

A paper with no name, presented at the Literary Club, 14 February 2005
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Continuing on from last week, my middle name is Human. I can't out-do Elijah for pure weight of history, but we do pass the name down; my son is the fourth, but only because my grandfather, who started it all, was still alive when young John was born. John Human was my great-grandfather's best friend and benefactor, and we're all named for him, rather than for our fathers. But that's about as much as I know about the guy, certainly not enough to write about him for you, nor certainly enough to keep up with the likes of Keith Stewart.

Among the gifts I've received from the Wilsons is being the last in seven generations of Texans. You'll forgive me for my peculiar pointy-toed footwear that I usually wear here, or to black tie events. I take as my lead an invitation I saw once to one of the Queen's summer garden parties (not addressed to me, alas) that advised something on the order of "morning coat or national dress." I come with a paper in national dress, or at least partly.

Another gift is a connection to the cattle business. My grandfather, John Human Wilson, Sr., had as a hobby a herd of Santa Gertrudis cattle, the breed originated on the King Ranch in south Texas, a cross between a Shorthorn and a Brahman, bred to withstand the Texas heat and still be a serious couple of sides of beef. My family's herd is number 413, which is like being on the ark considering the five figure herd numbers going today. I say he had the herd as a hobby because as far as I can tell he never won anything by showing the cattle (and I only once remember seeing one of his animals at a show), and he must have lost money religiously. When he died in 1991 my father took the ranch over (it's close to Waco, five miles from what's left of the Branch Davidian compound and at the other end of the same county as a town called Crawford, which has another, more celebrated and secure ranch nearby), he put his years at Texas Christian University's Ranch Management program to good use. He concentrated sensibly on polled cattle, those bred to have no horns (so they wouldn't poke and scratch each other) and won several honors quickly, particularly for bulls. I grew up not around cattle, but with them as a strong part of my life. We were always going out to look at the cows and I remember scorching days sitting in a car, or a wagon pulled by a tractor sitting on hay that made me itch and sneeze, as we followed my grandfather to look at an animal that at my age I couldn't distinguish from any of the others, unless they were a calf, of course, and there were far too few of those cute little dogies for a child's taste. No wonder I'm an art historian. But once a year we went to the rodeo.

Now, this last weekend we all had a choice of diversions. Perhaps you might expect that I sampled offerings of the Fine Arts Fund; or traveled to Pittsburgh to see the Carnegie International. Pittsburgh I still hope to do, and while I'm happy to support our local arts organizations directly perhaps you'll recall the concern—expressed at my last appearance before you—with an institution with "Fine Arts" in its name, which has enhanced the sidewalk outside its headquarters with a painted fiberglass pig. It must be

my cattle background. No, I took my eight-year-old daughter to the Cincinnati Gardens and we went to the rodeo.

I have been going to rodeos for as long as I can remember. When the last ten days of January rolled around the rodeo came to Fort Worth, ending the first Sunday in February. Now a three-week affair, those ten days were guaranteed to deliver weather more typical of extremes here, with ice, sleet, wind, but with temperatures in the 20s—the 20s! While the event is now given the prosaically descriptive title of the Fort Worth Stock Show and Rodeo, when I was a kid, and indeed until a few years ago when someone decided that steak should be healthy and not have any flavor, it had the impressive mouthful of a moniker of the Southwestern Exposition and Fat Stock Show Rodeo. Fort Worth would devote its entire attention to the event. Schools, public and parochial, took the Monday of the event off and every kid got a free grounds ticket. We all attended; we walked down the street flanked with exhibit halls on one side and show barns on the other. These barns all were marked by a brick façade, with a tile mosaic of the animal inside and the name of the animal over the door. It was always impressive that for those ten days I wasn't looking at pigs, I was looking at swine (would I feel more charitable about the Institute of Fine Arts if they had a remnant of the Big Swine Gig outside? I'll have to think about that.). These stock barns all are topped with a broad segmental arch of a roof, and I have driven more than one art historian through the grounds and watched them have the revelation of discovering Louis Kahn's unacknowledged source for the segmental arches of the Kimbell Art Museum a block away (we take seriously culture of all sorts in Texas—high and agri-). We would promenade up and down aisles of pigs (rather, swine, excuse me), sheep, goats (I noticed on the website for this year the American Classic Nigerian Dwarf Goat show), there were poultry, pigeons and rabbits, we walked through a huge horse barn and four cattle barns, watching owners blow drying the white curls of a Charolais heifer or a ewe to perfection, and occasionally coming upon a show where children my own age, or very serious grown-ups, were showing animals, touching long poles to the legs to get the animals to stand exactly right.

