



EVE GANSON

*Horn, Thorn,
Tooth and Claw*

A CRITICAL READING EDITION

EXTREMES AND MODERATIONS:
EARLY SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA POETRY

A TEXT-TECH PAPERS PROJECT

Extremes and Moderations

Early Southern California Poetry

Extremes and Moderations is a Text-Tech Papers project devoted to recovering poetry written, published, and circulated in Los Angeles and Southern California. Each volume brings neglected books and poems back into view through carefully prepared texts, archival images, biographical context, and a clear record of the surviving sources.

Edited by Brian Kim Stefans

The Text-Tech Papers | Los Angeles, 2026

EVE GANSON

Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw

A HYBRID FACSIMILE AND CRITICAL READING EDITION

Edited by Brian Kim Stefans

THE TEXT-TECH PAPERS

Extremes and Moderations: Early Southern California Poetry

CONTENTS

Facsimile, reset text, and editorial matter

Introduction

Archival Images

Editorial Note and Sources

Complete Facsimile

Reset Poems

Bibliography

INTRODUCTION

The desert as a comic cast

Eve Ganson's desert is crowded, talkative, and armed. In *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* she sends out fifty-three creatures one at a time—the buzzard, gecko, rattler, roadrunner, jackrabbit, Gila monster, burro, bat, and the rest—and gives each a quick rhyme and a comic entrance. The zoology is real enough to start the joke: a toad waits underground for rain, the roadrunner eats almost anything, the pack rat builds a barricade, the trap-door spider fits a silk-hinged door into clay. Then Ganson tips the fact toward vaudeville. The animals become gossips, jailbirds, diet cranks, politicians, thieves, dandies, and tourists caught in the wrong place. Her drawings are not decorations added after the poems. They deliver the punch lines, surround the verse with side business, and turn each page into a tiny stage. That is why this edition keeps a cleaned facsimile of the 1928 book before presenting a complete typographic reset. The facsimile preserves Ganson's hand-lettering and caricature; the reset makes the rhymes readable without asking the scan's damaged OCR to stand in for the text. Repeated and blurred scan pages have been replaced by the sharpest surviving copies, the original sequence has been restored, and Google and HathiTrust border matter has been cropped away.

Life and Work

Eve Ganson was an American poet, illustrator, and maker of small illustrated books. The best present evidence gives her birth year as 1877 in New Jersey. Her death date has not been securely identified. A California artist reference, drawing on census and professional records, places her in Los Angeles from 1930 through 1938; the December 1932 professional directory in *California Arts and Architecture* lists “Ganson, Eve, Illustration” at 1512 Gramercy Place.

Her work was already tied to Arizona in the early 1920s. Copyright registrations associate her with Tucson's *Cactus Needle* in 1922. In 1928 the

Times-Mirror Printing and Binding House in Los Angeles printed *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw: Who's Who on the Arizona Desert*, written, lettered, and illustrated by Ganson. A contemporaneous advertising notice describes *Desert Mavericks, Caught and Branded; or, Who's Who on the Desert* as the book's new title and names Wallace Hebbard of Santa Barbara as publisher, with a foreword by zoologist William T. Hornaday. Whether that state merely changes the title or revises the text and pictures still requires direct collation.

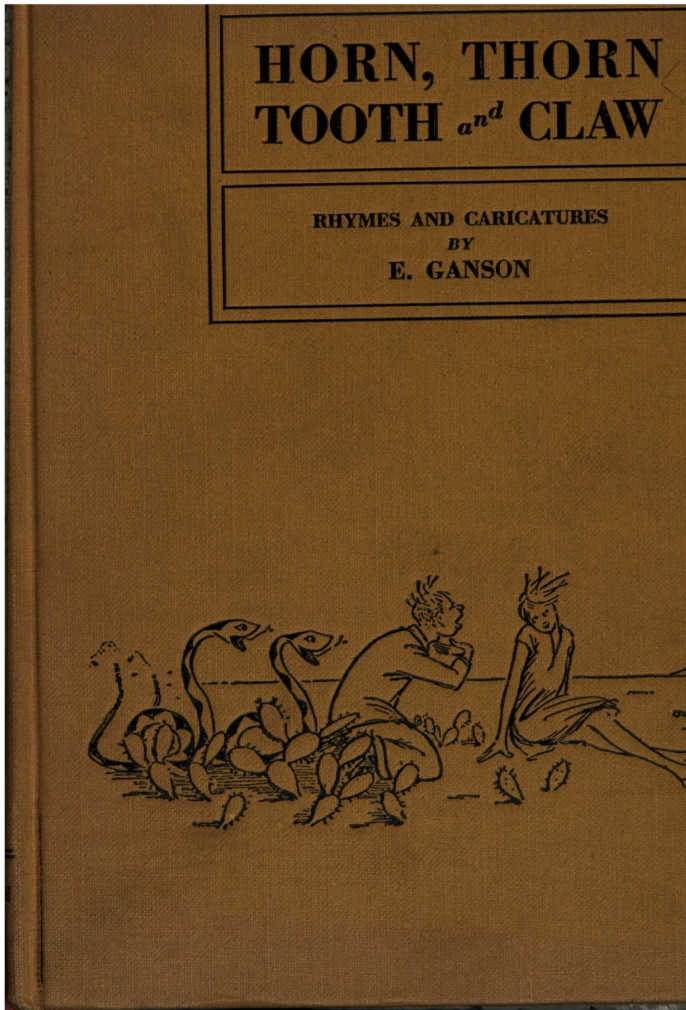
The University of Arizona Libraries preserves two further Ganson works in collection MS 259. *Swan Song* (1927), a humorous poem about aging, survives as a small holograph booklet with pen-and-ink drawings. *In Memoriam* (1929), another handmade booklet, turns to insects in a garden. Those manuscripts matter because they show that the union of poem, drawing, lettering, and book design in *Horn, Thorn* was Ganson's continuing practice rather than a one-off novelty.

Ganson also appears at the edge of Southwest museum history. A notice in *The Masterkey* reports that she forwarded J. A. Munk's camera to the Southwest Museum after using it, connecting her to the museum and to Munk's collection of Southwestern photographs. The surviving notice is brief, but it suggests a wider circle of artists, collectors, scientists, and regional historians in which her work circulated.

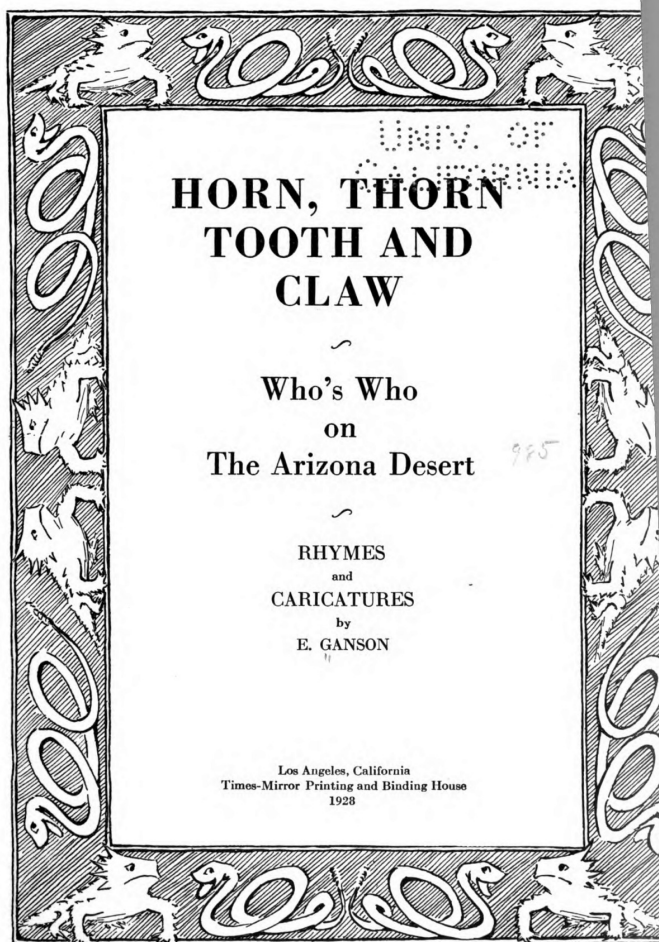
Much of her life remains untraced: her parents, education, marriages or household, the route that took her from New Jersey to Arizona and California, and the date and place of her death. Her last presently documented Los Angeles address belongs to the late 1930s. The strongest next steps are the 1930 federal census and Los Angeles city directories, the original University of Arizona manuscript files, the *Cactus Needle* run, Southwest Museum correspondence, and a copy of *Desert Mavericks* that can be compared page by page with the book reset here.

ARCHIVAL IMAGES

Three views of the first edition



Original cover of the 1928 Times-Mirror edition.



Original title page, designed and lettered as part of Ganson's illustrated book.



**YOUNG RED-TAIL HAWKS AT HOME IN A SAHUARO
CACTUS, NEAR TUCSON, ARIZONA**

Saguaro photograph from the first edition's preliminary matter.

EDITORIAL NOTE AND SOURCES

Ordering the scan and establishing the reset text

The local HathiTrust scan contains several repeated runs of pages, and the quality varies sharply from one repetition to another. This edition reconstructs the first edition's original order from its printed pagination and index. When a page appears more than once, the cleanest and sharpest copy is used; damaged photographs of fingers, calibration targets, blank leaves, library paperwork, and redundant duplicates are omitted.

Every facsimile page is cropped by the same coordinates and reproduced at the same dimensions. That treatment removes Google and HathiTrust border matter while preserving the book's own page number, lettering, drawings, photographs, and page composition. The facsimile contains all fifty-three poem pages, together with the meaningful preliminary and concluding matter.

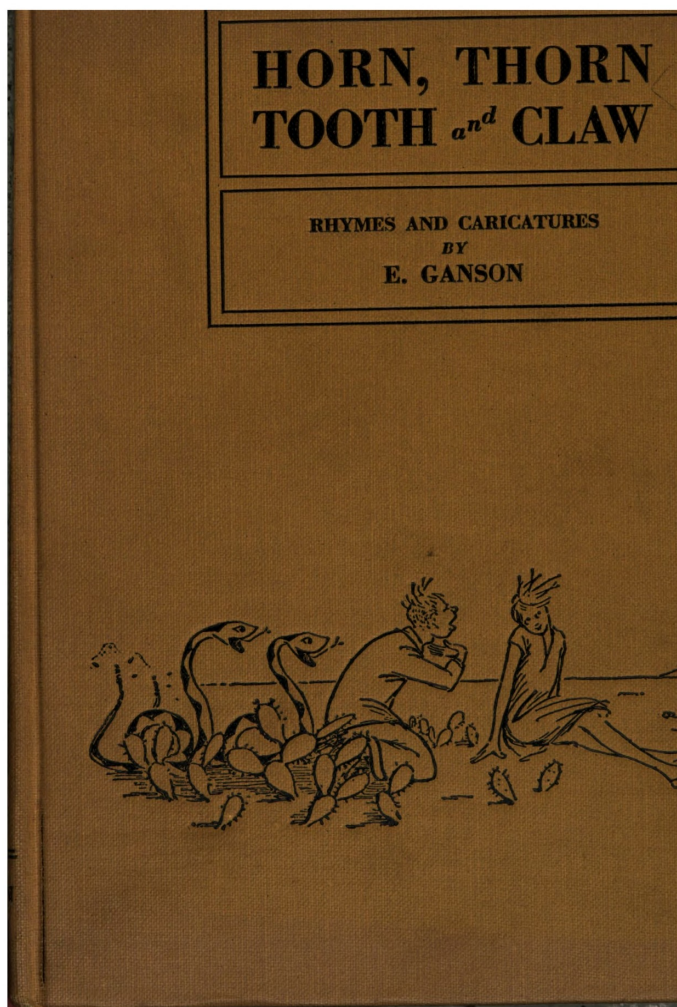
The reset section follows the facsimile and places each poem on its own page. It was transcribed directly from the images rather than from the scan's severely damaged OCR. Titles, subtitles, lineation, stanza spaces, capitalization, punctuation, and deliberate comic spellings are retained. Source-page wraps are not treated as line breaks. Curly quotation marks and typographic apostrophes are normalized without changing the words.

