EXHIBIT 6

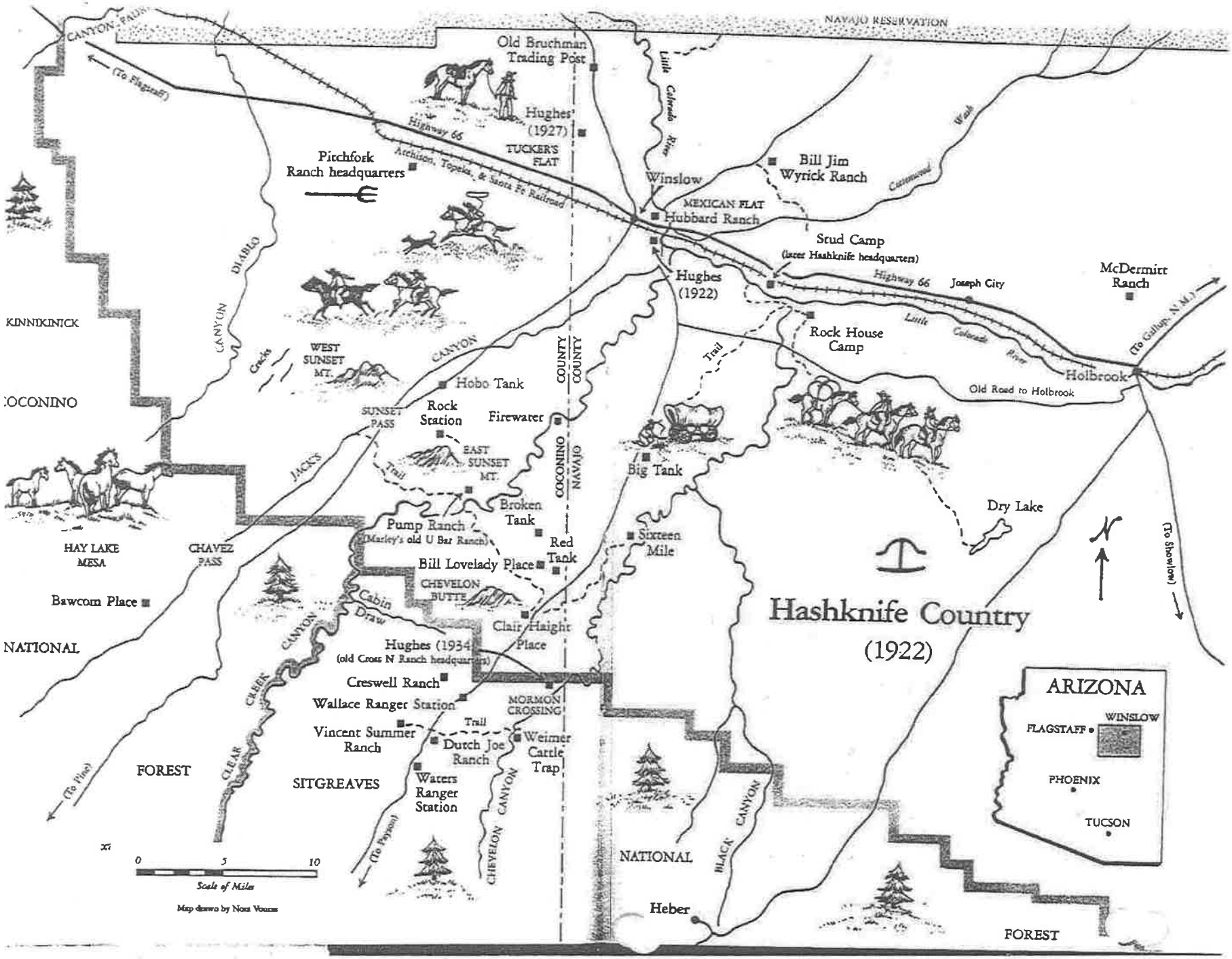
HASHKNIFE COWBOY

Recollections of Mack Hughes

STELLA HUGHES

Illustrated by Joe Beeler

The University of Arizona Press
TUCSON, ARIZONA


Hashknife Country
(1922)
NAVAJO RESERVATION
Old Bruchman Trading Post
Hughes' (1927)
TUCKER'S FLAT
Pitchfork Ranch headquarters
Atchison, Topeka, & Santa Fe Railroad
Highway 66
(To Flagstaff)
Little Colorado River
Winslow
Bill Jim Wyrick Ranch
MEXICAN FLAT
Hubbard Ranch
Stud Camp
(later Hashknife headquarters)
Hughes (1922)
Joseph City
McDermitt Ranch
(To Gallup, N.M.)
Rock House Camp
Holbrook
Old Road to Holbrook
Trail
Big Tank
Dry Lake
Sixteen Mile
(To Show Low)
KINNIKINICK
DIABLO CANYON
WEST SUNSET MT.
Hobo Tank
COCONINO COUNTY
NAVAJO COUNTY
SUNSET PASS
Rock Station
Firewater
EAST SUNSET MT.
JACKS Trail
Broken Tank
Pump Ranch
(Marley's old U Bar Ranch)
Red Tank
Bill Lovelady Place
CHEVELON BUTTE
HAY LAKE MESA
CHAVEZ PASS
Bawcom Place
Cabin Draw
CANYON
Clair Haight Place
Hughes (1934)
(old Cross N Ranch headquarters)
Creswell Ranch
Wallace Ranger Station
MORMON CROSSING
Vincent Summer Ranch
Trail
Dutch Joe Ranch
Weimer Cattle Trap
Waters Ranger Station
CLEAR CREEK CANYON
(To Pine)
(To Payson)
FOREST
SITGREAVES
CHEVELON CANYON
NATIONAL
BLACK CANYON
Heber
FOREST
ARIZONA
WINSLOW
FLAGSTAFF
PHOENIX
TUCSON
0 5 10
Scale of Miles
Map drawn by Nora Vouras

Wild Horses

Farmer Jones liked chasin' broomies about as much as any man I ever saw. He passed on his love for the sport to his two boys, Dick and Boyd, and after they moved from Mexican Flats to the Bawcom Place at Hay Lake Mesa, we got in a lot of wild horse runnin' with them. There were bands of wild horses running all the way from Mormon Lake, out of Flagstaff, clear to Heber on the Mogollon Rim. There were scads of them running at Hay Lake and Kinnikinick, because this was the kind of country the broomies liked best. This area was on range owned by the Babbitts and was part of their Pitchfork Ranch.

The country around Sunset Pass was a natural for the wild horses, too. Grass was belly high and there was plenty of water in the canyons. Here the wild ones could see for miles. If they were crowded too much they could leave the plateaus and hit for timber not far away. Farther up, cedars and piñons grew thick for miles; a bunch of broomies could hide out there and you'd not see them if it wasn't they had to come out to water in the man-made stock tanks and in the canyons.

