

WED 17.8.

## WYOMING



**Motto:** Equal Rights

**Nickname:** Cowboy State; The Equality State

**Capital:** Cheyenne

**Tree:** Plains cottonwood (*Populus sargentii*)

**State song:** Wyoming

**Sport:** Rodeo



To get a camping site at the nearest Yellowstone NP camp, we left Wagon Wheel camp at 6.00 am, and in about 25 minutes we joined a fifteen men long queue of would-be-campers at the first camp: NORRIS CAMP @ USD 20 per night. We booked 3 nights (I believe there was a limit 10 nights). Elevation of this camp was 2281m; temperature in the morning was 6°C.

### **YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK**

Yellowstone National Park is a national park located primarily in the U.S. state of Wyoming, although it also extends into Montana and Idaho. It spans an area of 8,983 km<sup>2</sup>, comprising lakes, canyons, rivers and mountain ranges. Yellowstone Lake is one of the largest high-elevation lakes in North America and is centred over the Yellowstone Caldera, the largest super-volcano on the continent. The caldera is considered an active volcano; the magma chamber that lies under Yellowstone is estimated to be a single connected chamber, about 60 km long, 29 km wide, and 5 to 12 km deep. It has erupted with tremendous force several times in the last two million years. Half of the world's geothermal features are in Yellowstone, fuelled by this ongoing volcanism.

Yellowstone National Park has over 1,800 km of blazed and mapped hiking trails, including some that have been in use for hundreds of years. Several of these trails were the sites of historical events. Yellowstone's trails are noted for various geysers, hot springs, and other geothermal features, and for viewing of bald eagles, ospreys, grizzly bears, black bears, wolves, coyotes, bighorn sheep, pronghorns, and free-ranging herds of bison and elk.

After a quick breakfast we headed for our first location **Mammoth Hot Springs** terraces. Hot water is the creative force of the terraces. Even though Mammoth Hot Springs lie north of the caldera ring-fracture system, a fault trending north from Norris Geyser Basin, 34 km away, may connect Mammoth Hot Springs to the hot water of that system. A system of small fissures carries water

upward to create approximately 50 hot springs in the Mammoth Hot Springs area. Another necessary



ingredient for terrace growth is the mineral calcium carbonate. Thick layers of sedimentary limestone, deposited millions of years ago by vast seas, lie beneath the Mammoth area. As ground water seeps slowly downward and laterally, it comes in contact with hot

gases charged with carbon dioxide rising from the magma chamber. Some carbon dioxide is readily



dissolved in the hot water to form a weak carbonic acid solution. This hot, acidic solution dissolves great quantities of limestone as it works up through the rock layers to the surface hot springs. Once exposed to the open air, some of the carbon dioxide escapes from solution. As this happens, limestone can no longer remain in solution. A solid mineral reforms and is deposited as the travertine that

forms the terraces. Dead trees in the terraces of Mammoth Hot Springs, Yellowstone National Park grew during inactivity of the mineral-rich springs, and were killed when calcium carbonate carried by spring water clogged the vascular systems of the trees.



*View of the terraces made of crystallized calcium carbonate – travertine terrace (above)*

*This most interesting area was well accessible via wooden pathways*

My photo memory card run out, so I bought a new one. However, it did not work on my camera. So, I bought another, but that did not work either! As it did work in VP camera, he



gave me his card and I gave him my card. (When I got home, I found out that the reason why my camera did not accept those two new memory cards was because it was too old. It could accept only cards up to 2GB, while those two I bought were 4GB and 16GB).

Our next location - **Yellowstone Falls** - consists of two major waterfalls on the Yellowstone River. As the Yellowstone river flows north from Yellowstone Lake, it leaves the Hayden Valley and plunges first over **Upper Yellowstone Falls** and then 400 m downstream over **Lower Yellowstone Falls**, at which point it then enters the **Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone**, which is up to 304 m deep, 39 km long and 0.4-1.4 km wide.



*Upper Falls-33 m high / Lower Yellowstone Falls -94 m high, or nearly twice as high as Niagara Falls*



*Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone*



*Close up of Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone*

### **Bisons**

In the 20<sup>th</sup> the bisons were almost wiped out by the poachers; there were only 25 animals left. Today, there are 3,000 bisons around (local Visitors Centre information). Bison temperament is often unpredictable. They usually appear peaceful, unconcerned, even lazy, yet they may attack anything, often without warning or apparent reason. They can move at speeds up to 56 km/h and cover long distances at a lumbering gallop.

