

The Black & White Stallion

(Continued from Previous Page)

I went to the house and got my tractor, then dragged my little saddle mare away, far off into the deep woods. I started checking out the fence on the north side of our pasture. After a while I found where the stallion had torn the fence down and gotten into the pasture. There was an old street car on the property just to the north of me. People lived in the old streetcar at the time. I walked up to the car and saw the door was open. There was a man and woman laying on the bed all sprawled out. I had a time getting them awake - they were passed out drunk. But after a while I got them to wake up. They said they were caretakers of the place and said the black and white stallion did belong there. I asked them who they were working for. They said they were working for Mr. Clyde Price. They said he dealt in real estate and had an office in the Ritz Building on Fourth and Main Streets in Tulsa, Oklahoma. I told them I was going to see Mr. Price in the morning. I also said, "I'm going to tell Mr. Price how I found the both of you passed out drunk instead of taking care of his livestock and looking about things out here on his farm. They said they had been drunk for two weeks. I said, "You guys had better get sobered up before tomorrow afternoon or Mr. Price may come out here and shoot you both - I know I would!"

I found Mr. Price's office and I waited for him just across the hall from his office door. I had never met Mr. Price but I was mad and I was there to get on his case and right down his throat for what his stud horse had done. About 10:00 a man in his early fifties unlocked the office door and walked in. I just walked in behind him. I asked, "Are you Clyde Price?" He turned around and smiled, then said, "Yes I am." I said, "I am Bill Firey, Jr. and we have some business to discuss." He reached out a friendly hand and said, "I am very glad to meet you young Firey. Please sit down and tell me what is

on your mind." Well, I told him everything and all that had happened. Mr. Price said, "How much do I owe you for your little sorrel saddle mare, young Firey?" "She was worth \$300 on the market, but she wasn't for sale.", I told him. "I understand," Mr. Price said. Then he said, "Why don't we say \$500 for the loss of the little saddle mare and \$300 for the damage the stallion did to your work horses." He said, "Come and walk with me to the bank just down the street. I want to pay you in cash for your losses."

While we were at the bank, Mr. Price handed me \$800 in cash money and said, "I am sorry this has happened. I want to be your friend, young Firey." When we got back to his office, Mr. Price handed me \$20 and asked, "Would you please drag that stallion off of your place and far out into the woods?"

I told Mr. Price about his caretakers out there on his farm. He said, "I'm going to ask you to do me a favor. I would like for you to go by my place out there and get after those people. Tell them they had better get to work out there and do what they are getting paid to do or they are going to be in big trouble!" He said they were man and wife and their names were Roy and Marie Gray. He said, "I would like for you to look things over out there and get them lined out with the things that need to be done. Tell them I have put you in charge of things out there. Then maybe you can get them sobered up and doing some work."

Mr. Price shook my hand and said, "I want us to be friends and I am very sorry that we had to meet under these circumstances. I only hope that I have been fair with you in our dealings, young Firey." I said, "Mr. Price, you have been fair with me and I thank you for that. I will go by your place out there and get those caretakers lined out and sobered up." My anger was all gone now after meeting with Mr. Price. He was kind, nice and understanding with me.

On my way home I stopped at Mr. Price's little farm. The caretakers were sobered up and working around the place. I looked the setup over, then lined them out enough work to last them for several days. I took them both me that afternoon. We repaired the fence all along our boundary line and dragged the stallion far off into the deep woods.

I got to know Roy and his wife, Marie, quite well over the weeks that followed. They were both Yankees and turned out to be all-right people. I told them I would be looking about things for Mr. Price and there would be no more whiskey drinking while they were working out there for him. I went over every day or two to see how things were going.

Time passed and I got to know Mr. Clyde Price really well. We became good friends over the years. I thought a lot of him and found him to be a fair and honest man. I found out he was born and raised in the backwoods of Arkansas. He came to Oklahoma to live years ago when he was a young man. He's now been dead for many years, but I have kept his memories warm in my heart. I had much respect for Mr. Price and the things he stood for.

Now this is how it was out here in these old hills of Oklahoma long ago. Where men are men and the women are proud of it.

