



Cowtown in January — a western oasis

For 30 days each year, Will Rogers Coliseum is transformed by cow manure, horse tack and over 700 cowboys trying for the \$245,000 grand prize in Fort Worth's Southwestern Exposition and Fat Stock Show.

Delbert Bailey, publicity manager for the Stock Show, says the Fort Worth rodeo is considered by those in the business as one of the top three on the United States' rodeo circuit. It has been since 1918 when it opened as the original indoor rodeo and horse show, he says.

The two-week show is a regular engagement for many Fort Worthers, but for some, including many TCU students of northern descent, the authentic western oasis that is the rodeo becomes a whole new world to experience.

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Western oasis attracts crowds

By Susan Thompson

Mud seems an appropriate characteristic of the annual day when the Fort Worth School District cancels classes so the kiddies can don aluminum-studded Christmas chaps and big brother's borrowed boots to go and see the "real" cowboys. They walk, of course, by twos, slapping one another with soggy-felt cowboy hats and pretending to be bucked by buddies.

Chaperons wear schizophrenic expressions — glad to be out of classrooms, but with visions of saving little bodies just before they drop over railings and get crunched between bronc and wall. They absent-mindedly clutch at miniature hands.

A tall man in creased polyester slacks and a Stetson walks out of the stock show offices. He is not a cowboy; he is western. There is a difference. He says his name is Jim.

Jim says he works for American Airlines, but that he takes off for two weeks each year to aid in the more chaste side of rodeo administration. He isn't dirty, but wears brown elbow patches on his corduroy jacket.

Jim says the rain won't keep the crowd away — not in Fort Worth anyway. "Nothin'll stop 'em unless it's rain, snow and then ice," he says.

And Jim is right. As the big lights go out and the audience rises instinctively out of chairs into attention, a darting spotlight reveals few empty chairs. The pledge to the

Lone Star flag (the American flag is incidentally carried out simultaneously) opens the show.

The contest is obvious: man against animal.

The conclusion is also obvious: the contest is to be rigged against the beast. Although one or two bulls might successfully detach a little human flesh, they will eventually be made the brunt of the show.

Still, in the back of every mind is the bull.

Might he tramp on some wrangler's bones or horn-throw clown and barrel across the arena like a train at a street crossing? Will he be teased into ramming a broom-propelled clown effigy instead of a man? Would we be able to watch if his victim were the man instead?

Before the bull, however, there are hours of preliminaries. The horse showings that are intermissions seem to become the norm, interrupted by an occasional faster-paced event or specialty show. The crowd draw is unquestioned — speed and violence.

Out of respect to onlookers, rodeo officials made the first event the bareback bronc riding. This creates slight interest, which increases usually only when a horse throws his rider against the arena wall and causes the spectators just beyond it to draw back in shock. That is fun.

They are also shook up by a denim-clad cowboy modestly protected by red and silver chaps. His bronc comes out of the stall in flight, and stays airborne the width of the arena.

Fascination ebbs. Enter Class 42, Road Horses Under Saddle. Spectators shuffle and begin abusing peanut boys. The peanut boys start walking faster, and on the floor the 20 or 25 people who care about what is going on are allowed to enter the arena and line up at a temporary rope.

This is not over soon enough, but eventually the lights go out and shrill giggles escape the darkness surrounding high beams on a clown and his dip-backed horse. The kids like the deformity.

The adults assess one another's western attire. Some of them are dressed sincerely, others are sophisticated and completely western like Jim. A few don't try at all — out-of-town relatives dragged to show by grandchildren.

The calf roping competition is like a western revival after a lull. In this contest a calf is released from a stall at the same instant a mounted cowboy goes after her. The cowboy ropes the calf from atop his horse, and takes after it on foot, slaps it on its side and ties its legs together once he catches it.

Once done, the cowboy gets up and walks away. The calf lies in the dirt with its legs in the air. When the cowboy misses, no one applauds the calf.

The events go on in see-saw fashion through a specialty act in which a man rides a Buffalo wearing shin guards and a saddle. The rodeo band goes through 26 verses of "Home on

the Range" as the pair perform tricks that pinnacle in the two rustling one another in the dirt.

After another horse show, the distaff side of the cowboy clique is allotted its time. The ladies barrel race is a favorite event because it's fast. The audience knows when a contestant is exceptional because the horse gets so close he almost knocks the barrels on their sides.

The problem with barrel racing, ironically, is the speed. When the rider completes the last stretch of her race, as fast as she can move her horse, she exits the arena and disappears.

