, the oldest Chinese settlement in the California Delta. It's housed in a 100-year-old store and dates back to 1915. Yes, sir, it's really called *Al the Wops*.

Al Adami bought the cafe in 1934 from Lee Bing, the original owner. Al had quirky habits – such as cutting off neckties because they were too dressy for his joint, throwing money up to stick on the ceiling, and stirring ladies drinks with his finger. A classic establishment owned and operated by *a true character*.

Brother Pat Russell also mentioned *Jocko's*, in Nipomo, California – serving up oak-pit grilled steaks since 1926. The motto out front states: *Come in and monkey around*. Pat threw in a last thought about a place called *Traveler's Inn* in Bakersfield:

*They had a sign on the door that said:
'No Hookers Allowed'. They served massive
chicken fried steak.*

Amen.

IV Road Cuisine: Barbecue, Hamburgers & Mexican Food

Fletcher Davis of Athens, Texas, claimed to have invented the hamburger in the 1880s...he served a 'burger' of fried ground beef patties with mustard and Bermuda onion between two slices of bread, with a pickle on the side. The story is that in 1904, Davis and his wife Ciddy ran a sandwich stand at the St. Louis World's Fair: 'Old Dave's Hamburger Stand.'

The History of the Hamburger

Wikipedia

Out on the troubadour road our motto in California and Arizona is: *when in doubt, 'In and Out.'* *In and Out Burger* being the only fast food joint we can tolerate. The burgers are quality meat, and reasonably priced – the staff looks like they stepped out of a time capsule from 1954. Clean cut, polite kids of all color.

I couldn't figure out why *In and Out Burger* was different, until one day someone told me to peer under their soda cups – where there's a bible verse from The Gospel of St. John printed. Now I understand. This place has been blessed by The Creator. I love these burgers. A miracle at the price.

One other great hamburger of memory is the aforementioned green-chili cheeseburger at *The Owl Cafe* in San Antonio, New Mexico.

If we're talking barbecue I'll keep it short. *Texas*. The land of the brisket bottom line. I'd mention three and then *vamoose* from the discourse, before the bullets fly. Texans take barbecue dead serious. Consult the lists published by *Texas Monthly* if you're aching for a BBQ bender.

Three favorites: *Kreuz Market* in Lockhart, *Black's Barbecue* in Lockhart, and *City Market* in Luling.



Kreutz Market has been there since 1900. Be prepared for a slab of mouth-watering brisket tossed onto a sheet of wax paper and pushed towards your nose. There are no forks provided. A sign from the early days declares: *the fork is at the end of your arm*. Take that, you *haute cuisine* folks. Eat with your hands. Like it used to be ‘round the campfire with *the rank riders* and *wags*.

I grew up on Mexican food on the West Coast. *The Original Red Onion* comes to mind. Late 1950s. Inglewood. This was a while before the term *fajita* came into modern use. Journalist Robb Walsh tells us: *the originators of what we call fajita tacos were the Hispanic ranch hands of West Texas who were given the head, intestines, and other unwanted beef cuts such as the diaphragm as part of their pay*.

Now there’s *fajita* variations in every strip mall. The best Mexican cafes I’ve been in have the same bottom line – an old Mexican grandmother in the kitchen, rubbing her hands on an apron stained with salsa, as she ponders the balance of creating fresh tortillas on one grill, *carne asada* on another, while her daughter pounds out the fresh salsa in a *molcajete*. Another daughter is mashing the avocados into *guacamole*. Fresh food. Fresh roasted chili peppers. Homemade tortillas – the Mexican bottom line. The many variations of Mexican, Tex Mex, and New Mexican cuisine are best left to experts.

My two favorite Mexican Cafe’s are in El Paso. *The L and J*, next to the Concordia Cemetery, where John Wesley Hardin is buried, has been there 80 years. It was a great when it was smaller, but they’ve expanded and added TV screens in every corner, when they should have hired more Mariachis. The food is still consistent.

The H and H Carwash is a little cafe that seats about 20 people, inside an old downtown El Paso car

wash facility. Get your car washed whilst you wolf down the *buevos rancheros* – best in the world. A few years back the police had to shoot a mountain lion at *The H and H* that had wandered down from the mountains looking for water during a drought. The West is alive.

There’s another highly rated food joint named after me, *Tom’s Folk Cafe*, in El Paso, which serves great,



Tom’s Folk Cafe

varied *cuisine*, but I haven’t been in there in years. Never had a financial stake in the joint. We’ve recently moved from El Paso up to the high desert outside Santa Fe to escape civilization and its discontents.

As a tribute to my favorite bars we’re building a private, Robinson Jeffers tower-bar (*El Torreon*) next to my art studio...where paintings of Hemingway, James Joyce, Charles Bukowski, and Dylan Thomas will peer down at grown men who’ve retreated to the bar to weep or trade war stories – desperate rogues thirsty for *a cup of the creature* or *a line of the old author*. Ladies Night will be Wednesdays, or probably any damn night they wish to come in.

In the end, life is just a savage rowing towards happy hour. And then there’s dinner.



Tom Russell’s Western Folk Opera, *The Rose of Roscrae*, and his collection of cowboy songs, *Tonight We Ride*, are available from www.fronterarecords.com – along with his books and other merchandise.

His art may be viewed at: www.tomrussellart.com

The Snake River Outlaws

Unearthed recordings bring back the 1950s heyday of live barroom music.

