

The following program

is brought to you in
living color on NBC.

I'll tell you what
I'm gonna do, Lafe.

I'm gonna call that ten buckers.

Here's your ten... and ten more.

His luck can't go on forever.

I wish you fellas would
stop fussing that way.

After all, I didn't want to play

this dang game
in the first place.

There's, uh, your ten...

and, uh, there's another ten.

Well, I got your new saddle
and my carbine, so let's go.

Yeah, well, wait a minute,
wait a minute, Adam.

Let me... let me
play this hand out.

That's \$20 to me, right?

All right, I ain't got the ten,

so I'm... I'm ten in the pot.

I'm gonna call that ten.

You mean you've

lost all that \$400

my brother paid
you for that horse?

Look, I feel bad
enough as it is.

Now just be quiet, will you?

Let's see your cards, Lafe.

Ain't it a caution?

How them cards
just fell together?

I never did see such a town.

Lost my poke, lost my horse.

I lost the money I
got for the horse...

I'm getting out of here while
I still got boots to walk in.

Good-bye, fella!

Well, Lafe, looks
like you won yourself

a little pile of money there.

How much did you
lose, big brother?

Well, I...

Oh, uh, he only
lost exactly \$160.

\$160? Boy, you need a keeper.

Dadburnit, Adam... I felt lucky.

Well, the next time you feel
lucky, let me know, will you?

I'll see if I can't lock
you up somewhere.

Well, let's get this
horse back to the ranch.

Wait a minute, Adam.

You can't take that
horse away from here.

What are you talking about?

You gave him the \$400
for the horse, didn't you?

Yeah, yeah.

Yeah. And the horse
trader lost the \$400 to me.

Well, that's his bad luck.

Oh... well.

Hoss had a little bad luck, too.

He lost \$160.

Why don't you sue him for it?

Oh, I wouldn't sue him...

I'd just, uh... sell the horse.

You'll what?

Adam, look...

after I borrowed
the first hundred,

Lafe here made
me put the horse up

for security on the rest of it.

Security!

Yeah.

Security.

Security.

You know, if you weren't so big,

I'd just poke you
one right in the mouth.

Well, we'll get you
your 160 somehow.

Yeah. And make it
soon, or I'll sell him.

I got enough hayburners
around here already.

Lafe, how come you're so ornery?

It's the business I'm in.

These critters... standing
around eating and drinking

and making me do all the work.

I just hate 'em.

Like you hate poker.

Yeah.

I'm just plain mean.

Yeah, you sure are.

Whoa.

Hey. Adam?

Maybe we can get
that money off Pa, huh?

For a thoroughbred racehorse?

You know how he
feels about horses

that can't earn their keep.

Yeah, but if we explain to
him about the sweepstakes

in Virginia City at
the end of the month,

with the winner taking \$1,500.

Yeah, but you
got to win to get it.

Adam, we'd have the only
thoroughbred racehorse

in the whole race.

Well, we may have the
only thoroughbred horse

in the race that's
going to lose.

Of all the fool things,
you sure take the prize.

Dadgummit, Adam, we...

we'll get it somehow.

If I'd known what
you were doing,

I never would've spent
the rest of the money

on your saddle and my rifle.

Oh, let me see your new rifle!

Hey. I see somebody's got
himself a brand-new saddle.

Yeah, Pa, got it down
at Lonestar Leather.

Oh, don't tell me
Lev Davis made this.

Hand-made all the way through.

Yeah, there's some
mail came in for you, too.

- Oh, thank you.
- What a beauty.

Joseph, will you take
your feet off the settee?

Yes, sir.

I saw this rifle down
at Spence Pulling's.

Sure wish I could
afford one like it.

Well, if you saved
your money, you could.

Yeah, you ain't got none of
that stuff stashed out somewhere,

have you, little brother?

Who, me? Heck, no.

He couldn't hang onto a
dollar if it was tied to him.

Here, give me that thing
before you wear it out.

That's right.

You know, Joe, you need
to develop some better habits

with your money than that.

Yes, and you're just the
one to teach him, aren't you?