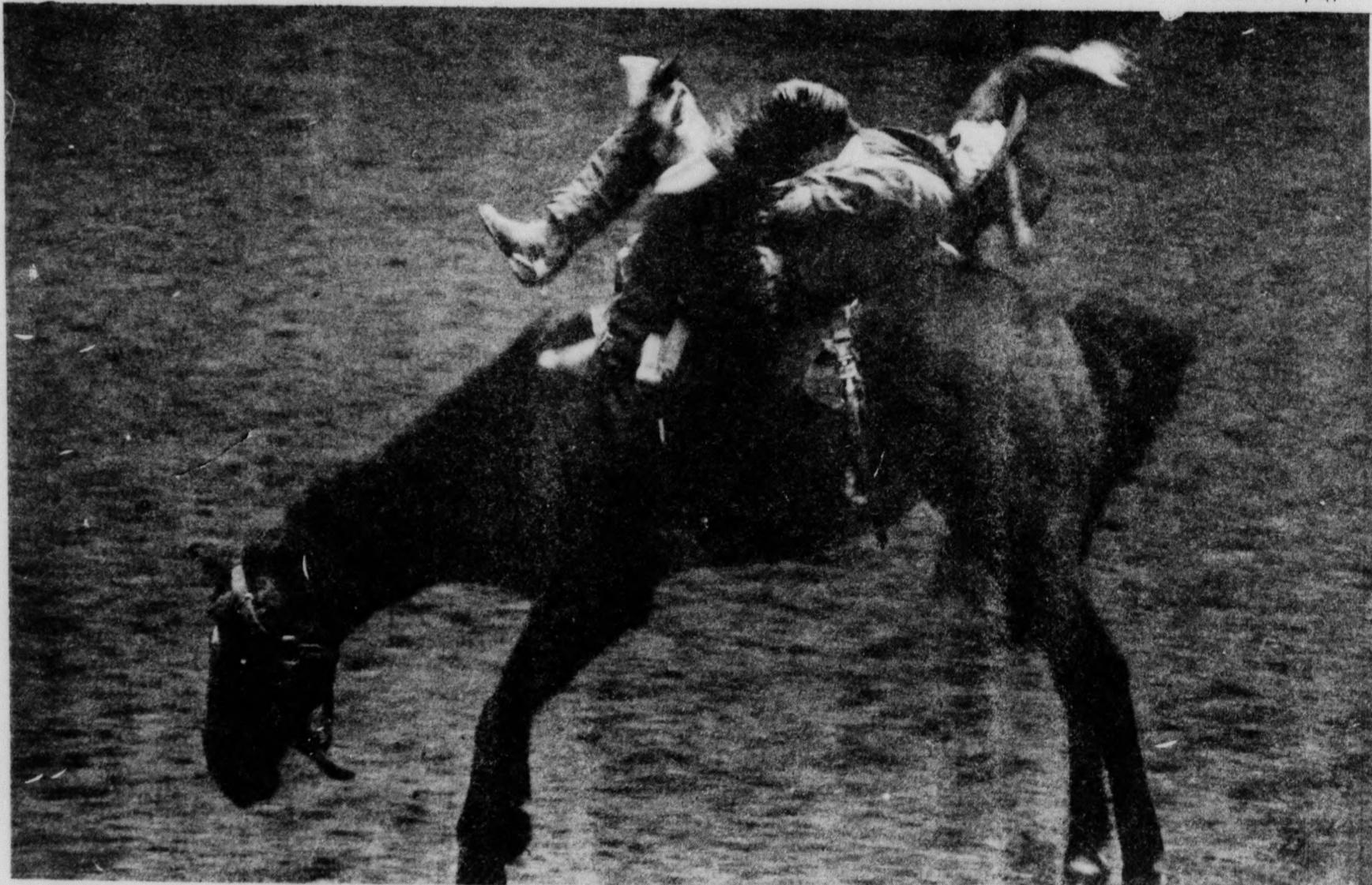
Where does she go so fast?

Do the rider and horse split up right away? Is it a violent separation? Or is there a runway back there?

The cowgirls are forgotten as the show heightens with THE WILD HORSE RACE. It's as chaotic as it sounds. A buzzer goes off and five wild horses, 15 wild cowboys and five saddles immediately appear in the arena. They wrestle for a minute and the buzzer sounds again. Fifteen cowboy hats are scooped out of the dirt by angry owners, and five wild horses prance victoriously out with saddles slung around their necks, legs and tails. No one knows what is happening, but it is a scream.