By Hal Cannon

The scene is the corner of Woody and Alder streets, Missoula, Montana. It's August 1953, a Saturday night. The air has a milky quality and smells of forest fires. College students, cowboys, railroaders, hoboes and young women with swaying skirts all crowd the sidewalks. This is skid row, and bars line the street: Spider McCallum's Maverick Bar, the Garden City #1 and #2, and the Silver Dollar. The Sunshine, in particular, overflows with people. Live music – "The Golden Rocket," Hank Snow's 1951 hit – booms out the door. Up and down the street, the same song drifts from the open windows of cars as people who can't fit into the tiny bar listen to the performance broadcast on radio station KXLL.

Squeeze inside the bar and it's steamy. The place

reeks of cigarettes and alcohol. The room is too small for dancing, with a stage cramped into the corner and faced with a picket fence. By the looks of the band, this is pure cowboy honky-tonk. Each of the four young men wears western-style gabardine slacks, embroidered

western shirts, scarves and cowboy hats. The fiddler, Jimmy Widner, plays lead guitar, and throws down drinks like there's no tomorrow. He has a wild look in his eye like maybe a fight should accompany the next song. Orval Fochtman, the lead singer, is

handsome in a Roy Rogers sort of way, with a rich baritone voice that reminds you of Hank Snow. Every woman in the place has her eye on him. Then there are the brothers. Vern Wilburn trades off between fiddle, guitar and a tenor banjo with palm trees painted on its



photos courtesy Snake River Outlaws



Vintage and contemporary shots of Outlaws frontman Orval Fochtman.



head. Brother Harold thumps on a blond stand-up bass with the words “Snake River Outlaws” stenciled on its face. They all gather around a microphone emblazoned with the letters KXLL as Bob, a young college student and part-time radio announcer moves in to introduce the next number. People in a half dozen states tap their feet to the beat as the show broadcasts out across the airwaves of the Pacific Northwest on the Z-Bar Network.

The Outlaws played a lot of numbers at the Sunshine over the years. It was a time for live music in barrooms across America. Most of this live country music evaporated in the air never to be heard again. But selected recordings of some of these radio shows from Missoula were saved. We now have a little slice of history, a saved moment of the Wild West.

These recordings exist because lead singer Orval Fochtman, purchased a new-fangled tape recorder and some blank tapes back in the early '50s. Each week he recorded the group's live radio program so the boys could review their performance. He recorded over the old shows when he ran out of room so, over a half-century later, just six live radio shows have surfaced. After cleaning up the sound with the latest digital technology and picking some of the best performances, the Western Folklife Center assembled a collection that draws both from shows broadcast from the Sunshine Bar and a place outside of town called the Chicken Inn that served as a substitute venue when authorities occasionally shut down the Sunshine.

The Snake River Outlaws all grew up around Weiser, Idaho, a place synonymous with old-time



The Outlaws and their “tour bus,” a 1939 LaSalle hearse.

fiddling. The Wilburns were ranch kids whose father was a fiddler and their uncle a true-blue outlaw. Jim Widner's grandparents homesteaded across the Snake River in Oregon and his dad was a fiddler who worked on the railroad. Orval Fochtman's father lost the family farm in Nebraska during the depression and came to Weiser to work construction.

Jimmie Widner remembers, “As a kid my folks gave me lessons on the fiddle. I must have been six or seven. It was a full-size violin and too big for me. I didn't like taking lessons. It reminded me too much of school. But I had a knack to play the fiddle. I never got interested until World War II came along. I traveled on a lot of ships and some of those old southern boys played music and that sparked my interest again.”

After getting out of the service, Jimmy came back to Weiser, where he teamed up with Vern Wilburn to play at local bars for \$3 a night. There, they met an itinerant singer who called himself “Wild Bill Lloyd, the Snake River Outlaw.” Jim Widner remembered, “Bill



This 1950s photo of the Outlaws bears the handwritten caption, “The new mayor of Woody Street and his campaign crew.”

lived in his car, down by the railroad depot. He sang with us for a while, yodelin’ being his specialty, but years later he just fell apart. They found him dead in his car one morning.” At that time there was an underage kid hanging around outside the bar listening to the jukebox. He had a good voice and picked up all the words, so they enlisted Orval for the group. Now all they needed was a bass player and Vern figured his brother, Harold, could round out the group. As Jim remembers, “Harold was working in a homestead way up in the country, running a little bit of moonshine. Vern had an old doughnut wagon [a 1937 Chevy panel van] and we piled in that. We were sick and tired of Weiser, and we just headed north.” The Snake River Outlaws were born and on their way.

Vern’s girlfriend, Ruby, wanted to go along and remembered, “I was kind of a stubborn person and figured, at 17, I knew what I was doing. But yeah...we got married later.” She recalls those first few stops along

the way to Missoula. “The first night we were in that club, guys kept grabbing me to dance and my husband didn’t like that very well. So he set me on a stool up by the bandstand, where I could be by him all the time. From there, we went to Elk River and that was a boomtown – Diamond, Potlatch, Weyerhaeuser, all them big timber outfits. No cops, no law, everything on the go. There was even one lady shot her husband and it took about a week for them to get up there to take her to jail. Very exciting. We lived in a tent when we first got there, out in the field, next to the Up and Up Club where the band played.”

After hitting a few rough-and-ready honky-tonks along the way, the Outlaws finally got to Missoula, where they drove downtown to find a

bar that might hire them. Most places had live music, but a four-piece band was considered too big for most venues. The owner of the Sunshine offered to give them a try, housing them in small cabins nearby. The Outlaws were a success almost immediately. As Jimmy explains, “We hit at the right time in the country, when that type of music went over big. There was no TV and people were out on the nightlife. It wasn’t long after World War II and people were unsettled.”

The group became a fixture at the Sunshine, and Orval began learning songs, nearly two hundred of them. Asked how he picked his material he said, “Whatever was a hit at the time was what people would ask for. That’s why I tried to learn the hits. When they came out on the jukebox or on the radio, I’d try to pick it up. Whatever was the goin’ thing.”

