

The Good Days and the Bad

I am Fabian (Pam) Price. I am the fourth oldest in the family of ten. I have four living brothers and four sisters. Born in Ferron, Emery Co., Utah on April 22, 1909, to William H. and Lydia I Metcalf Price.

We lived in Ferron till I was about ten years old. Dad bought a ranch four miles east of Clawson, joined on the north by Dave Nordel's ranch, and the Paradise ranch on the south.

Just before we moved from Ferron, the flu broke out and what an epidemic it was. The people were dying like flies. So Dad sent Willis and me to stay with the Nordels while this was going on. This is where we started to learn what life was all about. Nordelles and their associates were about the roughest characters that ever wore boots. Just to name a w/ few Alexander Hombrick, Her Burdiap, Levitt Price, Ed Coteal and many more.

I remember one time there was a dance in Castle Dale. These guys all went. They rode their horses in the dance hall and drove all the people out. Stray cows and horses was their prey.

Looking back over the years I am glad I saw all of this.

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Well we moved from Ferron to the ranch with a few cows, three horses and not too much to look forward to except a lot of hard work. As our cow herd grew we needed another saddle horse or two, wich we didn't have, so we did next best. We had a couple of yearling bulls in the herd. So we decided to break them to ride. It worked out fairly well.

Willis and I were out with the cows one day. Willis was out in lead with the main herd. I came along bringing up the rear. So Willis decided to have a little fun. So he turned his bull loose. So water bag in hand, rope in the other tied the rope to water bag and stretched across the trail. About the time my bull got over the rope he ----- the water bag from behind a bush. Boy did he go high and I went higher. When I came down I met both hind feet right square in the mouth.

We entered them in the Fair at Castle Dale for a bull race, Willis and I. All we got was a blue ribbon.

Well the bulls got too big and too awkward, so we gave that up, and started looking for something else to ride. In the meantime Tom Dipes at Castle Dale had an out-law horse. He wanted us to pasture it for the summer. It was used as a bucking horse ~~for the rodeo~~ for the rodeo. He was pl plenty mean..

So we decided to rope this horse. When us kids got through with him he decided he'd rather be a cow horse than a bucking horse. We heard about all the wild horses on the desert. So with what we had and a little more, we decided to give it a go. We threw in with Dave Nordel, Central and Joe Swazy and head for the desert. There were horses there just for the taking. Well, got fixed up with some mighty fine horses. After that the desert was our playground. Every chance we got we headed for the desert and what a beautiful sight it was, the landscape dotted with horses and grass up to their bellies...a stallion standing on a lonely hill and all his breeder mares and colts grazing nearby. A cowboy would come in sight and would they take off with the mares and colts in the lead and the old stallion in the rear. What a beautiful sight it was..mane and tails flying in the wind. About this time I'd have my lariat down and coming up fast. Now if my horse don't step in a badger hole.. a little luck..I'd have me a mighty fine stallion. Nope, not that time. Try again. So, making another fast loop and a little more speed on another mile run. My loop settles around his neck and what a thrill it was. He would sure tear up the earth for awhile. A few hours work breaking him to lead. I made it to camp, and what a fine saddle horse he was.

There were many more times like this. One other time we were going out there Willis and I and Marvin Barker, we needed a pack horse to carry our camp gear. So Dave Nordel told us to take one of his. We did. He said "Do anything with him but don't kill him. We did just that. We made camp for the night, hobbled our horses, Along in the middle of the night we heard a horse screaming so we get up to invest igate, and sure enough he tried to go up some slick rock with hobbles on and fell

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backwards in a big crevice in the ledge and broke his leg. So with light from a fire and a blast from a forty five. We left him there. From that time on, it was known as the dead horse trail. After many years, I rode down that trail. His bones are still there, his head looking up the trail wich was named after him.

Another time there was a beautiful blue roan horse , which belonged to Warren alred from Mt. Pleasant. So he hired us to go get this horse. So Willis an and I and Bryant Jewkes went after this critter. And after a few fast miles over the sand we put them out on a ledge. It was kind of a natural coral. Willis told me to rope this nag while he and Brant hold them in. So making me a loopin my lariat tied hard and fast to saddle horn, I was all ready to throw my loop when a bay mare kicked him in the chest and he went over the ledge and killed him I know to this day that mare kickin him over the ledge saved my life. Ohed second sooner my lariat would of been around his neck and I'd went over, saddle, horse and all.