I learned the wild ones preferred open country, as their main defense was their speed. They had a wonderful sense of smell, yet it seemed to me they relied on their speed in making a getaway after they *sighted* their enemies, instead of running after getting their smell. Other wild animals might like to hide out, but the broomies were like the antelope, they wanted to *see*. I learned that wild horses stayed on a home range, and hardly ever grazed out farther from water than four or five miles, as long as their feed held out. They wouldn't drift off their range in a storm like cattle do. They'd stay within one general area all their lives, say twenty square miles, as long as their water didn't dry up, and they weren't run a lot by *mesteñeros*, as Pat called anyone making a business of chasing and catching mustangs. Hardly any of us called the wild ones mustangs, but they were commonly called that in Nevada, and I noticed the Texans did, which meant about one out of every third cowboy in northern Arizona.

There sure wasn't much money to be made in runnin' wild horses, but it was lots of fun. One year at Sunset Pass there were so many broomies they were eating out the range. The Babbitts encouraged the removal of any wild horses running on their grass but they frowned on any cowboy on their payroll spendin' very much time chasin' the broomtails. In the 1930s the Forest Service made a concentrated effort to thin out the herds of wild horses running on the forest reserve in northern Arizona. At that time they offered five dollars a head for every wild horse shot and the ears turned in. But before that, when we were rounding them up, we were strictly on our own, and our operations was sanctioned only by the ranchers.

Early in the summer of 1929 Farmer Jones asked me to bring a couple of my toughest and fastest horses and come up to help him and his boys, Dick and Boyd, along with Hebe Petty, Jones's son-in-law, do some serious broomie chasin'. We went to work building corrals and long wings made of burlap strung between cedar trees and posts. We worked our heads off and wore calluses on our hands, and if any one of us had been *forced* to work that hard to build fence, we'd have quit and rode to town.