The boys played six nights a week starting at 9 p.m. and going till 2 a.m. Ruby waited tables but when the weekly radio show got going she also came to the stage



to sing the occasional song. “They had the wives sing a song and everybody wanted me to continue singing,” she says, “so the boss started to advertise me as ‘Sunshine Ruby: the Nightingale at Woody Street.’”

The band played at the Sunshine three or four years, though every once in while they’d strike out to play elsewhere in the Northwest. They even piled in their 1939 LaSalle hearse and drove to Los Angeles to try their luck. When they got to the city, they got lost in traffic. Then when they asked directions, someone treated them rudely. They turned right around and drove home.

By 1954, the world was changing and so were the Outlaws. Jimmy Widner blamed the demise of the band on television and marriage. In a 1980 *Missoulian* article by Stephanie Davis, Jimmy said, “TV changed the nightlife in Missoula and, although we still drew a crowd, the nightlife was fizzling out. Plus we all got married, and if anything is bad for a band, it’s getting married.”

Listening to the recordings of the Outlaws from the early fifties you not only hear the music, but there is a spirit that comes through too. It’s more than music, it’s wild. The recordings capture flirting, fighting, drinking, an unbounded spirit of the times. The problem with history is that it’s mostly sober and serious. At best, it



The Outlaws in their prime.

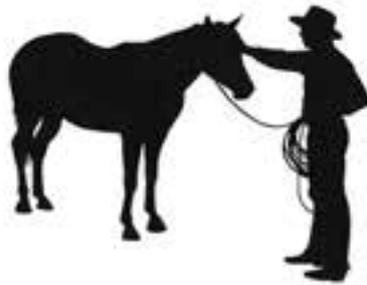
captures the spirit of the times, but it rarely gets at the passion of the moment. Music is an art of the moment, and can capture passion as it happens.

I wonder if we’ve lost something precious from Missoula, Montana, 1953 – something you don’t hear much of anymore. When I asked Ruby Wilburn why people of all ages are not out socializing and dancing like they did in the heyday of the Snake River Outlaws, she said, “I think people are getting too stiff. They need to get out and relax a little bit and go out and have a little fun.”



Hal Cannon is a folklorist, musician and journalist living in Utah. A CD of the Snake River Outlaws’ remastered radio programs is available from the Western Folklife Center (www.westernfolklife.org).

Thanks to musicians Scot Wilburn, for bringing these tapes to light, and to Wylie Gustafson, who worked to clean up the sound on the recordings.



A VISIT WITH BUCK BRANNAMAN

My Life So Far

Because I meet so many people in what I do for a living, I end up hearing about a lot of despair and terrible trials that people have to deal with, all sorts of things including cancer or some other health problem. It's quite a thing, and I have to say that sometimes it just about sucks the life out of me because I feel so bad for these really good people. It's like the old saying goes, "Bad things happen to good people." Bad things don't seem to happen that often to bad people. It's sad that so many really terrific people have to deal with really terrible obstacles, because troubles aren't always based on what people deserve. I know that for sure. It's a heck of a thing, but it seems that at some point, we all have our turn at despair.

So when things are going well in your life, I think it's important that you appreciate them. If your horse didn't change leads, if he didn't stop perfectly or turn around the way you wanted, is it really that big a deal? To me it's not. I'm simply happy to have the opportunity to be able to work with a horse and enjoy him and enjoy being a part of him as he learns and grows. I've seen the other side. Those of you who've read *The Faraway Horses* – you understand where I'm coming from; you



know that I've seen the ugly side of life. So I try to follow the wise advice: "Don't sweat the small stuff." I don't. I used to when I was younger. But not anymore.

I have come to think that with some of the things I do in my work with people and horses – some of the things I say, the places I go, the people I get to visit with and help – I am just being used by the powers that be: God, Jehovah or Allah – whatever you want to call it or believe in, some supreme being is there to help direct us if we just listen and believe. And I hope my role in this life may be to be used in a manner that I can, hopefully, do some good for others. So far, I have found it to be, a pretty good way to go. BB



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THE HEN HOUSE

Seeking Rachel



By Hannah Ballantyne, Reata Brannaman and Nevada Watt

Sometimes you meet those people who just make you smile and you automatically feel like you have known their laugh forever! Rachel McGinn is one of those ladies! We have all followed her on the elusive “social media” for a while now but it wasn’t until the 2016 Legacy of Legends we got to shake her hand. Rachel is an inspiration to women because of her relentless wanderlust, outstanding style, and strength to run her own endeavors while being the best dang ranch hand. If any of you get a chance to meet her, take it! So without anymore of us talking let’s hear from the southwest beauty!



Rachel McGinn

Hens: So tell us what you’re about, who is the blonde who lives in the middle of nowhere and has some of the coolest style we’ve ever seen? (just describe your style and tell us whatever you want the people to know about what you do!)

Rachel: Well thanks guys, what a compliment! I’m just a girl from Arizona living in West Texas, married to a handsome cowboy. I grew up on the most gorgeous ranch in the mountains of Arizona. After graduating high school I had a seven year stint of being a wild land firefighter which allowed me to travel all over this gorgeous country, and hike into mountains where people had



never been before. That caused this deep feeling of wanderlust in my soul and wanting to travel, anywhere and everywhere. Well, on one of my random trips across the country, while helping my cousin haul horses I sort of self-taught myself how to tool leather, not in the truck or something cool like that, but with a DVD and some YouTube videos. It all started with Sheridan style, which is gorgeous but just wasn't quite me. So I decided to see what I could do and started creating my own designs, incorporating my southwestern mountain mama style with a mix of Sheridan and busting them out on leather. From there it has taken me all sorts of places, to meeting all sorts of people, and has given me the freedom to create beautiful things. Now I can see something on the side of a historical building while traveling and think, heck I love that, but I don't just want to take a picture of it, I want to create something similar to that look – something I can incorporate into my daily fashion I find inspiration everywhere. I highly recommend traveling, and taking adventures every chance you get, it brings you the places, people, and freedom that nothing else can give you.