And in the meantime we were breaking these horses wich we have all ready captured ~~AAA~~ An other time I was breaking a big sorrel horse for Ross Petty. He w was built to run Taking him out there with me on top of him took after awhile bun bunch with lariat in hand I roped a big brown horse. Rope tied hard and fast I bailed out still on a dead run. It was quite a fight for awhile but one more to my collection.

I forgot to mention. There were a lot of wild burrows out there. They also helped with our entertainment. While out there, we would seldom see a coyote or any wild life. But at night while around a camp fire, or after we went to bed, and under a moonlit sky, the whole desert would come alive. A hoot owl on a near by rock or in the top of a tree, a coyote on a distant hill, another, then another. Soon the whole desert would come alive with different night sounds. Oh yes, soon t the burrows would start to bray. Seemed like they were all in harmony. What a beautiful sound it was. I'm glad I lived to witness all of these things, but they are bygone days. Never to return I'm sorry to say.

Well about now we got a fair herd of horses at the ranch and in a big round coral. Dad decided to go gather the eggs. So with hat in hand, full of cackle berries, he walked out to the shed where these horses were shaded upfell th through, lit astride one of these critters. What a ride he took. He didn't even at stay lon enough for the bell. It threw him up against the pole. Since you know he never even broke an egg. They say it couldn't be done, but he did just that. Well I might say at this time we're through breaking bulls to ride.

Well these were horse and buggy days so Dad wanted to get into the act too. Willis and I each had a brown mare. They looked just alike. So Dad wanted them for a buggy team, against our liking. One bright afternoon, he decided it's time to take the butter and eggs to town. So nothang doing, we should get them brown mares hitched to the buggy. They had never had a rope on. It was quite a job getting the blindfold on and tied to the buggy. Well we did get butter and eggs in place. The These ponies couldn't wait no longer. They took off in spite of everything we did. Down around the coral they went. There was a big tree stani there. One went on eac each side of this tree. That's where they left buggy harness eggs butter, the whole bit. The scare of the buggy tongue in the tree is still there. So Dad missed his buggy ride and also had his afternoon fun.

Well, with all of these happenings, there were other things to do too. Dance Dances in Clawson everu sat night. We all just had to go. We would always start out early from the ranch, stop by all the neighbors up the line..about ten of us ~~went~~ in all. We'd usually hit Clawson as fast as our horses could run and everyone knew when we rode in, even H. O. Barney the cop. I guess we gave him a bad time. Course we didn't mean to Some of us would get on one end of the town, some on the other end of town, kicking up a storm. He was real busy chasing ~~at~~ two gangs of us at the same time.

There was a big dance there one night. Christmas I suppose. We were all ther!

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even the Henrie girls, all three of them. They lived two miles east of Clawson. Th
 They rode their horses as well. It was really snowing that night. I guess
 the Henrie girls left early that night. Well we started out a little later, cop in
 hot pursuit. We left town in a hurry as fast as any horses could move. We had our
 heads down to keep the snow from hitting us in the face. I guess the horses
 couldn't see either. Guess you'd say we were flying by instinct. Soon we hit
 something solid. Sure enough it was the Henrie girls. That was one real rear
 end collision, cop and all....lit in a pile. I still don't know how we got
 away but we did. I guess we remembered he was real mean and big as an ox. He
 worked Central Swazy over real good that very night on the dance floor.

When they had a dance there it was a real blow out. People came from all
 over, from East and Emery county and parts unknown. Music by Will Jorgensen along
 with guitars and fiddles. They were real good.

Well it looks like the fun years are about over. The government killed all
 the wild horses off the desert to make room for the big cow outfits and I guess
 other reasons unknown.