Their most obvious weapons are the horns borne by both males and females, but their massive heads can be used as battering rams, effectively using the momentum produced by what is a typical weight of 900 kg can be up to 1220 kg moving at 50 km/h. The hind legs can also be used to kill or maim with devastating effect. At the time bison ran wild, they were rated second only to the Alaska brown bear as a potential killer, more dangerous than the grizzly bear. In the words of early naturalists, they were dangerous, savage animals that feared no other animal and in prime condition could best any foe (except for wolves and brown bears).



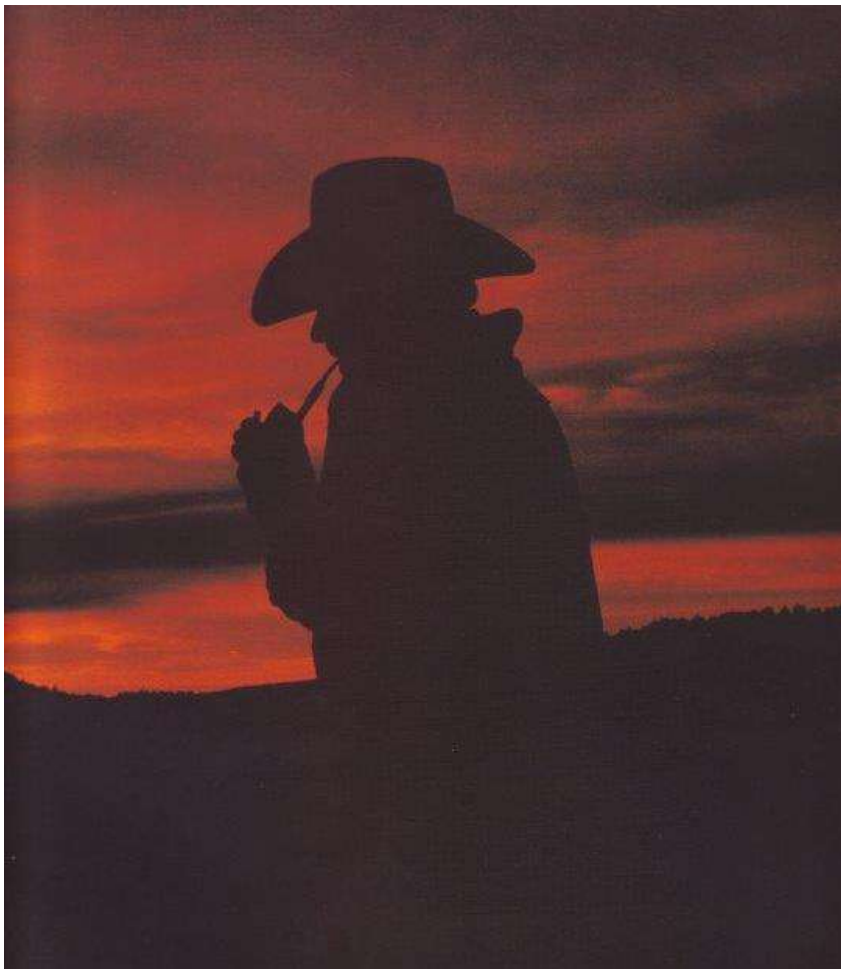
*On our way back to Norris Camp, when it was already getting dark, we had passed this huge bison walking on grass verge*



Although sometimes referred to historically as a "buffalo", it is only distantly related to the true buffalo. The American bison and the European bison (wisent) are the largest terrestrial animals in North America and Europe.



*Bisons are good swimmers as shown on this photo which I took the following day on Yellowstone River.*



At Norris camp it was rather dark already and when VP went to the toilet hut to plug in his battery charger, and on his return, he said to me. "There is some bloke standing nearby and looking suspicious, we must watch him so that he does not nick my camera with the charger." Well, when I went there to wash and to brush my teeth, this was him, well like him, as I could not take a picture of the man not having my camera with me. This picture comes from the book THE AMERICAN COWBOY, by Michael Rutherford.