The first big drive we made we caught forty head, but not a one was worth over ten dollars. Tom Crabtree, a horse trader in

Winslow, bought some of them for five dollars and paid seven dollars for some of the younger studs we'd castrated. He hardly bothered to even look at the old mares and baby colts. I traded a few of my share of the catch to the Navajos, who never did seem to have too many horses to suit them, even though the Navajo Reservation was overrun with thousands of worthless ponies, none of them a shade different than the scrubby wild ones I traded them. I traded old One-eyed Jim, a Navajo who owned a bunch of cattle, three head of young studs with long heads and peaked hind ends for two good cows, both due to calve.

Some of the young studs we castrated right away, and after one or two days to let them heal, we started breaking them and sold some for ten dollars a head to town boys. At any one time we'd have ten to fifteen head of colts tied to stake logs, all learning their lessons about ropes and how to stake without getting tangled up and killing themselves. In a few days the wild ones learned to quit running on the rope, and by taking them to water each day we soon taught them to lead. The logs we used for staking had to be big enough to hold a good-sized horse to where he could move it a few inches but not drag it off. If it was too heavy and solid, the first time the broomie ran to the end of the rope he could very well break a leg or his neck when he was jerked back. An ideal log would budge about ten inches when seven hundred pounds of running horse came to the end of the stake rope. At that, some of them turned end over end and skinned themselves up and got rope burned, but they soon learned respect for the rope and that nice gentle log, and within a week we were riding them all over the flats on short rides. Me and Dick and Boyd spent hours every evening petting and gentlin' the better prospects. We used up gallons of bacon grease doctoring all the skinned places and rope burns they'd gotten in their struggles with the stake logs.

At the beginning of that summer, before the rains started, we camped at the head of Dog Valley, northwest of Sunset Pass. In the cedars and along some shaley rock country were two or three deep cracks we had to keep an eye out for. These narrow cracks were in almost solid rock and real deep—some said they were bottomless. One long crack, over a half mile in length, was narrow enough in places that we could jump our horses across easy. Other places the crack widened out and it was risky for any horse to try to jump. We stayed away from these cracks if we could, as they were spooky things, and not a one of us would have dreamed of riding in this area after dark. Once I dropped some rocks in one, and after awhile I heard a splashing sound.

One day I was crowding a small bunch of broomies towards a hold-up herd of gentle horses being held by the other men near the entrance to our trap. I was closing in on them when I came to one of these cracks. I was riding a short-coupled, brown horse I called Badger, and in the heat of the chase I misjudged the distance and tried to jump where it was far too wide. Even as Badger gathered himself and left the ground, I knew he wasn't going to make it. I threw myself forward out of the saddle and landed on my hands and knees. Badger hung his front feet on the rim of the crack and scrambled to get his hind feet under him. Then he lost his balance and started slipping backwards. I caught the reins and pulled on them as hard as I could, but they slipped through my hands like they were greased and I lost sight of Badger. When the dust settled on the rim I looked down and couldn't see a thing. Not a sound came out of that black hole in the ground, and all I could hear was my heart pounding in my ears. It had happened so fast I'd not had time to get scared, but I was one sad broomie chaser when I walked back to where the others were and told them about the accident. The broomies I'd been chasing had crossed below me and they'd all run into the hold-up bunch and been caught.

I was put out of business for a few days as I'd used all my cash to buy my share of the chuck and grain for my horses, and I didn't have a dime to buy a new saddle. I asked to borrow Jim's saddle and had to go get it up where Jim was working as a fire guard on the Mogollon Rim. Jim's saddle had twenty-four inch swells, which I hated, so as soon as I had the money I finally did send down to Porter's in Phoenix and got a good used saddle for thirty dollars.

After losing Badger, who'd been one of the best broomie-chasin' horses I had, I rode one of Hebe Petty's horses as a relief mount, until one day we jumped a bunch of wild ones in the

"Badger hung his front feet on the rim of the crack and scrambled to get his hind feet under him, but he lost his balance and started slipping backwards."

breaks of Jack's Canyon. Jones ran right up on a big, black, bald-faced gelding that was branded. Jones roped the black, and the moment the horse felt the loop settle around his neck, he turned and led like a well-broke saddle horse. The black was branded P A T, and we found out Monte Walters had lost him some years back. I put my borrowed saddle on this P A T horse and he didn't even offer to buck, but he'd trot around loose as a goose, and every little bit he'd jump and kick at my feet. One hard ride and he quit this, and I found he could outrun any wild horse that ever lived, so instead of calling him Pat, which would have been natural because of his brand, I named him the Gallopin' Goose. He sure didn't take the place of good ol' Badger, though, and I grieved over the loss of my little, brown horse.

