

This is the Cowboy Story

I was born in Torrance, California in oil field country. My name is William Norman Parker. My mother told me this: when I was born my dad said his name is Bill, he was born a cowboy, he will be a cowboy and will die a cowboy. That just about tells it all. I would ride in front of him when I was little. I don't know when I started riding by myself, but I wasn't very old.

My Grandmother in California was always sending us used clothes. One time she sent a pair of tweed pants. Just fit me like I liked them. Dad had me and Jim, my brother, keeping the cows out of the corn patch. I was riding a spotted mare, I headed a cow and the mare threw me and bucked me off, tore up my tweed pants. I haven't liked spotted horses since.

My dad liked to trade horses. He would trade for one put me on it and lead it home. He would not let me ride a saddle until I was 12 years old. He said it was because he didn't want me to get hung up on one if the horse fell or bucked. I think it was because we just had only one saddle. I rode bareback just like an Indian.

When me and my brother went somewhere together, he always got the saddle and the best broke horse. When my Grandpa Folsom died and they divided his money, my dad asked my mother what she was going to do with hers. She told him that the first thing that they were going to do was to buy me a saddle. I got a nearly new one from the Fort Smith Horse & Mule Barn.

Boy was I proud of it. I have never been without one since. I bought me a new one in California, did not have a horse.

When I was thirteen or fourteen, I rode horses for the farmers that had two-year-olds that I broke. I charged \$10 a horse, most times I didn't get the money because they didn't have it. Also, I would rope cows that they could not catch for so much a head, most of the time I didn't get the money because they didn't have it.

I broke horses for one of my dad's friend. His horses were better than most. He bred his mares to Government Remount Studs. When I would take them home, he never had the money, but he would pay me in the fall. Most times he would try to sell me the horse for \$40. Horses were worth about \$25 to \$30 a head. One horse I broke for him was better than most. When I left to take him home, my dad gave me \$30 and said when he asks you \$40, you buy him and told me how. Sam did just that he said he didn't have money right now. He said I will sell him to you for \$40. I said OK I am going to buy him. I gave him the \$30 and thanked him. He said no, I said \$40. Dad had told me what to say. I said that's what I gave you \$30 and you owe me \$10., makes \$40. Dad told me he would do a war dance, and have a fit. That's what he did, Then he said Guy Parker put you up to this. I got on the horse and rode off.

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