Now, listen to this.

Joseph, how many
times do I have to tell you?

It's from, uh, Enos Milford.

"so, Ben, if you could spare
one of your boys for a few weeks

"to lend me a hand with
the stock, I'd be obliged.

"As some of the stock has
been ridden and gentled,

"I figure about \$12 a head

"should be a fair
price to finish the job.

Your good friend, Enos Milford."

- \$12 a head, huh?

- Mm-hmm.

How many has he got left?

Well, he's got, uh, 18 horses.

\$12 a head, that's...
18... that'd be...

\$216.

Yeah, that's right.

That's... that's almost...

that's better than \$100 a week!

Figuring two weeks to bust 'em.

I'll go.

Wait a minute. At \$100
a week, we can both go!

I'm pretty near finished
with that fence anyhow, Pa...

Hold on a minute, now.
I-I can't spare everybody.

Only one of you can go.

Well, it doesn't
make any difference

as long as one of us goes.

Yeah, that's...
that's all right.

You go, Adam.

Well, well, wait a minute.

You two aren't the only ones
around her who can sit a bronc.

He's right.

He should have a
chance to go, too.

All right, we'll
do it the fair way.

We'll-we'll draw for it.

Let's go.

Now.

The one who picks
the short match...

will not go.

The one who picks
the long one will.

Well, two to one
odds isn't too bad.

So, we have two short ones,

and one long one.

Adam?

You go first, little brother.

You're older than
I am; you go first.

Oh, come on.

All right, let's see 'em.

Hmm.

It just isn't our day, is it?

Dadgummit, of the confounded...

Oh, come on, Hoss.

Well, youth must be served.

Seems a shame to send

a boy to do a man's job.

Oh, I think maybe this
boy could manage it. Huh?

Yeah, but, Pa, all that money,

and he'll just throw it
away like he always does.

Well, I agree that
his money habits

aren't all that they should be.

Don't you worry, Pa.

Don't you worry
about that, huh-uh.

No, indeedy.

Not after seeing this
new rifle of Adam's.

I'm gonna develop some
new money-saving habits.

Would you mind?

Well, I'm glad you're picking up

some of your older
brother's better habits.

Sure would like to hear from
Ben one way or the other.

Yeah, I heard a lot
about them Cartwrights.

Sure must be something.

Folks say they know
more about ranching

than anybody in the territory.

I wouldn't say that.

Though I guess I did
teach Ben Cartwright

all he knows about ranching.

Couldn't help but some
of it rub off on his sons.

- Mm.

- Suppose so.

He'll earn that \$12 a head,
breaking these broncs.

Yep, he sure will.

What do you mean by that?

Well, Cora says that,
uh... you got tossed off

of most of them before
you hurt your back.

Now, see here, Sam Phinney.

I wouldn't be repeating
that around, you hear?

Now get down off that fence

and help me saddle up
one of them blasted broncs.

I'm not waiting
for the Cartwrights.

But Cora says you should
stay away from them broncs.

Cora says?

Women should stick
to their pies and cooking

and leave men's work to a man!

Now, Pete, bring 'em in!

Oh, for heaven's sake!

Well... I still think
you ought to wait

for one of them Cartwrights.

Man of your age... Man my age!

Why, you old coot, I'm
20 years younger than you.

Well, that still puts you
past the middling years.

Oh, shut up and hold that bronc!

All right.

What are you up to?

Oh, I do believe, Enos Milford,

you must be in your
second childhood.

You'll be small comfort to
me if you break your neck!

Will you stop that
screeching and yelling?

I'm having enough trouble
with this bronc without you.

Whoa, there, now, whoa.

Cut him loose!

Enos! Enos, are you all right?

I'm... see what you've done?

What is it?

- Oh...

- You broke my watch.

Of all the hard-headed,
stubbornest husbands

the good Lord ever
gave to a woman, you...

Now you get up, and get
out of this corral, Enos Milford!

I'll never be able to ride him

with you in this
corral, now, uh...

Land sakes! Little Joe!

Howdy, Mrs. Milford.

We didn't see you coming.