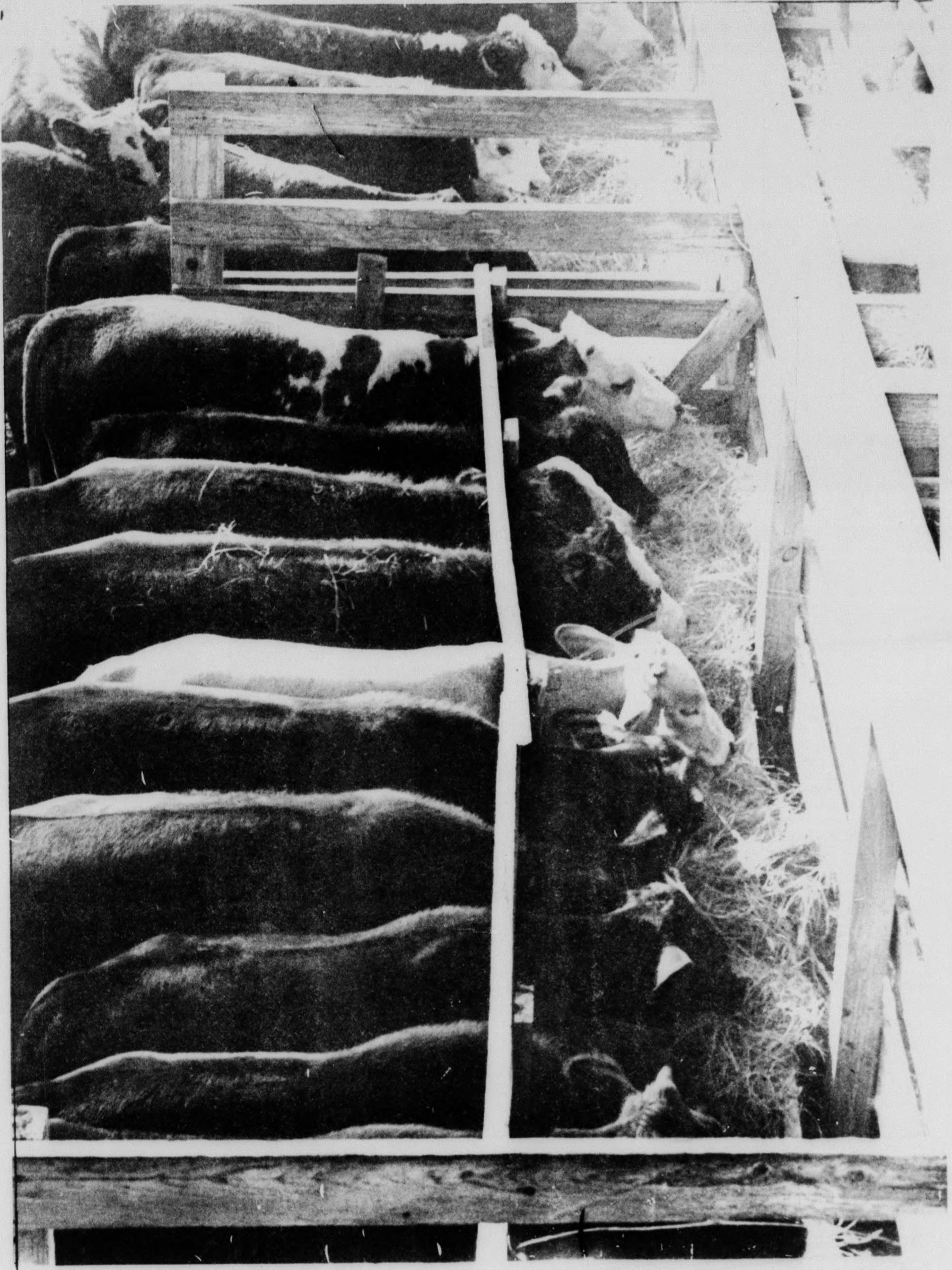
The spectators that sit above the stalls feel their seats shake. They are hoping the progenitor is what they think it is. Indeed, each stall below is being loaded with bull.

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GETTING THROWN: Chuck A. Morris gets thrown by Hailstone before the buzzer sounds in Wednesday night's rodeo.