Hens: How does the west and the way you were raised influence your style?

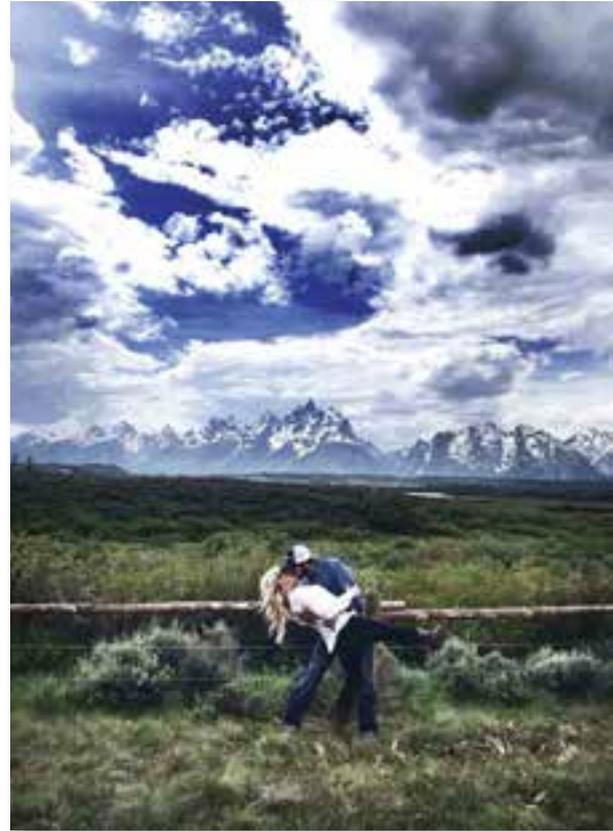
Rachel: The west and the way I was raised on a ranch in eastern Arizona influence my style immensely, probably more now, than they ever did growing up. The southwestern vibes surround you where I grew up. From pawn shops on the Navajo reservation right down the road, overflowing with the most gorgeous, unique, handmade silver and turquoise pieces, to the cabin on the ranch I grew up on, built in the late 1800s. It in itself has a story, there are brands and names, of cowboys that have stopped there throughout the decades that have carved their names, or burnt their brands into the walls dating back to the 1920s. That vintage, mountainous, western style resonates there and deep in my soul. So I guess I'm saying my style is more influenced by things I see, the places I travel, and the way I was raised, from the ranch, to the mountains that trickle down into the desert, to all the animals and tack needed to survive in such unique terrain, rich in colors and rich in story, influence me and my style.





Hens: What's it like balancing ranching, music, and your business? Pretty much full time rock stars?

Rachel: Chaos, pure chaos, ha! Actually it works really great for Zack (my husband) and me, I'm not sure we would know what to do with a normal life. We are super fortunate to live on a ranch owned by Zack's parents – they work with both of us and our crazy adventures. My schedule for the most part allows me to work around Zack's, so when he is traveling for music I try to travel around the same area to do my job so we are able to spend time together. Zack does most of the ranch work and I help out every chance I get. During the week and the day, Zack is running the ranch and I am traveling around west Texas for my job. At night you can catch Zack in the office writing new music and singing songs, and me out in the shop, creating and designing new pieces. On the weekends you can find us traveling all over for Zack's music and me working on leather in the truck sitting beside him. I'm not sure how it works but it does, with patience, love, and lack of sleep.



Hens: What are the little things (or big!) that bring you joy in your lifestyles?

Rachel: Being outside and working alongside Zack on the ranch probably brings me the most joy. Spending time with family, friends, and loved ones is one of my favorite things. And traveling, traveling, and did I mention traveling? Taking new adventures and making new memories.

Hens: Who are some people you admire and look up to?

Rachel: Gosh, there are so many people that inspire me on the daily and give me inspiration to be a better person. But some big influencers would be my parents, definitely, they work harder than anybody I know, have the biggest hearts, and would give you the shirt right off

their back, they are some of God's angels on earth. My husband, he chases his dreams, all seven million of them, and never gives up. He is passionate and kind, he is on the go at all times to create a better life for us, and for that I am forever grateful and admire the crud out of him. I could go on forever with this list, but I'm going to leave it at that.

Hens: What kind of legacy do you want to leave?

Rachel: I've sat and thought pretty hard on this question, and I think life is too short of a wild ride to worry about what kind of legacy I'll leave. Instead I think I'll enjoy the ride while I can, and hope that if my time comes sooner than expected that my love and laughter will live on through those I've loved along the way.





WESTERN CULTURE

Buffalo Springfield



1966



2011

The band formed in 1966 with Stephen Stills, Neil Young, Dewey Martin, Richie Furay, and Bruce Palmer. It was named after a brand of steam powered road roller and was instrumental – in the two years the band existed – of creating a merge point between folk, country with influences



from the British invasion of the mid-1960s. Their song, “For What It’s Worth” continues to be a call to action against the “man.” The group’s members went on to stellar careers. Not bad for two years.



Malheur

Its French name translates to “misfortune,” “woe” or “misadventure” – labels that belie its remarkable beauty.

Essay and Photographs by Scott Ripley

At the northernmost tip of the Great Basin, you’ll find eastern Oregon’s wildlife-rich Malheur Basin, the historical Paiute homeland. After the tribe relocated in the late 1800s, homesteading and cattle ranching in the area flourished. In subsequent years, the basin, including Malheur Lake, faced natural and man-made challenges.

