

LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES

Muscadines for Pink Corsets

By Miriam Pope Cimino

THE little corner of Georgia where I was "bawn 'n raised" used to be called "Murder Creek." The old-timers who refuse to be corrected and the children who like to be ascaired of the creek's fierce red waters, still call it that. The rest of the citizens of the community encouraged by a desperate real-estate agent, insist that it is Muddy Creek.

The nicest thing about Muddy Creek is that it stays just the same. One does not return from far places to have relatives proudly point out the new this and that building. Instead they patiently give you the two long tales about why the new railroad did not go through and why the new highway chose a route through that dreadful little town just north of them. But Muddy Creek remains unbelievably the same.

A recent visit down there convinced me that certain customs were as unchangeable as the buildings. We had dinner, a fine, big one, in the middle of the day. Then, along with the other women of the family, I found myself taking a long afternoon nap. Perhaps it was the quantity of food, perhaps the warm air, but I settled right into this two-hour nap as if I had never given up such a luxury.

Before "dressing for the afternoon," we gathered on the shady back porch, to eat lemon sherbet. Twenty years could do nothing to a custom like this, and it should not. Now, instead of unpacking the large old-fashioned freezer to find our ice cream waiting for us, a cousin "toted" it out to us from the electric refrigerator. And we ate it, clad in a gay assortment of beach pajamas instead of the kimonos of other days.

During my second big dish of sherbet, as I gloated over the endurance of this custom, I was made poignantly

aware of the endurance of another custom—back-door trade. I cannot imagine how the white women of these Southern villages, or the Negro women they trade with, could manage their households without this custom, and yet I had almost forgotten its existence. Most of them have had to carry on with almost no cash. Cash would circulate at cotton-selling time in the fall, and naturally it would go mostly for big items controlled by the men of the family. A Negro girl appears at the back door with fragrant, hot-lye hominy, or white mud for whitewashed hearths, or brush-brooms for back-yard sweeping, or sweetgum for the children to chew, or berries and wild fruits of every description, something you suddenly realize you want, and when she has told you what she wants for it you go dashing off to dip deeply into your sugar barrel, or have lamp oil measured, or find a pair of your husband's shoes that will accommodate the feet of old Aunt Somebody who wants to stand in them while ironing. "Ironin' shoes," I've heard them called.

The most interesting of all the colored girls who used to bring around things to trade was Lilly Lou. How could a Muddy Creek child ever forget her? And here was Lilly Lou standing on the back steps, a large leaf-covered pail in each hand. The Lilly Lou of my childhood, who had refused to be bothered by a mere passing of twenty years. Just as I remembered her and not a year older!

"What are you selling to-day, Lilly Lou?"

"Ah got me some muscadines here, 'bout a gallon, Ah reckon."

"What do you want for them?"

"Jess one thing in dis house can buy dese muscadines! Ah wants dat old

pank cossit on de top shelf o' your closet, Miss Edith! If youse done wid it. Ah been needin' mahsef a pank cossit."

Edith agreed and as she hurried off to get the corset to complete the trade, I got out of my hammock and approached Lilly Lou. At first she did not recognize me. How dared she keep her childhood, when mine had escaped so hopelessly?

"Lawdy, Miss Min! Ah thought yo was strange company!" she shouted.

And then, because she was black and I was white, and because she had to hug me, she dropped to her knees and flung her arms around my waist, tightly.

"Yo show is gotten grewed up, Honey!"

I removed the large, cool poplar leaves that had protected the muscadines from the sun, and ate a few, sitting there on the top step with Lilly Lou. My throat ached so I could hardly swallow the sweet, musty things. She had climbed high, twisted vines that swung treacherously out from the tall pines, to find these. I knew the place.

She wrapped the pink corset in a newspaper and swung her empty pails triumphantly on one elbow, as she left us.

Edith said: "You must eat a lot of these, we can get more for preserving. I suppose you haven't tasted any in a long time."

"I haven't seen this back-door trading in a long time," I said. "I guess you couldn't get along without it!"

"Of course not. What in the world do you do with your old clothes?"

"I don't know." I answered vacantly.

"Edith, do you think Lilly Lou would let me go with her again?"

"Have you gone plum crazy? Well, folks in this town would think you had anyway, poking around through the

briar patches with that triffin' nigger! You know she won't work for any one! And she's a wonderful cook and could name her price. And she won't pick cotton, or take in washing! Still prowls around in the woods all day. Why in the world would you want to go with her? She could bring you any thing you wanted."

