

he grabbed her with the squeeze wing just tight, Earl reached down with the hacamore when she squealed and bit at him viciously; bad old gal, said Earl, as he took off his Elkskin jacket and carefully blindfolded the Mare at the same time slipping on the hacamore and tightened the throat-latch dropping the hair rope back over her shoulders he picked the saddle up ~~kk~~ without a blanket and dropped it on her back while the mare bellowed and roared with rage, the cowboy on the opposite side pushed the cinch ring over to where Eal reached it dropping the latigo through the ring and doubling it back through the saddle ring, he pulled it tight until the mare roared with rage, he quickly looped the latigo strap and oozed in the saddle with a pair of dull rowelled spurs tied down, he pulled on the hacamore rope to set it tight and shook himself in the saddle. Ira Triplett got off outside the gate and tightened his cinch. He was riding a quick gentle large bay roping horse, he stepped back on the horse, reined him tight with his left hand, took down his coil of forty foot throw rope in his right hand, let her go, he said to the cowboy holding the chute gate; the Maple Creek Mare, nostrils dilated, roaring like a lion, eyes wild with fury, ears laid back, literally jumped into the air, turned end for end, and around again, nearly on her side, reared straight up so it seemed she should fall backwards, and hit the earth with a jar, her back in a hairpin and as she did she spilled Earl on the ground. Triplett grabbed for her hacamore rope, missed it when the Pinto mare reached up with her left hind foot to scratch the saddle off, got it in the stirrup and fell over on her side still roaring and squealing with rage, when she struggled to her three feet, Triplett snubbed her tight while Earl Whitney removed his saddle from her back. Triplett removed ~~kk k gk~~ the hacamore when the mared turned and kicked at him broadside, hitting his saddle and horse as Triplett was quick enough to avoid her hooves, loose again the mare snorted, held her head high, turning it from side to side as she stiff legged trotted off to the other side of the corral, head held high with dilated nostrils, unconquered. She's a true outlaw and will go to the Stampede ~~and~~ next year, remarked Whitney who was selecting horses then with Ad Day for the great Calgary stampede of August 1912, where riders from all over the Continent would compete with real outlaw horses wild and free as the wind, also ropers trying their skill on five to seven year old big antlered horned Terrazas and Madero Mexico steers off of the Blood Indian reservation.

Wild Indian ponies continued to be driven in to the ~~l~~ on the Old man river and the old Turkey track ranch on Seven Persons creek where cowboys selected and tried them out, such noted buckers as our Maple Creek Paint mare, Scarhead, Cyclone, Tapioca, Gaviota, Hellcreek and some two hundred others, some of them from Art Accords Pendleton, Oregon, roundup.

Came January of 1912 when Tom Mix, his wife and young daughter, came to Medicine Hat where with Ad Day he laid out the plans for the Calgary Stampede, Tom became offended at Guy Weadick, a stage performer, and left Calgary; Ad Day and Guy Weadick with George Lane, Dell Blanchett and Willie Day completed the plans for the Calgary Stampede when by August first dry and clear all the outlaw horses, wild steers, roping horses; famous riders and ropers such as Tom ~~Thill~~ ^{Three} Persons a native Piegan Indian, Will Hale, Andy Wier, Jason Stanley, Art Accord, Clementa Estevan, Joe Gardner and Doc Pardee the famous wild horse trick rider and the Governor General of Canada. Came the first day when Jason Stanley drew the Maple Creek Indian pony mare, just out of the chute fighting like a tiger she threw Jason Stanley and would have pawed him on the ground had not one of the cowboy hazers grabbed her.