I digress for a moment. The Kimbell Art Museum frequently used to open exhibitions during the rodeo, so as to give the international visitors a taste of something so stereotypically Texan that they could regale their colleagues forever. After the opening of the exhibition and symposium devoted to the Renaissance Venetian Jacopo Bassano several years ago, I was asked by the director to take some visitors around the grounds. As my father and I walked around with Sir Richard Osborne, Baronet, a gentleman art dealer, Andrea Rothe, the Italian chief of conservation at the Getty Museum, and Richard Knight, the English dealer of old masters, who in his new role at Christie's negotiated the recent \$45,000,000 sale of Duccio's *Madonna and Child* to the Metropolitan Museum, we were remarking on the various standards necessary to win a cattle show. It became clear to the art historians that it was simply another branch of connoisseurship. You may or may not be surprised to know that when judging heifers (the young ladies of the bovine world) pretty eyes, shapely hips, smooth skin and well formed teats are an asset.

The exhibit hall sold everything from vegomatics to tractors; this is where I first learned about slicing and dicing. You can buy a hat, either a Stetson or better yet a handmade model from a local hat shop (perhaps the one whose label is in the hat given to President Kennedy on November 22, 1963), you can get the hat you already had steamed and creased, see the latest in mechanical contraptions and feed pens, ropes, saddles, bridles, equipment for working ranchers and farmers and for rodeo cowboys. And then there was the midway, a chaos of cheap rides, fixed games, fried food, more trash than one could imagine, and freak shows. After several years of seeing their trailer, in high school I finally paid to see Ronnie and Donnie, the Siamese Twins. The anticlimax was stupendous; we walked up some stairs, went behind the marquee that advertised the exhibition, and looked through some large plate glass down into a den the size of a double-wide, decorated in shag carpet and '70s discount furniture; and Ronnie and Donnie were sitting around watching TV. I have no idea what I was expecting (perhaps an interactive discussion of conjoined humans with them in swimsuits like a medical textbook illustration so that one might see the evidence). The mundanity of it all was rich.

My younger brother, a budding photographer, somehow convinced my parents to allow him to work at an instant photo booth, taking and printing pictures and assisting one of the great slobs of our time. Later we never could figure out why my parents let him do it in the first place but we understood their flat reaction when Ryan told them about the offer he had to join the guy on the circuit. The job was not without its benefits; he had to refuse offers to document exhibitionists (if he had called it art he might have been about thirty years ahead of his time) but he did learn surely one of the unique racial terms (I hesitate to come right out and call it a slur, actually) I've ever come across (but possibly perfectly normal in the trade); African Americans are known as "f.11s" since the photographer has to open up the aperture so enough light will expose the film to make a good portrait of a dark-skinned face.

The highlight of the Stock Show was a ticket to the rodeo, the oldest indoor rodeo. The centerpiece of the grounds is the Will Rogers Memorial Center, an Art Deco WPA project with an auditorium (I heard a young Mexican tenor, Placido Domingo, sing Don Jose there when I was in grade school, and I sang myself there with the Texas Boys Choir), and a coliseum, flanking a memorial tower in the bottom of which was a bronze bust of Will Rogers (we used to put a cigarette in his grinning mouth and light it). The Auditorium went unused during the Stock Show, but the Coliseum was the center of the universe. One entered a bow-fronted façade of piers, under more tile mosaics of the cattle industry into a large curved lobby, greeted by a monumental mural of Will Rogers on horseback, waving. The smell of dirt and manure was almost tactile. Surrendering one's ticket, one entered an ambulatory with steep flights of stairs leading up to the sections of seats, or a slight ramp leading to the floor boxes. When the Coliseum hosted a hockey game (yes there were hockey games in Fort Worth, Texas, and I played), one could see straight ahead to the ice as you entered, but at the rodeo you had to ascend the steps to the seats to see anything but a crowd of people. When you got to the top of the steps, you were greeted with an amazing spectacle of rich brown on the dirt floor contrasted by an extraordinary swarm of color from flags in the ceiling and around the

barriers, from shirts, cotton candy, and countless other flashes. This was a big deal, the big annual event, and other rodeos are not quite the same. We would occasionally go to the Northside Coliseum in Fort Worth (where both Elvis and Caruso sang—not together), or several miles south to the town of Mesquite, which both had Saturday night rodeos and it was pretty functional. The event at the Gardens yesterday was more like that.