It took the foresight and perseverance of President (and rancher and conservationist) Theodore Roosevelt to recognize the environmental importance of lands within the Great Basin. Roosevelt established the U.S. Forest Service, and was instrumental in creating national parks, national forests and bird reserves, including the Lake Malheur Reservation, which came into being in 1908. The reservation evolved into today’s Malheur National Wildlife Refuge.

The 292-square-mile, T-shaped refuge wraps around Malheur Lake to the east and Harney Lake to the west. The narrow, vertical bar extends south, past Frenchglen, to just upstream of Page Dam on the Blitzen River. Also known as *Donner und Blitzen* (German for “thunder and lightning”), the Blitzen is the main artery of the refuge, flowing from the slopes of Steens Mountain and north through cattails and wetlands until it melds with Malheur Lake. The refuge is bordered by BLM and private land, in some areas a parcel-to-parcel patchwork.

The refuge lies within the lower half of sparsely populated Harney County, where cattle outnumber people 14 to one. Three-quarters of the county’s land is managed by the federal government. Agriculture and forestry are the primary industries, but if you visit the Harney County Chamber of Commerce Web site, you’ll find a listing for the Migratory Bird Festival. Birding is big business thanks to the refuge. In a good year, 25 million birds make a stopover at Malheur. This is a significant statistic given that more than 90 percent of the Pacific Flyway’s wetlands have been destroyed by development.

Last spring, I made the five-hour trip from Portland to the eastern high desert, through Madras and past Prineville, where the road stretched out straight and far, creating shimmering mirages. Before Burns, I headed south to the refuge and my lodging at the Malheur Field Station, a private-sector educational facility, located within the refuge, that offers group accommodations in several refurbished vintage aluminum trailers. Birds – songbirds, shorebirds, raptors – were all around my trailer. As the sun set, nighthawks dive-bombed their prey, making an eerie, indescribable sound.

I came to the refuge to photograph birds, wildlife, landscapes and the refuge experience. The field station would serve as a base for exploration and was just a few miles from the refuge headquarters and the Patrol Road. The headquarters’ grounds are teeming with birds, but to get up close and personal you need to crawl slowly along the north-south gravel Patrol Road, through the refuge’s center, with the Blitzen and marshes on either side. At the south end of



the road, just below the P Ranch, you can turn right and visit Frenchglen, with its quaint hotel, or go left to Page Springs and on to Steens Mountain.

Exploring the outlying areas of the refuge is part of the Malheur experience. Not far from the eastern border of the refuge is the town of Diamond, and Diamond Valley. If you travel north on Happy Valley Road, with its stunning vistas, you'll come upon the remarkably preserved Peter French Round Barn. On the west side of the refuge, just off the paved Frenchglen Highway (205), is the Buena Vista Overlook, with a jaw-dropping view of the refuge. Further south, there's Benson Pond, where I photographed a family of trumpeter swans. And, near the refuge headquarters, on the north end, I found federally protected burrowing owls nesting not far from private cattle range.

The Blitzen's glistening redband trout provided a welcome angling opportunity, and herds of antelope and mule deer – not to mention a badger, spotted mere yards from my trailer – provided more first-day highlights. After several hours of exploring the refuge, I slowed my pace, realizing there was no reason to rush, and listened to the soundtrack of the breeze moving through the tall grass, sage and trees.





















Scott Ripley is a photographer based in Portland, Oregon.

The Top Hand and the Tenderfoot

Wally McRae and Marleen Bussma
at the National Cowboy Poetry Gathering.

By Rod Miller

Marleen Bussma and her husband were on vacation, driving through the Columbia River Gorge in Oregon when the phone rang. It was the Western Folklife Center calling, informing Marleen she had been chosen to appear at the 2016 National Cowboy Poetry Gathering in Elko, Nevada.

“My first reaction was to burst into tears as soon as the phone call was over,” Bussma says. “Someone actually thought I was good enough to be on stage at Elko!” The phone call and follow-up communications from Elko kept the Dammeron Valley, Utah, poet bursting at the seams for months.

Where the National Cowboy Poetry Gathering was concerned, Bussma was a tenderfoot. She had never recited at Elko, or even attended the premier cowboy poetry event. But she is no stranger to the stage. For the previous five summers, she participated in a tourist-oriented event at the North Rim of the Grand Canyon, and “I have been part of the Mesquite (Nevada) Western Roundup poets group for the last five years, and for the past three years I have been involved with the Medora, North Dakota, poetry gathering that takes

place during Memorial Day weekend,” she says. “Then there are all of the luncheon groups, nursing homes, veteran homes, and trailer park pot-luck suppers that want a little bit of entertainment.”

At the opposite end of the spectrum when it comes to the National Cowboy Poetry Gathering is legendary Rosebud County, Montana, poet Wally McRae. He was at the first Elko gathering in 1985 and has been back every year since, save one year when mopping up from a fire kept him away. His first invitation to Elko unfolded in an entirely different way.

The Gathering was hatched when a group of government and academic folklorists set out to preserve what they saw as a unique tradition in the western states, so they scoured the mountains and plains to locate and identify cowboy poets, Wally McCrae among them.

As McCrae tells it, the Montana folklorist contacted him and said, “‘Would you be interested in going to the middle of Nevada in the middle of the winter and having a contest of cowboy poetry, and the winner gets a Capriola saddle?’ And I said no. Not in the least. I told him I would like to get together with other people that are doing what I do, but I would like



it to be a sharing, not a contest. And I think a lot of the other people felt the same way. So that's the way it started out."