"It was so much fun," I apologized. "Of course, it wouldn't do for me to go with her now."

Still, at the bridge tables, the barbecue tables, in automobiles, everywhere, I was with Lilly Lou and the children in spirit, because I knew so well the paths they followed.



The other white folks of the village, like my cousin, called Lilly Lou a lazy good-for-nothing nigger, but it came to me on this recent visit, with amazing clearness, that she might be called the Free Day Nursery of Muddy Creek, or Free Lance Colored Help—she could prepare a perfect dinner for the unexpected guests of some distracted white lady when she chose to do so—or she might well have been called The Pied Piper of Muddy Creek! Certainly, she was no good-for-nothing nigger.

I could not tell my cousin that it pleased me to know that she was still nobody's cook, nor washwoman. She was still Lilly Lou, who did as she pleased, following her old trails through the woods and pastures, and refusing to grow up.

These women who wanted to put her in their kitchens should have considered, too, that she had to do a certain amount of toting for Ant Calline, her grandmother, who had long been crippled with rheumatism. The washings to and from Cunel Wylie's, the water from the spring, and supplies from the village stores or the white ladies' back doors.

Except for these little home duties, Lilly Lou's procedure seemed the same as twenty years ago. On fine days she appeared, clad in blue or brown homespun, buckets or baskets dangling from her arms, her feet dragging lazily through the red dust or red mud of the Big Road.

We were irresistibly lured from whatever we might be doing by the first glimpse of her familiar figure, and quite

the most delightful thing that could happen to a Muddy Creek child was to be allowed to go on down the Big Road with Lilly Lou. Everything the children said was funny to her, and she giggled through the songs she led as we went along, our pet dogs whirling crazily before us.

We knew instantly where we would go. An empty flour sack on Lilly Lou's arm promised nuts from the scaly bark trees, or the chinquepin trees, way over yonder by Blue Ruin, with a thrilling crossing of the footlog over Yellow Creek. Her tin pails mirrored wild strawberries in the fringe of the Piney Woods, and dewberries close to the swift red waters of Murder Creek, with shivers of exquisite pleasure over the dreadful things that Lilly Lou knew about the waters of this creek! Or a tin pail might mean that we would take a long hot road that passed near, but not too near, the county pest house. A child must clink carefully by this frightful spot on the other side of the road, so as not to catch the smallpox! But at the far end of this road were the wild plum patches, yellow and red plums! And, oh, joy of joys, a tin pail might mean that we would go muscadine hunting! Lilly Lou would risk her life by climbing high up the strong woody vines that clung to the pine trees, and when she reached the right places near the top of the vine she would shake the vine furiously, her own body swaying dangerously with the motion. It was our privilege to help gather the muscadines from the pine straw. Then we would all stop for a ride on bent saplings, and Lilly Lou could make us believe that we rode real horses, wonderful ones, and rode them superbly. Lilly Lou, whose only rides had been on bent saplings, and muscadine vines, and that memorable ride on the visiting merry-go-round, a free ride because she had held the youngest Rand child in her arms.

An empty shoe box meant only persimmons. Just why persimmons were arranged in layers in a paper-lined shoe box, rather than in a tin pail, neither Lilly Lou nor the children could have told one. Who, in Muddy Creek, had ever heard of a shoe box full of strawberries, or a tin pail full of persimmons? It simply was not done!

Sometimes we followed her over the scrub-oak hills to where there were just the yellow broom straw and the sky.

Tired from our climb in the heat, we would sit deep in the trembling straw, like rabbits in their beds, and watch Lilly Lou cut the tall broom straw into bundles, and wrap the stiff end of each bundle with twine. As each broom was finished, we would scream together: "I'm going to tote that one!" Her straw brooms were for certain farmers' wives who had not lived "in town" long enough to prefer store-bought brooms for sweeping under their beds. Her "bresh brooms" of dogwood branches tied with stout rags, swept most of the red-clay back yards of Muddy Creek, religiously and furiously, every Saturday afternoon, thoroughly subduing the red dust, chicken feathers, chicken droppings and leaves, for Sunday. And her white mud furnished those housewives of Muddy Creek, who made a morning ceremony of whitewashing their big fireplaces.