DAN TRIBBLE / TCU Daily Skiff



STOCK IN THE FORT WORTH STOCK YARDS: JAY CAMPBELL / TCU Daily Skiff

Exposition '83



RIGHT:Tom Lucia, from Weatherford, demonstrates the lighter side of horse riding on this dip-backed animal in the Fort Worth rodeo. **DAN TRIBBLE.** **BELOW:**Bobby Turner gets a taste of mud as he clings to his wild horse in the wild horse race. **DAN TRIBBLE.** **FAR RIGHT:**Gregg Ward of Miami, Texas, prepares his white-faced Herford for the show. **PHILLIP MOSIER.** **BELOW** **RIGHT:**Ormand King, a vender for the Ledel Shows, sells a chance to win at the midway during the 87th Fort Worth Fat Stock Show. **PHILLIP MOSIER.**





History professor is cowboy too

By Jodee Leitner

"Cowboys are just hired hands, but what makes it special is that they're hired hands on horseback."

- Don Worcester

Some little boys play cops and robbers. Don Worcester played cowboys and Indians. And he still does.

The 67-year-old professor emeritus of history has grown up to be not only a cowboy but also a scholar on the history of the Indians and the West.

"I've been interested in the Indians as far back as I can remember," he says.

Dressed in typical cowboy attire—blue jeans, cotton shirt with scarf around the neck, denim jacket and boots—Worcester leans his 6-foot-2-inch frame back in his office chair and lights his pipe.

Walls of books surround him, and his desk top is buried beneath at least several inches of papers and envelopes. "I have everyone fooled into thinking I know where everything is," he says, "but I really don't."

Although his rugged appearance and firm grip seem intimidating at first, Worcester's warm and easy manner quickly puts one at ease.

Reflecting into his pipe smoke, he

recalls his early days growing up on his grandparents' homestead on the edge of the Mojave Desert in Southern California.

His grandfather, a Massachusetts farmer, had little use for cowboying, so Worcester and his brother, Harris, had to make do with riding a burro.

"One time my brother shot a cap pistol under its nose," he says. "I was trying to tell him not to and the next thing I knew I had a mouth full of dirt."

He says that during the 1920s a drought settled over the area, causing many small cattle ranchers to move out. Left behind were horses that eventually went wild.