My, how you've grown.

Leave me, leave me be.

Didn't, didn't know
when you'd get here.

How are you?

So I just thought I'd take
the top off that there jug head.

Good to see you.

He must've stepped in a hole.

Enos!

Oh, uh, I'd like you to meet

a neighbor friend of
mine, Sam Phinney.

Sam, how are ya?

Howdy, Mr. Cartwright.

Just call me Joe.

Just seeing you
again, Little Joe,

makes me realize how time flies.

It's been a long time.

Must be about two
years, Mrs. Milford.

How's the ranch going?

Oh, not so good, what with taxes

and the price of feed
up, me being retired.

You see what I
have to put up with?

Ever since he's retired,

he's been like an
old range steer.

Cora, you just handle the
house chores and cooking,

and I'll handle the business
matters in my own way.

Oh, and speaking of cooking,

I'll bet Little Joe

would like a slice

of your famous apple
pie you were baking.

- Sounds good.

- Yeah?

- Pie? Pie?!

- Yeah.

Oh!

- Oh, Enos...

- Yeah?

I guess none of us is perfect.

Now there, Little Joe,
that little bay there.

She's still rough, but I sat her
till she started banging me up

against the corral
fence and I had to get off.

Well?

Well, what?

Well, then she's
never been rode.

Oh, I sure enough
had her whipped

until she started bumping
my leg against the corral fence.

What about the others?

Oh, that sorrel and black.

Oh, they gave me
plenty of trouble.

Well, what about
the sorrel and black?

Well, the-the sorrel
broke my cinch.

But I nearly had him until
me and him parted company.

- Hmm?

- Yeah.

What about the black?

Well, well, the truth
is... I lost the stirrup.

And you know as
well as I, Little Joe,

that a bucking horse will
generally pile you good

if that happens.

Mm-hmm.

Oh, boy.

Mr. Milford, I thought I was
stealing when my pa told me

you'd pay me \$12 a head
to break that stock of yours,

including the ones that you'd
claimed you'd gentled yourself.

But the fact of the matter is,

I don't know how many horses
out there have thrown you.

But you said you could
handle the rough ones.

Oh, I can, I can, but
you know and I know

that any horse out
there that's tossed you

is gonna be tougher
to stick on next time.

And I got to stick on those
horses till they're broke

whether they throw
me 50 times or more.

So?

So... So I'll ride
all the stock.

And I'll charge you \$15 a
head for the ones you rode
and \$12 for the others.

Now see here,
Little Joe Cartwright,

you're not squeezing
me for more money.

Talk like that sounds like
your pa put you up to it.

My pa did not put me up to this.

- I put me up to this.

- Yeah?

If you don't like the deal,

well, get yourself
another rider.

Well?

How about 13.50?

How about \$15?

You're pretty shrewd
for a young man.

That's a habit I've
been developing lately.

All right, Little
Joe, it's a deal.

Mr. Milford, that's
a wise choice.

Oh. Oh, howdy, fellas.

Hope you didn't come in here
to play that danged game again.

No, we didn't come in
to play the danged game.

We come in to get
our danged horse.

Oh, yeah. Yeah, I was coming
out there to see about that.

Hey, ain't nothing's
happened to it, has it, Lafe?

No, no, nothing, 'cept he
eats more than any critter

I ever had in here.

It's a caution how
that critter eats.

And then, and then
with no exercise,

he starts kicking

down the stall.

Well, then we'll just have

to take him off your hands,
get it back to our place.

Well, uh, you got the, uh, 160?

Well, not exactly, but...

No buts. No money, no horse.

Come on, Lafe. Dadgummit,
you know me and Adam.

You know you'll get your money.

Well, uh, where is it then?

We've overextended
ourselves lately

and we're a little short.

Well, your pa's got lots of it.
Why don't you get it from him?

Well, you see, every
family has its quirks,

and under the circumstances,
going to our pa is one of them.

Oh. Well, how about Little Joe?

Everybody knows how he
throws his money around.

Uh, by the way, ain't
seen Little Joe lately.

Where's he been?