Well, I got a job with Geo Waterman of Price on construction, driving four
 head of horses and a friso, a scraper like deal, used to move dirt. wages \$200 hr
 Those days a kid grew up fast. After eight hours on the job, then milking about 8
 cows feed them, I knew then it was quitting time. Well that lasted about a year
 then Geo bought a tractor which operated plowing ground for seven dollars an acre.
 That was ~~not~~ big money then days. So I bought a twenty eight Dodge coupe.
 About that time I met a pert little girl in Castle Dale. so after a couple of
 years we got married April 28, 1930

The depression years for sure. Oh yes we were married in Provo. That's ~~where~~
 where jer pp;ls joved/ We saw sp,e reas; jard to,es/ Mp kpb/ Mp ,meu/ Sp,eto,es m
 nothing to eat. That's where Darrell and LaRue were born and Bud In the summer I
 would job around, picking fruit for example if I was picking cherries, cherries fo
 for breakfast, cherries for dinner and cherries in between. No transportation.
 Tressies bro burnt up my dodge coupe That was years ago. Now I'm hitching rides.
 Well, about now I'm getting fruit muscels and sick of fruit. Things can't be worse
 I got to make some kind of a move. So I hitched a ride to Castle Gate to the coal
 mines. Well things didn't look too good there either. About four hundred men
 looking for work. So about two weeks, and about that many hungry.days Frank Ellis
 the super- got tired saying no. He gave me a job, hand loading coal and a contract
 for thirty cents a ton. Pullin pillars wasn't much but better than picking fruit
 even if it was only two or three days a week. But through the summer months it
 was two days a month if I was lucky. We hardly saw any money. The company store
 took it. So deer cows or anything else was fair game. Couldn't see the kids starve
 Betty was born in Castle Dale April of 37. In Sept Johnny was born. He was
 raised by Lavinnie and Vern Bindy, Tressies Aunt and Uncle. After that, things
 got rougher, if that was possible. We got starved out of Castle Gate. and moved
 back to Clawson. They talk about the great depression, but I call it a sonofabitch.

We're in Clawson I got a job driving truck for a short time. Vern Bindy (?)
 Tressies's uncle, moved to Tacoma Wash. He said there was plenty work up there. So
 we made another move up there. There was lots of work up there. I worked on
 what they called Mud Mt. dam at that time it was the largest earth dam in the
 world. Well they shut it down when the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor. Things were real
 scary living on the west coast so Mom said, "We are leaving" which we did....

Back to Clawson. So Owen my bro wal working on construction in Ogden on a
 defense project. So he got me a job with him on heavy equipment. That was the
 best job yet. Three dollars per hour.

We bought a home in Clawson and paid for it. It burned down years after. The
 contractor we were working for in Ogden got a road job right here by Columbia, so
 we got transferred on this job.

Well we got finished with this job. I went to work for Utah Construction Co
 the biggest construction in the west, A of operating a patrol bulldozer. in Dra

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in Dragerton, grading streets and excavation etc.

From there to Kaiser steel in 1948 and on heavy equipment. Here I stayed on until I retired Feb 1, 1971.

Oh, I about forgot the uranium days came along. That was in the fifties. The desert is calling again. Owen and me, so with three head of horses and a GMC truck, gager counter, we're heading for the Robber's Roost country on our days of prospecting and after a lot of hot days in the summer and cold in the winter and digging our stuff out of the sand we hit pay dirt, out in Sinbad. We worked this dig for three years, then sold it for ten thousand dollars. Well, about now Owen and I knows about every rock and hill on the desert. There was a movie outfit got Owen and I to take them out on the desert to film, what is known as the Walker trail which we knew very well. Named after Joe Walker, Butch Cassidy's pal It's where Joe jumped his horse off a twelve foot ledge to escape the posse who were after him. He was an outlaw who helped Butch Cassidy and Elzy Lay with the Castle Gate pay roll which they robbed. Well it was another good trip. They furnishes everything, drinks, eats and everything. Course our wives went too. After that I bought another horse, saddle and all. He was sort of a half-broke outlaw. He tried to dump me a few times, but he turned out to be a fine animal. Now he's about one of the family.

Some of our friends, we all get together, take our horse trailers, all our gear and go camping. We sure have a ball. Well after all the thrills and spills and hard luck and bad luck, I wouldn't take a million dollars for it.

numbered 12 but doesn't fit in....shyhow:

in Ogden on a defense project so he got me a job with him on eavy equipment. That was the best yet We bought and paid for a home in Clawson. The contractor we were working for got a job building road right near by, Columbia. We got transferred here That was real good until we got the job done.

From there I went to work for Kaiser Steel co at Sunnyside, out running heavy equipment. The year I started June 1948 and worked for him twenty five years.