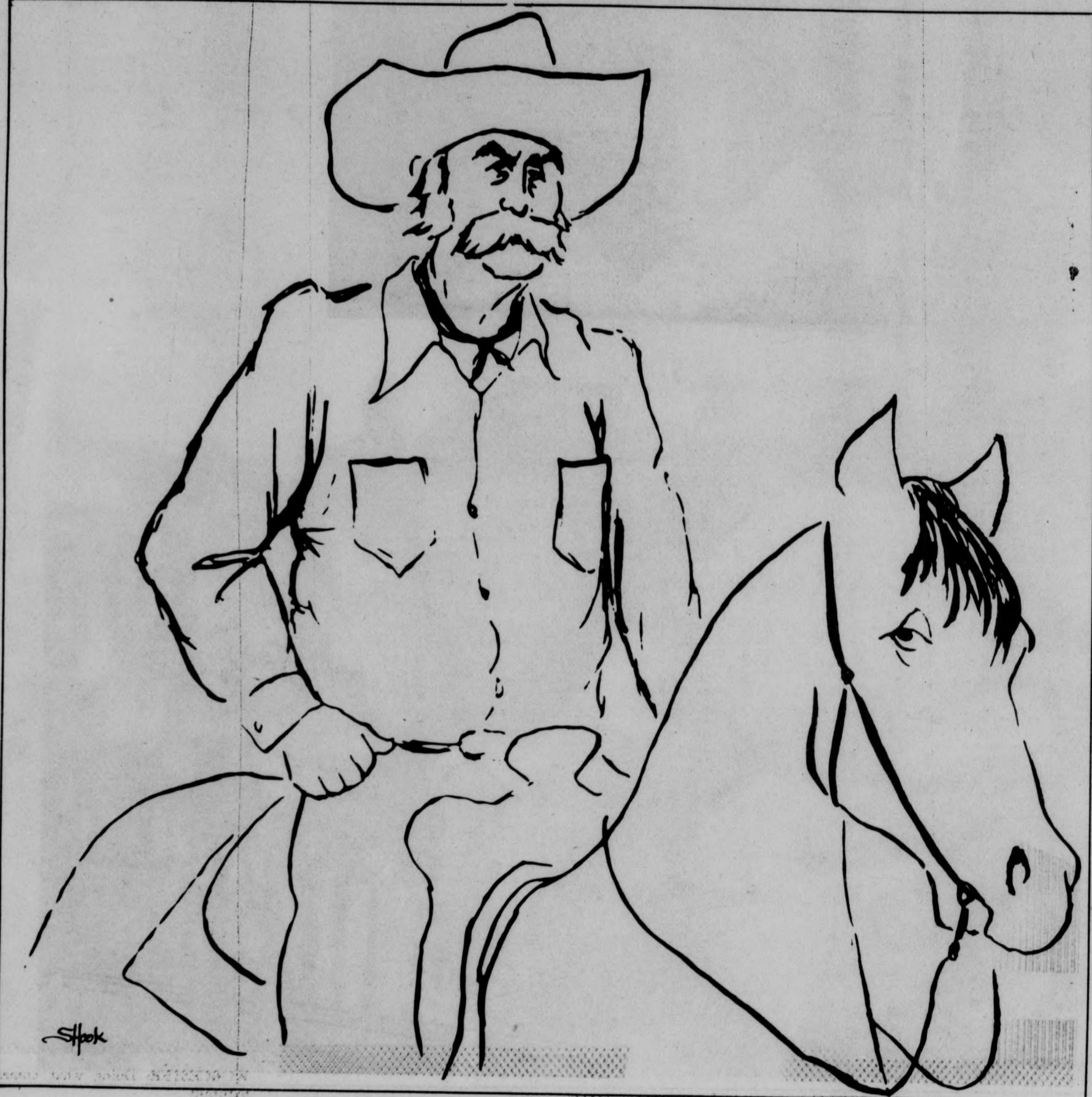
With the help of a crippled

cowboy, the Worcester brothers learned to ride by catching those horses and breaking them.

At 18 Worcester got a job as a cowboy on an Arizona ranch. He also spent one summer working on an archaeological dig on a Pueblo Indian ruin near Fort Apache—a ruin that the Spanish explorer Coronado described in 1540.

Among those he worked with on the dig were a crew of Apaches. "They were all cowboys and I rode with them on the weekends and I got very much attached to them," he says.

He remembers trying to ride an Apache bull in the Fourth of July Rodeo and getting thrown in front of



Worcester

the grandstand.

"That was the last time I ever fiddled with bullriding," he says.

"If you think Indians don't laugh, you're wrong. I really went up in the air and came down with my legs dangling, landed on my head and tore up my hat.... It was quite a scene. The only thing that was really hurt, though, was my dignity."

Although Worcester disliked school as a child ("I studied one year in school and eight years in vain"), he decided to go to college because he also wanted to be a writer. His mother, a professor of astronomy at Vassar College, also influenced him, he says.

So after two years at the University of Arizona, he gave up cowboying and transferred to Bard College in New York. It was there that he met his wife, Barbara, then a student of his mother's.

Thinking he wanted to go into journalism, Worcester says he started as an English literature major until "a professor convinced me that what I was really interested in was history."

He received his bachelor's degree from Bard in 1939, then went back west to the University of California at Berkeley to work on his master's. He finished that in 1940 and after four years in the Navy earned his doctorate in Latin American history, also from Berkeley.

For many years he taught at various universities, including a year as a visiting professor at the University of Madrid and 16 years at the University of Florida.

Worcester came to TCU in 1963 and served as chairman of the history department for nine years. Since then he has been named the Lorin A. Boswell Professor of History and the

Ida and Cecil Green Emeritus Professor.

"The time has gone awfully fast and I've thoroughly enjoyed it," he says. "I've never had one moment of regret."

Worcester says he did a lot of research on the early Spanish accounts of the Southwest during his graduate work years. This led to his authorship of articles for historical journals about the Indians and the West, as well as the history of Latin America.

Since then he has written a string of historical books, including seven novels for children. His 1979 book, *The Apaches: Eagles of the Southwest*, which came out in a German edition last year, won a Southwest Book Award and a Western Writers of America Spur Award.

The book traces the history of the Apaches and their resistance to white

dominance up to the present day struggle for survival on the reservations where they are overcrowded and unemployed.

Some find jobs in the cities, Worcester says, but the Apaches prefer to stay close to the reservations. If they take jobs off the reservations, it's usually no more than a day's drive away because "they want to keep renewing their Indianness... It's very important to them," he says.

One of the things people don't appreciate, he says, is that Indians, in particular Apaches, don't want to become imitation whites. "They were here first, after all," he says.

