


**WHEN A
MAN'S
A MAN**



What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that?
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine —
A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
Their kinsel shon, an' a' that,
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birnie ca'd a' lord,
Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that?
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a cuss for a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
His ribband, star an' a' that,
The man o' independent mind,
He looks an' laughs at a' that.

BURNS

WHEN A MAN'S A MAN

Harold Bell Wright



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TO MY SONS
Gilbert and Paul and Norman
This Story of Manhood
is affectionately dedicated
by their father

Acknowledgment

IT is fitting that I should here express my indebtedness to those Williamson Valley friends who in the kindness of their hearts made this story possible.

To Mr. George A. Carter, who so generously introduced me to the scenes described in these pages, and who, on the Pot-Hook-S ranch, gave to my family one of the most delightful summers we have ever enjoyed; to Mr. J. H. Stephens and his family, who so cordially welcomed me at rodeo time; to Mr. and Mrs. Joe Contreras, for their kindly hospitality; to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Stewart, who, while this story was first in the making, made me so much at home in the Cross-Triangle home-ranch; to Mr. J. W. Cook, my constant companion, helpful guide, patient teacher and tactful sponsor, who, with his charming wife, made his home mine; to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert N. Cook, and to the many other cattlemen and cowboys, with whom, on the range, in the rodeos, in the wild horse chase about Toohey, after outlaw cattle in Granite Basin, in the corrals and pastures, I rode and worked and lived, my gratitude is more than I can put in words. Truer friends or better companions than these great-hearted, outspoken, hardy riders, no man could have. If my story in any degree wins the approval of these, my comrades of ranch and range, I shall be proud and happy.

H. B. W.

“Camp Hole-in-the-Mountain”

Near Tucson, Arizona

April 29, 1916



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