



## Cowboy Pride

Deep in the unsettled state of Washington,  
there was a ranch the buckaroo's call "Cowboy Pride,"  
My late uncle Jed told me numerous stories about the spread  
until the final day he died.

First came the homestead where grandpa claimed his primitive land,  
this was way back in the early 1800's before Custer lost his "last stand."

Native Americans sure got edgy as determined settlers claimed "their soil"  
Was told Grandpa made a special treaty,  
promising a trade no white man could spoil.

He gained solid trust with the doubting natives,  
giving them a pair of well bred Cayuses he had trained.  
His kind treatment toward these weary people showed a multitude of emotions,  
forging a lasting respect and ensuring future gains.

Grandpa was pleased he had taken on such a possession;  
over the rough and lean years he made the ranch work.  
His fame by reputation spread across the great northwest region,  
being fair and honest was his rational, it never ceased to shirk.

Then grandma came along, adding grandeur and softness to the place  
she never let grandpa become highly opinionated of himself,  
she'd become his "saving grace."

The *Code of the West* kept Grandpa fully intact,  
for he stuck to those rules and courageously provided true grit  
to whatever his ranch had lacked.

Fences had to be built, boundaries designed to contain cattle,  
Government marked the developing territories,  
forcing many ranchers into needless battle.

Lots of unrest through the years made grandpa compromisingly resilient  
Able to recover from misfortune, his family thought him brilliant.

Way out west in the Washington wilderness lays an ole homestead;  
Word has it the ranch is still there.

Yarns from cowpuncher's talk about a man being worthy,  
a kind of Cowboy Pride they still today share!