There was a deep gully where white children were not allowed to enter because of snakes, but we could stand on its edge and watch Lilly Lou descend to fill her arms with yellow jessamine. Certain ladies in Muddy Creek preferred things like yellow jessamine to brush brooms. They were the customers who sent us hurrying, after summer rains, to hunt the pale long-stemmed wood violets, or to creep along our secret path to the sweet shrub bushes. Lilly Lou always took time to knot our soiled little handkerchiefs around crushed and bruised sweet shrubs. The more they were bruised the more exquisitely sweet they became! These little bundles were to be sniffed, all the way home.



Near the secret path to the sweet shrubs stood the Twin Oak. Some one had been hung there,—Lilly Lou never failed to tell us that as we approached it, but we could not seem to keep away from it. It was always shady there, a gloomy spot, but strangely enough it was only here that we could find a supply of heart leaves, with their treasured "lil' jugs" on the roots. This was something to be gathered for our own pleasure. We scratched the little plants from the rich earth, excitedly. The spotted heart-shaped leaves with their heavenly tea-olive smell, were cherished all the way home as gifts for mothers, but the little brown jugs with fluted tops were

arranged with acorn caps on a table of starry moss, and left there to be the fairies' dinner dishes. The acorn caps and the little jugs grew especially to be fairy dishes, only the grown-ups did not know it!

There were plenty of other things to be gathered for our own pleasure as we helped Lilly Lou hunt things. There were the pink powder puffs from the mimosa trees, pink and fluffy, and with handles like the ones on our mothers' dressing-tables, only sweeter. And for the little boys there were pine-cone pipes to smoke and buckeyes to put into their pockets to bring them good luck, and locust shells for frightening little girls, who thought they were real bugs.

As I thought over all these long-ago delights, I envied the young cousins who were allowed to follow Lilly Lou now. When they returned at sundown, I tried to make them tell me what they had done that afternoon, but I was not only a grown-up who might laugh about fairy dinner tables if told, I was a strange Yankee lady from 'way up yonder, who could not understand!



If I could not spend an afternoon helping Lilly Lou find something to trade, I could certainly visit Ant Calline a few minutes in her cabin, without humiliating my relatives. She had been an old family servant, and even Edith could see no reason why I should not go down to her cabin to say hello to the poor crippled old soul.

I went alone, leaving my car at the end of the swamp road, and walking down the narrow damp road to her cabin eagerly. I might have left it the afternoon before, this same old swamp road. But the cabin seemed unbelievably tiny.

It was nearing sunset, and Ant Calline waited on the crazy little porch for Lilly Lou. Clinging to the slanting floor with her were a cheese-box stand of wandering-jew and a yellow hound. She removed her corn-cob pipe from her mouth to shout a few loud greetings at me when she recognized me, and I was soon seated on the edge of the little porch at her feet. I would not let her go inside for a chair. I used to sit there like that.

Her rheumatiz was just the same. She could hobble around the house and

yard, enough to keep her washin's going, but could go no farther. She wanted to stop taking in washin's, she said, but Cunnel Wylie would not let her stop doing up his shirts, and she reckoned she'd have to do them up always.

Ant Calline had been the best wash-woman in Muddy Creek, Georgia. Every Monday morning for forty years she left her cabin to tote home her washings. Every Saturday afternoon for forty years she toted them back, in huge, flat baskets balanced on her bare head, her big checked gingham sunbonnet resting high on top of the immaculate clothes. At the end of the forty years there were no more conveniences for her laundry work, except in soaps, than at the beginning. She toted water from the same spring, lifted the same kind of battered old tubs, made lye soap in the three-legged iron pots in her cabin yard, and shoved countless armfuls of wood under these pots where the white clothes were boiled and boiled. No one else could make such masterpieces of the white tucked shirts of Doctor Dayton and Cunnel Wylie, or perfect the fluted underthings of Mis' Sallie Wylie!

She had chosen certain washings with great dignity and refused others, but her stiffly starched sunbonnet had hung unused behind the cabin door for a year now, and she had given up all washings except Cunnel Wylie's shirts, which Lilly Lou toted back and forth. Last year she had "done up" the last white-tucked shirt for Doctor Dayton.

"Dey said it sho did shine mighty white, 'gainst his black coffin!" she said.

But she could not get away from Cunnel Wylie's shirts. The gentle old man had walked down to her cabin, I had heard, and implored her not to leave him in such an unspeakable condition, with never a decent shirt to his back, and no one to get them stiff in the right places and white enough. So she continued to send him a weekly supply fit for a gentleman to wear!

