

the ditch bank or some higher place where he could just step into the saddle.

Bert Paige was a gentleman. He would never tolerate the foul language that is so common today. He took an occasional social drink and smoked sparingly. He always wore a necktie and a suitcoat with a felt hat. Part of his attire were arm bands that kept the cuffs of his sleeves at just the right length. He wore cowboy boots only when riding.

In 1956 time began to run out for Bert. At the age of 82 he attended the New Year's party in Virginia City and danced a few dances. There was some work that had to be done with the cattle. Bert did it, but the weather was bitterly cold and he was chilled and exhausted. He sat by the fire in the house for several days saying he guessed he had a little flu. However, his home remedies didn't do any good, not the bacon rind

poultice or even the horse distemper medicine placed on the back of the tongue. Finally he agreed to let his son take him to the doctor. He was persuaded to enter the hospital "just to rest up a bit." He stayed three weeks but didn't get much better. The diagnosis was a bad heart.

Finally the doctor released him from the hospital but he was to get lots of rest and watch his diet, no salt or fried foods, the usual coronary diet. His son took him to his home where he had a pleasant evening with his family. Dinner was of the prescribed diet and everyone was very solicitous. After dinner Bert asked his daughter-in-law, Bobby, to play the piano. One of the songs was "The End of a Perfect Day." Everyone went to bed early so Grandpa could, without appearing to be an invalid. The house became quiet, dark and peaceful. Bert closed his eyes and never opened them again. *Thus closed the door on Bert Paige—a survivor.*

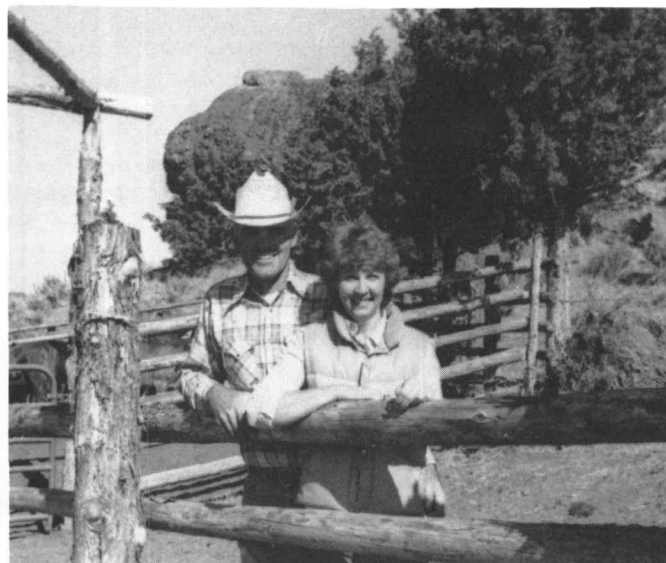
Cow Camp Comments:

Conflicts—Let's Try to Understand Them

Doc and Connie Hatfield

Conflicts between ranchers and conservationists are becoming more heated every year. The following quotes from an article by Steve Moen in the October *Oregon Ike* are worth some study: "Over the years the Steens mountain-Malheur National Wildlife Refuge-Alvord desert region has been recognized as one of America's outstanding areas of natural beauty." "The Steens-Alvord area would seem to fit well within the national preserve concept." "A national preserve is basically the same as a national park with the exception that sport hunting is allowed." "It may well be that the Malheur-Steens-Alvord region will most benefit Oregonians and Harney county residents as a recognized scenic recreational resource with the establishment of Steens Mountain National Preserve."

Steve is president of the Portland chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America, a moderate conservation group, and a national environmental leader on public lands grazing issues. His view of how a resource should best be managed is shared by many environmental groups. Because of our interest in resource management and the fact that our ranch operation depends partially on grazing federal lands, we became members of the Portland chapter of the Izaak Walton League. We have had Steve Moen and other members of the chapter's public lands committee visit our ranch. We found them to be rational individuals with an honest concern for the environment. The "Ike's" policy statement makes it clear that they are not opposed to livestock grazing on suitable lands.



The Hatfields.

However, nearly all their efforts to improve rangelands are based on reducing or eliminating livestock grazing. Grazing is not allowed in national parks and we assume the same would apply to a national preserve. The threat to grazing elimination is more than just the loss of cow feed. It would involve a major change in life style and community structure.