Ah, he's been working.

Couple of weeks now.

Yeah, come on, Adam.
We'll see you, Lafe.

I'll give you just two days
to get that critter out of here.

Why you'd ever want a
hayburner like that I'll never know.

Mm-hmm!

Hello, brothers.

Little brother.

Looks like he's all in one
piece, don't he, Adam?

Yeah, but can he move?

Yeah, well, I'm, I'm
hurting a little bit,

but the money kind
of soothes all that.

Well, with all that hurting,
you must be doing a good job.

Yeah. If you're
hurting too much,

I'll be happy to
take over for you.

Oh, that's terribly
generous of you,

but I think I can handle it.

All right, what's it all about?

You two certainly didn't
come over here just to visit.

Why, why else would
we, little brother?

Well, 'cause it's a long
ride from the Ponderosa,

and we grew up
together, remember?

You know, I think our
younger brother is losing

a little respect for his elders

since he began
making all that money.

You're right, Adam.

He's getting plumb smart-alecky.

Oh, boy.

Talk like that sounds like
you're about a foot away

from cattle rustling.

How'd you like to
own a real racehorse?

A long-legged
Kentucky thoroughbred.

You see, we've got a chance
to buy... I should say steal...

From this dead-broke
horse trader,

the swiftest-looking animal
you've ever laid eyes on.

Now, I may have
a couple of faults,

but when it comes
to judging horseflesh,

there ain't nobody else in this
territory that's better than me.

This horse is a winner.

How much you want to borrow?

Little Joe seems
to be developing

a certain kind of
hardness, don't he?

We need 160.

How come you didn't
borrow it from Pa?

You know how he
is about riding stock

that you can't work cattle with.

Look, Joe, we just
want to buy this horse

for the one race
there in Virginia City,

and then we're gonna
sell him right after he wins.

No, you can't lose.
This horse can fly!

We'll split the \$1,500 three
ways, you, Hoss and me.

What do I get for security?

Security... Security?

Security. You want
\$160... You can't lose.

Oh, come on, Adam.

Look, I know you're a
good judge of horseflesh.

But you're talking
about winning a race

that hasn't been run yet.

And there's a possibility...

Don't let me upset you.

I know it is a
remote possibility,

but there is a
possibility he could lose.

Hey, Joe, look...

why don't you do me and
old Adam a real big favor

and loan us that money?

Security.

You'll own a third of the horse!

Security.

Joe, you can't lose.

Security.

Ah, security,
security, security!

You keep talking about security!

Now, what do you

consider security?!

What are you yelling at?

You want me to spend
\$160 for that horse.

I don't need the horse.

Go ahead.

Well, look-look at it from
my point of view now.

You want me to buy a
third interest in a horse

I've never seen.

You want me to
buy a pig in a poke

without any kind of security.

All right... what do
you consider security?

Little things...
your new saddle.

And that new rifle
Adam just bought.

You are a thief.

Steal from his own kin.

Give up on the whole thing.

Wait a minute. Wait a minute.

Now I know that
we're only half brothers,

but we are brothers, agreed?

I always thought so till now.

All right.

Our... young... brother here...

wants security for \$160.

So... let's give it to him.

If the horse wins,

you get a one-third of
the \$1,500 prize money.

If he loses...

we give you our share of the
horse to sell as you so please.

Is it a deal?

Mm.

Is that horse as
fast as he says it is?

Like Adam said, he ain't no fool

when it comes to
judging livestock, Joe.

Well, that saddle of
yours wouldn't have

done me much good anyway.

Size of that thing.

But, boy, you know,
that rifle of Adam's...

that's a nice one.

So, if the horse loses, I
want the horse and the rifle.

All right... Shylock.

It's a deal.

Hey, it really was nice of
Pa and Adam to, to talk to me

about using my head about money.

Yeah, you're... you're
getting good at it, too, Joe.

I'll go inside and see if
I can get that advance.

Excuse me, Adam.

Security.

Now what brings
you boys over here?

You get lonesome
for Little Joseph?

If we were, we just got over it.

No, we came over to
talk about some business.