As I reflected upon these washings she had begun to quarrel about Lilly Lou. She spluttered the words around the stem of her pipe, bumping her split-bottom chair back and forth, harshly, to emphasize her words. She seemed to have forgotten that I was there.

"Gwine to poke in here 'fo' long wid no lamp ile. Gwine to fetch somebody's old sto'-bought stockin's, or some sech trash we don't need. Big gal like her

trompin' through de bushes all day with de white chillun, scratchin' thoo de briahts fo' a handfull o' strawbes' nobody won't give her nothin' fo'. Shet yo' mouth, bud! (To Lilly Lou's pet mocking bird encaged in the ancient mulberry tree by the cabin.) Shet yo' mouth and stop dat sassy jay-bud talk!"



Suddenly the old hound pointed his nose to the sky and gave a long, rusty howl. He had sensed the approach of Lilly Lou, and soon her voice came down the swamp road ahead of her. She used the tune of "Over There," but the strange bursts of words she fitted it to would have amazed the soldiers who used to sing it. At the time of the song's popularity she had probably not got near enough to the white folks' parlors to distinguish the words, but had caught the tune, which she still used admirably.

I knew that I should be going, now that Lilly Lou was returning to fix their supper. But instead of saying good-by, I asked Ant Calline if I could taste just a bit of the corn hoe-cake I knew they would be having.

"I'd like to just taste it, and see if it is like I have remembered it, with that nice ashes flavor to it," I explained.

"Lawd Heppus! She want to eat some nigger cornbread cooked on de fiah-place, when Miss Edith got de bess cook in de county busy knockin' up fine things fo' her to eat. It do beat de world! Sho, yo can have de nicest thin little brown hoe-cake us can make. Jes set here and fan yo'se'f, chile." Handing me a fly-specked fan decorated with a beautiful pink lady eating a mound of pink ice cream, she hobbled inside the cabin with Lilly Lou.

I could see and hear what went on inside, though I tried to remember that I was a grown-up guest on the porch, and not the privileged child who used to help tend to the spluttering hoe-cake while it cooked.

Lilly Lou knelt before the big fireplace and blew hard on the bed of embers there. This fire never went out. Ant Calline would have thought herself disgraced, if, like certain careless Negro women she knew, she had had to go to another's fireplace or wash-pot to borrow a few coals to rekindle it. She had probably never own-

ed a box of matches. Twists of newspaper lighted her pipe just as well. Now Lilly Lou busied herself with twigs and chips and then hickory sticks. A lively fire leaped up with a glare that lighted every corner of the one-roomed cabin, and brought out the splashing colors of the walls, papered with many layers of colored comic papers. (Certain white folks always saved them for Ant Calline, who preferred them to the ordinary newspapers used thus by her friends.)

As Lilly Lou worked with the fire, Ant Calline took the newspaper wrappings from a tall bottle of "lamp ile," a package of meal, a little hunk of bacon, and an old striped blouse. "Who give yo' dis ole shut wace!" she wanted to know, a touch of humor in her voice.

"Miss Susie Kate gimme dat."

"Well, it wouldn't fit a billy goat!"

"She was in a hurry to git off to de missionary meetin', and she didn't have time to hunt me no sto'-bought stockin's I wanted."

"She bettah be missionaryin' round dat dutty kitchen she got dar. Yassum. She musta made dis shut wace to fit somebody's billy goat!"

Lilly Lou laughed her rich, throaty laugh, and I joined in. I was no longer the strange guest on the porch. I had been accepted as the lost child come back. They would discuss the white ladies before me, boldly, as of old, knowing that I could laugh with them, and not tote tales.

"Where yo' get dis meal?"

"Miss Mary Beth gimme dat. She took some o' mah red and yellow plums both. She ain't never stingy 'bout settlin'. She dip down good 'n deep in her meal ba'l, and ain't scared to dip a lil moah. Den she dipped a lil sugah fo' good measure. She sho is one good white lady!"

"Amen! Thah's a front seat in Hebben waitin' fo' Miss Mary Beth, she's on de right train, yes, Lawd!"

"Who give you dis fat meat?"

"Miss Estella give me dat."

"Miss Estella sho is got a road to travel wid dat drunk husban' she got dar. Whut he up to now?"

