

"SUMBITCH"

When I heard this story from Don McDaniel, I got the visual in my mind, I was moved to create this story in a sculpture. I was breaking horses as a ten year old kid and heard these kinds of wreck stories a lot, but never this particular one, from an eye witness, so here we go. The edition is limited to 25 bronze castings. See website and click on each photo to see ALL the detail. It is mounted on a walnut base with a brass title plate. If you have not read the true story yet, see below...Different views photos, let me know....

"SUMBITCH", The true story by Don McDaniel

John Hoyt is and was a legend in the Quarter Horse world, and I was fortunate to have a lifelong friendship with him. John and I spent our formative years together in Southern California doing things on horseback that should never be attempted by a normal human being, and as we struggled toward adulthood our paths frequently crossed, including running across each other on a troop ship coming back from Korea – John had been in the Army Engineers and I had been in the Navy. Our paths crossed again in Arizona where we both operated a horse training business and back in the 1960's we were riding anything with hair on it to put a few beans in the pot. John took in to break a big, range bred, long haired four year old gelding with a few cockle burs still in his tail, and when the owner had asked John what he could do with the horse in 30 days John replied "Learn His Name." I heard by the grapevine that John was getting ready to get on the horse for the first time so I went over to John's place to watch the fun.

The big horse had been saddled a few times and allowed to "Soak" in the hot Arizona sun and on one hot summers morning John led the horse into the "Bull Pen" filled with deep sand, chased him around it a few times to tire him out, then grabbing the cheek piece of the hackamore he slowly swung his leg over the saddle, took a short hold and a deep seat and settled in for whatever was going to happen.

At first the horse just sulked up and refused to move, John whacked him a few times with the reins and still no movement, "I guess he's got a Vapor Lock," said John and with this he touched the big horse with his spurs. In a split second he flew to bucking and the show was on, and after a few jumps John's left foot came out of the stirrup and on the next jump the horse cow kicked at John's left foot and ended up with his left rear foot in the empty stirrup, and the wreck was on.

The big horse was now bucking on three legs and John just bailed off the right side, and for a split second he stood in the right stirrup and then after another jump he was launched straight up into the air landing in a heap in the sand. "What's The Matter Old Man, Are You Getting Too Old For This" was my query, John's reply was a true Hoyt-ism, "Naw, I figured If That "SUMBITCH" Was Gonna Git On, I Was Gonna Git Off."

