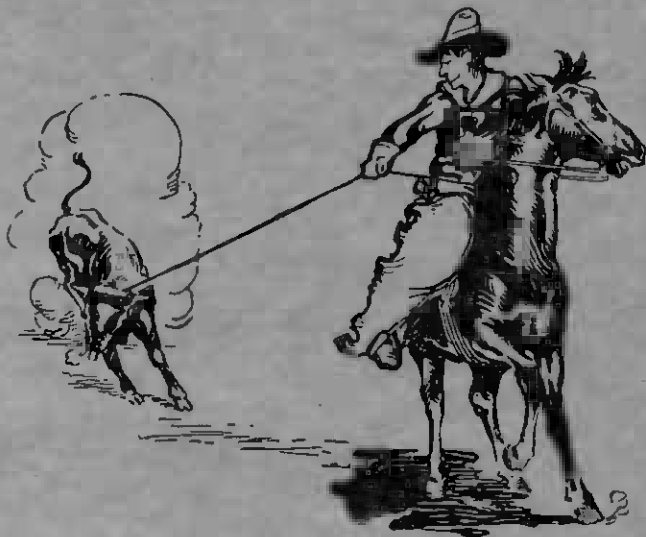


COCHISE-GRAHAM  
CATTLE GROWERS  
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CATTLE TRADE

Willcox, Arizona .. ..  
March sixteenth .. ..

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DANCE, YOU COWMEN, DANCE

---

**S**TART them fiddles right away,  
Oh, Whoop it up and let's be gay,  
It's a long time now 'til break of day;  
So fer a good time get a hunch,  
And cut your girl from out the bunch—

AND SAY!

There's drink and fodder for you-all,  
My land-o'-goodness! hear that call!  
The set's a-forming! Cut loose now!  
And show them bashful fellers how!

# The "ROD'S" DOPE



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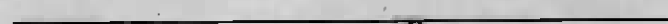
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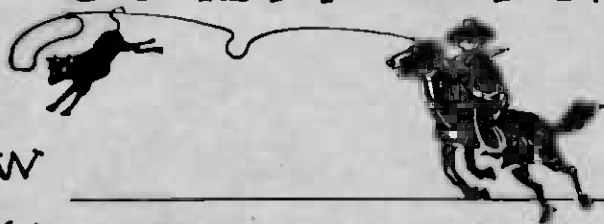
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# SOME MORE DOPE



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## THE LAST ROUND-UP

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WHEN the last bawling calf has been branded  
And the water-holes all have dried  
And the oldest corral is dismantled  
And the youngest cowman has died  
They shall rest—and faith they shall need it,  
Lie down for an eon or two  
'Til the Foreman of all good Cowmen  
Shall set them to branding anew.

And those that were good will be happy  
They'll sit at a ranch house door  
And count their herds by the million  
Their cowpunchers by the score.  
They'll have real ranges to ride on,  
Square miles 'stead of acres small,  
And they'll ride for any age at a round-up  
And never get tired at all.

There'll be no rustlers to plague them,  
No more the posses' hard ride,  
Their old forty-fives will be idle  
Their Winchesters all put aside.  
Old feuds will be forgotten  
There'll be no "redskins" to rise  
When the Foreman ends His last' round-up  
And heads for The Cowmen's Paradise.

F. X. F.—C. A. B.  
(With Apologies to R. K.)