I also helped build the town of Dragerton back in the war years While doing this Owen and I lived in a tent down in the ~~the~~ cedars winter and summer until the town was built. About this time I got called for army duty during world war two. Well I took my physical and passed in one A. I was all ready to go when the war ended. I wasn't a bit disappointed.

While living up here I helped put our riding club together. It turned out to be a real success. We had some real good rodeos. One rodeo we had was one humdinger. This guy who furnished the stock had some real rough ones. They bucked out a beaut beautiful brown horse They called him the Widow maker. He was well-named. Well, he threw his rider. The strawberry roan didn't have anything over this critter, I fou found out later cause I bought him for thirty dollars. I rode him for some time a and got along fine. I rode him in sarades, hunted deer, any, and everything else.

One day while out riding he came unglued. Talk about buck. He sure did just that. I laimed to be a good rider but he threw me real high. I mean high. I w was still coming down when the bell sounded. Well I didn't feel bad about my rining ability cause after that he threw the very best riders. Well, the last I saw him he was heading for parts unknown. I guess he's still going. ~~W//~~ Well, looking back I was about as good a rider as they come and not bragging either and I think I proved myself with a larriet many times.

Well all of that about too rough for a guy of seventy, although I still got my-----sorrel horse and enjoy riding very much and hope I never get over it. So much for that

We got a nice home, car and truck, camp trailer and everything paid for and enjoying it all

We got twenty four grandkids, twenty three great grand kids and have hopes for more

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The school years on the ranch wasn't easy. We had three ~~ways~~ ^{choices} to get to get to school, ride horses or drive a buck board, or walk. We did all three.

When we rode horses to school, the kids would usually see us coming would head for the school house on the run. I guess they had good reason to do so. The school house was a two room stuctor, green in color, built of boards. First grade through the fourth in a one room, and fifth through the eighthin about sixty kids in all in both rooms. We usually had a school Mom and a school Pop. The school Pop was a big bruiser for punishment for one of the kids. He would make us sit with opposite sex. I remember there was one girl I really hated. and she's the one I had to sit with in school. One day at noon time one of the boys showed up wi with a hat full of apples. What I man big apples, about tree of them would make a hat full. So I relieved him of one of those things. I was out about thirty yards from the school house and looking for a target when this gal Ella Duncan walked out the door. I found my taiget so winding up apple in hand, let it fly and hit this gal ~~eiifxxxxxxx~~ right between the loopers, knocked her cold. She laid there like a poisend pup. Wf ~~Wf~~ Well the apple just exploded. Parts of apple flying all over. I thought sure I I'd killed her. She got all the sympathy from the teachers and I got the opposite I got h---, but there was a happy ending. I didn't have to sit with her any more. Well, I made it through the sixth grade and that about took care of my education. In those days you were lucky to get that far in school.

There's one person I should of mentioned earlier. That's my mother., whom we all loved very much. While down on the ranch she about worked her heart out cooking, washing and everything that went with it. She was the best cook that ever was, and I for one appreciated her very much. I'm sure she is up there among the b best of them.

Well, we bought a beautiful home in Dragerton. We have a nice garden fruit trees, grapes, the whol bit. Mom's got her flower garden and all her house flowers which she enjoys very much. We're enjoying each other very much, our home and all.

These few notes dedicated to Debra V. and Marc Earnhardt (by Fane Price)

Story by Fame Price

By request of my sister Dora and husband Russell Fautin and for the Price Reunion, a short story by Fame Price

I will start with the year of 1928, down on the ranch four miles east of Clawson, Emery County, Utah. As a young buck with rambling fever and a Model T Ford car and a heavy date in Castle Dale which is seven miles from the ranch. My date was with Tressie E. Curtis, who later became my beautiful wife. While on this date I was talking to her brother Merrill. We were talking about going some place looking for a job. So we head out for Price where we run into Marven Barker who was living on a farm west of Price and who should show up but his cousin from Silverton, Colorado. He was on the run from the law with a car load of liquor. His name was Jimmy Nelson. He informed us we could get a job in Farmington New Mexico with a big rodeo outfit riding broncs. That was what we were looking for, lots of fun. The four of us and my Model T Ford, ten gallons of Mountain Dew, two five gallon kegs, one strapped on the running board, and in high spirits, it was Farmington or bust. After three days of hard driving at thirty five miles an hour, top speed, we made it to Gallop, New Mexico late at night. We rolled out our bed rolls on the ground and went to bed.