In any event the part of the statement that particularly interested us was the part about a national preserve being in the best interests of Harney county residents. Our daughter Becky goes to Harney County's boarding high school in Crane, Oregon. We know a number of Harney county residents and would hazard a guess that most of Harney county would not share Steve's view that changing the southern half of their county into a recreational haven would be in their best interest.

Resource use conflicts between ranchers and the public don't really have much to do with the resource or even with its products such as stream flow, grazing, timber, fish and recreation. What the conflicts are about are *personal values* and obviously *values* of high importance in ranching communities may not mean as much to our urban counterparts.

An example of ranch values involved our daughter Becky when she became 16 last April. We all agreed that getting her a driver's license was a priority. However, getting us, her, and a vehicle together at the same time when driver's license exams are given 100 miles away in Burns is somewhat difficult. Her transportation to and from school at Crane, Ore., (28 miles on the other side of Burns) was further complicated by an important dance at Crane High School on the Friday after she was 16. The next morning (Saturday) Dr. John Buckhouse and his range planning class from Oregon State University were due at our ranch at 8:00 AM for their annual field trip. Becky has always been a part of his class's annual trip and didn't want to miss this 8th visit. The dance was over at midnight so one solution would be for Doc or Connie to be at Crane at 12:00 PM to pick her up. That would put them back at the ranch around 3:00 AM after a 260-mile drive. No one seemed too excited about this option.

Doc and Becky figured Doc could load a Honda bike in the back of the Datsun pickup late Friday morning, drive the 12 miles to Brothers (our home town), leave the bike there and continue on to Burns, 90 more miles. School is out at 1:00 PM Friday. Becky could get a ride for the 28-mile trip from Crane to Burns. Both could arrive in Burns around 2:00 PM. Becky could take her driver's test in the Datsun. Afterwards she would just barely have time to get Doc to the Burns bus station for the 3:30 PM westbound bus. Doc could stop the bus at Brothers, 90 miles down the road, get off and ride the 12 miles home on the motorcycle. With her new license, Becky could drive the 28 miles back to Crane, attend the dance, spend the night at the dorm, get up at 5:00 AM, and be at the ranch at 8:00 AM for John Buckhouse's tour.

It was especially important that she have the Datsun to take the test as the lady who gives the driver tests in Burns is very tough. While Becky had only limited experience in city driving, she had lots of experience driving a 5-speed Datsun on our back country roads—somewhere over 9,000 miles. She had driven herself the 12 miles to grade school in the 7th and 8th grades. Her ability using the clutch and 5-speed transmission in a Diesel is quite polished. She wouldn't have to think about shifting gears or working the controls and could put all her efforts into changing lanes, signaling, looking in the mirrors and being nice to the lady giving the test. Her father reasoned that the examiner would assume that any errors she made were due to nervousness. Anyone that good with a 5-speed in town obviously had lots of practice.

It worked!! She passed with a point or two to spare. At 8:15 Saturday morning she came driving up our lane finishing her first 130-mile solo drive. Now the important question of the whole story is—why does a 16-year-old girl want to get up after 4 1/2 hours of sleep and drive 130 miles home to be part of a family ranch tour and why do her parents want her to? The reasons are some of the same ones why most Harney county residents aren't excited about a national preserve idea.

There is a high degree of trust and competitive camaraderie in most farming and ranching communities and families. It provides a strength not found in many dollar-oriented paper-shuffling urban societies. Whether you are a 16-year-old girl or an 80-year-old rancher makes no difference. The family trust and the pride in being able to accomplish something worthwhile on your own can't be measured in dollars. Becky is an important part of our family and ranch. Her accomplishment in passing her driver's test the first time under a good bit of pressure was rewarding to the whole family. Her desire to attend the tour demonstrates the camaraderie that is an important part of ranch families and communities.

Dr. Buckhouse has brought his class the last 8 years to visit our place and our neighbor, the McCormacks. The McCormacks do an excellent job of running a big operation covering a several hundred square mile area. Our ranch is a small intensively managed 14,000-acre operation. We both like to think we've done some good resource management. After about 5 years of visiting our ranch, John told us that he wasn't really interested in our range management. What he wanted the students to see was that ranchers were people and were concerned about the land. Whether they were doing the right things with the land was a separate issue. In their future professional careers, his students, in the role of government resource agents, environmental advocates, etc., would be dealing with ranchers. The fact that they would be dealing with people who had a concern for the land was an important fact for them to know.