The man, we met at the toilet hut, was a real cowboy, the only difference was, our man was smoking a cigarette and not a pipe, and as this is an interesting subject (Wyoming being all

about horses, horses and always horses, as said earlier) I will be writing about the man and THE AMERICAN COWBOYS on the following pages.

### **The mysterious figure in a big hat**

All right, who was that unknown man? As I've said, I first saw him when coming up to the toilet hut, he was standing outside in the darkness and smoking his cigarette. His face was just about lit by a slight light coming out from a small toilet window and an outdoor electric bulb above the door. He was leaning up against a coniferous tree and watching me. I nodded a greeting and he nodded back to me.

I went inside the toilet hut, washed the dust of my face, and started to brush my teeth when the man entered. It was obvious that he came to check his own battery charger, as besides VP's electric charger there was another one there. I can't remember how I started our conversation, but I must have mentioned that because of my backache, I had to do stretching exercise every morning. And then it came – he answered: "I too have a backache, since I had been horse riding for about 30 years and doing on average over 20 miles a day!" So, he surely had been a cowboy, what else! A real cowboy!



About 3 days ago, when doing our big shopping at Walmart, one of the biggest supermarket chains in US, I came across a CD with Johnny Cash "In Prague Live", recorded, I believe in 1978 (when later on I mentioned this episode to my friend in Czech Republic, he said that his friend went to see the concert hoping to shake a hand with JC; however, he had no chance, as the queue was over 12 m long!). Now, Johnny Cash (1932-2003) had been one of the best top country singers ever and my generation just loved him (and still does). The CD I bought was the last one, and we had been playing it on our car radio all over, every day.

*John R. "Johnny" Cash was an American singer-songwriter, guitarist, actor, and author, who was widely considered one of the most influential musicians of the 20th century and one of the best-selling music artists of all time, having sold more than 90 million records worldwide. Although primarily remembered as a country music icon, his genre-spanning songs and sound embraced rock and roll, rockabilly, blues, folk, and gospel. This crossover appeal won Cash the rare honour of multiple inductions in the Country Music, Rock and Roll, and Gospel Music Halls of Fame.*



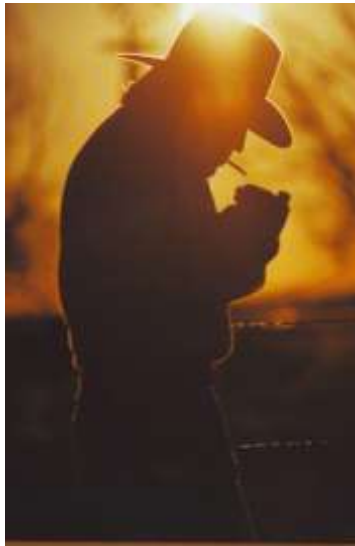
*Johnny Cash was known for his deep, calm bass-baritone voice, the distinctive sound of his Tennessee Three backing band, a rebelliousness coupled with an increasingly sombre and humble demeanour, free prison concerts, and a trademark look, which earned him the nickname "The Man in Black". He traditionally began his concerts with the simple "Hello, I'm Johnny Cash, followed by his signature "Folsom Prison*

*Blues."Much of Cash's music contained themes of sorrow, moral tribulation and redemption, especially in the later stages of his career. His best-known songs include "I Walk the Line", "Folsom Prison Blues", "Ring of Fire", "Get Rhythm" and "Man in Black". He also recorded humorous numbers like "One Piece at a Time" and "A Boy Named Sue"; a duet with his future wife, June Carter, called "Jackson" (followed by many further duets after their marriage); and railroad songs including "Hey, Porter", "Orange Blossom Special" and "Rock Island Line". During the last stage of his career, Cash*

covered songs by several late 20th century rock artists, notably "Hurt" by Nine Inch Nails and "Personal Jesus" by Depeche Mode.

Now, after making this discovery, I examined the cowboy more closely - he was a lean, suntanned man in his early 50's, wearing a thin leather jacket that was opened in front and showing a well used brown tee-shirt and quite naturally, he wore a pair of blue-jeans. I thought to myself, that his clothes could not offer much protection against the already cold night.

