

It was a mid-summer day and Russel N. and I headed out for a day of fishing and hunting down by the White River and as we approached the DuBray Kewley homestead I notice Dad was at the farm so we decided to stop. As we got closer, we saw Jim S. horse was there tied to Dad's pickup and they were drunk as hell on black berry brandy (we've all been imitated by that crap) trying to saddle up a tiny Shetland pony with a full-size saddle and the stirrups almost touched the ground. At one time Grandpa Kewley bought a bunch of Shetland ponies for each of the Grand Kids, a whole damn herd! Obviously, we had to stay around to see how things went and it went well except for the pony and the singing of Red River Valley and other songs we never heard before. They finally got the pony saddled, the cinch didn't fit very tight, and Dad was about to go for a ride, so I thought it best if we left. As we pulled out and watched through the mirrors, you guessed it, Dad stepped onto the pony and all hell broke loose because that little pony had never been ridden and the saddle wasn't tight. All

three survived and two went on to do more  
crazy things! mk