The 1928 Times-Mirror edition is the sole textual witness available locally. The retitled *Desert Mavericks* state has not yet been collated. It should therefore be treated as a potentially revised state, not silently conflated with the book reproduced here.

COMPLETE FACSIMILE

The 1928 book, reconstructed from the best scan pages

The facsimile preserves Ganson's hand-lettered poems and drawings. Sixty-four meaningful pages are presented in sequence; duplicate, blank, library, calibration, and badly obscured scan pages are excluded.

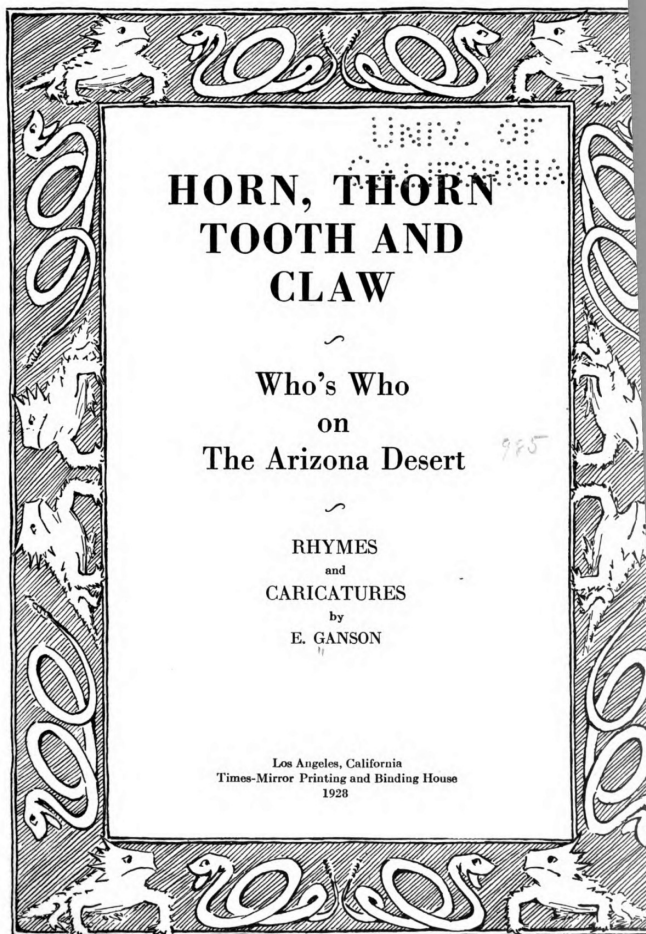


Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 2.

Eve Ganson

look aside at one, but
I have had no one to
help me, since the
delay. The book is so well
liked that a second
edition is on the way.
Eve Ganson

Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 4.



Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 6.

TO MYRU
ABROFLAO

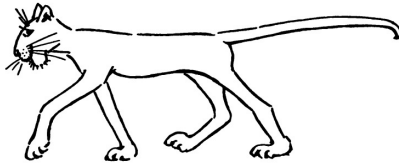
Gift of G. G. G.

Copyrighted, 1928
by E. Ganson
Tucson, Arizona

Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 7.

TO
DR. J. A. MUNK
TO WHOM I AM INDEBTED FOR KINDLY CRITICISM
IT WAS IN
THE MUNK LIBRARY OF ARIZONIANA
THAT I WAS ABLE TO FIND
THE MOST ELUSIVE OF THE WILD FOLK OF THE DESERT

Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 8.



Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 9.

INDEX

	<i>Page</i>
Antelope Chipmunk	25
Antelope Jack	49
Arizona Green Jay	46
Armadillo	55
Badger	57
Banded Gecko	10
Bighorn	44
Black-Tailed Jack	30
Bobcat	24
Burro	45
Burrowing Owl	39
Cactus Wren	47
Calling Hare	35
Centipede	33
Cougar	19
Coyote	14
Desert Bear	51
Desert Fox	41
Desert Tortoise	17
Diamond-Back Rattlesnake	11
Elf Owl	28
Gambel's Quail	31
Gila Monster	16
Gila Woodpecker	40
Goshawk	59
Gridiron-Tailed Lizard	18

Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 10.

	<i>Page</i>
Horned Toad	21
Kaibab Deer	15
Kangaroo Rat	13
Lobo Wolf	36
Mearns' Quail	54
Mexican Hairless Dog	23
Mule Deer	37
Pack Rat	50
Pallid Bat	61
Peccary	22
Phainopepla	58
Pocket Gopher	56
Porcupine	52
Prairie Dog	12
Praying Mantis	42
Road-Runner	20
Scorpion	53
Side-Winder	26
Spade-Foot Toad	38
Spotted Skunk	27
Swift	29
Tarantula	32
Tarantula Hawk	34
Trap-Door Spider	48
Turkey Buzzard	9
Vanishing Longhorn	60
Vinegaroon	43

Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 11.



**YOUNG RED-TAIL HAWKS AT HOME IN A SAHUARO
CACTUS, NEAR TUCSON, ARIZONA**

Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 14.

**HORN, THORN, TOOTH
AND CLAW**

Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 16.



The Turkey Buzzard

*This Bird was evidently made
to live on flesh that is decayed.
He follows in the wake of death.
You'll know he's coming by his breath.
And if he hears your dying groans
He'll break his neck to pick your bones.*

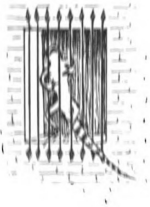


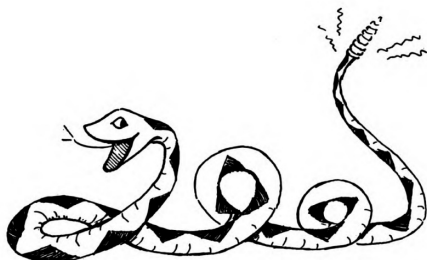
Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 18.



The Banded Gecko

*I must say that I never saw
the Gecko breaking any law,
But one glance at his long striped tail
tells me that he has been in jail.
And his twin brother, so they say,
Strayed from the straight and narrow way—
A broad and crooked path he followed,
And in the end he, too, was collared!*





The Diamond-Back

*'Most every tenderfoot has heard
The Desert Rattler is a "bird."*

*But that's not true; although he sings
The creature hasn't any wings.*

*He likes to shake his wicked tail
And make great big strong men turn pale,
And when he is in need of jack
He hocks the diamonds on his back!*



Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 20.



The Prairie Dog

*These Doggies are gregarious,
They bark and make a dreadful fuss,
And chatter all the livelong day
About their neighbor 'cross the way.
Their furry cheeks just ooze and bulge
With things they're dying to divulge,
And if you listen long enough
You'll hear a lot of silly stuff.*

*Like all gossips their tongues are quick.
Like gossips, too, their skulls are thick.*

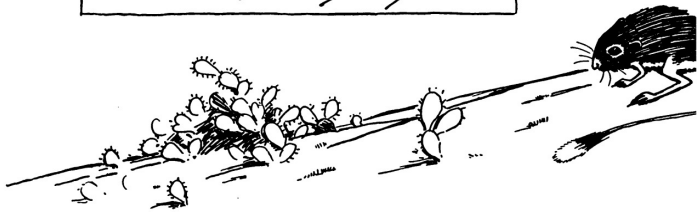


Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 21.

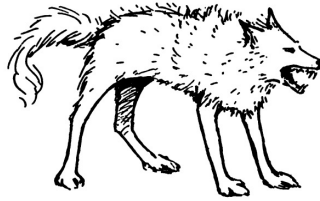


The Kangaroo Rat

*Of all the rats I ever knew,
The handsomest is the Kangaroo.
His brown fur coat is soft as silk;
His vest and paws are white as milk.
When he goes off to spend the week
He packs his baggage in his cheek.
O you should see the beastie hump
His long hind legs and take a jump!
Up in the air he loves to sail,
And thereby hangs a long, long tale.*

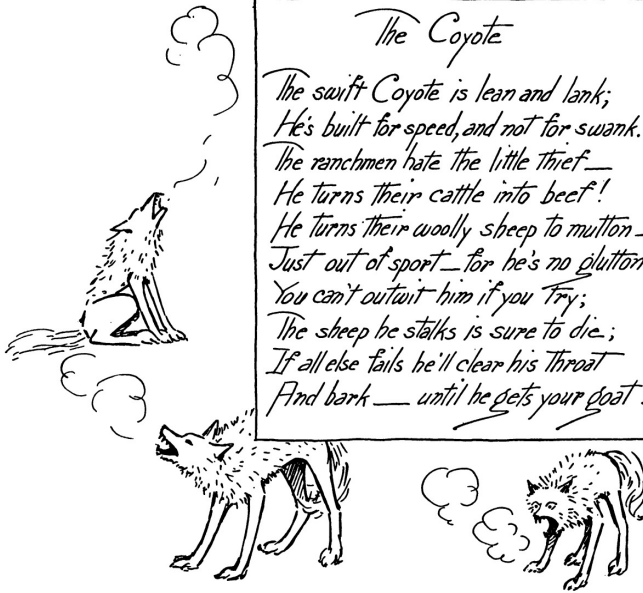


Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 22.

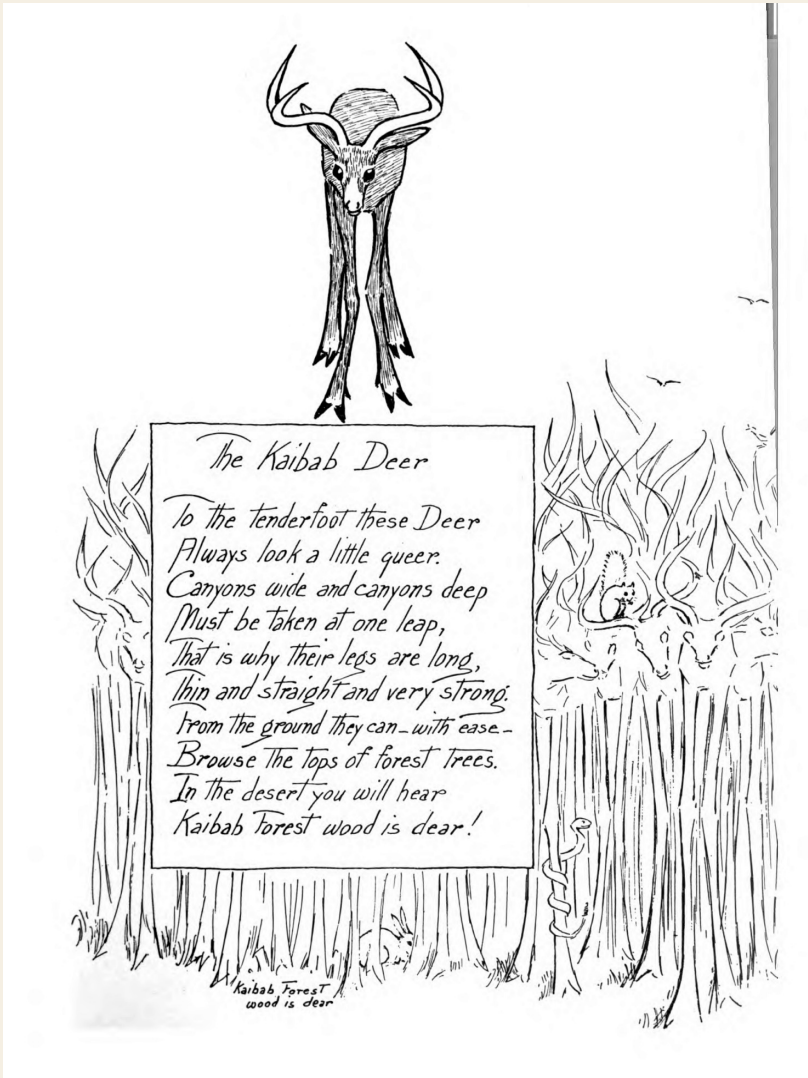


The Coyote

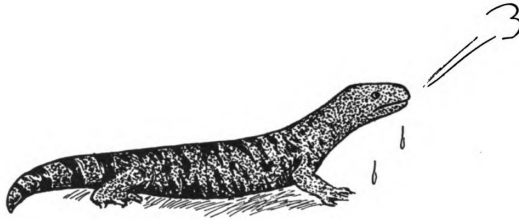
*The swift Coyote is lean and lank;
He's built for speed, and not for swank.
The ranchmen hate the little thief—
He turns their cattle into beef!
He turns their woolly sheep to mutton—
Just out of sport—for he's no glutton.
You can't outwit him if you try;
The sheep he stalks is sure to die;
If all else fails he'll clear his throat
And bark—until he gets your goat!*



Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 23.



Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 24.

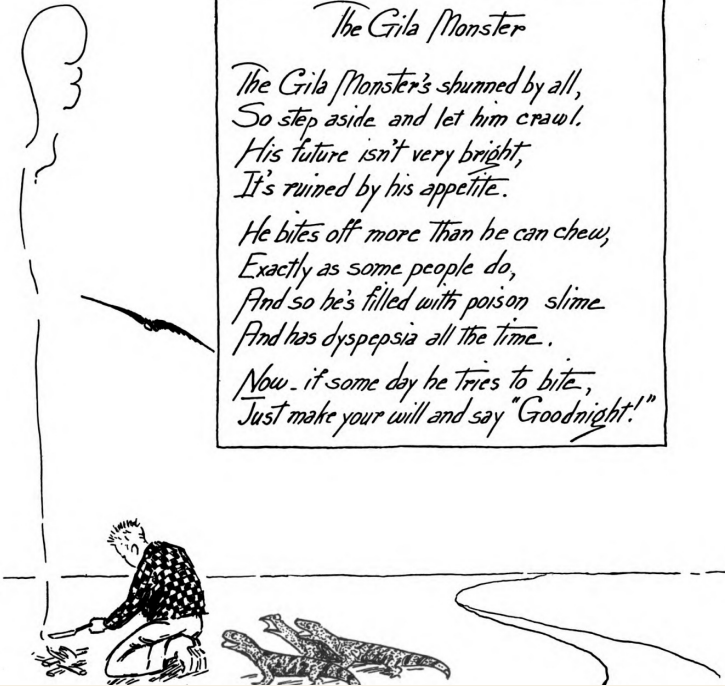


The Gila Monster

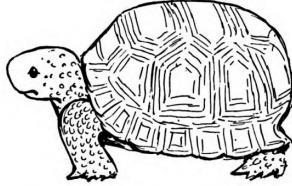
*The Gila Monster's shunned by all,
So step aside and let him crawl.
His future isn't very bright,
It's ruined by his appetite.*

*He bites off more than he can chew,
Exactly as some people do,
And so he's filled with poison slime
And has dyspepsia all the time.*

*Now - if some day he tries to bite,
Just make your will and say "Goodnight!"*



Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 29.



The Desert Tortoise

*This dreamy-eyed Chelonian
Can sleep through pandemonium.
When days are cold - or very hot -
He'd rather go to sleep than not.
He's not inquisitive or bold,
And so he lives to be quite old.
And with each year he grows so sage
That if you chance to ask his age
He'll draw his head back in his shell
And - like a lady - will not tell!*



*And I have to
wear my be
underwear
all sum*



How old are you?



Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 26.

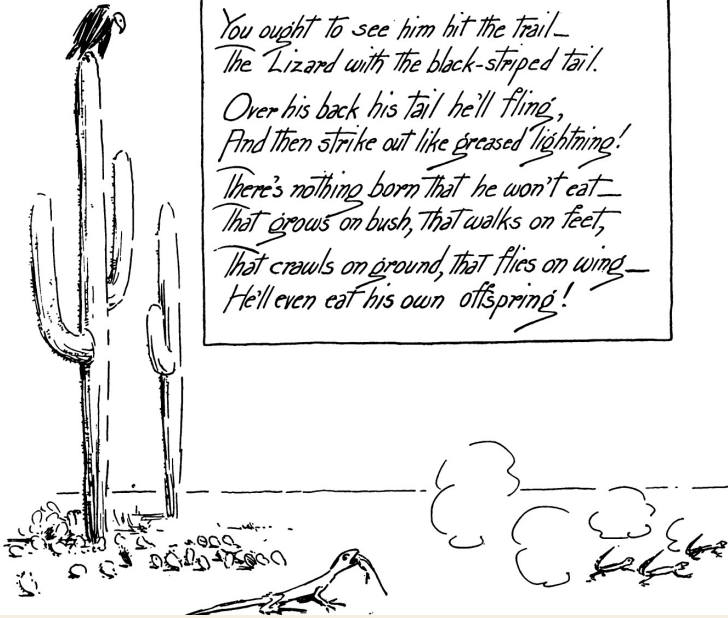


The Gridiron-tailed Lizard

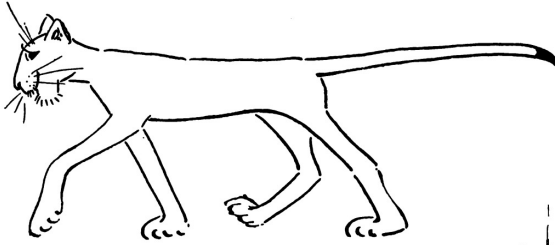
*You ought to see him hit the trail—
The Lizard with the black-striped tail!*

*Over his back his tail he'll fling,
And then strike out like greased lightning!*

*There's nothing born that he won't eat—
That grows on bush, that walks on feet,
That crawls on ground, that flies on wing—
He'll even eat his own offspring!*

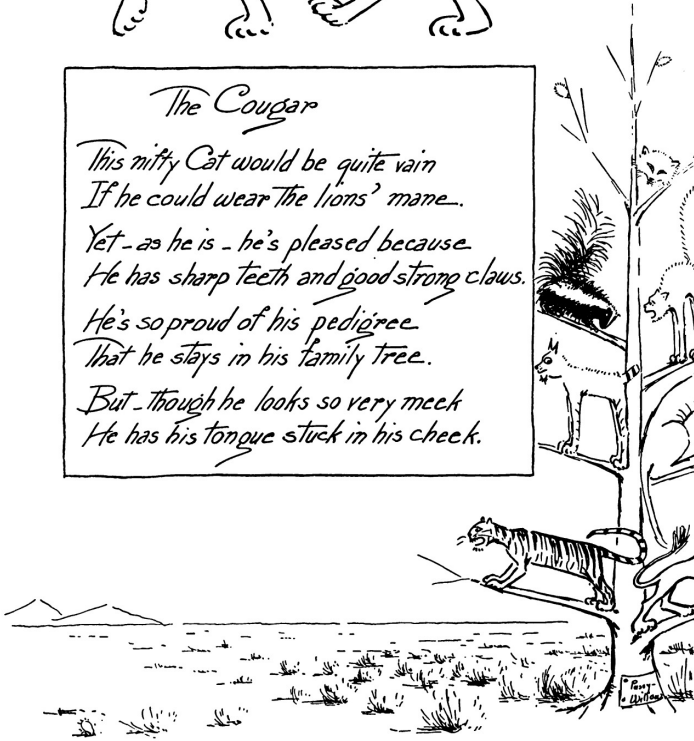


Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 31.

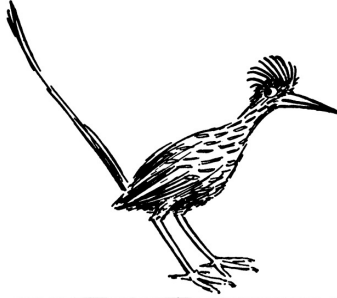


The Cougar

*This mifty Cat would be quite vain
If he could wear the lions' mane.
Yet - as he is - he's pleased because
He has sharp teeth and good strong claws.
He's so proud of his pedigree
That he stays in his family tree.
But - though he looks so very meek
He has his tongue stuck in his cheek.*

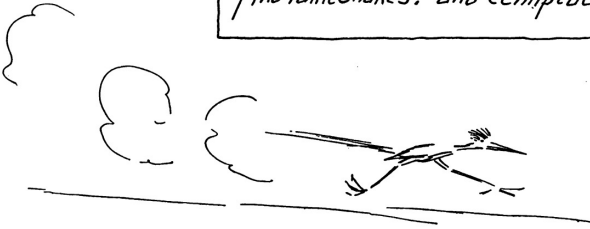


Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 32.

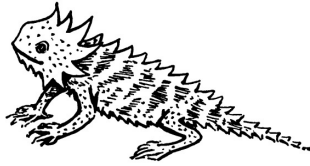


The Road-Runner

*The Road-Runner runs in the road,
His coat is speckled, à la mode.
His wings are short, his tail is long,
He jerks it as he runs along.
His bill is sharp, his eyes are keen,
He has a brain tucked in his bean.
But in his gizzard - if you please -
Are lizards, rats, and bumble bees;
Also horned toads - on them he feeds -
And rattlesnakes! and centipedes!*



Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 33.

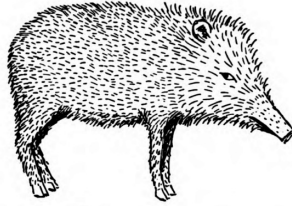


The Horned Toad

*The great Horned Toad is meek and mild
And would not harm a little child.
We all admire his taste in dress —
He wears a ruff, like good Queen Bess.
With bits of horn he is aflutter,
All cut out with the cookie-cutter!
Now when it comes to nifty style
He has the hop-toad skinned a mile.
His usefulness no one denies —
He spends his days in catching flies.*

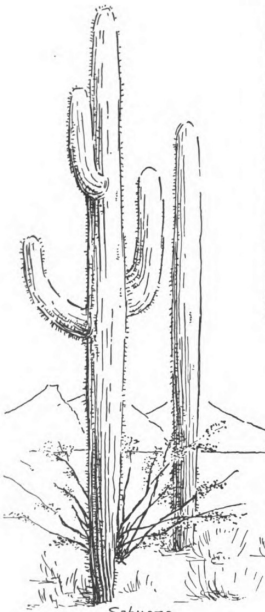


Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 34.



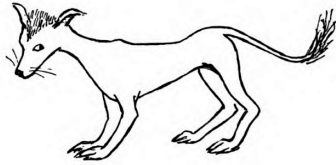
The Peccary Also called Javelina

*The Peccary is rather rare,
You have to beard him in his lair.
I do not know his history,
I never saw his family tree,
I am not versed in wild-hog lore —
To me he's something of a bore.*



*Saguaro
Cactus*

Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 35.

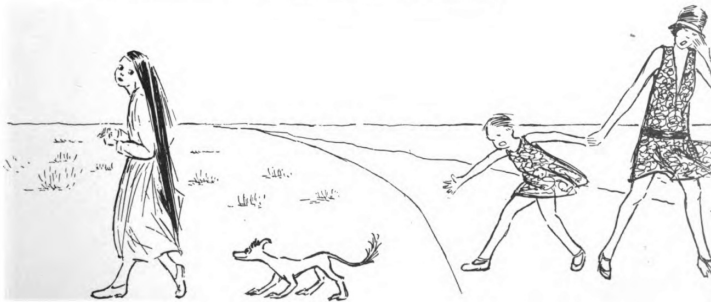


The Mexican Hairless Dog

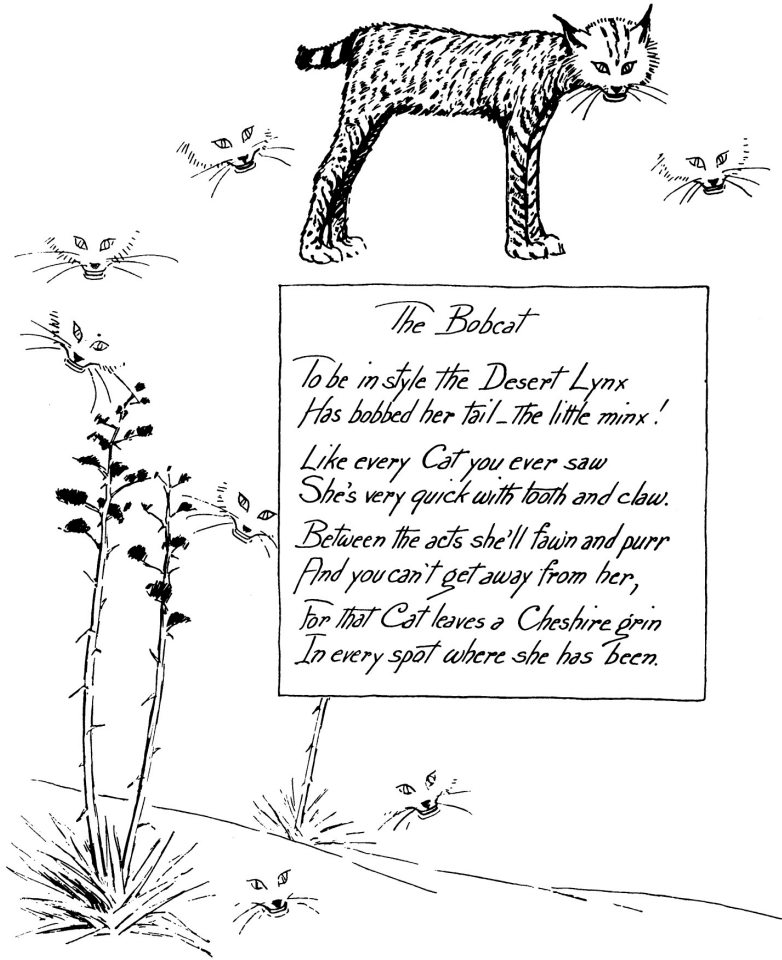
*The poor Chihuahua's skin is bare -
He never had a coat of hair.*

*His liver-colored greasy skin
Is all he wears to walk 'round in.*

*The neighbors look at him askance -
He cannot even wear his pants !*



Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 36.



Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 37.



The Antelope Chipmunk

*This handsome Chip with white-plumed tail
May often dance across your trail.*

*A marvel of activity,
None loves the Desert more than he.*

*He only asks to live and die
Where rocks are hot and sand is dry.*

*He feels that he would rather roast
Than spend a summer on the Coast.*



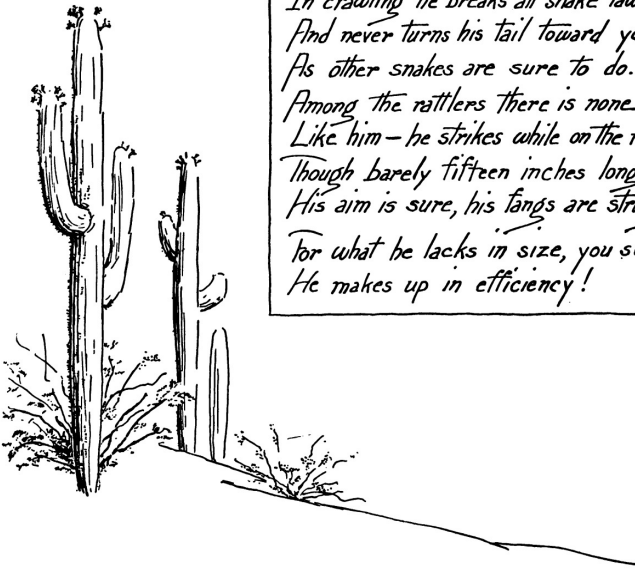
Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 38.



The Side-winder

The Horned Rattlesnake of the Desert

They call him Side-winder because
In crawling he breaks all snake laws,
And never turns his tail toward you
As other snakes are sure to do.
Among the rattlers there is none
Like him—he strikes while on the run.
Though barely fifteen inches long
His aim is sure, his fangs are strong.
For what he lacks in size, you see,
He makes up in efficiency!



Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 39.



The Spotted Skunk

Also called Hydrophobia Skunk

*The Skunk's a cunning little cat,
But no one stays where he is at.
And no one goes where he has been
If he has left his scent therein.
And so we leave the Skunk alone,
For no one knows where he may park.
I'll say that Noah "pulled a bone,"
When he took Skunkie in the ark.
The creatures raised a fearful din
When they saw Noah drag him in!*



Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 40.

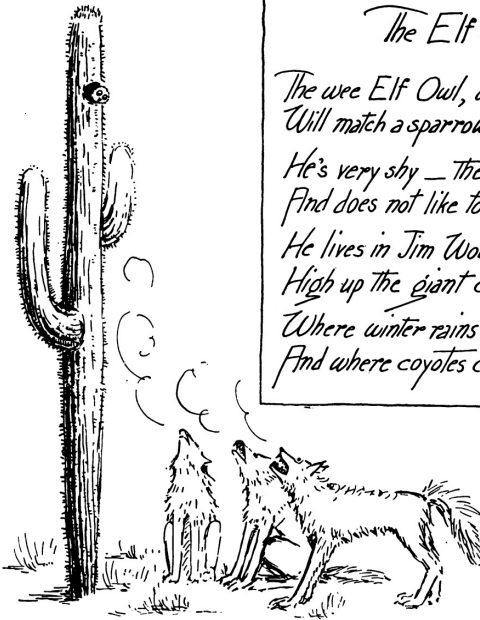


The Elf Owl

*The wee Elf Owl, with soulful eyes,
Will match a sparrow, in his size.*

*He's very shy — the little Elf —
And does not like to show himself.*

*He lives in Jim Woodpecker's hole,
High up the giant cactus bole,
Where winter rains can never wet him,
And where coyotes cannot get him.*



Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 41.



The Swift

*The Swift is always in the lead,
For when he moves, he moves with speed.
He'll never ask you for a lift,
For you are slow, and he is swift.
From morn till night he's on the go —
Why does the Swift keep running so?
He's trying to outrun his past,
For gossips say the Swift was fast!*



Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 42.



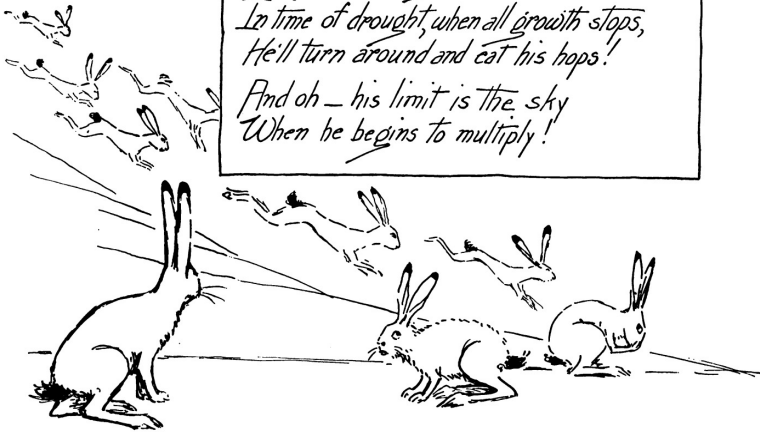
The Black-tailed Jack

*This Jackie - with his sprightly air -
Will thrive on almost any fare.*

*When food is scarce his chops he'll lick,
And out of this he gets a "kick."*

*In time of drought, when all growth stops,
He'll turn around and eat his hops!*

*And oh - his limit is the sky
When he begins to multiply!*



Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 43.



Gambel's Quail

*This small brown Quail is desert bred
And wears a plume atop her head.*

*She hunts the desert o'er for food
To feed her little speckled brood.*

*Unarmed she lives among her foes —
Then big brave man abunting goes!*

*He puts the small brown Quail on toast,
And just for that for days he'll boast.*



Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 44.



The Black Tarantula

*"If you investigate you'll find
Tarantulas are much maligned."*

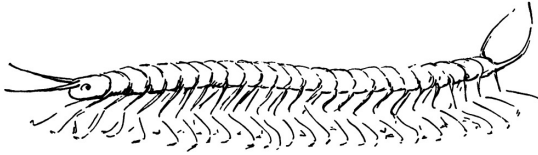
*So say the very learned men
Who study spiders, now and then.*

*But - being just an amateur,
I think a spider dressed in fur,
With ten long legs, and eight bright eyes,
Would love to throw a big surprise.*



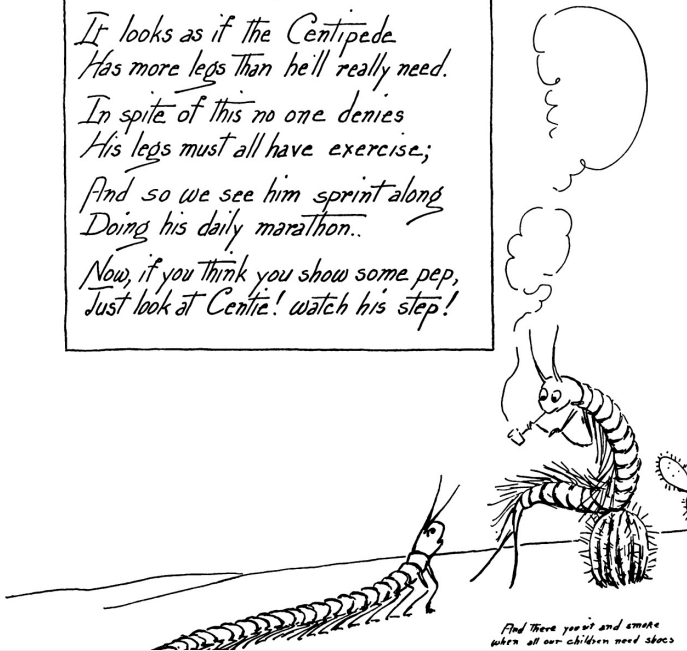
3000 A.D. "Come on Arachne!"

Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 45.



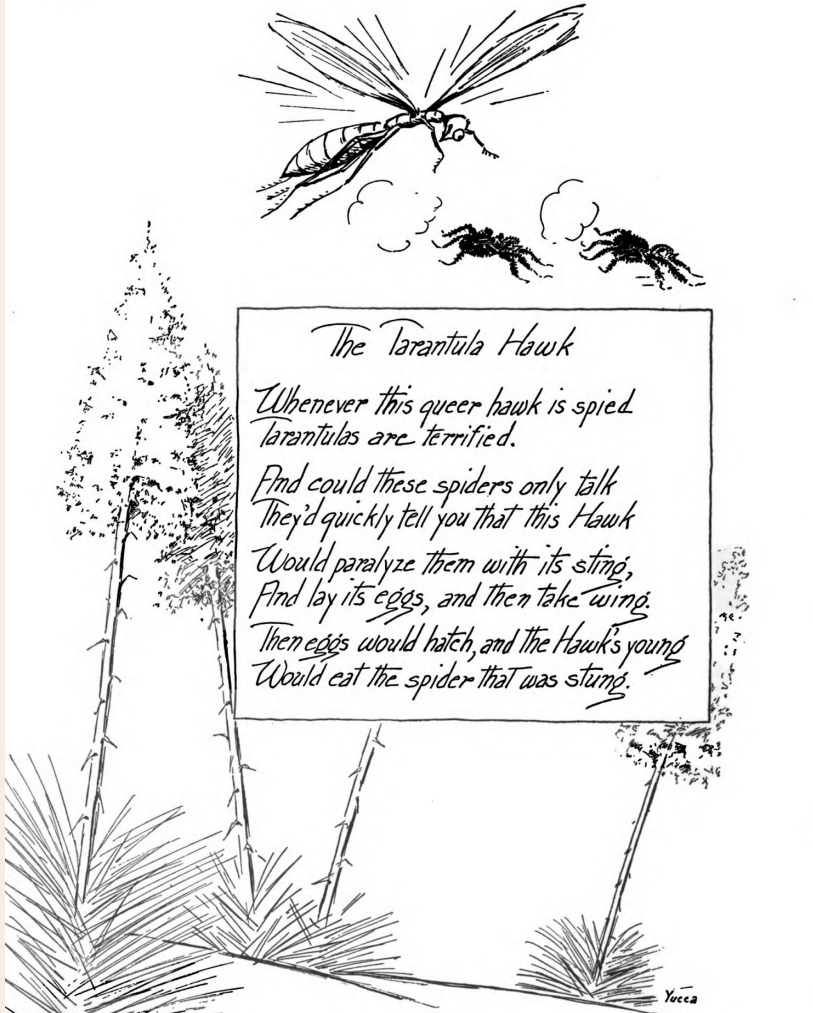
The Centipede

*It looks as if the Centipede
Has more legs than he'll really need.
In spite of this no one denies
His legs must all have exercise;
And so we see him sprint along
Doing his daily marathon..
Now, if you think you show some pep,
Just look at Centie! watch his step!*



*And there you sit and smoke
when all our children need shoes*

Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 46.



Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 47.