When that first collection of cowboy poets congregated in Elko, no one there knew what to expect, or what the future might hold. "I don't think I had any idea, any concept of what it might do," McCrae says. "I didn't know if there would be a second one. But I think that when I got there and saw how acceptable it was to an audience, and how hospitable the town of Elko was, and the camaraderie between all the performers that came here, I thought maybe we'll keep doing this. I wasn't sure, I wasn't positive, but I thought the sign was pretty good on it." McCrae and a few other original poets have kept doing it, and they did it for the 32nd time in 2016.

McCrae's exposure to poetry – and cowboy poetry – long predates Elko. It has been a part of his life from the beginning. "I was introduced to poetry before I could ever walk or talk. My parents had poetry books and, when I was a little kid, my parents and my two older sisters read to me. I grew up around poetry," he says. "We got a livestock publication, and it had a monthly Bruce Kiskaddon illustrated poem in it. And we saved those things. We clipped them out." McCrae's first-remembered recital came at age four at a community Christmas party. "My mother pokes me in the back, and that's my cue to get up and do my Christmas piece. And it was a poem." He recited "Christmas is Coming," a traditional English nursery rhyme and Christmas carol. "And I was a hero," he says.

Since then, McCrae has represented the art of

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photos by Rod Miller

Wally McCrae takes the stage at the 32nd National Cowboy Poetry Gathering.

124

cowboy poetry in such prestigious places as the Smithsonian Folklife Festival in Washington, D.C. He is the first cowboy poet to win the National Endowment for the Arts National Heritage Award, has served on the National Council of the Arts, and received the Montana Governor's Award for the Arts.

But, back to Elko.

In order to maintain quality and ensure some measure of authenticity, the National Cowboy Poetry Gathering has a rigorous application process for artists. "Elko asked for recordings and hard copies of my work so a panel of judges could evaluate my performance and level of skill in writing," Bussma says. "No other group I

have been involved with has done that. I have participated in some events where the only requirement is that you have a warm body and can walk up on stage."

Some 200 applicants – poets and musicians – applied for the 50 artist slots available at the 2016 Gathering. Even McCrae has to apply, but for him and few other longtime favorites it's more or less a formality.

As the Gathering evolved over the decades, McCrae has witnessed shifts in the nature of the event. While entertaining audiences has always been important, sometimes show business overwhelmed art. "We've gotten away from it somewhat now, but there was a time when the feedback you got from the audience, transferred through the staff, was to be funny, or be gone. So we just had joke poem after joke poem after joke poem," he says. "We've had people come and promote their personal philosophies, or politics, if you will, and I don't think this is the place for that. I have strong opinions and I really try to avoid doing that."

The point, for most poets at Elko, is to entertain the audience with poems born out of the realities of ranch life, cowboy culture and western ways. That concentration on subject matter is, essentially, the only difference between cowboy poetry and poetry in general. Cowboy poets, at least the best of them, use the same poetic tools and literary techniques that set poetry apart from other forms of writing.

Bussma says, "In the past few years I have become aware of how writers write. Maybe it's because I am trying to be a good writer. I now notice creative descriptions and artistic phrases that I didn't seem to be aware of before." She makes notes of language that appeals and uses it for inspiration.

McCrae sees inferior writing as a result of lack of effort. "I don't think there's enough of us that study poetry. So few people are trained now in writing.



They haven't read the classics. We haven't studied the art enough."

After writing comes the job of recitation, whether it's presenting your own poetry or the work of others. That requires practice. Lots of practice. McCrae has perfected the art of "selling" a poem through long experience as a reciter, rodeo announcer, and community theater actor. For Bussma, it's an ongoing challenge.

"Recite, recite, recite," she says. "The only way a poem will stick in my head is if I hear it over and over. If I am having particular trouble I will put on the radio so there is another voice in the room and recite my poem along with the noise. If I can maintain my concentration throughout, then I feel I am making progress."

Bussma's hard work paid off with a successful rookie season at Elko. "I expected it to be a big deal and it was," she says. "The very first session I attended I heard great poetry and felt like I'd been hit with a pail of cold water. I started to compare my work with what I was hearing and wondered if I really belonged at the event." Audiences soon set her straight. "Several people approached me and told me how much they enjoyed my work and told me they hope I come back next year." Likewise



Marleen Bussma's premiere performance at the National Cowboy Poetry Gathering.

other artists, with several seasoned reciters praising Bussma's performance and offering encouragement.

While Bussma is excited at the possibility of a return to Elko, McCrae isn't so sure. "Physically, mentally, I'm hitting the end of it," he says. "It's hard for me to come here. I'm stove up. It's just harder and harder and harder."

But, you never know. The 33rd National Cowboy Poetry Gathering in 2017 may well see the return of the top hand and the no-longer tenderfoot.



Rod Miller writes poetry, fiction and history about the American West.

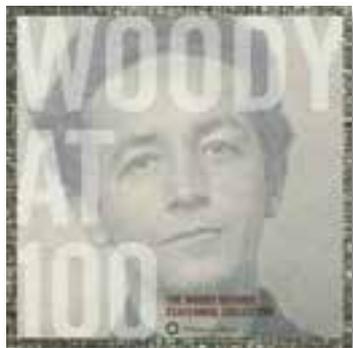
His latest books are *Rawhide Robinson Rides the Tabby Trail* and *The Death of Delgado and Other Stories*.

Find him online at writerrodmiller.com.

Road Trip List

Woody Guthrie

Woody Guthrie
Woody at 100
Smithsonian
Folkways



Several issues ago – issue 3.4 to be exact – we noted that a new Woody Guthrie collection of songs and writings was being released on the Smithsonian Folkways label, titled *Woody at 100*. Not bad for a guy who died in 1967. But this is Woody Guthrie and *Woody at 100* is not your usual boxed set.

