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Doris - 4-16-90

June '55

Bronchos By Sally (Peterson) Martinson

This little poem we are going to read
Is just about August and one of his steeds,
An old western broncho he called Broncho Jim,
Who sure had a devil of a heart from within.

A tall rangy mustang so lanky and lean,
That his Dad bought in Rock Creek from A. M. Challeen,
You could tell at a glance he had never been broke
And he certainly had never been tied with a rope.

It took two or three to round him up in a stall
And a half dozen more to throw the harness on.
Then out of the door he would come with a bound,
I tell you it was dangerous to be anywhere around.

And into the air he would lurch and he'd leap
And you just should have seen those four flying feet
The next thing to do is round him up to the pole
And that I think would be better if it was never even told.

They finally had hitched with a high stepping bay
Who sure could follow him any old way,
But the broncho was mean and he just refused to go,
And he didn't know the meaning of the words "giddy up" and "whoa".

So he flounced on the ground and pretended he was dead,
And no amount of coaxing could get him to raise his head.
So August Jerked and he pulled, and he almost went overboard
When Louie Martinson came crossing the road.

"Well, August" he said, "I shall give you a hand.
I used to buck bronchos in the far western land."
So they Jerked and they yanked, but it was all to no avail
As the broncho had taken the lines with his tail.

They shoved and they pulled, they Jerked and they beat
But they just couldn't get that old bronc on his feet.
So August then said "Oh heck, it's no use.
I have a good notion to light up a fuse."

Then his Dad came out with his old "fortyfour"
"I'm going to let him have it before he does any more."
But Louie then said "We'll try something new,
I'll bring up old Charlie, he'll know what to do."

P.S. Charlie as you know was Louie's big gray
who had mastered many bronchos himself in his day.
So Charlie was brought and hitched to the tongue
And any thing loose would have to come.

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But the broncho then thought as he was pulled to his feet
've got to get rid of those two in the seat.
so he kicked off a trace and he let go a whack
and there went the dash board right in their lap.

As he tore himself free of the now frightened pair
before they even realized, he was well on his way.
This was only one of the horses August had.
A few of them were gentle but most of them were

Then there was Signal that big dappled-gray.
he was a stallion and rather nice I would say.
Then there was Dewey, Buster and Frank
and long legged Queenie who sure was a crank.

Then there was Baldy & Spitfire too.
and wild little Ginger who could snap a pole in two.
August had horses, we could name them by the score.
But you maybe getting tired so won't name any more.

P.S. This is all real, it isn't any yarn.
It happened right by Swan Peterson's barn