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ponies fleet as the wind, wild and free as a red deer and all colors of the rainbow.

Since rodeos, or small roundups or stampedes were introduced into American and Canadian life early in the 19th century while the Indian pony was in the heyday of his long and useful life, it would be amiss not to mention one blood red bay and large white spots one blue eye, one black eye, black legs and hooves with bari-colored tail, a true paint or pinto mare, this true type of Indian pony, a mare she never bothered raising a colt, she was out of B. L. Cooper's famous horse herd about 90 miles north of Maple Creek in the spring of 1911 she was corralled with all of Coopers brand, one of the cowboys soon noticed her standing on her hind legs with both forefeet on the top corral rail, she wanted her freedom and could nearly make it by holding and jumping straight up but fell back, got up and shook herself, but had attracted the attention of some of the older cowboys like Joe Marion who knew an outlaw when he found one, Joe got her behind one or two other ponies and into the squeeze wing of the branding shoot when Earl Whitney squeezed her with the block and tackle lever holding her firmly, she bellowed and bawled and cried with rage, but she could not harm herself, only bawl with fury as this was the second time in her four year old life she had been handled, the first time was three years previous when she had been following and nursing her Indian pony paint mother when a cowboy had flipped a loop under her forefeet, thrown her to the ground while another cowboy tied her feet and held her nose off of the ground while she yelped and bawled with rage as the first cowboy came with a red hot small colt iron and on her left thigh put the brand, her owners' brand. It burned only a minute, it was in this very same trap she had tried to outrun the point riders today, but they had been running her and her Indian pony chums since early dawn getting fresh remounts after daylight so they had to come in the wings as the cowboys were shaking slickers at them making a noise like a deadly rattlesnake which she had always avoided, and now this older man who did not smell so bad was talking softly to her, he quickly set an elk skin coat over her head when all was darkness she was quiet now, trembling all over, Joe Marion quickly cut out an inch wide strips of her mane just back of her ears X or a marker as he did on many others, releasing the lever she was turned into a ~~successful~~ corralfull of geldings and mares without colts that would weigh over one thousand pounds shaped right for saddle stock. The Maple Creek mare was driven along some twenty miles a day with several thousand of her old pals all of the stallions having been castrated to quiet them before the drive started so in ten days they were opposite the well equipped ranch on the east side of the icy cold Old Man river where they rested and grazed on the rich peavine and black gramma grass for two days, then just before daylight the third day the Maple Creek mare heard loud yelling, steady popping of many six shooters as the half wild horses were forced down on a vast sand bar and crowded into the icy cold swimming water where the current carried them down stream for three hundred yards where the current hit the opposite bank, some horses swam with only their nose and ears above water, some swam high and easy with their shoulders and back out, the Maple Creek mare was one of these, when they reached the opposite bank some rolled in the sand and got up shaking themselves all over as a dog would while some merely shook themselves and went to grazing, the Maple Creek mare shook herself carefully and then bucked in a circle gracefully for