The Calling Hare

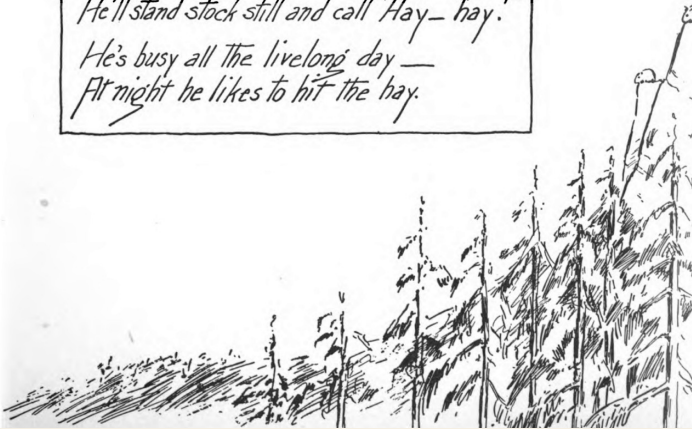
Also called Cony, Pika,
Rock Rabbit

Above the timberline — that's where
You'll find the little Calling Hare.

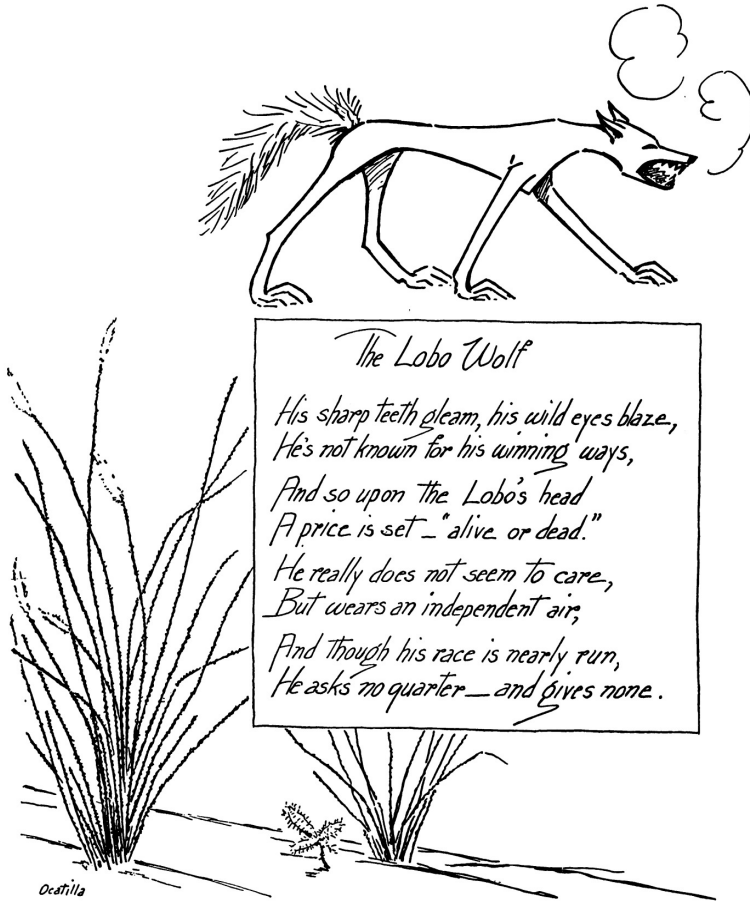
He cuts and cures the mountain hay,
And when it's cured stores it away.

When this chap sees you — so they say —
He'll stand stock still and call "Hay — hay."

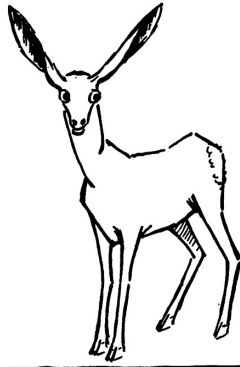
He's busy all the livelong day —
For might he likes to hit the hay.



Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 48.



Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 49.



The Mule Deer

*The Black-tail, Mule, or Bounding Deer
Is well equipped with running gear.*

*He lifts all four feet from the ground
And clears a thicket at one bound.*

*His heels are springy - that is why
He likes a country that is dry.*

*And every time he thirsty feels
He taps the spring that's in his heels.*



Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 50.



The Spade-foot Toad

The Spade-foot Toad lives underground
 And sits and waits, but makes no sound.
 Above his head is burning sand—
 For ten long months that Toad is canded!
 He can't come out until it rains—
 The blazing sun would bake his brains.
 He counts the days, he counts the hours,
 He waits for summer, with its showers,
 And if—some day—all records broke
 And no rain came, that Toad would croak!



I'm so hot that
 my warts just stick
 to me—



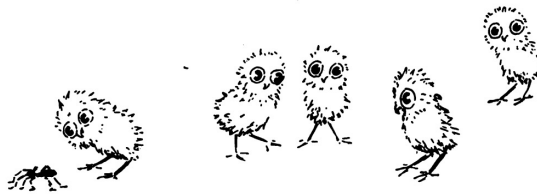
It hasn't been
 so hot as this in
 forty years

Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 61.



The Burrowing Owl

*Though not much larger than your fist
This Owl's a good ventriloquist.
The other owls all jeer and hoot
Because he wears this funny suit,
For you must know one rarely sees
An owl whose skirts don't hide his knees.
He builds his nest deep underground
In some old gopher-hole he's found,
But does not loll on beds of ease
Because his house is full of fleas!*



Young Burrowing Owls

Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 72.

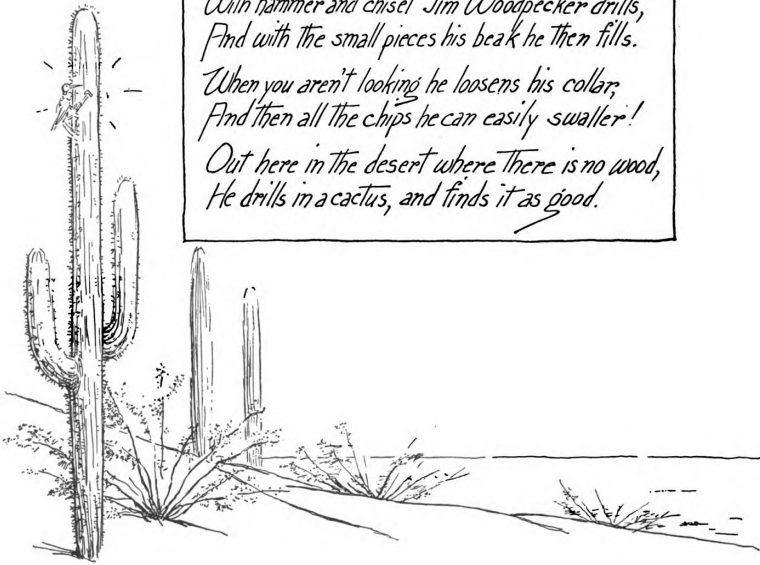


The Gila Woodpecker

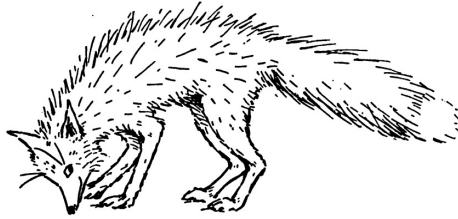
*With hammer and chisel Jim Woodpecker drills,
And with the small pieces his beak he then fills.*

*When you aren't looking he loosens his collar,
And then all the chips he can easily swallow!*

*Out here in the desert where there is no wood,
He drills in a cactus, and finds it as good.*



Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 53.

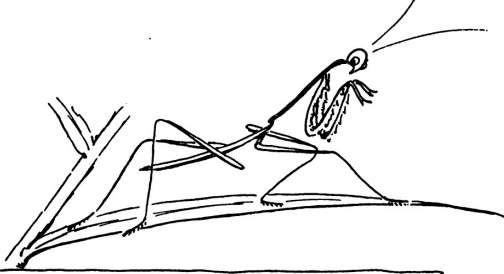


The Desert Fox

*The Desert Grey Fox is crafty and cunning,
What he lacks in pure wit he makes up in running,
If you try to catch him he thinks it quite funny
And always will give you a run for your money.
And as for his family, if I'm not mistaken
They never go hungry - he brings home the bacon.*

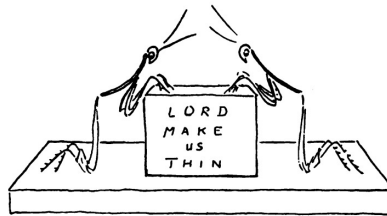


Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 64.



The Praying Mantis

*"I must reduce," the Mantis cried,
 As she surveyed her starboard side,
 "The food I eat just makes me stout,
 So from today I'll cut it out!
 I'll now begin to fast and pray -
 I'm sure it is the only way."
 And so - beginning then and there -
 The Mantis crooked her arms in prayer.
 And, for a joke, the gods - They say -
 Decreed her arms should stay that way.*



Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 65.



The Vinegaroon

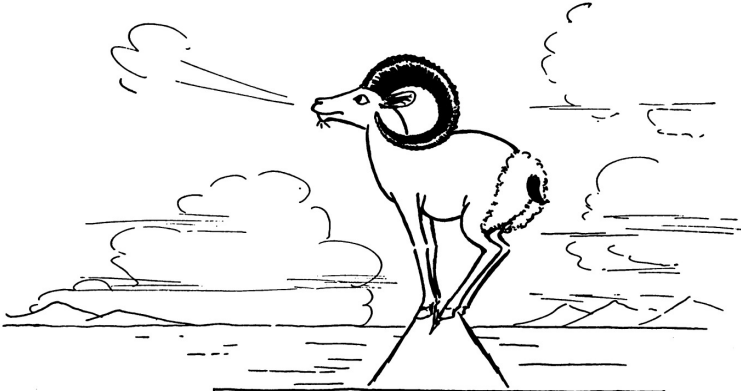
*Half spider and half scorpion
Is this dainty Vinegaroon.*

*His many legs give him great speed,
And just as many you will need
To keep out of his way, for he
Is known for his agility.*

*By day he crawls away to hide.
Shake well your coat—perhaps inside
Your pocket you may find him hid.
Or in your shoe—as I once did!*



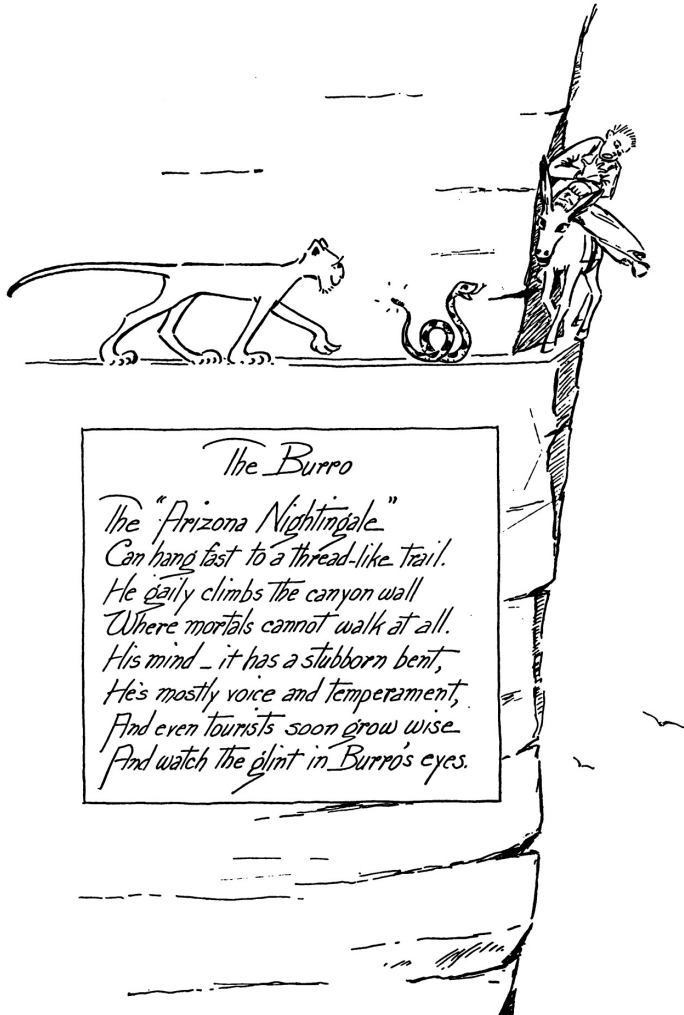
Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 56.