"He so fulla licka, he jes settin' thah on de stove-wood box, rollin' dem big eyes lak a hongry dog. Ah nevah seed sech eyes! Miss Estella makin' spice plums an his licka smellin' up de kitchen worsin all de spices. She still lookin' fo' a gal to heppah. Dat's one kitchen

Ah wouldn't bothah to wase mah time in, jes soon mekkup biscuits fo' a polecat, as fo' dat white man!"

"Yes, Lawd! He got his foots sot in de direction o' de graveyard!"

"Whar yo' git de lamp ile?"

"Miss Bonnie gimme dat, but Ah didn't have enough plums fo' her; got to bring her some mo' next week. She got compny from At-lanta."

"She fly high, but she liable to fly high and roose low, yassum, and it's de truf too. At-lanta Compny!"



I was sitting on a low stool by the hearth now, watching my hoe-cake. Through the open door I could see that it was still quite light outside, but the light could not interfere with the glow inside. The jumping glare of the fire made the colored figures of the comic sheets dance with a crazy shimmer. The whole cabin was warm with color. Red, yellow, and blue of the papered walls, purple printed kerchief and green-checked gingham apron of Ant Calline, red peppers, yellow gourds, and green grasses hung from the rafters, the high mantel crowded with fantastic vases and ornaments, mostly gilt trimmed, (considered too tacky for Muddy Creek parlors and toted home gratefully by Ant Calline), orange hound on the hearth mat of red calico strips, quilts of a thousand shades on the golden-oak beds. Splendid colors! And the slim bronze figure of Lilly Lou beside the big black woman, whose wrinkled skin reflected the same lights caught on the shiny black pots and pans on the hearth.

I told them little things about my life in New York that I thought would interest them, and asked Lilly Lou if she would like to go there some day to cook for me. When she heard that there were no back porches and such, she said she reckoned she wouldn't like to if it was all the same to me. After all, who was I to take Ant Calline's toter from her? To take their Pied Piper from the children of Muddy Creek?

My hoe-cake was finished now, and so was the little tin pot of cheap coffee boiling excitedly on the coals beside it. They both smelled heavenly! My hoe-cake had crisp lacy edges made by the bacon drippings, and Ant Calline slipped a wedge of fresh butter in it—she received this treat regularly from the

Wylies. Lilly Lou poured my coffee into a mustache cup nine inches high, bearing the word "Father" in gold letters among blue forget-me-nots. They were simply delighted because I finished it all, and said that Edith's cook couldn't hold a candle to it. But I knew it was time for me to speed back to the spoon bread and young broiled turkey and thin old ham and jellied tomatoes and syllabub that were being prepared for me now in Edith's kitchen.

As I hurried away, I reflected that my visit would give Ant Calline something to talk about for a long time. Especially the things that I had said about her hoe-cake, and the enormous pot of tobacco I gave her.

However, it happened that she had only one week to think over the honor I had given her.

It all started when a little girl of the village begged to go with Lilly Lou plum hunting. As she had a cold, her mother thought it best to keep her at home, and Lilly Lou and the other children went on without her. Some time after they left, the little girl decided to follow them, and took a wrong road, wandering farther and farther away until she was lost in a big woods. Searching parties were organized and hunted the child for hours. Of course they went to Ant Calline's cabin, thinking Lilly Lou could help them find the paths the child might have followed, but Lilly Lou did not come home at sundown as usual. A young Negro boy had met her, and told her about the child and that the white men blamed it on her, and were waiting at the cabin for her. The poor foolish thing stayed away, but as she explained afterward, she finally had to go home, trouble or no trouble there to keep her granny from worrying too much about her. Her late appearance made the excited searchers, some of them, begin to whisper things about her having had something to do with the disappearance. Dreadful things were whispered around the village, none of the things being really meant, I am sure—only the nervous reactions of a distracted crowd.

The second time the child's father and his helpers appeared at the cabin she was there, and went with them willingly to help search through the paths she took on her wanderings. I heard that everything about the procedure was quiet and matter-of-fact, their taking

Lilly Lou with them. But Ant Calline sensed trouble in the air for Lilly Lou, and begged them not to take her.

"But I wants to go and find de chile, granny," they said Lilly Lou told her.

Anyway, they did find the child about an hour later. The whole village knew the good news at once, when the victory signal of five volleys was fired by the group who found her. She had wandered as far as one of their secret playhouses in the woods and fallen asleep on a pine-straw bed there.