Yep. I'm afraid it
wasn't the smartest thing

we ever did, neither.

Now what kind of
business you boys in?

We bought ourselves a racehorse.

A racehorse?!

A racehorse?!

Yes, sir. A real,

honest-to-gosh thoroughbred.

We're gonna enter him in that
Virginia City race next week.

That a fact. Mm... mm...

Enos... get that
look out of your eye.

What's wrong, Mrs. Milford?

Enos once bought
himself a racehorse.

Almost lost his
shirt on it, too.

He'd have won, Cora,

if he hadn't have
fallen and broke a leg.

Nevertheless, I don't
hold with racing or betting.

And I'm surprised your Pa'd
let you boys get mixed up in it.

Well... actually, he
hasn't had a chance

to say anything about it yet.

Now, that's what comes of men
living without a woman around.

I tell you, whenever
a man tries to go...

Cora, stop that cackling and
set out some pie for the boys.

They been looking forward to it.

Well, goodness, if I'd only

knowed they were coming.

I just put the
pies in the ovens.

They're not done yet.

Cora, you're giving me
a reputation as a liar.

I keep bragging on your cooking,

and you keep having
pies that ain't done

or are all burnt up.

Well, actually, we gotta
be getting back to town.

Hey, Little Joe, now,
here... here's your money.

- Give it to Hoss.

- Hoss?

Now, you tell
your pa what I said

about getting mixed up
with racehorses, you hear?

Yes'm.

I think he ought
to think twice on it.

Yes'm. Thank you for the coffee.

Enos... Ooh!

Oh, I hope Pa
don't bust his vest

when he finds out what we done.

There's not much we
can do about it now.

Why don't you go on in, and
I'll feed and bed him down?

Now, wait a minute, Adam.

You feed him and
I'll bed him down,

then we'll both go
in and talk to Pa.

Come on.

You know, you're... you're
beginning to act just like

another brother of mine.

Aw, Adam, it ain't that.

Dadburn it, it's just that...

I sure do hate to face
Pa alone, that's all.

Why?

Oh... hello.

What's wrong?

Nothing.

Well?

We bought a horse.

You, uh, you bought a horse.

Yeah, Pa, and... and he's...

He's taller than anything
we have here on the ranch.

Oh, he sure is.

Yeah, he sure is.

You intend to, uh, cut
cattle or do some roping

with this, uh... this giraffe?

No, no, no, no, no,
no. This is a racehorse.

We, uh... bought it
straight from Kentucky.

- The racehorse?

- Yeah.

Straight from Kentucky?

How many times
have I told you two

that if an animal doesn't
carry its own weight here,

we don't need it.

No, no, you don't
understand. You see...

we're going to enter him
in the race, in Virginia City,

and when we win the \$1,500,
then we're gonna sell him.

Pa, he can sure run.

Hoss, he can sure eat.

A regular hayburner, eh?

Pa, Adam took him out
for a little run this afternoon,

and there ain't a horse
on this whole place

that can even make
him breathe hard.

Oh, that's for sure.

That right?

Yeah, look at his chest.

Yeah, take a look
at these legs, too, Pa.

Around here.

It's deep.

Look at those legs, Pa. You
ever seen anything like it?

Ain't he something?

How's his staying power?

Aw, he can run all day.

What'd you pay for him?

Uh, well, we, uh...
What did we pay?

Pa...

would you say \$400
was too much money

to pay for an animal like that?

\$400?

Cash money.

You have a bill of sale?

Well, yeah, sure, I got
it right here, mm-hmm.

What's the matter?
Something wrong?

- You stole the horse.
- What?

Yep, this horse is
worth a thousand dollars.

Didn't I tell you, huh?

Didn't I tell you he was worth
every cent I paid for him?

As a matter of fact,
he's worth \$1,500

to anyone who wants a racehorse.

What do you mean by that, Pa?

I guess the only way he can
earn his board and keep is

by entering him in
that Virginia City race.

That's right. That's right.

And that's what
we want to do, Pa.

You are?

The only, uh, the only thing
is we're gonna have to, uh...

borrow \$25 for the entrance fee.