For that reason the reservations, which were once hated by the Indians, are now greatly valued by them.

Worcester says that gradually the Indians have gained a certain amount of self-government. They now have a voice with regard to things such as education, but he says the Bureau of Indian Affairs still maintains a large amount of control.

When he's not writing or teaching writing and editing skills to his graduate students, Worcester spends his hours on his "ranchito" ("One hundred and forty-five acres is too small to be called a ranch in Texas"), raising and selling Arabian horses.

His prize stallion, Al Zirr, which means "the button" in Arabic, was sired by Cass Ole, the star of the movie "The Black Stallion."

He says eight of his mares are due to foal in the spring.

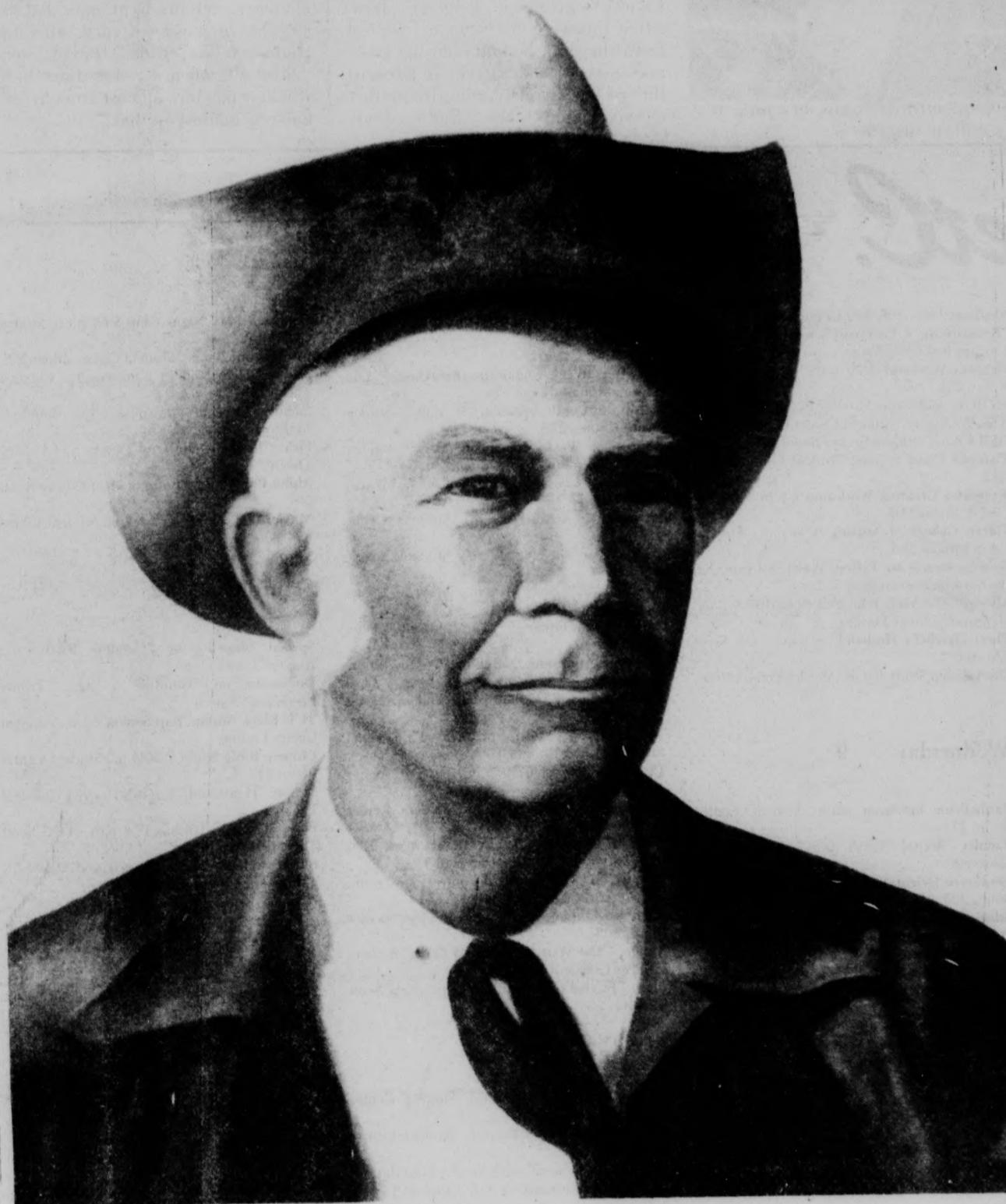
So what's in store for the man who jokingly sees his greatest accomplishment as survival? He currently has a manuscript being considered for a book about the origins of quarterhorses, mustangs and longhorns, and he and a colleague are considering writing a history of Texas.