Next morning I awoke looking up into the face of a big black nigger and a Greek with a long handle bar moustache. They didn't look too friendly so I jabbed Jimmy in the ribs and told him we had company. So with axe in hand, that we carried for just suck emergencies, we got up to greet our company. The old blackie ask where we were going. I told him we were headed for Farmington. He said he would buy the gas if they could go with us. We told them we would take one but not both; if we could smell trouble right away. Old blackie got in front with me, Marvin kept the axe in hand in the back seat ready to part his hair if he made a sudden move. As we started out the Greek jumped on the running board so Jimmy helped him off with a boot in the belly.

We traveled all day and part of the night. We pulled into a gas station to gas up. The man asked where we were headed. I told him Farmington, New Mexico. He said, "You're going the wrong way. You're almost to Texas. So the four of us, plus the axe, trimmed the nigger down to our size and then we started back for Farmington.

We got as far as Grants, New Mexico, where the town cop made us guests at his place. He turned out to be a real good guy, with a little help from good old Mountain Dew. He gassed up the old Ford. So with the rest of our Mountain Dew we were heading north again.

We made it back to Gallop, New Mexico, two days later. We were hungry, broke flat, and out of gas. We were sitting in the car waiting for the next best, and who should come along but a big cowboy on a buckskin horse. He greeted us friendly like and asked us if we were looking for work. We informed him we were, if it wasn't milking cows or pitching hay. He answered with a big "No. Horse wranglers is what I'm looking for. Three dollars a day and board, trailing horses from Old Mexico to Gallop." We soon told him we would take it. We followed him to his headquarters, which was a big meat packing company, where they slaughtered the horses for corned beef and deviled ham etc

With a few good meals of horse meat and all the trimmings plus our Mountain Dew we were as good as new. After three days we were heading south to Old Mexico. The four of us in a two ton 1927 Chevrolet truck. Saddles and all gear furnished. We made it to the border to where, all eight hundred of them in a big corral. Lloyd, the boss said we would go eat dinner with all the Mexican horse wranglers which was a high re
sittin

2.. the Mexican horse wranglers which was in a big adobe building. There were about forty of them, and they looked plenty mean. They were sitting on the floor, on saddles, and other things. I told Jimmy, "Let's show them we're just as tough as they-----." So, after beans and whatever, I asked Lloyd where our saddle horses were. He said, "Well, you're looking at them, all eight hundred of them, and good luck which does go with them." That was his reply. Here we go on raw bronchs and eight hundred head of wild ones, in a strange country and a long way back to Gallop, New Mexico, through the Rio Peco Mountain Range, through the bad lands of Mexico. Here's where we became lost, with eight hundred head of wild mustangs.

Marven and I went looking for a way out. While riding late in the afternoon up this long narrow canyon it started to rain so we pup on our rain slickers and kept going. We ran into a den of Mexican Mountain Lions. They were all around us. Our saddle horses got excited so we took off on a dead run out of the canyon, the tail of our rain coats flying in the wind and going like---- A lion sprang from a ledge right above me, grabbed the tail of my coat and kept ríght on going, so I had no rain coat. So if you're ever in them bad lands and see a lion wearing a rain slicker, it belongs to me.

We finally found our way out and headed north again. Merrill got blood poisoning from a cactus thorn in his leg and Marvin went to the hospital, so there was two down and two to go. Jim and I. It was about here we signed on Guy and Carl Brown. The Rio Grande came up. We swam that river with all them horses. It was a beautiful sight, but we sure got wet. We finally made it to Gallup, the end of the trail. What a welcome we got! The company gave us a party and what a party! . It lasted three days.

Well, Jim and I were walking up town wearing out new wardrobes. We were feeling right proud of ourselves. A big Packard pulled up along side of us with two beautiful girls in it. They asked us if we would like to see the town. Well, we got in. We told them we had the time, so after riding around for awhile, they took us out to this long adobe building. There was a bar, Mexican music and all the works. After a couple of rounds of best Mountain Dew, four or five Mexicans came up and started pushing us around. That didn't go over too big with us, so the war was on. When we got through with them they were hanging on the walls for permanent wall plaques. That's the truth. It looked like a real set up for them.