Rodeos begin with the Grand Entry, led by Old Glory held by an attractive cowgirl riding a horse. She trotted in at the Gardens, but I remember her in Fort Worth (always accompanied by a colleague with the Texas flag equally as large—remember where you are), riding in at full tilt, the flags slapping behind them as they separated away from each other and continued galloping around the barrier of the arena. Hats came off as the horses went past. The girls were followed by the parade of contestants all riding in and then weaving amongst themselves until the entire arena, larger than the hockey rink that had disappeared, was full of mounted riders and four or five rodeo clowns, some on foot, some riding a Shetland Pony or other miniature horse. After the National Anthem, played by a live band, the show began. The Grand Entry at the Gardens was a fraction of the scale and the weaving was an abbreviated figure eight, but the heart was there.

The Stock Show in Fort Worth is now a three-week celebration of the city's western heritage. The paper covers the events completely, with photos from the rodeo on the front page, and more inside in every section. If any of you have read Paul Theroux's book *The Old Patagonian Express* (documenting his travels by train from Boston to Patagonia) you might remember his visit to Fort Worth, where he arrives in town in the middle of the night and complains for several pages. The train station is all but empty and stands in a desolation of parking lots; the people he sees look like cowboys and when he finds a copy of the local paper it proves that the place is so utterly provincial since the front page is devoted to rodeo. Quite apart from the fact that few Amtrak stations are located in the grand stations where romantic train travel occurs, he visited in late January when the city is wrapped up in its annual celebration of its western roots. I always chalked my disgust with Theroux to that passage, until I read some online reviews of the book and realized that many readers desire him to stop complaining, which he did all the way from South Station to Argentina.

The rodeo derives from ranch work. There are six core events, usually held in the order of bareback bronc riding, steer wrestling (sometimes referred to as bulldogging), saddle bronc riding, barrel racing (for girls), calf roping and bull riding. Only saddle bronc riding and calf roping have their basis in ranch work. The other stuff is exhibitionism: one does not need to ride bulls or wrestle steers during the working day of a ranch, although I can conceive a function for another sometime event, Wild Cow Milking (and I had a distant Canadian cousin who was a champion Wild Cow Milker and acted like it; we could never understand why my Canadian mother did not share our enthusiasm for his success).

Rodeo has fallen victim to political correctness, public relations, and perhaps the red state-blue state cultural divide that separates soft Volvo-driving east coast

intellectuals and the more practical sorts that have to work for a living and drive pick-ups. The animal rights activists have made inroads into this staple of American culture. Calf Roping, one of the two classic events that even today is a staple of ranch work, these days appears to be morphing into the less threatening “Tie-down Roping” as it was listed on the rodeo program for yesterday. Nothing else has changed and even my daughter, who never met an animal that wasn’t worth more than any human (human with a small h, that is) realized that these cute furry babies weighed more than the cowboys trying to catch them and weren’t hurt at all by being roped, jerked, and tied. It was really simply more of an annoyance. In fact, in the Cincinnati Gardens contests between man and beast the results were about even, and in calf roping and bull riding the animals came out well ahead (especially in bull riding). The steer wrestling was won by a black cowboy from Oklahoma named Cornell Fields, which was particularly appropriate since the event was originated by a black cowboy, Bill Pickett, at an Oklahoma wild west show around 1900. I was not able to establish from my seat if Mr. Fields performed Pickett’s classic method of bulldogging, biting the lip of the bull while wrestling it down. Apparently, that was not an unusual technique in the early years.

Insurance has also insinuated itself into the rodeo. I haven’t been to a rodeo in ten years or so, but it was something of a shock to see a cowboy and a bull emerging out of a gate with the rider wearing a hockey helmet and a flak jacket. These rodeo cowboys might prefer not to wear this stuff, despite the very real danger of being the object of a bull’s affection, just like in a Spanish bull fight or in the running of the bulls in Pamplona (by the way, a website for the fiesta of San Fermín in Pamplona contains a section on “How to Run” in case you were thinking about doing it). But these American cowboys pay over \$100 to enter each event, and might ride in more than two rodeos in a week (one had competed in San Antonio, then Bowling Green, Kentucky, then Cincinnati all in the last weekend) and if you’re bucked off, you’re out. Add to that, gas, lodging, and the feeding of a horse if you need one for your event, and you might be looking to cut costs. Lower insurance premiums might be one of those ways, if you could get someone to insure a bull rider. Incidentally, a current brand if you’re looking to buy a bull-proof vest is called Armadillo Armor 3.0; they cost \$240.