But the next morning we were shocked to hear that Ant Calline had died of heart failure the night before. They said that she was getting old and that her heart must have been affected by her rheumatism. They said that it was better for her to have gone quickly like that. Cunnel Wylie was going to give her a fine funeral, and they said lots of wonderful things about her character.

But I have not been able to stop thinking about her going. A peculiar thing about it was that she had put on her large clean sunbonnet, and had started down the swamp road, when she fell dead. For over a year she had not walked this far, nor had on her sunbonnet. That had been worn only on trips to the village or to more distant places. It was just as if some instinct made her put it on, when she suddenly knew that she must go somewhere. And where was she going, at that time of night? Some of the people of the village thought she walked in her sleep, and automatically put on the sunbonnet. I wish I thought that and did not know what I know!

I know that she did not want them "to take Lilly Lou," whom she worshipped. I know that she remembered dark deeds done in those woods before, and knew what might happen when a

bunch of white men suddenly went crazy! I know that she sat there by her fire, waiting and praying for everything to be all right, until she heard a volley of shots and that her crippled knees sank beneath her when she heard it. And then she heard four more volleys of shots, from the woods. And a person may endure long agony of thought between such volleys. I have heard them in the woods at night. Each volley must have gone through Ant Calline's soul. I hope this part of her dying before her heart stopped was not too slow. She must have jerked down her long idle sunbonnet, and started toward her Lilly Lou, before an overwhelming realization came to her that it was now too late to help her Lilly Lou in this world! And I do hope, that as the swamp road rose to meet her, she had a fleeting, comforting belief that she was going to find her, up there, somewhere.

BLIND BUCKERS

By Will James

I GUESS most everybody nowadays has seen a bucking horse, there's plenty of them in all the good rodeos that's being pulled off all over U. S. A. every year starting from July and lasting till the following February. They're bucking horses natural, inclined that way just the same as any human might be inclined to be bad, and the people that's missed seeing them have missed a whole lot worth seeing. Them horses are the picked bad ones from the big ranges of our western country, and the riders who follow 'em from here to wherever the horses are shipped *sure* have to be good ones, if they're going to win any money riding 'em.

With the folks that's seen horses buck acrost the arena at the rodeos the few instances I'm going to tell of now will be easy to understand, all that has to be done will be to know that the horse is not in an arena, no tall fence to turn him and no rider to haze the horse where he belongs. I'm going to tell of blind buckers, wild horses that don't care where they hit nor how, while a rider is on 'em.

Such horses are apt to show that meanness any place of course, and

there's been many of 'em go thru the solid fences of the arenas. I had a horse go thru a four foot woven wire fence out of an arena with me one time, he bucked halfway up the bleachers, scattered the crowd, splintered the timbers and bucked all the way back down into the arena without even stumbling. I seen another horse try that another time and he was left hung on one of the big splintered timbers.

Them is what I call blind buckers. When they're loose and no rider is on 'em you couldn't pull 'em towards a crowd with a steam engine, but the minute a rider climbs 'em they don't care where they go, they're blind mad. They're willing to commit suicide so as they can commit murder.

I seen a horse buck out of an arena once, knock two men down, dive into an automobile and buck over the top of it. I'd brought that same horse to town with a bunch a while before and, as an automobile come along the road, he quit the bunch like a scared rabbit, went thru a fence and hightailed it acrost a field. I sure had to ride some to get him back.

It's hard for folks that's used to the

gentle barn-raised horse to know the actions of our horses. The western range horse is just as different to the eastern gentle-raised horse as a lynx is to the purring kitten by the stove. Even when tamed down the western range horse has tricks that are entirely different from the eastern horse. I'm now talking of horses that's rode on the range, not them that's rented out to tourists.

I was breaking horses on contract with a feller one time. The country was scary to break horses in. It was rough, high mountains and timber everywhere, and right by the corral was a river big enough to carry a big steamer. The river bank, which was at least fifteen feet straight up and down, made one wing of our corral.

One day my partner sacks out a big sunk-eyed bay colt, eases his saddle on him, bucks him out good and then tells me to open the gate. I opens the gate, and that bronk went past me like as if a wild cat was camped on his tail, in the next second he'd blind-bucked off the bank into the river and both him and the rider went out of sight in the whirling currents. They came up again about a hundred yards down river and the