Once in awhile some rancher would offer five dollars a head for any of their strays we caught that had thrown in with the broomies. There were plenty of branded horses running with the wild ones, and we'd keep up those we thought would be worth a reward and notify the owners to come and get them. I used Gallopin' Goose for two weeks before Monte Walters sent a kid over to the Bawcom Place to pick him up. Monte sure didn't send no five dollars with the kid, but I didn't care, for by that time I'd gotten my fill of riding that limber-gaited, spine-jarrin' stray.

One day after corralling a bunch of broomies in a pole corral, I roped a big blue-roan mare that wore a brand. She had saddle marks and some old scars, showing that at some time or other she'd worn a work collar, and Jones said she'd been running with this wild bunch for a couple of years. When I pulled on the rope she led right up to me, rolling her nose. I reached up to take my loop off her neck, and she reared and pawed me on top of the head. I jumped back and got tangled in the coils of my rope and away she went, tearing around the corral, dragging me and scarin' the other horses. The first thing that hit the ground was the back of my head, and my eyes were filled with dirt. The other horses ran all over me and when the mare finally stopped and I got loose, I was in a terrible shape. I was so skinned up and sore I could hardly get out of bed in the mornings for a week.

While we were running broomies that summer Farmer Jones had two hundred hogs he kept at the Bawcom Place, and all the

crippled horses and old mares that weren't worth a cent Jones shot and fed to his hogs. Those hogs cleaned the bones slick as a whistle, and after they'd been feeding the hogs horsemeat for a few weeks, you wouldn't dare ride a horse near them. Them hogs could rip a horse's belly out in a minute. They were so bold they'd attack a man on a horse the moment they saw you. Farmer Jones raised a lot of corn and fed it to the hogs along with the horsemeat, but for some reason the hogs seemed to prefer meat over corn any day.

Near the Bawcom Place was a huge corral made of pine slabs set right in the ground, close together and ten feet high. We worked for days stringing up wire and hanging burlap on it for wings. Where the cedars were thick we'd cut brush and pile it in the gaps, and finally we had a lane a mile long leading to this big corral. The country below the corral was open and unfenced and ideal for making drives. We caught seventy-five head of broomies, along with some branded horses, before the ones that got away became so wise we couldn't crowd them within a mile of our wild-horse trap.

Once in awhile we'd run some young studs that had been whipped out of an old stud's band, and sometimes there'd be two or three of these youngsters running together. They never let up trying to steal mares to make up their own band. One day we ran onto an old stallion all by himself, and he was a sorry sight. He must have been twenty-five years old and he was so battle scarred he looked like a paint. Both ears had been chewed off almost to stubs and one eye was out. When he saw us with that one good eye, he cocked his head to one side and circled around in a high trot givin' us the once over. Then he let out a blast that sounded like a train's whistle and took off in a lumbering lope. He looked in fair shape and wasn't lame, so we just sat our horses and watched him out of sight. Not a one of us wanted to see the old warrior go for hog feed.

On the Fourth of July we all knocked off running wild horses and went to Winslow to attend the big rodeo held at the ball park

north of town. The rodeo stock contractor had sent us word to bring in any old outlaw horses we might have that would buck. We had some, all branded geldings, that had been turned out by their owners because they were so rank and mean. These horses wouldn't be used in the bucking-horse contest, but would be for anyone wanting to make a little "mount money." This meant the rider was paid so much just to put on a good show, and it didn't matter if the cowboy was bucked off or made a qualified ride. In fact, it was better if the rider got bucked off fast, and the harder he hit, the better the crowd liked it. Pay for putting on an exhibition ride was usually three dollars. A lot of young fellows got their start in rodeoing by riding horses just for mount money.

Instead of a wild-horse race that year the rodeo committee staged a wild-mule race. The LaPrade Dairy was just a mile or so north of the ball park. The LaPrades raised all their own work mules out of Percheron mares and big Spanish jacks. They had a bunch of young bronc mules that weighed from twelve to thirteen hundred pounds, and some of them were three or four years old and had never even been halter broke. I guess the LaPrades just raised too many for their needs, and the big mule colts ran out in alfalfa fields and grew up wild and free without a care in the world. We drove ten head of these young bronc mules to the rodeo grounds the day before, and that alone was worth the price of admission had anyone been there to see the fun.