With Merrill and Marven out of the hospital, came the parting of the ways. Merrill and Lloyd went to California. Jim, Marven and I headed for Farmington. After look ng over them broncs they didn't look mean enough for us so we headed for Price, Utah, via Durango Colorado and Silver City. We arrived back in Price. Marven abd Hunnt ib tge farmm U miling cows and pitching hay for George Waterman and Rollo Jewkes. After a couple of years, going Mexico way, I stopped in this adobe building and them Mexican fellers were still hanging on é the walls like we left them.

There were a lot more incidents like these , too numerous to mention. This is the Gopel Truth.

Cold Wash

I just got through reading a book entitled "Judgment Day at Copper Globe," written by Keith Wright of Clawson, which is most part true because I remember some of these guys he has written about.

One mistake he made was the name of coal wash. It should of been cold wash instead of coal wash. I know because I been through their many times with some of the old timers, ones like Joe Swazy Sr and Joe ~~Swazy Sr~~ Joe ~~Swazy Sr~~ Swazy Jr. an Cen central (?)

The dripping spring wich he mentioned in his book is true. We camped there m many times. The dripping spring came out of an aver hanging ledge about seventy feet off the ground. In the summer we would ride our horses under the dripping spring to cool off while going into Simbad or into Eagal Canyon.

One time campe at the strips witch it's sometimes called. lte late in the evening we made camp Willis my oldest brother and Central Swazy. We hobbled our horses out and bedded down for the night. We were all tired from the long ride from the ranch. Guess we over slept. When we got up next morning the horses were gone, no where to be seen. So Willis said if I would go get the horses he'd get breakfast cooking while I was gone. Well I don't like cooking anyway, so I took off thinking I'd be back in a few minutes. So I got on their tracks and fol followed them. It was plain to see they were heading for the ranch. So, hitting a fast trot with a pair of high heel boots and sand up to my ankles and the sun beating down all to gether it was rough going in about two hours from camp I caught up with them just as they were starting up the dead horse trail ~~at the~~ And the only one I could catch was the pack horse, a long legged blue roan. All I had was a bridal to put on his long ugly head so I clum aboard and talk about buck He sure did..just all I had to hang onto was the bridle reins and a hand full of mans. I knew I had to stay on top of him or have a long ~~XX~~ walk to the ranch. Well, I got back to camp riding old rone, and old Central Swazy about ---- when he saw me on old roan. Come to find out he was one of Swazy's top bucking horses, so I missed breakfast, dinner, and was late for supper when I got back to camp.

The House cat

While down on the ranch we were very close neighbors with the ----- I rode up to ----- ~~at the~~ one day about sour dough time. He made real good sour dough biscuits. Dave said "Well, get down from your horse and come and eat."

So I pulled a chair up to the table, grabbed a hand full of biscuits along with butter and beans. I didn't notice what was on the other side of the table. Things didn't look quite right...among the coffee pot, empty bottles and other things on the back of the table. So Dave said after we started to eat, "The cat stuck his head in the honey jar and died." Sure enough. I took a second look and there it was, the cat had poked his head down in a two qt bottle of honey and died right there on the spot. Well, that took care of my hunger for the day. I made a dive for the door, fast trip, I looked back and Dave was still there chewing on a sour dough biscuit just like nothing was wrong

Thanks for dinner, see you later.

The Old Nag

One other time I rode up to the place about dinner time. I noticed a long legged sorrel horse tied up by the coral post all saddled up and ready to go. So Dave said, "You're just the guy I'm looking for. Get down and eat. Then we will go to work. Well, after some dough biscuits without the dead cat in the honey jar, we'd gotten to some house he ask me to with this nag...one he was breaking in for some one else. I said I would if he would snub him up ...that means that he would have a long lead rope from my horses head to the saddle horn on the opposit horse. We didn't bother to change saddles so Dave got on my horse and me on the bronc. I couldn't reach the stirruos so I hadn't no more than hit the saddle and Dave said "Let's go." Our of this long row of trees we went on a dead run. When we left the trees ~~at the~~ fences etc, he threw me the snub rope. Well, this old nag started to buck and he sure come unglued. Here I was trying to stay on top, grab

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bing for the saddle horn and stirrups too long. Well, I finally found the saddle h.
horn and Dave started hitting my hand with his lariat and hollering "Ride him
fair rider .." Well, that's the way it always was. We rode hard and played hard