

## **Can Farm Boys Be Cow Boys**

*by Raymond R. Walker*

*This is a poem written by my uncle who never did quite get spelling and grammar. I think this poem has real character, though. It's about three brothers, Ray (who wrote it), Roy, and Neil (the oldest of the brothers and my grandfather). By the sound of things, I'm lucky to be here! ~~Jacquie*

When I was Thirteen Dad bought a Ranch to raise cattle to feed out on the Farm,  
He wanted to keep three Boys buisy, and out of harm;

Sand burrs were thick, and so hot in the summer on the farm you would nearly bake,  
On the Ranch we raised Turkeys, Hogs, Cattle, quite a difference ide say;

Some Cow Boys & Girls rode in wearing high heald boots Levis and cowboy hats,  
There I stood wearing work shoes, bib overalls and socklegging cap;

I rode to town, I couldent afford boots, so I bought Levis and a cow boy hat,  
My billfold was flat. I was going to be a cow boy right off the bat;

Now cow boys gotta rope and ride any thing that bucks, they are sure tough,  
Three farm boys starting to be Cow boys found out it was kinda rough;

We started out rideing Cows, Neil says lets put a saddle on a Cow,  
So we saddled up a big tall Cow, we were going to find out right now;

We tied the saddle strings under her tail to keep the saddle from going over her head,  
If you get in that saddle you are out of your head (Roy sed);

I looked at that saddle, and it was kinda leaning down hill,  
I says no way will I put my butt in that saddle, Neil says I will;

When we let the Cow loose, She went up like she was goin to jump over the moon,  
Come down bucking and boiling, Roy an I thought Neil would jump off soone;

We both stood there with our mouths open like we were catching flies,  
The trouncen Neil was getting we couldent beleave our eyes;

We heard a rip and a tare, Neil flew off landing on his head,  
He just layed thar in the minure like he was dead;

Roy wiped Neils skinned up face and Neil opened one eye,  
All he said was, that saddle horn run thru the buttens in my fly;

When Roy an I found out why he didnt jump off we had to laugh,  
Neil wasent in shape right then, or he would of broke us both in half;

His new Levis were tore half off, we asked him where he hurt,  
His shert was ripped, he says where do you damn fools suppose I hurt?

Neil went over to the tank and washed his hands and skinned up face,  
Getting bucked off a cow that bucked like that sure wasent no disgrace;

Roy an I had a mad cow to unsaddle, she would look at that saddle on her back,  
Then look at us, she was ready to fight becouse her eyes were black;

If she wants to take us when we turn her loose, Make a run for the gate,  
Roy was first, I was almost too late;

I was running But when that cow started rubbing her head on my ass,  
Brother thats when I realy turned on the gas;

Three Walker boys liked to wrestle an box an fyght. We were tough,  
We desided we could run a Ranch with out all that Cow boy stuff.

This happened on the ranch [Gibbon, Nebraska] in 1920