The Desert Bighorn

*The Desert Bighorn's proud and shy,
 And lives in mountains wild and high.
 No land's too rough, no crag too steep,
 To please the Desert Bighorn Sheep.
 And how he loves the solitude!
 He loves the peaks, so rough and rude.
 Fluky from these he mopes and mourns,
 And just keeps jumping through his horns.*





Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 78.



The Arizona Green Jay

*He's green, and blue, and yellow, too,
With head and throat of inky hue.*

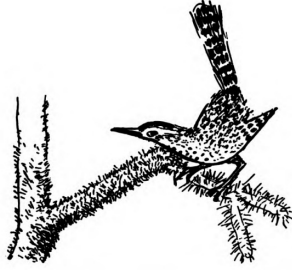
*A Jay will follow sudden whim,
Crass tenderfoot—beware of him!*

*For he is green—so very green,
You may be dazzled by the sheen,*

*And later, pinch yourself and say,
"I wonder which one was the Jay!"*

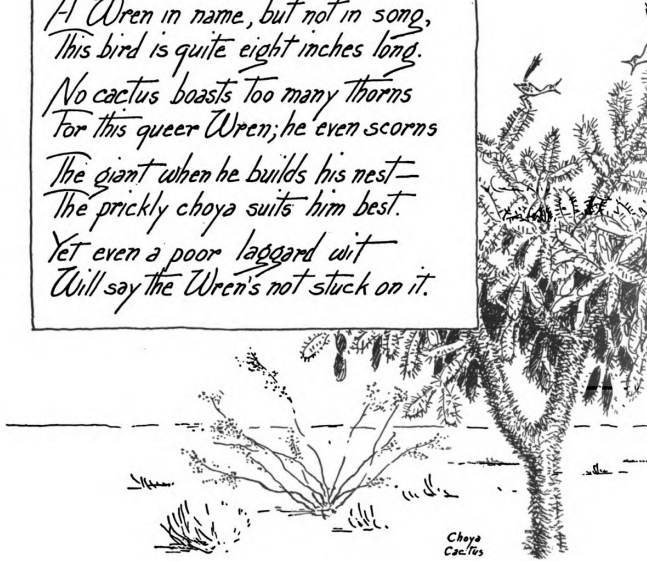


Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 79.

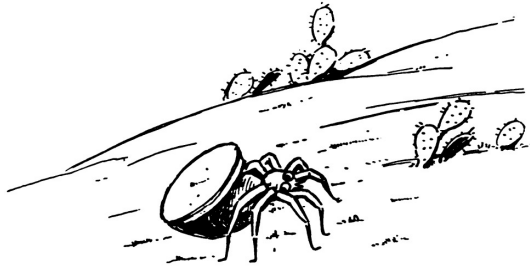


The Cactus Wren

*A Wren in name, but not in song,
This bird is quite eight inches long.
No cactus boasts too many thorns
For this queer Wren; he even scorns
The giant when he builds his nest—
The prickly choya suits him best.
Yet even a poor laggard wit
Will say the Wren's not stuck on it.*

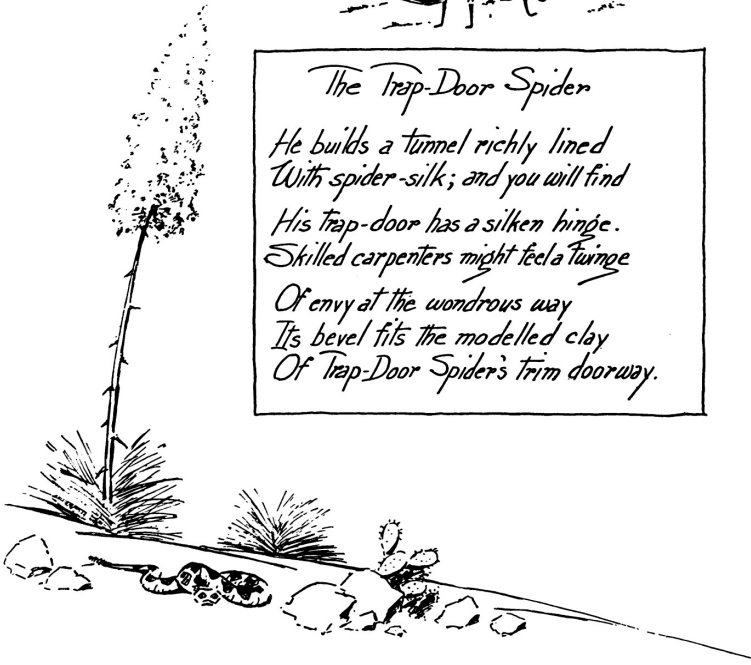


Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 80.

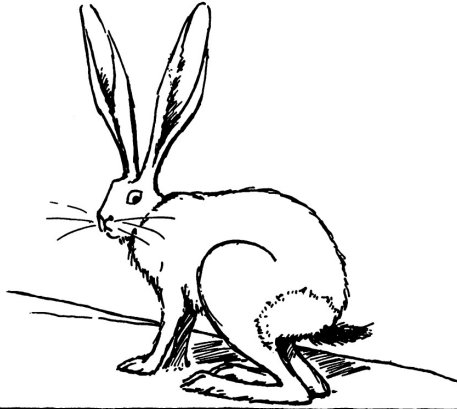


The Trap-Door Spider

*He builds a tunnel richly lined
With spider-silk; and you will find
His trap-door has a silken hinge.
Skilled carpenters might feel a twinge
Of envy at the wondrous way
Its bevel fits the modelled clay
Of Trap-Door Spider's trim doorway.*

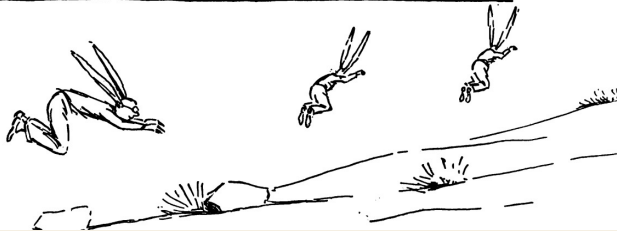


Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 91.



The Antelope Jack

*His ears are enormous; his tail - it is black;
His legs are quite limber, and so is his back.
He lives on the border, one ear to the ground -
In each "revolution" he picks up the sound,
And waking or sleeping he's ready to leap,
Thus one hop ahead of the snipers he'll keep.
O if our big statesmen but had his long ears,
They'd hop as he hops - if they heard what he hears!*



Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 82.



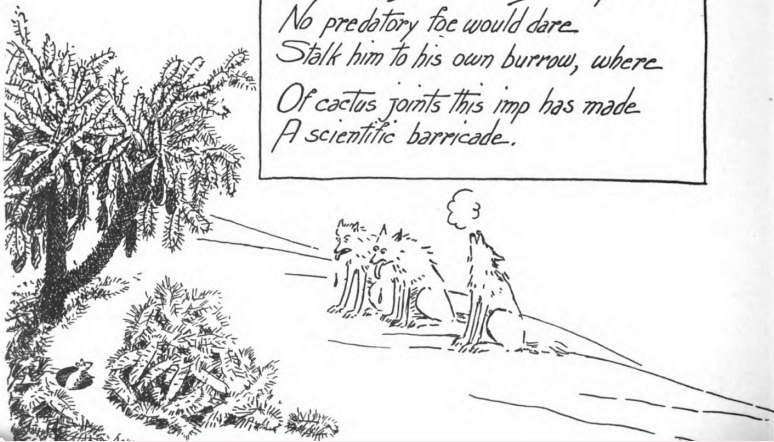
The Pack Rat

*Though something in exchange he brings,
This Rat will pack away your things.*

*But he has such engaging ways
That cowboys give him naught but praise.*

*No predatory foe would dare
Stalk him to his own burrow, where*

*Of cactus joints this imp has made
A scientific barricade.*

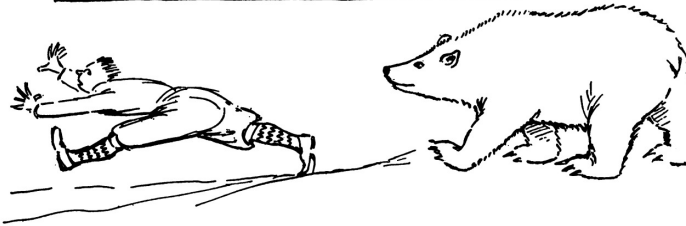


Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 83.



The Desert Bear

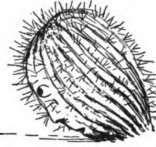
*I've often wondered how the Bear
That hibernates gets pure fresh air.
Throughout his long cold winter night
His cubby-hole is shut up tight -
Or nearly so. The big fat Bear
Lives weeks and weeks with no fresh air.
But if you meet him - have a care!
Be on your guard - give him the air.*



Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 84.



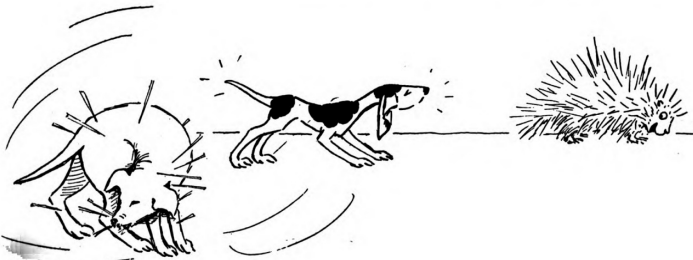
The Porcupine



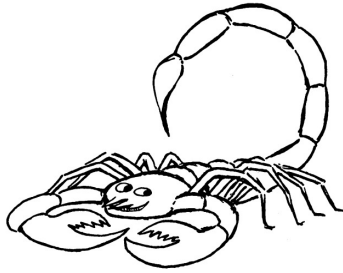
The Bristle Cactus

The Porcupine

Poor Porky hasn't any friends!
You see - his quills have such sharp ends
That when a neighbor comes to play
He carries Porky's quills away,
Sticking in his sides and snout.
And when he tries to pull them out
They give him such a dreadful pain
That he won't play with Pork again.



Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 85.



The Scorpion

*If you are Any One At All,
The Scorpion will come to call.
He'll slip in slyly at your door,
And quickly scuttle 'cross your floor,
And hide deep in some cushioned seat—
Or on your shelves, or in your sheet.
You may not know that he has come
Until you find that you've been - stung!*



Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 86.



Mearns' Quail

Also called "Fool Quail"

*This foolish Bird was not content
To wear the feathers God had sent.
But every day she cocked her eye
At beauteous ladies passing by,
And cried: "Their cheeks are just like peaches-
I know they use cold creams and bleaches.
And look - my face is brown with freckles!
From head to tail I'm flecked with speckles!
If I could find some good face bleach
I, too, would look just like a peach."
But she has lived to rue the day
She daubed her face with beauty clay.*



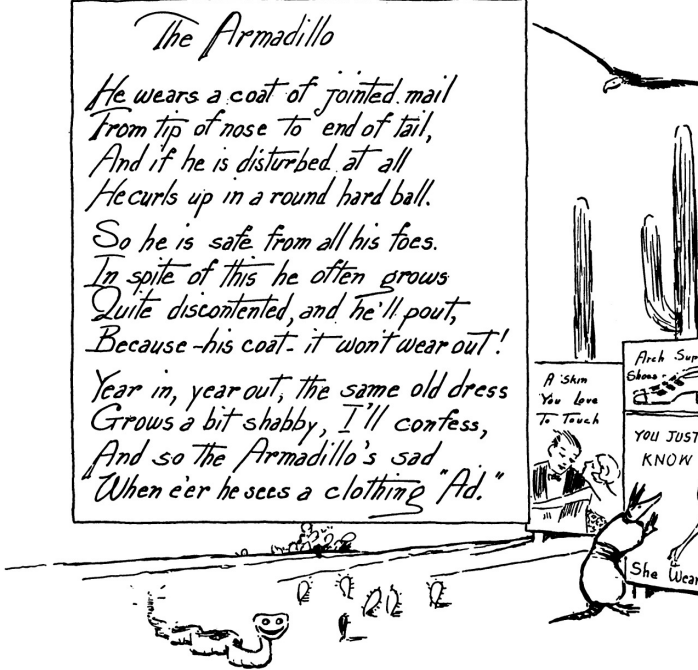
*"From head
to tail
I'm flecked with speckles"*

Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 87.



