

## Ropin' Lessons – A True Story

Boys we were then, at ages 12 and 10,  
Brother Rick's first year out using twine.  
With many lessons to learn, my saddle had turned  
But the calf I had snared bedded fine.

My cinch was too slack, so I straightened the kack  
The lariat tied fast to the tree.  
With the saddle upright, the latigo pulled tight,  
With fresh wind, the calf tried to flee.

While I'm still on the ground, with no help around,  
That idiot rimfired my mount.  
That pony did fly, snagged calf bounced so high  
All his feet in the air I could count.

Durned calf in the sky, I'd figger he'd die  
As my horse headed straight for Rick's.  
A'leadin' his catch in, he soon lost his grin-  
Loose horses and horn knots don't mix.

'Fore Rick could get down, my horse wrapped him 'roun'  
He got tangled in death-trap noose.  
Roy Slagle dove in, riskin' his own skin  
With belt-knife, started cuttin' Rick loose.

Now when ropin' I might, my cinch is near tight.  
Even accuse me of a dallywelt.  
Won't tie to a horse I can't trust, of course,  
While I carry a knife on my belt.

**3/8/95**