Woodrow Wilson “Woody” Guthrie (1912-1967) wrote songs that became the soundtrack of an era and permanent fixtures of American identity. His early Dust Bowl ballads, along with more than 3,000 work songs, union and labor songs, political and philosophical songs, anti-war songs, anti-Nazi songs, love songs and children’s songs, marked the pulse of hard-hit people in times of economic depression and war. Many have embraced “This Land Is Your Land” as America’s second national anthem. Woody was ordinary, yet extraordinary – a traveler, itinerant worker, radio performer, military enlistee, thinking man, gifted visual artist, a husband and father, and prolific writer who left his mark on music, culture and politics.

Woody at 100: The Woody Guthrie Centennial Collection is a 150-page large-format book with 3 CDs containing 57 tracks, including Woody’s most

important recordings such as the complete version of “This Land Is Your Land,” “Pretty Boy Floyd,” “I Ain’t Got No Home in This World Anymore,” and “Riding in My Car.” The set also contains 21 previously unreleased performances and six never-before-heard original songs, including Woody’s first known – and recently discovered – recordings from 1939.

Rolling Stone said of the package, “This sumptuous birthday celebration of America’s greatest folk singer is really a present to us: two CDs of his greatest songs and recordings, mostly from the mid-1940s, and a disc of



Woody Guthrie



illuminating rarities, including what is thought to be Woody's first studio session in 1939. *Woody at 100* also comes rife with reminders of how much our current dire straits resemble the Depression-and-Dust Bowl-ravaged America in Guthrie's songs: the migrant poor harvesting bounty for the rich man's table in "Pastures of Plenty"; the line in "Pretty Boy Floyd" about the crook who robs you "with a fountain pen."

Richly illustrated with photos, artifacts and Woody's visual art and lyrics – plus extensive essays on Guthrie and his songs – *Woody at*



100 commemorates and displays the genius of one of the greatest songwriters, musicians and visual artists of the 20th century.

The book features essays by co-producers Robert Santelli, executive director of the GRAMMY Museum and author of *This Land Is Your Land: Woody Guthrie and the Journey of an American Folk Song*, and Jeff Place, GRAMMY-winning archivist for the Smithsonian Center for Folklife and Cultural Heritage and producer of several Woody Guthrie collections and exhibitions.

Four of the unreleased performances, including original songs "Skid Row Serenade" and "Them Big City Ways," are Woody's earliest known recordings, made in 1939 while he was working for KFVD radio station in Los Angeles. The set also includes a medley performed in 1940 on Lead Belly's WNYC radio show. The other four unreleased original songs are "Trouble on the Waters" and "Normandy Was Her Name" from

a live radio broadcast and "Reckless Talk" and "Goodnight Little Cathy" discovered in the Folkways Records archives. The bottom line is that Guthrie came along at the right time – when his country needed him. He sang what the people were thinking, but he never thought of himself more than what he was – an American who cared about his country and its people – all of them.

"This Land Is Your Land"

By Woody Guthrie

This land is your land and this land is my land
 From California to the New York island
 From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream waters
 This land was made for you and me
 As I went walking that ribbon of highway
 And I saw above me that endless skyway
 I saw below me that golden valley
 This land was made for you and me
 I roamed and rambled and I've followed my footsteps
 To the sparkling sands of her diamond deserts
 All around me a voice was a-sounding
 This land was made for you and me
 There was a big high wall there that tried to stop me
 Sign was painted, said "private property"
 But on the back side it didn't say nothing
 This land was made for you and me
 When the sun come shining, then I was strolling
 And the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds
 rolling
 A voice was chanting as the fog was lifting
 This land was made for you and me
 This land is your land and this land is my land
 From California to the New York island
 From the redwood forest to the Gulf Stream waters
 This land was made for you and me



Woody Guthrie
My Dusty Road
 Rounder Records

If you succumb to buying *Woody at 100*, you don't really need this little boxed set but the presentation is so cool you probably will just have to have it. It comes in a little suitcase looking box with all sorts of booklets and extras that make it way worth having – if you are a Guthrie freak (like we are). There are 54 tracks on four CDs of his mid-1940s recordings that have been re-mastered from the original metal masters – including six



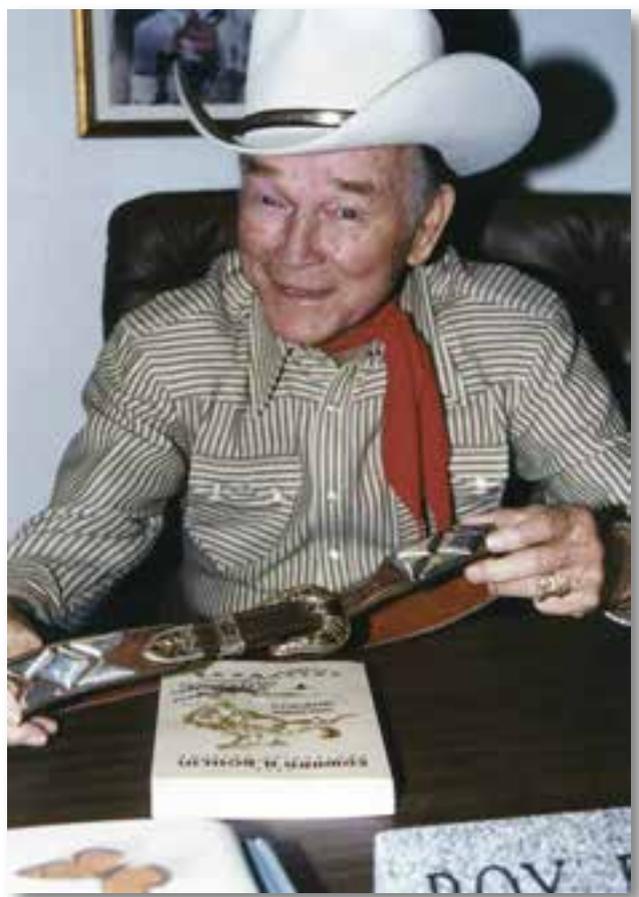
unreleased tunes, which will no doubt set folk historians and musicians the world over a-scurrying. It all comes packaged inside a replica of a vintage suitcase-looking box from the 1930s, with a 68-page, full-color book featuring extensive liner notes, rare photos, Woody's own lyric sheets and even facsimiles of his business card, a postcard to his wife and a booking card from the '40s. This set – I hate to do this but you knew it was coming – was made for you and me!