Now putting the shoe on the other foot, how are we as ranchers doing at understanding the concerns of the public where grazing issues are concerned? A friend of ours in Montana who was an exceptional salesman drew a nice analogy of what effective lobbying should be. He said that whenever he approached a new ranch customer, he knew there would be an instant wall or barrier between himself and his prospective customer. His job was to try and find some common concern or bond between himself and the customer and thus chip a small hole in the barrier. He said that once the hole is made most salesman make the mistake of reaching through and pulling the customer over to their side to make the sale. This wasn't his style. He felt he must crawl through to the customer's side. Once he understood the customer and his real values and concerns, the selling job was anticlimactic.

Again the question—how are we cattlemen doing understanding the public concerns on grazing issues? We are at the point of recognizing the salesman's wall or barrier between us and the public. We have thought a bit about chipping a hole in it to jerk the guy on the other side over to us. Examples of this are rancher groups making publicity

statements about what a great job of resource management we are doing. To say we haven't got very far yet is an understatement. However, one point is becoming very obvious, "how conservationists view ranchers in general."

Most conservationists see the rancher as a capitalist whose main motivating force is to make dollars producing red meat. From the conservationists' point of view the rancher is mining the land in pursuit of dollars and will continue mining as long as there is a blade of grass left. When it is gone he'll move on and make dollars some other way in some other place. That of course is exactly what ranchers did from the late 1800's until the 1930's. During the past 50 years, ranchers and government agencies have spent large sums of money trying to rehabilitate the damage done earlier. From the environmental viewpoint, nearly all this rehabilitation was done to make cow feed so the rancher could make dollars.

With the conservationists commonly accepted viewpoint that ranchers values are tied primarily to dollars, it is no wonder that the Izaak Walton League could truly believe that Harney county residents would be better off with the south half of it in a national preserve rather than in ranching. It is quite possible that such a preserve could generate more jobs and money for Harney county than ranching.

From our standpoint and that of the many ranchers we know, the conservationists' picture doesn't represent the rancher's values. Ranchers need to make a living so they can continue a lifestyle based on self reliance, some independence, and the opportunity to make their own decisions and be responsible for them. Most ranchers' values are tied closely to working the land to produce end results such as healthy livestock, productive hayland, reliable confident

children, vigorous grasslands, and the like.

This is pretty heavy stuff for a column entitled 'Cow Camp Comments.' We don't pretend to have crawled through the hole in the barrier to see the environmental community. What is important is that the general public does not hold them in any higher regard than the ranchers. However, the environmental community is mounting a public education campaign on grazing issues. We bet they have a better view of the general public and how to influence it than do the ranchers. We'd best get with it and find where the public is and what they will need from the public land in the future. Then we've got to manage our cows in a manner that ensures that the public gets what they need as a result of the positive effects of the use of cows on the land. At present there is too much public and private land in a deteriorated condition. We ranchers as well as public agencies need to address this situation. Too many ranchers in the past have been part of the problem. It's time we become an aggressive and positive part of the solution.

It is quite obvious that the public can get along without the red meat produced from these lands today, and they probably may not need it in the near future. What they do need is livestock management that improves the resource for all users. If we will only manage our livestock as a tool to improve the whole resource for everyone's benefit and publicize it, controversies like the grazing fee battle will soon become non-issues. It's time to start chipping holes in that barrier and see the public's side. Thirty-nine thousand livestock permittees are going to see their way of life continue only if the 265 million Americans who are our landlords feel we are using their land in a manner beneficial to the future of all Americans. ●

The Most Expensive Cowboy in Wyoming

I count a Ph.D. among my titles alphabetical;
The concept 'manual labor' for me is quite heretical.
But my cowhands up and left me on the brink of calving
season,
And that, my friends and neighbors, is the one and only
reason
I'm the most expensive cowboy in Wyoming.

Where once I sat behind a desk with frown administrative
And signed great stacks of rainbow forms in dup- and
triplicative,
From my warm bed I stumble now and stagger to the
stable
To help a mooring mother who is willing but not able
With a breech birth in a blizzard in Wyoming.

I've published my research results, so elegant and rational,
In conference proceedings and journals international;
But why, if I'm so flaming smart, am I now standing here,
My good right arm two feet inside a Hereford heifer's rear,
A bovine obstetrician in Wyoming?

But someday in the future, all roseate and beatific,
When I return to (Glorious day!) activities scientific,
And other cowboys have been hired to ride the lone
prairie,
I'll hoist a few at T. Joe's Bar for I'll no longer be
The most expensive cowboy in Wyoming.

— Dick H. Hart