"I just want to keep writing and raising horses for a hundred years," he says.

Happy trails, cowboy.



WORCESTER: Doing what comes naturally.



A MAN OF MANY FACES: Donald E. Worcester - professor, scholar, cowboy.

Oasis

from page 2



SINGIN' THE BLUES: Clint Baker, 14, of Weatherford, strums up a song at the sheep barn during the Fat Stock Show. PHILLIP MOSIER.

The clowns take their places in the arena despite the 5,000 onlookers who secretly want to see a horn through their silly chests.

The first stall slides open and the bull jumps, giving a rider only a cursory invitation to join him. The cowboy lasts to the buzzer and escapes un-tossed though he does have to suffer the fall. That seems to be characteristic of this event. The bulls never stop to let their riders dismount feet first.

Eventually, though, the bells tied around their necks fall off and it's up to the clowns alone to incite anger. The cohort they call Duke is the best at it. He's very limp and wears a wacky smile. He never runs from the bulls and consequently serves as a rug sometimes. The crowd loves that. Unfortunately his face falls off every time he's hit and the show must be stopped to put him back together.

The last bull on the program—Exorcist—promises a good show. After throwing his rider a few feet from the stall, he takes out the Duke and goes for the barrel. As Exorcist throws the barrel into the air, another clown jumps the bull's body

lengthwise and the show is over.

The chaparones gather up little fallen cowboy hats and little fallen cowboys and head back to the mud.

Bailey says the Fort Worth Rodeo gets better every year. It is one of about 600 to 800 shows on the national circuit, and is the third most prestigious behind Denver and Houston, he says. About half of the contestants this year were from Texas.

Cowboys pay entry fees of between \$200 and \$350 for each event. The wild horse race is the only event in which contestants do not have to be members of the Professional Rodeo Cowboy Association.

Bailey says that judging is partly on the difficulty of the ride, and partly on the ability of the rider. A contestant does not know what animal he will be on until shortly before his ride. He says cowboys usually exchange secrets on the animals' habits.

"The cowboys tell each other the tricks of the trade," Bailey says. "After all, when it comes down to it, it is not cowboy against cowboy, it's cowboy against animal."

events etc.

Monday 7

"Improving Productivity" lecture 8:30 a.m., Student Center Room 207

Resident Hall Staff 9 a.m., Student Center Room 222

Marson Galleries 10 a.m., Student Center Lower Lobby

Gifted Student Staff 1 p.m., Student Center Room 214

"Researching a Company" Workshop 3 p.m., Library reference room

IFC 3:30 p.m., Student Center Room 222

Canterbury Club 5:30 p.m., Trinity Episcopal Church

Films Committee 5:30 p.m., Student Center Room 202

Beta Alpha Phi does 1040s, 1048s 7 p.m., Business School Library

Study of "Colossians" 7 p.m., University Ministries Office

Technical Lecture by Robert West 7:30 p.m., Sid Richardson Lecture Hall 1

Campus Crusade 8 p.m., Student Center Rooms 205, 206

Mortar Board 8 p.m., Student Center Room 218

Movie: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" 8 p.m., Heights Classical Theater

Violin Recital 8 p.m., Ed Landreth Auditorium

Campus Crusade 9:15 p.m., Student Center Room 204

Tuesday 8

Improving Productivity 8:30 a.m., Student Center Room 207

Marson Galleries 10:30 a.m., Student Center Lower Lobby

Miss Texas Meeting 10:30 a.m., Student Center Room 203

Technical Lecture by Robert West 11 a.m., Sid Richardson Lecture Hall 4

Ministers Week Luncheon noon, Student Center Ballroom

Housing Luncheon 12:30 p.m., Student Center Room 214

Traffic Appeals 2 p.m., Student Center Room 202

Marriott 2 p.m., Student Center Room 205

"Researching a Company" workshop 3 p.m., Library Reference Room

Parent's Weekend 4:30 p.m., Student Center Room 202

HOR 5 p.m., Student Center Room 222

TSEA 5:30 p.m., Student Center Room 218

BSU 6 p.m., Student Center Room 205

Campus Chest 6 p.m., Student Center Room 202

Koinonia Creative Workshop 6 p.m., Student Center Room 218

Harris College of Nursing 6:30 p.m., Student Center Room 204

Science lecture by Robert West 7:30 p.m., Sid Richardson Lecture Hall 3

Movie: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" 8 p.m., Heights Classical Theater