Ed Janeway, who was still working for the Hashknives, was entered in the wild-mule race, and he tried to talk me into being his swamper. I told him to go to hell in a hurry, because I was entered in the calf roping and if I served as his swamper I might not be able to tie a calf the next day—or for that matter, the next week. Ed just laughed in his big hearty way and talked Cleburn Creswell into being his swamper instead. Ed offered Cleburn half of the forty silver dollars being put up for the winner of the wild-mule race. I wouldn't have weakened if it had been a hundred silver dollars.

The mule race was the last event of the day, and when it came time for it, five mules at a time were run into the bucking chutes and haltered. The halter rope was handed to the contestant's swamper, who was on horseback. Then the gate was opened and

the swamper was supposed to lead the mule into the middle of the arena and wait until all ten contestants were ready and the whistle blew to start the contest. Then each rider was to saddle his mule, mount and ride him to the end of the arena, go around a barrel, and come back down to cross the finish line in front of the chutes. Well, that's the way it was supposed to be, but, when Cleburn was handed the lead rope of a big mule with a head the size of a water barrel and the gate was opened, this wild mule climbed right into the saddle with Cleburn. Cleburn lost his turns on the saddle horn with the lead rope, and when the mule left there in a hurry, Cleburn held onto the rope and was dragged from his saddle. Cleburn knew Ed would kill him if he lost the mule before the event even started, so he hung on for dear life.

The mule headed for the far side of the arena, going a hundred miles an hour, with Cleburn trying to get enough purchase with the seat of his pants in the soft arena dirt to bring the runaway to a halt. Cleburn was skimming along so fast it looked like his britches were on fire. About that time the whistle blew for the event to start and Ed had to run, carrying his heavy saddle, clear down to the end of the arena, where the two of them finally got the mule stopped and facing them. By this time all the buttons on Cleburn's shirt were ripped off so he just shed the shirt and used it to blindfold the mule.

Ed had let his cinch out to the last notch, but his latigo was still a little short and he was able to take only one lap through the cinch ring. He pulled on it as tight as he could, hoping the saddle wouldn't turn; then he mounted and Cleburn pulled off the blind and Ed's mule left there like a scalded cat.

Meanwhile, two other contestants had managed to get their mules saddled and, after mounting, they began trying to haze them down to the end of the arena and get them around the barrel. The trouble with this setup was that LaPrade's dairy was beyond the end of the arena, and all the mules—except Ed's—bucked a few jumps and lit out for the dairy just like homing pigeons. They jumped the ball park fence with the greatest of ease and ran over people, cars, and ditches until they were back at the dairy barns. Every one of the mules got away and followed the leader, and Ed had the field to himself.

Ed won the mule race simply because he was young and tough and strong as an ox. He was able to manhandle his mule around the barrel by whipping him alongside the head with his hat, and once that was accomplished Ed had no trouble getting the mule to run—lucky for him, in the right direction. They flew across the finish line in front of the chutes, made a wide circle—never slacking their speed, and headed back down to the end of the arena once more. Here Ed's one turn with the latigo gave out and his saddle fell off and Ed was plastered against the arena fence. His mule never checked his speed as he hit the gap the others had made, and in two minutes he joined his pardners at the dairy.

There were a good many empty saddles scattered about and cowboys on foot, but all the swampers had left the arena in a vain attempt to catch their mules. Poor Cleburn not only lost a good shirt, but he wore the seat of his britches plumb out. He had a terrible black eye and a sprained wrist, plus rope burns that took a week to heal. I didn't win any money in the calf tying the next day, but I congratulated myself for having enough brains to stay out of that wild-mule race.

Before the end of the summer Mother and the little boys came out to stay with us while we were camped at Hobo Tank. She and the little boys slept in a little board shack; the rest of us had our bedrolls scattered all over the flat. Emmett and Ernest were old enough to ride with us, but Boyd and Little Pat stayed in camp with our mother during the day. One morning I was gettin' ready to chase some broomies, and I saddled a horse called U Bar Roanie, who was what we called a blind bucker. He just closed his eyes and would have bucked off into the Grand Canyon if it had been out there in front of him. This time he headed for the little shack, and Mother saw him coming. She ran out of the door with a white tea towel in her hand waving it in his face trying to turn him. I yelled at her to get out of the way and she jumped back inside the door just as Roanie hit the shack and the whole end of it collapsed. Roanie never slowed down and bucked out across the flat until he got winded and threw up his head to see where he was going. A blind bucker like that can sure get a

cowboy in trouble, but the horse always seems to come out of it unscratched.

