

behind the corrals of his father's Central Ferry ranch, or riding him across a railroad trestle, occasionally. In over 20 years of riding this horse both Guy and his brother, Glen Lamb, state unequivocally that he was never off his feet. Glen Lamb tells of a time while riding Knobby on an icy slope, the horse simply spread his legs a bit and "skated" in one unbroken slide for several hundred feet.

Guy's favorite story is of the ride he made from the Lewiston, Idaho ranch to the Central Ferry property, now owned by Lester Riley. He left in the early morning and bore cross country north of Pomeroy and arrived at the then very new highway bridge at Central Ferry, a distance of 44 miles up hill and down. The workmen were eating their noon lunch under the bridge, so Guy quietly wrenched off the nailed bar at the south end and proceeded to cross the somewhat green cement surface.

At the sound of the hoofbeats, 3 workmen swarmed onto the bridge and gave chase. Guy leisurely loped his horse and outdistanced them to the far end where he intended to lower a second bar and jump off. This bar, however was bolted, and being trapped he had no choice but to back off for a run, jump his horse over the four foot barrier and down into the rocks where the abutment was later filled in, to make his escape.

The contractor was greatly offended, and since the ribbon snipping ceremony with all its honor to the near-great was yet in the future, the evidence of the passage of a horse was not lightly taken. The sheriff came that same afternoon and found old Knobby placidly eating out of a ranch manger, but Guy slept on a hillside for some time to, as he laughingly put it, "keep from getting cornered."



SAM FISHER, Lyons Ferry, Wash. at 98 years

This family of horses did as well in their daily tasks and so have put their present offspring ahead of others who descend from sires who were too mean or wild to be broken. Too many paintings and photos of present day reference sires are not seen with saddles on, and this is a point to remember for the owner who values disposition and performance. These were good proven horses to begin with, a half century ago.

It was a most fortunate circumstance that placed old Knobby near the Snake River between the Hickman ranch, upstream, and the mouth of the Palouse River, downstream, where Sam Fisher, the Indian horsebreeder lived. Sam Fisher was then an aged man, whose lifetime interest and ability to breed colorful horses, had set him apart, even among his own people. His tribe, the Palouse Indians, were more a river people, and living apart from the main body of the Nez Perce, were not directly involved in the Nez Perce war. This means also that their horses, and Sam Fisher's were among the best, were not taken out of the country, killed or dispersed with the resulting dilution of nearly a century of breeding, but were quite unaffected by the hostilities to the southeast. This means further, that nowhere is there a more purely bred, unbroken and undiluted bloodline of Appaloosa horses than that descending from the breeding of Sam Fisher. (Two officials of the Appaloosa horse club personally spoke to Sam Fisher on two occasions before his death at very near the century mark.)

Floyd Hickman grew up on a cattle ranch near Almota upstream from Central Ferry. Much of his time was spent on horseback doing a man's work and he very early developed an especial liking for the Appaloosa as a superior stockhorse. Ease of riding, willingness and intelligence won a life convert in Floyd.

While still a young man he acquired an exceptionally good Appaloosa broodmare called Spot. His mare was taken downstream to the Lamb ranch to be bred to Knobby.



LITTLE DAN