Naturally I mentioned that I was from Czech Republic, and with my friend we were visiting US National Parks. I also mentioned that a few days ago I had bought that CD with Johnny Cash and told him that his voice was just like of Johnny Cash-deep, velvet and slowly spoken. He replied that he wished he'd earned as much money as Johnny Cash. We chatted for a few more minutes before saying good night to each other. When leaving the hut, I noticed there was a young girl waiting for this cowboy and asking him to help with pitching a tent. It was already dark. When I returned to our camp site these people were occupying the site next to us, and that there was another young girl there, too. The cowboy first lit the fire and then, while one girl held a battery torch, he and other girl pitched two tents. Before I went to bed I could see, he was standing there by the fire and smoking.



In the morning, just before 6 o'clock, it was cold and frosty (minus 6°C), the cowboy was already standing by the fire place, but no fire. He was smoking. While we were having our breakfast both girls appeared, too. Just before we departed, I went over to them with my Johnny Cash CD, and said to the cowboy: "See here is the CD, I was not kidding you." I had explained to the girls who I was and when I said that I was from CR, they replied that they were from Germany. They could have been around 25 years young, and rather pretty. The cowboy, said he was taking these girls around Yellowstone NP, but because his own car was broken, he had to borrow this old pick up (the most common motorized vehicle driven in modern ranch work is the pickup truck) from his employer. Well, and that was the last I saw of them, as when we returned from our day's trip, they were gone.

I very much regret I did not discover more about that mysterious man. But again, life is a mystery, and that man, perhaps he was

not a cowboy at all. Yet, he will always remain in my memory as mystique, as a cowboy.



*American cowboy, 1887*

A **cowboy** is an animal herder who tends cattle on ranches in North America, traditionally on horseback, and often performs a multitude of other ranch-related tasks. The historic American cowboy of the late 19th century arose from the *vaquero* traditions of northern Mexico and became a figure of special significance and legend. A subtype, called a **wrangler**, specifically tends the horses used to work cattle. In addition to ranch work, some cowboys work for or participate in rodeos.





*Modern cowboy, Wyoming, 2009*

Note that their clothes are similar to those of the 19th century cowboy. Comparing those two pictures we notice that - hats and chaps are still there, but let me open this wonderful book written and well supplied with photographs by **Michael Rutherford**.

## **THE AMERICAN COWBOY**

### **Foreword**



What is so romantic about a man who gets up before the sun, does seven days a week, mounts some half-rank caballo (Spanish for a male horse) and rides over half of creation chasing stubborn, ornery cattle (unpleasant, vicious) who'd really rather not to be bothered, through cactus and cat-claw, rocks and ravines and dust, dust and more dust.

*Cat-claw Acacia thorn (**Senegalia greggii**)*

He lives for weeks on end sleeping on the ground a million miles from nowhere with no television, no showers, and now women. His world is sweat and saddle-sores, horseflies and hangovers, rope burns and rattlesnakes. All that, and he's paid slightly less than a part-time lightning bug trainer.



*Lightning bug (**Photuris lucicrescens**)*

He may stay with one outfit for years, then one day suddenly roll his bed, draw his wages, and be on his way, just before he got to wondering what lies over the next ridge.

Money doesn't mean very much to him. Maybe a new pair of packers (a pair of horses used for carrying loads – mules) or a night on town. Heck, the outfit furnishes three squares a day and all the sky you can sleep under. What else could a feller possibly need? He doesn't get

off his horse unless he has to, and the only time he'll take his hat off is on the dance floor and sometimes when he goes to bed.

He can navigate thousands of acres of mountains and plains with the instinct of a homing pigeon, but would probably be lost in his five minutes in New York City.

*Charlie Daniel*

### **Introduction**

They rode out of Texas, according to history, north to Montana and across the Rio Grande. They blazed trail that marked the boundaries of the Wild West, and at the turn of the century there were thousands of them throughout North America. But by 1985 (when Mike Rutherford begun his



research for this book) there were only a handful to be found, a group of maybe a hundred men, scattered across seven states, who might legitimately be called the sons of the original breed.

A satisfying definition of a true cowboy is hard to find, especially since cowboys are given to broad exaggeration and creative mythmaking. A painter H.H.Halsell, in his 1937 recollections wrote: "...the hardship of life qualified him to think for himself and know how to measure men by correct standards. He was laconic in speech, using few words to express himself, but his meanings were forceful and easily understood by his comrades...[He] was clean and had pride because he knew this life he was leading was all he had, and he made the most of it".