My mother wasn't hurt, nor was Boyd or Little Pat, but it nearly scared the daylights out of them. The roof on the end of the house had caved in on top of the cupboard of groceries and had mashed the table and benches to splinters. A big jug of syrup had broken all over the tin plates, and cornmeal and beans were mixed together, along with some coffee and salt. Ol' Roanie had done a pretty good job of house wrecking.

Wild horses was easy to catch compared to gathering horses that was once tame and had gone to the wild bunch. These horses were wise and not one bit scared of a man on a horse. The Hashknives had a bunch of broodmares running free in the Chevelon Butte country, and they were gathered only once a year when we brought them in to brand their colts. Some of these mares got awfully spoiled about corralling and some would even get away year after year.

Bill Lovelady had a Box H brown horse that had gotten away and was running with this bunch of spoiled mares. Lovie had this brown horse caught up any number of times, but never long enough to ever break him. The brown was eight years old and barely broke to lead when Lovie asked me and a friend, Frank Hollaway, to help him catch this horse and we said we would. The brown horse was the leader of this band of mares, and you couldn't turn him once he'd made up his mind to cut out from the bunch. He would either run over you or under you—he wasn't particular how he did it, but he always managed to get away. No one ever wanted to ruin a good horse in runnin' the brown horse down, so that's why Lovie asked me and Frank to help relay him. Lovie said he'd made up his mind to either catch the horse or shoot him if he could get within rifle range.

The brood mares' range ran from the mouth of Chevelon Canyon on the Little Colorado River south to the U. S. Forest line. On the west it was bordered by Clear Creek, and this made one huge range of thirty-five square miles, at least. There were a few holding pastures around stock tanks and the homesteaders had

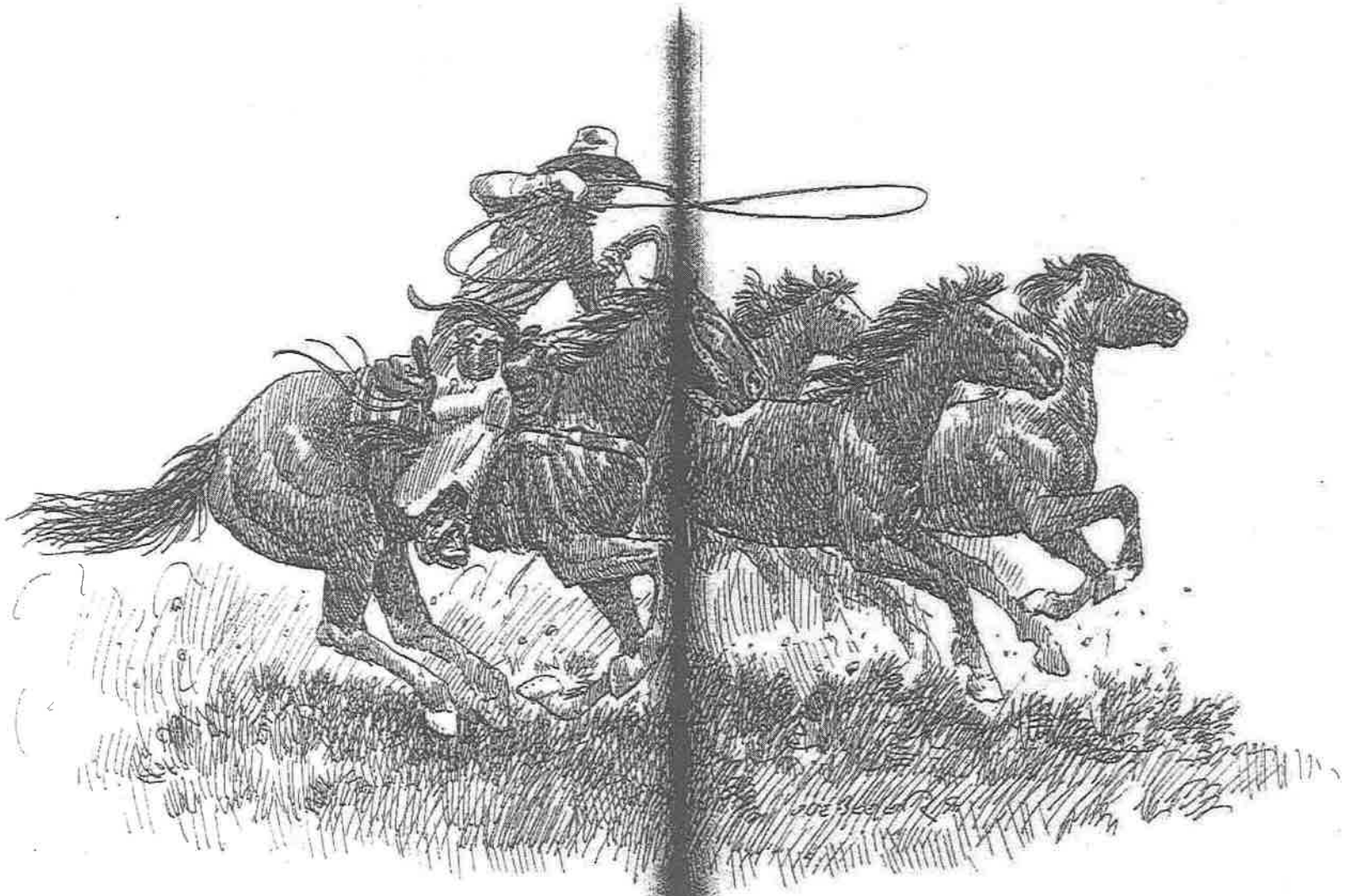
their sections fenced; otherwise, the horses could just about run on forever in a giant circle.