Play: "Jezebel's Husband" 8 p.m., TCU Scott Theater

Discipleship Study 9 p.m., Wesley Foundation

Wednesday 9

Panhellenic luncheon noon, Student Center Room 211

Faculty Recital 12:15 p.m., Kimbell Art Museum

Employee Orientation 3 p.m., Student Center Room 205

Admissions 3 p.m., Student Center Room 207

Public Speaking Club 3:30 p.m., Student Center Room 218

RHA 4:15 p.m., Student Center Room 202

Programming Council 5 p.m., Student Center Room 211

Lead Poisoning Lecture by Robert West 5:30 p.m., Sid Richardson Lecture Hall 4

Circle K 6 p.m., Student Center Room 205

Beta Alpha Phi does 1040s, 1080s 7 p.m., Business School Library

Wednesday Night Bible Study 8 p.m., Student Center Room 207

Movie: "The Man Who Fell To Earth" 8 p.m., Heights Classical Theater

Play: "Jezebel's Husband" 8 p.m., TCU Scott Theater

Thursday 10

Ministers Week Committee Breakfast 7 a.m., Student Center Room 214

Business Communication 9 a.m., Student Center Room 205

Ministers Week Luncheon noon, Student Center Ballroom

"Eat and Confer" Luncheon noon, Wesley Foundation

Affirmative Action 3 p.m., Student Center Room 204

Arnold Air Society 3 p.m., Student Center Room 218

Arnold Air Society 4 p.m., Student Center Room 205

Leadership Dinner 5 p.m., Student Center Room 211

Methodist Fireside 5:30 p.m., Wesley Foundation

Black History Film 6:30 p.m., Student Center Room 207

Movie: "Lost, Stolen, or Strayed" 7 p.m., Student Center Room 207

Church of Christ 7:30 p.m., Student Center Room 202

Kappa Alpha Psi 7:30 p.m., Student Center Room 216

Nuclear Power Lecture by Robert West 7:30 p.m., Sid Richardson Lecture Hall 3

Lecture on "The Nature of Control" 7:30 p.m., Sid Richardson Lecture Hall 4

Catholic Community 8 p.m., Student Center Room 203

Movie: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" 8 p.m., Heights Classical Theater

Play: "Jezebel's Husband" 8 p.m., TCU Scott Theater

Black Student Caucus Concert and Dance 10 p.m., Student Center Ballroom

Friday 11

Friday On Campus 8 a.m., Student Center Lower Lobby

Student Life Staff 8:30 a.m., Student Center Room 214

Methodist Luncheon noon, Wesley Foundation

Movie: "Dr. Zhivago" 5 p.m., Student Center Ballroom

Baptist Friday Night Club 5:45 p.m., Student Center Lounge

Cornerstone 7 p.m., Student Center Room 205

Movie: "Heartland" 8 p.m., Heights Classical Theater

Faculty Recital 8 p.m., Ed Landreth Auditorium

Play: "Jezebel's Husband" 8 p.m., TCU Scott Theater

Alpha Phi Alpha 9 p.m., Student Center Room 207

Movie: "Dr. Zhivago" midnight, Student Center Ballroom

Saturday 12

Special Showing of "Gandhi" 9:30 a.m., Ridglea Theater

Discussion on "Gandhi" 1 p.m., Trinity Episcopal Church

TCU Black Alumni Rap Session 2 p.m., Student Center Lounge

Chinese Bible Study 7:30 p.m., Student Center Room 218

Movie: "Heartland" 8 p.m., Heights Classical Theater

Play: "Jezebel's Husband" 8 p.m., TCU Scott Theater

Black Student Caucus Concert and Dance 10 p.m., Student Center Ballroom

Sunday 13

Play: "Jezebel's Husband" 2 p.m., TCU Scott Theater

Upward Bound 2:30 p.m., Student Center Room 203

Young Life 4 p.m., Student Center Room 204

Delta Sigma Theta 4 p.m., Student Center Room 205

Tau Chi Upsilon 7 p.m., Student Center Room 202

Movie: "Heartland" 8 p.m., Heights Classical Theater

Fuchs Duo Recital 8 p.m., Ed Landreth Auditorium