The **Texas Longhorn** is a breed of cattle known for its characteristic horns, which can extend to over 1.8 m tip to tip for bulls, and 2.1 m tip to tip for steers and exceptional cows.

It took the cattle industry some thirty years to fun out from Texas, using Texans themselves and men recruited from the East. The year 1866 saw one of the largest and most famous cattle drives, the drive immortalized by Howard Hawks, John Wayne and Montgomery Clift in the 1948 Western film, *Red River*. During this drive, more than 260,000

**longhorns** were taken across the Red River Valley, north and east to Kansas, along the Chisholm Trail. The Cattle drives of this proportion would plant the cowboy firmly in American consciousness.

Changes came quickly for the cowboy, as they did for all Americans. Cattle town grew up all over the West, infamous places like Dodge City and Abilene. These towns gave birth to legendary figures like Bat Masterson, Wyatt Earp, James Butler ("Wild Bill") Hickok, and many others. Cowboys always had a great propensity for weaving tales, and separating truth from fiction is hard, even to this day. It was here during this heyday of the cowboy, that the stories were born, the type of stories that would take Michael Rutheford on the road, searching for some taste of the real thing.

For three years Mike periodically set out from his home in Nashville, Tennessee, to Wyoming, Montana, New Mexico, Texas, Arizona, California and the high country of northern Colorado. Early in these travels, Mike met a man who told him he'd argue with anyone who said that cowboys were a vanishing breed. "There are a lot of cowboys left," the man said, "but there aren't many *cowmen* left, men that know cattle, men that know cows. Those men are almost gone."

The original cowboys were men of nature, not men of machines and big business. A cowboy had a close relationship with both cattle and horses, an intimate interaction with the land, and great taste for solitude.

As Mike journeyed through cowboy country, he was inspired by the timelessness of the frontier. He was enlivened by sights as majestic as wild mustangs in the hills, or herds of antelope on the prairie. And he took pleasure in simpler things like finding a town where the blacksmith was still called a farrier, and that farrier was also the sheriff.

Mike began as a tenderfoot; he had much to learn about coping with life on the great frontier. He had to discover the hard way how to handle a frontier that was rougher than he'd first imagined. He learned how to "cowboy up" his looks and, most importantly learned how to win the trust of his heroes.

Mike followed the advice of wise old owls like cowboy Bill Tunks, who warned, "Don't go asking a bunch of questions. Don't go prying into family affairs. Let them do the talking. If they want you to know, they'll tell you." The more familiar Mike became with Western ways, the more cowboys he was able to engage, the more fellowship he was able to foster. Before long, he found out that – in most cases- a cowboy makes a rapid-fire judgement about strangers. "If a cowboy likes you," Mike says, "he'll invite you in for a talk and a glass of tea, before he's even sure of what you are there for." Cowboy goes for simplicity, self-reliance, the spirit of adventure and personal freedom.

## The Storetellers



*Michael Rutherford (centre) with his friends at Double-O Ranch, Arizona*

Pushing through his seventies, he continues to work as a cowboy in Meeteetse, Wyoming, a small town in the big Horn Basin, site of Custer's Last Stand. He is living proof that an American frontier survives and – to a large degree- remains a place where a man makes his own rules and handles his own situations.

Like many people in the area, Bill Tunks vividly remembers Cassidy and the Hole-in-the-Wall gang. "They made such an outlaw out of him that you expected to see a trail of smoke behind him when he rode over the hill", Bill said, laughing at his own description."But Butch was a grand guy. He never killed anybody in his life. He might rob a bank. Or if he thought somebody had a little too much, he might get them even it out a little." This wasn't the last time Mike heard someone refer to Butch Cassidy as a Robin Hood of the Wild West.

When it came time to leave, Bill Tunks escorted Mike and his driver David to

the front door. As they made their way back to the truck, Bill suddenly yelled out and they whipped around, fearing something was wrong. But Bill waved them on, slightly smiling, and said, "always remember to stay on the right end of a gun."