Lovie set up a little greasy-sack camp over at Big Tank, and one morning early me and Frank and Lovie rode out to find this Box H runaway. The sun wasn't two hours high when we ran onto him with a bunch of mares and big colts. I took to him first, as our plan was for me to run him awhile and try to bring him to the place where Lovie and Frank would be stationed on fresh horses. We spotted him at Firewater, right on the rim of Clear Creek Canyon. The Box H brown took off to the south the minute he sighted us and he and the mares ran a mile or so, but one at a time the mares started dropping out as they got tired. Most of them were heavy with foal.

I was mounted on a big buckskin, tough and hard from plenty of ridin', but in order to save him I was ridin' bareback. The brown stayed far in the lead and ran hard, although I didn't press him. We passed Broken Tank and in no time Red Tank came in sight and was passed. None of the mares were left by this time and it was just a race between me and the brown horse. Not really a race, 'cause I just stayed a certain distance behind and at no time did I crowd him. I wanted him to choose the route and he did just what I knew he'd do—he turned towards the National Forest boundary and ran along the fence aways. I pulled up and he headed back down country on his own, bound for Big Tank, where Frank was to take the second turn.

Some horses, after running a long distance and getting far enough ahead, will slow down and trot and get some of their wind back, but not this brown horse. No matter how far in the lead he got, he just kept going in a long, hard gallop like some kind of a machine. I pulled my horse down to a slow lope and, when we came in sight of Big Tank, I saw Frank take off after the brown. Frank was riding a fine horse called Tops, and they really poured it on for the first mile. I was sure Frank was going to be able to rope the brown, but he called on some reserved strength, and Frank never got within throwing distance.

You can see a long way in that country, and it seemed the farther they ran, the greater the distance between the brown and Frank got. Their dust finally went out of sight ten miles or so



"The Hashknives had a bunch of brood mares running free in the Chevelon Butte country, and they were gathered only once a year."

where me and Lovie watched, up on a little rise. I stayed with Lovie at Big Tank because we knew if Frank roped the brown he'd be back, and if he didn't catch him, we figured he'd be able to turn him back south when they came to the mouth of Chevelon Canyon. The Little Colorado was fenced there, and the Box H brown would have to turn back unless he jumped the fence and swam the river.

While me and Lovie waited for Frank's return, I caught up another horse called Sunnybrook, a big Cross N horse, and this time I saddled up. Lovie was mounted on a brown horse named Stormy, branded D Y on his left thigh. It was shortly after noon when we saw Frank coming back towards Big Tank, with the Box H brown still some distance in the lead. Both him and Frank had slowed down a lot since we'd seen them a few hours before, but the brown didn't look like he intended to quit. Frank's tough, grain-fed horse was dinked.