While the event formerly known as calf roping has a prime place in ranch work, the seminal event at a rodeo is the Saddle Bronc Riding. One can’t catch a calf to do tie-down roping unless one has a horse (and even in that event the horse is as much a part of the technique as the roper as it backs up and keeps the rope taut). Saddle Bronc Riding is the event that encapsulates the taming of the wild west; if you can’t put a saddle on a horse and get it used to having someone on its back you can’t do tie-down roping, you can’t sit on a horse, play guitar and sing to the cattle, you can’t even do dressage or the hunter-jumper stuff at the Badminton Horse Trials.

The Bucking Bronco is one of the symbols of American culture. Those of you who were able to see the recent exhibition at our neighboring institution, the Taft Museum, were greeted upon entry by a cast of Frederic Remington’s bronze masterpiece, *The Bronco Buster*. I organized that exhibition for the Taft, and I put the *Bronco Buster* there on purpose. Perhaps no other artistic image encapsulates American culture through

art. We see it everywhere, when the president is interviewed in the Oval Office, no matter what president, the *Bronco Buster* is there on a side table. It has a universal resonance for Americans, of independence, of overcoming substantial difficulties, of taming wildness, of overcoming passion, perhaps, with reason. It symbolizes a desire many of us have, most of us have maybe, to be out west, to see the Tetons, Maroon Bells, Santa Fe, and the west that is part of our cultural heritage.

Is the resonance universal? To Europeans to call someone a cowboy is to tar them with suspicions of acting irrationally, spontaneously, without thinking. In England, a “cowboy builder” is someone who does work in your house, but who does it badly. In the *Concise Oxford Dictionary* “cowboy” doesn’t even merit its own entry, tucked in under “cow” after “till the cows come home,” “cowbane,” “cowbell,” and “cowberry,” and before “cowcatcher,” “cowfish,” “cowgrass,” “cowheel” etc. To include “cowboy” in the same group as “cowfish” is typical British superiority, but the definition, number 3 “one who is boisterous and undisciplined, or recklessly unscrupulous in business” pretty well should be number 1 in the minds of most Europeans (except maybe the Germans, who love western culture). As I checked Mr Webster’s Third to confirm the separate entry and myriad definitions of the word I realized, just how little I really know (sadly, many Monday nights I realize how little I know, even if I haven’t been reminded during the rest of the week). Definition number 2 in Webster lists a cowboy as “one of a band of loyalist guerillas and irregular cavalry that operated in Westchester county, New York, during the American Revolution, see Skinner.” I greeted that definition with a rustic term for what the *Concise Oxford Dictionary* defines as a “roundish patch of cow-dung.” The cowboys were on *their* side; I looked up “skinner” and was told that these Westchester insurgents would either claim attachment to them, or us. But the British have long memories and their idea of a cowboy who wasn’t playing by the usual rules (in this case, of lined up warfare) comes directly from that.

Despite the continental concern with this side of our American individuality, the west remains, for better or worse, part of our national identity. Simon Schama in his *Landscape and Memory*, writes about landscape as shaping cultural identity and hints at Yosemite and the Grand Canyon as one of the cases in point for Americans. I would argue that while he is certainly correct, it is more animate objects that speak of American cultural identity: the bronco buster, the Indian, the buffalo, entities that speak of the actions of Americans. Indeed we are less contemplative, more active. And that, for what it’s worth, is our gift to the world.

Breaking horses is surely the earliest sport, although I would not be surprised to see a cave painting of a ball of fur being kicked or headed around. In Crete we see images of bull fighting, more acrobatics with bulls as props, but there must have been countless events where riders competed to see who could stay on a particularly recalcitrant horse, or stay on the longest. Why are these stories the stuff of American legend but not of Greek, who needed horses to capture Troy, or British who ride as much? I suspect Achilles did not break his own horses, nor did those famous Englishmen on horseback; they had others to do it for them. I don’t know enough about Hungarian

culture, or Argentine culture, both with strong rural equine traditions, to know how bronc riding, or whatever it's called in other cultures, fits into their cultural identity.