When Mike and his assistant, David, entered the Cowboy Bar, they did so with a little trepidation. Bill Tunks warned them, "You don't want to go in there with a chip on your shoulder because you'll find some boy who'll knock it off". The way Mike tells the story of the Cowboy Bar, it's obvious that he quickly developed the cowboy flair for his horse opera. "I remember going through that swinging door at the Cowboy Bar," he says. "Those boys were yelling and screaming and as soon as we showed ourselves, all the action stopped. They turned around and stared right at us. We stood there for a minute and I said "Hi boys" and started to explain about being a photographer and all. Well, they just kept staring. We looked all around at their faces, and at the bartender, who had a big scar on his face. We were getting nervous, so I had to think fast. Suddenly, I had an idea. I yelled out, "Drinks are on me." Immediately, the talking and yelling started up again. They welcomed us in, and we got some good pictures."

Stories like this one come right out of a Western movie, and they're prevalent throughout the country. From state to state, and town to town, the legends are told and the language is coded. Everyone says they remember who shot whom, but a person's got to dig around and hear a story a few times before he can separate facts from instant mythmaking that comes natural to these cowboys. In fact, sometimes Mike wondered if facts were the point. Cowboy history is a very personal history, and as Bill Tunks said, "Every story had two sides."

## Cowboy Style



As Mike soon discovered, the specifics of cowboy life change from state to state, and it's hard to say that anything that holds true for one set of cowboys holds true for another. There are familial relationships, crossovers everywhere, but cowboys resist categorizing. They work hard to distinguish themselves from one another with tactics as large as legend and as small as diamond teeth.

Mike says, "Cowboys are a lot like photographers. None of them thinks anyone does it good as they do." Mike remembers the first time he tripped on this fact, while he was shooting pictures on the Miller Ranch in New Mexico. "This cowboy was carrying his saddle down by his side, so I asked him to pitch it up over his shoulder, and he said, "Son, that's not the way you carry a saddle." And I said, "I saw plenty of boys carryin' a saddle that way in Wyoming and Montana." 'Yea', he sneered, 'that's because they don't know how to cowboy up there.' Of course, every cowboy owns his own saddle. He's expected to carry it onto a ranch if he wants to get work. A cowboy and his saddle have a close relationship and, as Mike points out, "It's gotta fit his butt to tee."



Probably the most beloved and individual aspect of cowboy's look is the way he wears a hat. Whether it's a Stetson, straw, or ten-gallon hat, a cowboy works it into a personal signature. A cowboy might adopt a deep crease down the middle or create a Montana top, which makes the crown look like the tip of a Phillips screwdriver. The cowboy is equally sensitive to a hat's durability and weight and the width of its brim. As a travelling-store owner Tom Fergusin said:"By the time they're in their twenties, cowboys have developed a creased in their hat, a crown, and a shape that they'll never change. They'll have that shape till the day they'll die; and a fellow cowboy will know that man by that crease, without even seeing his face."

Mike continues:"The professional rodeo cowboy doesn't come off the ranches much any longer. At one time they were a part of the same breed. These days, they've got colleges for professional rode riders, and some of the best pro rodeo boys come from the Bronx. The working cowboy can't compete with those hot dogs pros. He's out there seven days a week, trying to heard cattle and keep a ranch going."

Most cowboys are neatly-almost ritualistically-attired, always donning a hat and dressed in a long-sleeve shirt. ("Wearing a short-sleeve shirt is a disgrace," Mike says). Most cowboy gear comes down to a few classic items such as boots, hats and chaps. They are clothes a cowboy lives and works in, and they are all necessary to getting the job done. For example, chaps-those long leather leggings (*see photo*) - a cowboy wears are a popular fashion on some city streets. But on a ranch they are needed to cut down on saddle sores and protect the legs from briars (thorny plants that form thickets), weeds and cactuses that thickly populate the rough country which cowboys tear through while moving cattle. There are almost as many styles of chaps as there are styles of cowboy. Boots are also a major part of a cowboy's paraphernalia and equally important to their work. Cowboys have strong feelings about their boots and take great pride in their sturdiness and workmanship.





For a worker who does not earn much, a cowboy will go out on a limb for a good pair of boots. Mike remembers one cowboy who said: "When I need a new pair of boots, I've got to get a loan. And just about when the loan is paid up, I need a new pair." "A good pair lasts them about a year," Mike says. "They need to be tough and usually worn with their pants tucked in." "A cowboy's boots gotta be tight," according to David Harrell, a friend of Mike's who cowboied in British Columbia. "They're supposed to be hard to get on. And they've got to be tall; they wear tall boots in the West, made of shark, elephant, or bull hide. That's what's real popular."