The Armadillo

*He wears a coat of jointed mail
From tip of nose to end of tail,
And if he is disturbed at all
He curls up in a round hard ball.
So he is safe from all his foes.
In spite of this he often grows
Quite discontented, and he'll pout,
Because his coat- it won't wear out!
Year in, year out, the same old dress
Grows a bit shabby, I'll confess,
And so the Armadillo's sad
When e'er he sees a clothing "Ad."*



Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 88.

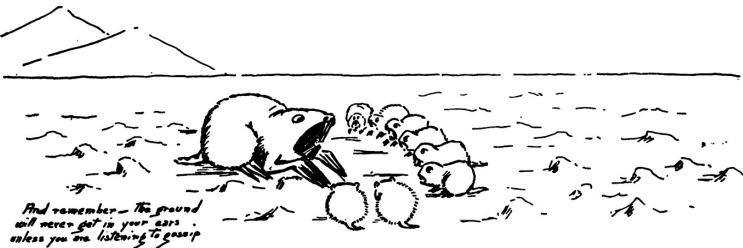


The Pocket Gopher

*The Pocket Gopher in repose
Would never lead one to suppose
He caused the ranchers endless woes.*

*Once he begins to excavate
He puts the ground in such a state
The ranch is 'most wiped off the slate.*

*And when this Gopher starts to churn
The ground, with wrath the ranchers burn,
And even the poor worm doth turn.'*



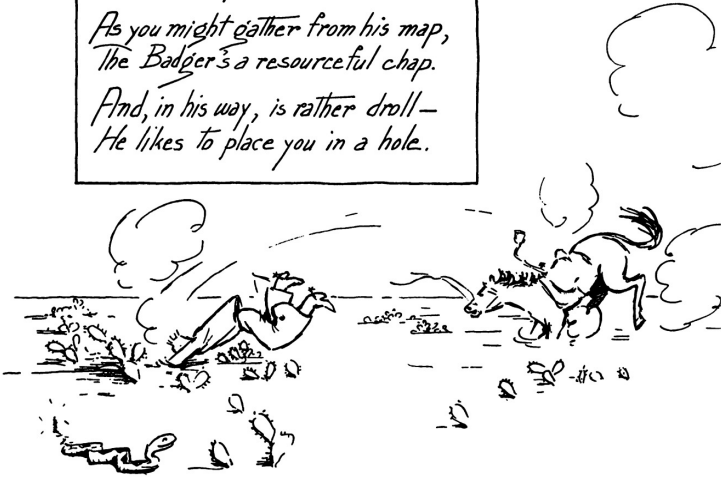
*And remember - The ground
will never get in your ears
unless you are listening to gossip*

Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 99.

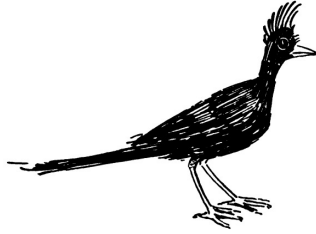


The Badger

*This plain dirt-farmer has a craze
For labyrinthian passage-ways.
He plays an underhanded game,
But-like a sport-he takes the blame.
As you might gather from his map,
The Badger's a resourceful chap.
And, in his way, is rather droll-
He likes to place you in a hole.*



Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 100.



The Phainopepla

*Even at dawn you'll find him dressed
In best black satin coat and vest.*

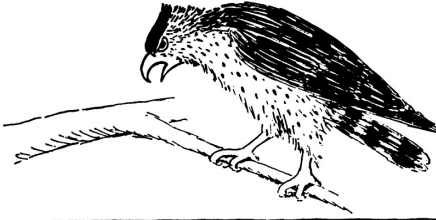
*"Fine feathers do not make fine birds,"
I'm sure you've heard Daine Grundy's words.*

*Then tell me, pray, why is his eye
So red, when everything is dry?*

*And just what are those small white things
That he conceals beneath his wings?*



Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 101.



The Groshawk

*Quite long of wing is the Groshawk,
But short of tail, and beak and squawk.*

*His feather coat is dingy grey,
He's hard to recognize, they say.*

*But if he grabs a hen and flies
Above you in the azure skies —*

*Think you won't know him? That's all bosh.
You'll call his name — you'll yell "O Grosh!"*



Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 102.



The Vanishing Longhorn

*Because her parents came from Spain
 The Longhorn Cow grew very vain.
 She tossed her rakish head with scorn,
 And every day blew her own horn.
 The other cows tired of her boasts
 So handed her some small rib-roasts;
 And even tried her pride to goad—
 They bawled, "Look-look-beef à la mode!"
 But they—at last—so jealous grew
 It put them in an Irish stew.*



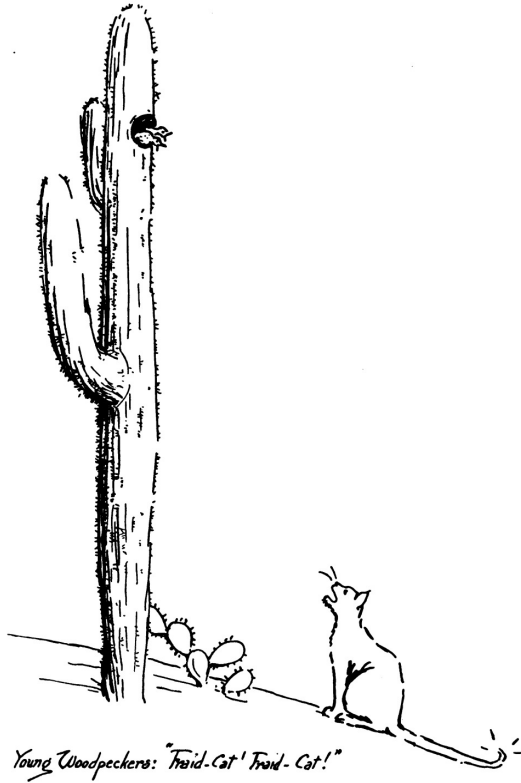
Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 103.



The Pallid Bat

'Tis said the Bat — for his subsistence —
Followed the line of least resistance.
And so with open mouth he'd sit
And catch whatever flew in it!
And when live food flew down his throat
He'd swallow it. But pray take note
That as the days and years wore on
The Bat became a true moron!
Neglect a gift — you're sure to lose it.
He had a brain — but did not use it.

Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 104.



Cleaned facsimile; source scan page 109.

RESET POEMS

A complete reading text in normal type

Each poem begins on a new page. The order and printed page references follow the 1928 edition.

The Turkey Buzzard

This Bird was evidently made
To live on flesh that is decayed.

He follows in the wake of death.
You'll know he's coming by his breath.

And if he hears your dying groans
He'll break his neck to pick your bones.

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 9. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Banded Gecko

I must say that I never saw
The Gecko breaking any law,

But one glance at his long striped tail
Tells me that he has been in jail.

And his twin brother, so they say,
Strayed from the straight and narrow way—

A broad and crooked path he followed,
And—in the end—he, too, was collared!

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 10. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Diamond-Back

Most every tenderfoot has heard
The Desert Rattler is a bird.

But that's not true; although he sings
The creature hasn't any wings.

He likes to shake his wicked tail
And make great big strong men turn pale,

And when he is in need of jack
He hocks the diamonds on his back!

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 11. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Prairie Dog

These Doggies are gregarious,
They bark and make a dreadful fuss,

And chatter all the livelong day
About their neighbor 'cross the way.

Their furry cheeks just ooze and bulge
With things they're dying to divulge—

And if you listen long enough
You'll hear a lot of silly stuff.

Like all gossips their tongues are quick.
Like gossips, too, their skulls are thick.

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 12. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Kangaroo Rat

Of all the rats I ever knew,
The handsomest is the Kangaroo.

His brown fur coat is soft as silk;
His vest and paws are white as milk.

When he goes off to spend the week
He packs his baggage in his cheek.

O you should see the beastie hump
His long hind legs and take a jump!

Up in the air he loves to sail,
And thereby hangs a long, long tail.

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 13. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Coyote

The swift Coyote is lean and lank;
He's built for speed, and not for swank.

The ranchmen hate the little thief—
He turns their cattle into beef!

He turns their woolly sheep to mutton—
Just out of sport—for he's no glutton.

You can't out-trick him if you try;
The sheep he stalks is sure to die;

If all else fails he'll clear his throat
And bark—until he gets your goat!

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 14. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Kaibab Deer

To the Tenderfoot these Deer
Always look a little queer.

Canyons wide and canyons deep
Must be taken at one leap,

That's why their legs are long,
Thin and straight and very strong.

From the ground they can—with ease—
Browse the tops of forest trees.

In the desert you will hear
Kaibab Forest wood is dear!

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 15. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Gila Monster

The Gila Monster's shunned by all,
So step aside and let him crawl.

His future isn't very bright,
It's ruined by his appetite.

He bites off more than he can chew,
Exactly as some people do,

And so he's filled with poison slime
And has dyspepsia all the time.

Now, if some day he tries to bite,
Just make your will and say "Goodnight!"

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 16. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Desert Tortoise

This dreamy-eyed Chelonian
Can sleep through pandemonium.

When days are cold—or very hot—
He'd rather go to sleep than not.

He's not inquisitive or bold,
And so he lives to be quite old.

And with each year he grows so sage
That if you chance to ask his age

He'll draw his head back in his shell
And—like a lady—will not tell!

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 17. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Gridiron-Tailed Lizard

You ought to see him hit the trail—
The Lizard with the black-striped tail.

Over his back his tail he'll fling,
And then strike out like greased lightning!

There's nothing born that he won't eat—
That grows on bush, that walks on feet,

That crawls on ground, that flies on wing—
He'll even eat his own offspring!

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 18. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Cougar

This nifty Cat would be quite vain
If he could wear the lions' mane.

Yet—as he is—he's pleased because
He has sharp teeth and good strong claws.

He's so proud of his pedigree
That he stays in his family tree.

But though he looks so very meek
He has his tongue stuck in his cheek.

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 19. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Road-Runner

The Road-Runner runs in the road
His coat is speckled, à la mode.

His wings are short, his tail is long,
He jerks it as he runs along;

His bill is sharp, his eyes are keen,
He has a brain tucked in his bean.

But in his gizzard—if you please—
Are lizards, rats, and bumble bees;

Also horned toads—on them he feeds—
And rattlesnakes! and centipedes!

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 20. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Horned Toad

The great Horned Toad is meek and mild
And would not harm a little child.

We all admire his taste in dress—
He wears a ruff, like good Queen Bess.

With bits of horn he is aflutter,
All cut out with the cookie-cutter!

Now when it comes to nifty style
He has the hop-toad skinned a mile.

His usefulness no one denies—
He spends his days in catching flies.

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 21. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Peccary

Also called Javelina

The Peccary is rather rare,
You have to beard him in his lair.

I do not know his history,
I never saw his family tree,

I am not versed in wild-hog lore—
To me he's something of a bore.

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 22. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Mexican Hairless Dog

The poor Chihuahua's skin is bare—
He never had a coat of hair.

His liver-colored greasy skin
Is all he wears to walk 'round in.

The neighbors look at him askance—
He cannot even wear his pants!

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 23. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Bobcat

To be in style the Desert Lynx
Has bobbed her tail, the little minx!

Like every Cat you ever saw
She's very quick with tooth and claw.

Between the acts she'll fawn and purr
And you can't get away from her,

For that Cat leaves a Cheshire grin
In every spot where she has been.

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 24. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Antelope Chipmunk

This handsome Chip with white-plumed tail
May often dance across your trail!

A marvel of activity,
None loves the Desert more than he.

He only asks to live and die
Where rocks are hot and sand is dry.

He feels that he would rather roast
Than spend a summer on the Coast.

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 25. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Side-Winder

The Horned Rattlesnake of the Desert

They call him Side-winder because
In crawling he breaks all snake laws,

And never turns his tail toward you
As other snakes are sure to do.

Among the rattlers there is none
Like him—he strikes while on the run.

Though barely fifteen inches long
His aim is sure, his fangs are strong,

For what he lacks in size, you see,
He makes up in efficiency!