But in North America it's part of us. Cowboy songs, usually all written by someone named Trad., testify to bronc riding's place in the culture. My favorite is the one that claims bronc riding resulted in the birth of the yodel. We have quite a lot of stories and tales about the event, some horses go down in legend. On a visit to the National Cowboy Museum and Hall of Fame in Oklahoma City one can walk past the graves of legendary bucking horses. Many of them are remembered by riders as beings with personalities. One in particular belonged to my family, but not the Texas side.

My mother's family is Canadian. The McHughes moved from Ottawa, where they lived in not dissimilar circumstances as outlined in the early pages of Robertson Davies's *What's Bred in the Bone*, although we certainly never had a family member with an art collection. My great-grandfather moved west to Alberta and acquired a spread on the Bow River in what is now central Calgary. Today one can have a marvelous vista of downtown from the north side of the Bow from McHugh Bluffs. His sons all worked the ranch, running cattle and raising horses, all the while engaging in other pursuits such as hockey and polo. My grandmother's figure skating was such that she was for two years Queen of the Banff Winter Carnival and as such was asked to dance by the Prince of Wales, later Edward VIII, later the Duke of Windsor. What with the news of Camilla and Chas, during the last week this got me thinking a little, but the scandal if Edward VIII had married my grandmother would have dwarfed anything caused by Mrs Simpson. While Mrs Simpson was divorced and American, my grandmother was something even more dangerous for an English monarch: she was Catholic.

The McHugh ranch was the H2. The youngest son, Johnnie, my great-uncle, worked with his brothers on the ranch as a boy until he was 13 and a horse he was riding stumbled, threw him, and he suffered a severe head injury. I remember him in my early childhood as a very gentle man, but quiet, and it was always said that the injury made him a little simple. But what he left for posterity was a manuscript, *The Reminiscences of H2 Jack*, a typescript in a few mimeographed copies (a few more now that scanners are so useful) that has circulated in our family, and languished in the stacks of the Glenbow Alberta Institute in Calgary. These eloquent memoirs of early Calgary and day-to-day ranch life leave little doubt that he was far from simple, more like the all-observant Claudius of Robert Graves's historical novels.

As Calgary was booming in the early years of the twentieth century the McHughes also made good money hauling gravel from the Bow River bottom and had a number of horses to do the job; they were divided into two types of teams, a regular team that would deliver the gravel to a site, and what was known as a snatch team, a group of horses that would do the hardest work of bringing the rocks up from the river so the other team could take it away. They would work hard for three or four minutes and then rest until the next load was ready. On Sundays the teamsters were looking for something to do and since many of them were experienced riders they were looking for some promising bucking horses. Johnnie's cousin Frank suggested using horses from the snatch team since they

didn't work as hard as the others and one of the horses gathered was a sorrel named Fox. Fox was born and bred on the open range in about 1902 and he was just one of the horses until he was put to work and given a name in about 1911. He was not quite as heavy as the other horses but he was strong, durable, gentle, and willing to work. During the bucking exhibition it was Fox's turn; a saddle was put on him and almost as soon as he was mounted the rider was thrown. Others tried as well, and no one was successful, even the best riders of the group. The same results continued on subsequent Sundays until Fox was taken to a bucking contest, where my Uncle Johnnie writes he "performed beautifully throwing everyone who attempted to ride him."

In the early years of bronc riding—which my uncle refers to as "broncho" riding, with a ch, and pronounced in that spelling as an Italian would with a hard c, not in a Spanish pronunciation—there were no chutes or pens from which a horse would emerge as in rodeos today (that innovation came in Fort Worth in 1927). A horse would be tied tightly to another horse, or snubbed, and blindfolded and then saddled. The rider would mount the bronc from the other horse and when ready the snubbing horse and blindfold were removed. Rather than staying on for 7 seconds as rodeo cowboys do today, they rode the horse to a standstill and some accounts suggest it was sporting to wave one's hat at the horse to get him more agitated. In any case, when the horse won it was clear.