### Men at work

Like farmers throughout the United States, many ranchers are struggling to keep their homesteads alive. As a result, a cowboy with a family might get as little as \$400 a month, and a milk-cow for his baby. One unidentified cowboy said, "If you're a cowboy, you're supposed to work for less pay just for the privilege of riding a horse. That's how it's always been, and cowboys never organized because it would threaten their freedom of life. Besides, you can't get three cowboys to agree on nothing". Mike Rutherford gained the trust of cowboys by becoming a working cowboy himself and here he described how he was asked to be part of a cattle drive. "We had to go 25 miles a day for three days," Mike remembers, "moving 1500 head of Black Angus with only five cowboys. We went to the pens before the sun came out. It was maybe 18-20 degrees °F (-7°C). There was steam rolling off the cattle, and my beard was all frosted up. We got them going and kept them moving most of the day." Mike soon learned a great deal about why and how cows are herded. "The law insists you do that to keep the land from getting overgrazed," Mike says, "and you've got to abide by these laws. Down in the South, they also move cattle for water, especially through the summer.



*A man that don't love a horse,  
there is something the matter  
with him.*

*WILL ROGERS*

They start out low in the spring and work the cattle up into the high country. The terrain is rough and rocky, and it's real hard work. It might take you all day to move five cows up the hillside, back into where water might be." Mike continues, "During our trail drive we had to sleep on the ground with scorpions, fire ants and diamond-back rattlers galore."

At dusk, the drivers round up the cattle, and one or two men stay awake with them, standing guard. This was done in the past because of cattle rustlers. "And believe it or not," Mike says, "that still goes on. It's serious business, especially if they are caught." A rustler isn't always the easiest criminal to find because once he captures a cow he puts a different brand on it, something that's a variation of a pre-existing mark.

Mike discovered that besides all the sweat and discomfort, cowboying could also be a dangerous work. Mike heard a fair share of stories about men

who broke their necks when horses fell over backwards, or three-fingered cowboys who their digits by flipping a lasso the wrong way while on a roping horse. Throughout his adventures, Mike came to understand the truth behind R.W. Hampton's words: "Punching cattle is the most highly skilled, overworked, and underpaid occupation on earth."

Mike remembers one incident that dramatically underscored the wide-ranging importance of a cowboy's work. It occurred on the T-O Ranch in New Mexico. It was the end of day, and Mike and the rest of the boys were exhausted after a long haul. By the time they sat down, dinner was already cold but they did not mind. Then, as soon as they began to eat, the ranch foreman came running in, all excited and yelling, "Grab your knives, boys, let's go." As Mike tells it, "The cows had gotten into a field of alfalfa and they'd gassed up with a condition called bloat. It's one of the worst things, that can happen to a cow. It can kill them. The cowboys had to get out there, and one by one, take each cow, get down, and make a two-to six inch gash in its side and squeeze the stuff out of 'em. It's the only thing that can save their lives. We were pretty successful, although they did lose a few that night. We were out there till eleven, and we had to get up at four the next morning." The next day

the foreman said to Mike and his friend, "Boys, that's what we mean when we say, cowboying is 24 hours a day, seven days a week."



*There was not a tree in sight. There was no vegetation but the endless sage-brush and greasewood. All nature was gray with it. We were plowing through great deeps of alkali dust that rose in thick clouds and floated across the plain like smoke from a burning house.*

MARK TWAIN *Roughing it*



**Cowboy poem:** "I'm Hittin' the Trail Tonite"  
*I'll ride the trail till the stars turn pale  
And camp at the break of dawn.  
Nobody will know which way I go.  
They'll only know I'm gone*

And here I end my review of this amazing book "THE AMERICAN COWBOY- Tribute to a Vanishing Breed" by Michael Rutherford, with the words of two cowboy songs:

a)

*„My ceiling is the sky, my floor is the grass,  
My music is the lowing of the herds  
As they pass;  
My books are the brooks, my sermons the stones,  
My parson is a wolf on his pulpit of bones“*

b)

*„Mammas Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up to Be  
Cowboys“*

*Every horse is an individual and you have to treat him as such. They're like people. They've got their own personalities.*

R.V.HAMPTON, Hampton Ranch, Texas