

I would run across a bunch of them Quapaw ponies I'd drive them up and put them in pasture and then on Sunday morning I'd go to Sunday School and tell boys and that evening we would ride 'em. We'd ride on Sundays and then I'd run 'em back on the range. (Laughter).

The hardest bucking one I ever got hold of was a little gray mare. She was purt near white. I was there by myself on a Sunday morning early I roped her and saddle her up and got her in the hayfield. She wouldn't do nothing only just trot. So I finally worked her back down the house and tied her up and went in and got my spurs and got on her and still wouldn't buck.

After awhile I got on behind the saddle and I wished that I was off. (Laughter)

Boy, I never rode such a bucking horse in my life. I hooked them spurs in her flanks, and she just throwed her head down to the ground and went to bawling and away we went. We rode her again that afternoon but you couldn't make her buck.

EARLY DAY OPEN RANGE FOR LIVESTOCK

I've rode through these woods where you could see for a quarter of a mile or a half of a mile. Take it long in the fall and the the bluesteam grass would be up to where you could see a feller riding horses through it. Now you can't see for the brush.

Fay: Well, didn't have no fences then either.

Well, everybody that was able had stock and they'd run them in here. And old Jim Javris over here he moved in here and his cattle would run in these woods all winter long. 'Cause that grass would be that high you know. They stay in there all winter long. He would wait until they got four or five years old before he would sell them. Didn't cost him nothing. Old Tom Griffith used to live over there by Miami, he'd would run cattle over here. Lee Sparlin and Tom Clay, they would go to Arkansas purt near every fall and buy