In 1912 there was a summer army camp in south west Calgary and a number of ranchers' sons attended. They were looking for a broncho riding champion. My uncle writes "some of the boys were boasting about their riding abilities and the Chinook wind blowing from that direction scattered these boasts all over town." The McHugh boys took the mild-looking Fox, with a reputation amongst the teamsters, off the snatch team, and to the army camp, where the camp champion looked at the horse, inspected the equipment, mounted the horse and instructed the blindfold to be removed. On the third jump the camp champion bucking horse rider went flying through the air in a spread eagle. The next day the *Calgary Daily Herald* published a story about the angel-faced McHugh boys producing a horse the soldier boys couldn't ride. My uncle may have got his dates a little muddled, or perhaps the soldier boys wanted a rematch because in the Glenbow Archives is a photograph from 1913, titled "Champion rider, 'Chappy' Clarkson of Cochrane, being thrown by Fox at Sarcee Army Camp, Alberta." Fox has his hind legs firmly on the ground, with his two forelegs only slightly in the air, but something must have happened a few seconds earlier because Chappy is leaving the saddle, right over the right side of Fox's ducked-down head. There are plenty of pictures of Fox in the Glenbow Archives, one showing my Uncle Alex holding him with a halter. Fox is a dark color, with a broad white mark down his nose and a white left front fetlock. He's a lean, sleek, strong animal, who looks at the camera with interest. Uncle Alex may be turning Fox's head to the camera; someone else, half cropped, is observing through a window at the back edge. But Fox was a gentle horse, as all the greatest bucking horses are; they merely don't like being ridden. Fox was known to be as gentle as a dog and a child could have petted him all day and never have known what a fierce buckner he was.

Fox was wintered on the rich grass of the open range of the Buffalo Hills. In the spring some tried to ride him, thinking he was lazy with a fat grass belly but he removed

all who tried. It appears Fox was taken to a variety of bucking contests in the area around Calgary, eventually moving farther afield. At the Gleichen Stampede, Fox was photographed during his ride with Victor Scott, a horsebreaker at the H2, on June 24, 1915, as the photograph is annotated. The caption document that Scott was the 34th man thrown by Fox.

Fox was not the only bucking horse owned by the H2. Their reputation was such that there was some cowboy doggerel about it. Now if you have never heard cowboy poetry, you're not missing much. The subject matter is pretty predictable and all the verses rhyme. There are huge gatherings of cowboy poets and they sit around and have a big old cowboy poetry slam and then everyone goes back to their respective ranches (or ranch homes, or condominium—I suspect there are a few imposters in the ranks). But as with any hackneyed genre, the original might perhaps be worth experiencing if only for the sake of saying you've heard a prototype. In 1959 my Uncle Johnnie wrote down from memory "The Two-Bit Cayuse," verses he knew as a child over fifty years before, and these must have been composed in the same spirit as the cowboy songs recorded by the Smithsonian. Here's how it goes:

I've twisted bronchos off and on
Every since I hit the trail
And I think I know a cayuse
From his nostrils to his tail.

But t'was down on the old Bow River
In the year of nineteen-one
When I was twisting bronchos
For F. A. McHugh and Sons.

Now there they had a buckskin cayuse
He wasn't worth two bits to keep
He had a black strip down his back
And wool just like a sheep.

He wasn't much to saddle
And it darned near killed the boss
To have to pay ten dollars
To break the two bit hoss.

But when I crawled upon him
He took naturally to air
And every time he went aloft
He tried to leave me there.

Until at last he went so high
The lights of Gleichen shone

And there we parted company
And he came down alone.

Well the boss drug me in the bunk shack
And said "Twister don't you croak
For you've got a ten spot coming when
That two bit is hoss is broke."

I ain't got no millionaire relation
Awaiting me down east
But I ain't going to ride no aeroplane
or electric flying beast.

But I'll sell my chaps and saddle
Let my long shank spurs rust
For now and then you'll find a horse
That yours truly cannot bust

My great-uncles realized they had a horse that no one was going to bust, and went on the road with Fox. He bucked in New York, Buffalo, Chicago, Cheyenne, Bozeman, and at smaller rodeos in western Canada and the U.S.: Moose Jaw, Winnipeg, Lethbridge, Vulcan, and Havre, Montana. He was apparently unbroken. By the time he bucked in New York he was famous and my Uncle Walter hoped to keep him under wraps. He told the men in the stalls not to mention Fox's name. When people asked what horse that was, the men said "I Don't Know," and he was referred to in print in New York as the horse called "I Don't Know." His career with my family culminated at the 1919 Calgary Stampede. I digress again; the Calgary Stampede is known for Chuckwagon Races, an exhibition rodeo event if ever there was one. My mother, on the other hand, had me believe that it was as based in ranch work as bronc riding because Indians would occasionally attack [!] and the cooks would have only seconds to load up the camp and race to safety. My mother, as I have learned to my chagrin throughout my life, is always right.

