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a few jumps then held her head high and snorted as she was the queen of all the Pintos and Indian ponies, these Indian ponies most of them paints, pintos and calicos of all colors were now in a large fenced ranch on good black root grass and wild peavine, two clicking whirling windmills scared the Indian ponies at first but as they grew thirsty the smell of the cool tanks of water caused them to snort with fear but edge up to the cold clear water and drink their fill.

The next morning at daylight, four finely mounted cowboys came out to busily grazing Indian pony herd carefully looking over the Maple Creek Mare, they deftly moved her out to the edge of the herd, she was scared at first but the two ~~maple~~ cowboys sat quietly on their horses she grazed again in peace; pretty soon she was joined by four more of her pals from the blackland prairies of Eagle hill creek and again the cowboys came back with fifteen more ponies all about her size and color but they did not smell like her friends she had been raised with, the four cowboys quickly spread out around them putting them into a fast trot they soon reached a bright and shiny thing that sang in the wind and was fastened on short tree looking things, she snorted and tried to break back when one of the cowboys went out around her flipping her flank with a long stinging rope so quickly she had no time to kick it, she quickly got back in the herd when they saw an opening in the fence and quickly dashed through it on a run when the cowboys started yelling rushing them through another hole under a plank into a large round ~~maple~~ plank corral when something on foot quickly shut the gate with a bang as they all dashed around and around looking for a way out, the Maple Creek mared slowed down as another and what she thought was a better way to gain her freedom; she paused in the middle of the corral and looked desperately around and flexing all her leg muscles she ran full speed at the 8 foot high corral jumping just as her graceful body hit the planks, she got her forefeet over the top rail, held on a minute and dropped back flat on her back, she rolled over, shook herself and trotted back among her friends, the riders crowded them to one side of the corral when the Maple Creek mare saw a narrow opening in the sand colored wall and rushed in to it trembling all over with fear and rage, she heard something bang behind her and snap as George Lynch shoved the bar locking the gate, she could not turn around and the high ~~x~~ walls scared her, yes she was in a carefully made squeeze shoot again where she could not hurt herself, George Lynch's suggestion; Lets go see what old Scotty has got to eat they walked over to the ranch house kitchen, washed their hands and sat down to hot roast beef, baked potatoes, sour dough biscuits, and stewed nectarines and coffee. This over, the four cowboys and Earl Whitney filed out to corral, said George Lunch, Whit, you wanna try out them green broncs? Might as well, laconically answered Whitney, a Texan and considered the greatest roper and Bronco fighter in Alberta and Saskatchewan, bronco fighter was a misnomer in Whitney's case as he was one of the gentlest of horse tamers, he went to the barn and returned with a Nevada hand made hacamore which was a regulation hand plaited and knotted hacamore that had two raw hide braided balls on the Bosal or Nose band which a skillful rider could use to shut off a wild horse's wind. Earl brought his Walker handmade one wide California cinch saddle and Hackamore out on his left arm, he placed the saddle on the squeeze shoot platform side, while one of the cowboys tightened the squeeze wing a little so the Maple Creek mare snorted and went to the outside gate, when ~~maple creek mare~~