A Western Moment

Visiting Roy Rogers

In 1995, the world was a completely different place as Roy Rogers was still in it, at 84. I had made an appointment to visit with him at his Museum in Victorville, California. He shared the name of the museum with his wife, the cowgirl sweetheart, Dale Evans. He had agreed to chat about his career, the West and the direction of the western culture before the coming turn of the century. I arrived, before the Museum was open, standing in front of its stockade façade. I was soon led into a very small office to meet with “Mr. Rogers” who, to my surprise was sitting behind an equally small desk. Now I had seen recent photos of him in casual attire, golf clothes, etc., but here was Roy Rogers – dressed like Roy Rogers – that hat, that shirt, those boots. It was a little hard to concentrate sitting and chatting with a man who had helped shape the vision of a “white-hat-hero” for so many young people since the early 1950s. He was incredibly gracious – even signing the Bohlin silver catalog I had brought along to ask him about his famous belt buckle, which was shown inside it. We talked for a bit and then walked through Museum together – our conversation only interrupted by disbelieving fans, rounding a corner to actually see their hero. He signed autographs and took pictures with wide-eyed fans only to pause once and say, “Wait, did you hear Trigger, I think he just whinnied for us.” There in a main hall way, standing in an eternal rearing, was Roy’s pal Trigger. “I always hear him when I walk through this place,” he said softly. We chatted a bit more and then he had to go. Three years later on July 6, 1998, he was gone. Our visit had been one of those “Western Moments” one is not likely to forget. Roy Rogers was of a simpler time in this country. He was kind and optimistic about the future and had nothing but good will regarding the future of the West and its culture. “We will be fine,” he said. “The West brings out the best in people. Like the way a great horse brings out the best in its rider. Like Trigger did for me.” BR





TWO WRAPS AND A HOOEY

Our West

“The West vanished for the Indian and the drover; it vanished for the cowboy. Simultaneously it reappeared in all the same places, and in movies and rodeos. It’s like fire. Hollywood, calf tables, and depreciation schedules can’t kill it.”

– Thomas McGuane

I recently re-read that passage in Tom McGuane’s Foreword for William Albert Allard’s book *Vanishing Breed*. The book is a wonderful photographic look at the cowboy and the West – subjects we love here. When I thought of what has happened in western culture since that book was published in 1982, to quote an appropriate western song, “I stood there amazed.” The book came on the scene in the early 1980s when so many iconic cultural moments were taking place in the cowboy world. Kurt Markus’ and Jay Dusard’s books, Ian Tyson’s albums, Cowboy Poetry festivals, gear shows and the reemergence of the vaquero culture and the California school of horsemanship. The revolution had started and this time, it would be televised.

Today, not surprisingly, the culture remains strong and continues to evolve to fit new generations that mold it into what suits their current vision of the region and

its cultural importance – sneaking backwards looks to remember the romantic purity of the past. In the 1950s, western-themed museums started emerging as places of solace and melancholy for those who remembered and respected that romantic West of Russell, Remington and others. Family collections of art, sculpture and ephemera were donated or acquired by a growing number of these institutions to protect and celebrate those who came before and pioneered a fenceless West. Lest we forget.

Charles Russell himself saw the importance of the romantic vision of the West he experienced as a catalyst for future generations to be inspired by the region and its legacy. “Cinch your saddle on romance,” he wrote in a 1919 letter to his friend Frank Linderman. “Hes a high headed hoss with plenty of blemishes but keep him moovin an theres fiew that can call the leg he limps on, and most folks like prancers.” Print the legend.



Build it and they will come. The West is an enduring part of our human DNA – whether one lives in it or simply understands its sense of place.

In this issue’s “Books to Find” section, we speak of Russell’s book of stories, *Trails Plowed Under*, posthumously published a year after his death in 1927, that continues to inspire and entertain. “Nostalgia colored Russell’s writing as it colored his art,” wrote Russell scholar Brian Dippie in a recent edition’s introduction. Russell’s romantic remembrances – whether in words or painting or sculpture – were intended to be more than simple memories of times and places past. They were benchmarks of moments within a culture that Russell, and many others who were and today continue to be, driven to depict and celebrate our root-based western culture as generationally inspirational. Russell’s book, his art and the creative works of so many others within the genre – including this journal – have been and continue to be created by the driving passion that the



From *Trails Plowed Under*, this Charles M. Russell drawing is the book’s final page.

West is more than a place. More than a painting. More than a book or a movie or a poem or a saddle or a pair of silver spurs. It is an invitation to try and build a better life. To see what is over that rise. To be the best one can be. To discover what is possible and to pursue it.

Writer Wallace Stegner may have put it best, writing in his book, *The Sound of Mountain Water*, “One cannot be pessimistic about the West. This is the native home of hope.” BR





FARE THEE WELL

Sheila Varian

1937 – 2016



photo by Jay Dusard

Breeder of fine Arabian horses and bridle horsewoman, Sheila Varian celebrated the vaquero culture in her horses and her life.

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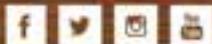
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