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 26. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Spotted Skunk

Also called Hydrophobia Skunk

The Skunk's a cunning little cat,
But no one stays where he is at.

And no one goes where he has been
If he has left his scent therein.

And so we leave the Skunk alone,
For no one knows where he may park.

I'll say that Noah "pulled a bone,"
When he took Skunkie in the ark.

The creatures raised a fearful din
When they saw Noah drag him in!

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 27. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Elf Owl

The wee Elf Owl, with soulful eyes,
Will match a sparrow, in his size.

He's very shy—the little Elf—
And does not like to show himself.

He lives in Mr. Woodpecker's hole,
High up the giant cactus bole,

Where winter rains can never wet him,
And where coyotes cannot get him.

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 28. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Swift

The Swift is always in the lead,
For when he moves, he moves with speed.

He'll never ask you for a lift,
For you are slow, and he is swift.

From morn till night he's on the go—
Why does the Swift keep running so?

He's trying to outrun his past,
For gossips say the Swift was fast!

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 29. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Black-Tailed Jack

This Jackie—with his sprightly air—
Will thrive on almost any fare.

When food is scarce his chops he'll lick,
And out of this he gets a kick.

In time of drought, when all growth stops,
He'll turn around and eat his hops!

And oh—his limit is the sky
When he begins to multiply!

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 30. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

Gambel's Quail

This small brown Quail is desert-bred
And wears a plume atop her head.

She hunts the desert o'er for food
To feed her little speckled brood.

Unarmed she lives among her foes—
Then big brave man a-hunting goes!

He puts the small brown Quail on toast,
And just for that for days he'll boast.

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 31. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Black Tarantula

“If you investigate you’ll find
Tarantulas are much maligned.”

So say the very learned men
Who study spiders, now and then.

But—being just an amateur
I think a spider dressed in fur,

With ten long legs and eight bright eyes,
Would love to throw a big surprise.

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 32. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Centipede

It looks as if the Centipede
Has more legs than he'll really need.

In spite of this no one denies
His legs must all have exercise;

And so we see him sprint along
Doing his daily marathon.

Now, if you think you show some pep,
Just look at Centi! watch his step!

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 33. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Tarantula Hawk

Whenever this queer hawk is spied
Tarantulas are terrified.

And could these spiders only talk
They'd quickly tell you that this Hawk

Would paralyze them with its sting,
And lay its eggs, and then take wing.

Then eggs would hatch, and the Hawk's young
Would eat the spider that was stung.

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 34. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Calling Hare

Also called Cony, Pika, Rock Rabbit

Above the timberline—that's where
You'll find the little Calling Hare.

He cuts and cures the mountain hay,
And when it's cured stores it away.

When this chap sees you—so they say—
He'll stand stock still and call "Hay-hay."

He's busy all the livelong day—
At night he likes to hit the hay.

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 35. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Lobo Wolf

His sharp teeth gleam, his wild eyes blaze,
He's not known for his winning ways,

And so upon the Lobo's head
A price is set—"alive or dead."

He really does not seem to care,
But wears an independent air;

And though his race is nearly run,
He asks no quarter—and gives none.

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 36. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Mule Deer

The Black-tail, Mule, or Bounding Deer

Is well equipped with running gear;
He lifts all four feet from the ground

And clears a thicket at one bound.
His heels are springy—that is why

He likes a country that is dry.
And every time he thirsty feels

He taps the spring that's in his heels.

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 37. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Spade-Foot Toad

The Spade-Foot Toad lives underground
And sits and waits, but makes no sound.

Above his head is burning sand—
For ten long months that Toad is canned!

He can't come out until it rains—
The blazing sun would bake his brains.

He counts the days, he counts the hours,
He waits for summer, with its showers,

And if—some day—all records broke
And no rain came, that Toad would croak!

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 38. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Burrowing Owl

Though not much larger than your fist
This Owl's a good ventriloquist—

The other Owls all jeer and hoot—
Because he wears this funny suit,

For you must know one rarely sees
An Owl whose shirts don't hide his knees.

He builds his nest deep underground
In some old gopher-hole he's found,

But does not loll on beds of ease
Because his house is full of fleas!

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 39. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Gila Woodpecker

With hammer and chisel Jim Woodpecker drills,
And with the small pieces his beak he then fills.

When you aren't looking he loosens his collar,
And then all the chips he can easily swallow!

Out here in the desert where there is no wood,
He drills in cactus, and finds it as good.

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 40. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Desert Fox

The Desert Grey Fox is crafty and cunning,
What he lacks in pure wit he makes up in running,

If you try to catch him he thinks it quite funny
And always will give you a run for your money.

And as for his family, if I'm not mistaken
They never go hungry—he brings home the bacon.

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 41. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Praying Mantis

“I must reduce,” the Mantis cried,
As she surveyed her starboard side,

“The food I eat just makes me stout,
So from today I’ll cut it out!

I’ll now begin to fast and pray—
I’m sure it is the only way.”

And so—beginning then and there—
The Mantis crooked her arms in prayer.

And, for a joke, the gods—they say—
Decreed her arms should stay that way.

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 42. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Vinegaroon

Half spider and half scorpion
Is this dainty Vinegaroon.

His many legs give him great speed,
And just as many you will need

To keep out of his way, for he
Is known for his agility.

By day he crawls away to hide;
Shake well your coat, or perhaps inside

Your pocket you may find him hid,
Or in your shoe—as I once did!

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 43. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Desert Bighorn

The Desert Bighorn's proud and shy,
And lives in mountains wild and high.

No lands too rough, no crag too steep,
To please the Desert Bighorn Sheep.

And how he loves the solitude!
He loves the peaks, so rough and rude.

Away from these he mopes and mourns,
And just keeps jumping through his horns.

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 44. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Burro

The “Arizona Nightingale”
Can hang fast to a thread-like trail.

He daily climbs the canyon wall
Where mortals cannot walk at all.

His mind—it has a stubborn bent,
He’s mostly voice and temperament,

And even tourists soon grow wise
And watch the glint in Burro’s eyes.

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 45. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Arizona Green Jay

He's green, and blue, and yellow, too,
With head and throat of inky hue.

A Jay will follow sudden whim,
Crass Tenderfoot—beware of him!

For he is green—so very green,
You may be dazzled by the sheen,

And later, pinch yourself and say,
“I wonder which one was the Jay!”

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 46. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Cactus Wren

A Wren in name, but not in song,
This bird is quite eight inches long.

No cactus boasts too many thorns
For this queer Wren; he even scorns

The giant when he builds his nest—
The prickly choya suits him best.

Yet even a poor laggard wit
Will say the Wren's not stuck on it.

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 47. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Trap-Door Spider

He builds a tunnel richly lined
With spider-silk; and you will find

His trap-door has a silken hinge.
Skilled carpenters might feel a twinge

Of envy at the wondrous way
Its bevel fits the modelled clay
Of Trap-Door Spider's trim doorway.

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 48. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Antelope Jack

His ears are enormous; his tail—it is black;
His legs are quite limber, and so is his back.

He lives on the border, one ear to the ground—
In each revolution he picks up the sound,

And waking or sleeping he's ready to leap,
Thus one hop ahead of the snipers he'll keep.

O, if our big statesmen but had his long ears,
They'd hop as he hops—if they heard what he hears!

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 49. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Pack Rat

Though something in exchange he brings,
This Rat will pack away your things;

But he has such engaging ways
That cowboys give him naught but praise.

No predatory foe would dare
Stalk him to his own burrow, where

Of cactus joints this imp has made
A scientific barricade.

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 50. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Desert Bear

I've often wondered how the Bear
That hibernates gets pure fresh air:

Throughout his long cold winter night
His cubby-hole is shut up tight—

Or nearly so. The big fat Bear
Lives weeks and weeks with no fresh air.

But if you meet him—have a care!
Be on your guard—give him the air.

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 51. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Porcupine

Poor Porky hasn't any friends!
You see—his quills have such sharp ends
That when a neighbor comes to play
He carries Porky's quills away,
A-sticking in his sides and snout,
And when he tries to pull them out
They give him such a dreadful pain
That he won't play with Pork again.

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 52. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Scorpion

If you are Any One At All,
The Scorpion will come to call.

He'll slip in slyly at your door,
And quickly scuttle cross your floor,

And hide deep in some cushioned seat—
Or on your shelves, or in your sheet.

You may not know that he has come
Until you find that you've been—stung!

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 53. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

Mearns' Quail

Also called "Fool Quail"

This foolish Bird was not content
To wear the feathers God had sent.

But every day she cocked her eye
At beauteous ladies passing by,

And cried: "Their cheeks are just like peaches—
I know they use cold creams and bleaches.

And look—my face is brown with freckles!
From head to tail I'm flecked with speckles!

If I could find some good face bleach
I, too, would look just like a peach."

But she has lived to rue the day
She daubed her face with beauty clay.

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 54. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Armadillo

He wears a coat of jointed mail
From tip of nose to end of tail,
And if he is disturbed at all
He curls up in a round hard ball.
So he is safe from all his foes.
In spite of this he often grows
Quite discontented, and he'll pout,
Because—this coat—it won't wear out!
Year in, year out, the same old dress
Grows a bit shabby, I'll confess,
And so the Armadillo's sad
When e'er he sees a clothing Ad.

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 55. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Pocket Gopher

The Pocket Gopher in repose
Would never lead one to suppose
He caused the ranchers endless woes.

Once he begins to excavate
He puts the ground in such a state
The ranch is most wiped off the slate.

And when this Gopher starts to churn
The ground, with wrath the ranchers burn
And even the poor worm doth turn!

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 56. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Badger

This plain dirt-farmer has a craze
For labyrinthian passage-ways.

He plays an underhanded game,
But—like a sport—he takes the blame.

As you might gather from his map,
The Badger's a resourceful chap.

And, in his way, is rather droll—
He likes to place you in a hole.

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 57. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Phainopepla

Even at dawn you'll find him dressed
In best black satin coat and vest.

"Fine feathers do not make fine birds,"
I'm sure you've heard Dame Grundy's words.

Then tell me, pray, why is his eye
So red, when everything is dry?

And just what are those small white things
That he conceals beneath his wings?

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 58. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Goshawk

Quite long of wing is the Goshawk,
But short of tail, and beak and squawk.

His feather coat is dingy grey,
He's hard to recognize, they say.

But if he grabs a hen and flies
Above you in the azure skies—

Think you won't know him? That's all bosh;
You'll call his name—you'll yell "O Gosh!"

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 59. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Vanishing Longhorn

Because her parents came from Spain
The Longhorn Cow grew very vain.

She tossed her rakish head with scorn,
And every day blew her own horn.

The other cows tired of her boasts
So handed her some small rib-roasts,

And even tried her pride to goad—
They bawled, “Look—look—beef’s à mode!”

But they—at last—so jealous grew
It put them in an Irish stew.

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 60. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

The Pallid Bat

'Tis said the Bat—for his subsistence—
Followed the line of least resistance.

And so with open mouth he'd sit
And catch whatever flew in it!

And when live food flew down his throat
He'd swallow it. But pray take note

That as the days and years wore on
The Bat became a true moron!

Neglect a gift—you're sure to lose it.
He had a brain—but did not use it.

Publication. First published in *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* (1928), p. 61. Reset directly from the page image reproduced in the preceding facsimile section.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

Works by and about Eve Ganson

Works by Eve Ganson

- Ganson, Eve. *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw: Who's Who on the Arizona Desert*. Times-Mirror Printing and Binding House, 1928.
- . *Desert Mavericks, Caught and Branded; or, Who's Who on the Desert*. Wallace Hebbard, 1928.
- . *Swan Song*. Illustrated manuscript booklet, 1927. University of Arizona Libraries, MS 259.
- . *In Memoriam*. Manuscript booklet, 1929. University of Arizona Libraries, MS 259.

Research Sources

- University of Arizona Libraries. "Eve Ganson Poems." MS 259.
- California Arts and Architecture*. Professional directory, Dec. 1932.
- Library of Congress Copyright Office. Registration and renewal records for *Horn, Thorn, Tooth and Claw* and *Desert Mavericks*.
- The Huntington Library. Catalogue record for *Desert Mavericks: Caught and Branded*.
- The Masterkey*. Notice concerning Ganson, J. A. Munk's camera, and the Southwest Museum.