In the summer of 1919 something was up. In August Pendleton Round-Up scouts attended the Calgary Stampede. Pendleton was considered about that time as the de facto world championships. There must have been some anticipation at the Stampede because Fox bucked in the day and night shows for four days (the night shows were performed in daylight, since it doesn't get dark in Calgary in August until after 10:00), and Fox's rides with the prime cowboys of the era were photographed. We're graced with images of Fox bucking off Emery Le Grandeur, who had held the title of world champion for six years and the celebrated silent film cowboy and stuntman, Yakima Canutt, who was also removed. Jack Fritz, another fine rider who had not been thrown in seven years, tried to ride Fox on a trial ride in the same Stampede.

These photographs give a reasonable account of Fox's technique. Some horses like to run, then buck; some buck straight away, some spiral like Remington's *Bronco Buster*, some launch. Today, a strap is placed under the horse's flank, not particularly tight, but it's a strange sensation for a horse and he'll try to get rid of it, and whatever's on him. If you think that that's what's causing a horse to buck, think again. A strap fell off yesterday at the Gardens and the horse continued to do his work with little difficulty. Fox had a complete vocabulary; he is shown frequently with long strides, hind legs in the air, but these photographs also show him whirling around and launching with all four legs straight down. In the photos, Fox bucked Le Grandeur, and in a couple of pictures taken seconds apart we can see Le Grandeur, in fluffy buffalo skin chaps and a big Tom Mix hat, riding confidently in the first one, but in the second Le Grandeur's hat is flying, Fox is rearing and leaning to the left while the soon-to-be ex-champion is already out of the saddle, and moving onward and upward to the right. The photo caption says he was thrown on the third jump. Jack Fritz was likewise tossed on the third buck, and Canutt was bucked off as well.

After the Stampede the McHughs sold Fox to Pendleton for the astronomical price of US\$1,100. Pendleton changed Fox's name and with his name went his unconquered bucking record. Fox was rechristened No Name and cowboys who rode No Name were, occasionally, officially credited with rides. Yakima Canutt was among the first to ride him technically, a month after being tossed in Calgary and there are accounts of No Name being officially ridden in 1922, 1924 and 1925. But it was his valedictory ride in 1926, a year before he died that proved the mettle of the old horse. The Pendleton horses did not travel around the country to other rodeos, as rodeo stock does today. They lived at the Round-Up's pasture throughout the year and came to life each summer for tryouts, both for the horses, and for cowboys trying to qualify. No Name was showing his age, and a champion cowboy, Sam Hartman, saw the opportunity to pad his résumé during the tryouts. When the blindfold was released No Name bucked furiously for quite a while, but Hartman stayed on. Eventually No Name stopped bucking; would this be the first time this horse had stopped with a man aboard? Hartman tapped with his spurs, fanned his hat against No Name's ear (part of the game, remember?), and relaxed his legs. Just what No Name was waiting for, he tossed Hartman into the air and down on the dirt. No Name won, but, as Hank Collins, the president of the Round-Up noted, he threw Hartman with his head and not his muscles. The old sorrel was retired before the 1926 Round-Up; the records of the Association state that he was "retired to special pasture with care for life, by decision of the board." "Care for Life" included rolled oats twice daily. Likewise, as long as he lived, he was to head the Grand Entry on the Saturday show. No Name died during the 1927 Round-Up, before the Saturday and received a lengthy obituary in the Portland Oregonian, where I gathered some information on No Name's post-Canadian career.

Why would the angel-faced McHugh boys sell their famous horse? I have my ideas. You may wonder why I used terms like "technically" and "officially" in describing cowboys who rode No Name for Pendleton. About this time the rules changed for bronc riding (bareback bronc riding was a thing of the future). Rather than riding the horse to a standstill as was traditional, the rules then were changed so that a cowboy only

had to stay aboard for a limited number of seconds, somewhere between 10 and 20 depending on the rodeo. My great-uncles wanted to preserve the legend of Fox, the bucking horse that was never ridden, the world's greatest bucking horse, and so, hard-hearted businessmen that they were, they took \$1,100 and erased Fox. They owned the legendary Fox, never ridden; I'm sure they were the ones who insisted that his name be changed. When Fox arrived in Oregon, he was a different horse; he was "No Name."