Lovie got stationed on top of a little red hill and, when the Box H brown came by, Lovie took after him. Lovie only ran him a few hundred yards and roped him right around the neck. I was ready with my rope cocked and ran in and heeled the brown and we stretched him out on the ground between us. Lovie let out a whoop and got off and started putting a hackamore over the brown's head. The horse's lungs were working like a bellows, and puffs of dust blew out from in front of his nostrils. But, even as I watched, suddenly the bellows stopped and I saw his eyes roll back in their sockets, and the brown horse died before Lovie could finish fastening the hackamore.

Kneeling by the still, sweaty form, Lovie hesitated a moment, then reached down and grabbed a handful of sand and flung it from him in an angry motion. I thought he wasn't going to say a word, but after getting his hackamore off the dead horse he turned to me and Frank. "He wasn't pushed—he could have stopped any time," he said. Then he mounted Stormy and the three of us rode back to camp.

Later Frank told us the brown had run all the way to the mouth of Chevelon Canyon, turned there, and run all the way to Clear Creek bridge before he had turned back south. The round trip had to have been forty miles or more, and Frank said he'd

pulled Tops up several times to let him get his wind. We figured the Box H brown had run better than seventy-five miles, all within about six hours. I never liked to kill a horse and I would rather have seen the Box H brown run wild and free the rest of his life, and none of us felt good about the day's work.

There was one time I killed a horse on purpose, but I figured it was the only thing I could do to save my saddle. In the 1980s a good horse cost far more than a saddle, but in 1929 in Hashknife country, saddles were expensive and horses were a dime a dozen. That summer me and Ira Hays was riding at Big Tank, and among the band of mares there was a blood-bay gelding with black points that belonged to George Roberts. George called him Apache and had told me I could have the horse if I could catch him. The day I got lucky and roped Apache, Ira was with me and was riding a sorry little broomie he'd broken only a few weeks before. Wanting to see what kind of a gift horse I had, I saddled him the next morning. I was able to hold him up, and he didn't buck—not then, he didn't—but about twenty minutes later he blew his plug and bucked hard for a hundred feet, and then stepped in a dog hole and turned completely over with me. When Apache jumped up, he ran off with my saddle. Ira came loping up on his broomie and asked me if I wanted him to try to catch the runaway. I knew Ira couldn't keep in sight of Apache's dust if it came to a chase, so I walked back to the shack and got my 30-30 and went up on a little hill and told Ira to go way out around Apache, who was grazing about a mile away, with the bridle reins dragging. Pretty soon Ira got the horse headed below me in a little draw. I hid down and when Apache passed within rifle shot I killed him, as my saddle was damned sure worth five times more than that runaway.

Bill Lovelady had another horse called Shorty that he lost to the wild bunch one time. Whenever we were runnin' broomies in the general area Lovie's horse was supposed to be in, Lovie would beg us to catch and bring ol' Shorty home to him. Lovie had gotten the horse from Vern Gillette in the Tonto Basin and

Shorty had headed for home the first chance he got. On his way, he had thrown in with a bunch of broomies running along the Mogollon Rim and liked it so well he just stayed. That's where we gathered Lovie's runaway, when we were camped at a place called Hole In The Ground. The next morning I saddled Shorty, as I just wanted to see what the horse would do. Lovie had always told me how bad Shorty could buck. I'd seen Lovie saddle Shorty up and lead him for a mile before getting on, and then hold the horse up and sweet-talk to him half a day before he'd break him into a lope. I'd never actually seen Shorty do anything.

So I saddled Shorty and just climbed aboard without untracting him and reached up with both spurs to the point of his shoulders and raked him good. I was fixin' to make one hell of a bronc ride and put on a show for the boys. All ol' Shorty did was kick up and squeal, and he barely left the ground. I almost fell off from laughing so hard, because that's all I could make Shorty do. Why, any widow woman could have ridden him bareback.

After I returned the horse to Lovie, he didn't keep him a month when Shorty got away again, with his hobbles on. He soon hopped and jumped all the way back to Hole In The Ground and took up with his favorite bunch of broomies. Someone saw Shorty the next fall with just one piece of the hobbles still tied to one ankle. Some horses never get over wanting to go back to the wild bunch.