\$25?

How'd you boys get that broke?

Well, that's... that's
a long sad story.

The point is, Pa...
Can you loan us 25?

Yeah, and maybe
another hundred or so

so we could make
a few side bets?

How much?

75?

50?

25 for the fee, huh?

I'll tell you what I'll do.

I'll lend you 25 for the fee

and \$50 apiece
for the side bets.

- Great!

- Buddy!

Of course, if I'm gonna
lend you that kind of money,

I'm afraid I'm simply
gonna have to...

Ah! We know, Pa.

Security.

Yeah.

Mmm! These are, these are
really good cookies, ma'am.

Thank you.

I've been meaning
to tell you, Little Joe.

You've been doing a fine job.

Near as good as me
in my younger days.

Thank you.

- But for \$15 a head...
- Enos!

Now don't start that again.

Now, well, Cora,
it's getting late.

Now you should
get ready for bed.

Yeah, I think you're right.

Night, Little Joe.

Good night, ma'am.
Pleasant dreams.

Enos?

Oh, yeah.

We got to put the stock
to bed, so you go to bed.

Good night, dear.

Why don't you shave
once and a while?

I will, honey. Good night.

I'll be up later.

Now, uh...

Now we better get
that stock checked.

Oh, now, now, now,
just, just a minute.

I want to ask you something.

That little black horse
you were breaking,

he as fast as he looks?

Mm-hmm. He's about the
fastest little animal I ever rode.

How long you think it would
take to get him set for racing?

Racing?!

Shh.

You're not figuring on
racing that horse, are you?

Well, it might be if you thought
we could get him ready by time.

You know, that \$1,500
purse is mighty inviting.

You figuring on riding him?

Well, I could, but I
thought maybe you'd like...

Naturally, I'd make
it worth your while.

If you win, I'll give you \$400.

Oh, I don't know.

You know, my brothers having
that horse in the race just...

Nah, it just doesn't seem
right for me to ride against 'em.

Now, now, now Little Joe, you,
you just, just don't understand.

Now, you can't lose.

What a race. Nobody can lose it.

Don't you remember?

You told me if the
thoroughbred wins,

you get 500 of the purse plus
a third interest of the horse.

That's right.

But if Blackie
wins, you get \$400,

and the brothers have

to give you the
thoroughbred and a rifle.

Hmm.

You know, Mr. Milford,

I never thought
about it like that.

Yeah, well, you, you were
just looking at one side of it.

I guess I was.

Yeah, yeah.

Got something I
want to show you.

Now what you're about to
see may be our ace in the hole,

an English riding saddle.

Yeah, was that all of it?

Yeah, I've had this
one for a long time.

All I had left

after that racehorse of mine
fell down and broke his leg.

Feel its weight.

Hey, that thing don't hardly
weigh anything at all, does it?

Yeah, and I wouldn't
be a bit surprised

if a horse could
run a mite faster

with this on his back
instead of one of ours.

You know, I bet you're right.

- I bet you are right.

- Yeah.

I just wonder if the racing
committee let you use it.

Oh, I've already
checked the rules.

It says all horses will
be ridden with a saddle.

Now just because this
one looks more like a napkin

with stirrups on it,

nobody can say it
ain't a proper saddle.

- It's a saddle, all right.

- Yeah.

Boy, you really checked
this thing out, huh?

I sure did.

- There's just one thing.

- What?

I-I-I think that for training

and riding this
horse, it's just...

Well, it's just worth
more than \$400.

Just to be fair, I
should get \$500.

\$500, you got yourself a rider.

450.

500.

500.

You know, Little Joe,

I'm beginning to think the
only way to get ahead of you

is walk behind you.

Now, just one more little favor.

Let's keep this kind
of secret from, uh...

Cora, I mean, you know.

You know how she
feels about racing.

Don't you worry about it.

So, Mr. Milford, if there's one
thing you and I understand,

- it's women.

- Enos?

Yes, dear?

Hey, hey.

The saddle.

Oh, the saddle.

Here you go.

Here he comes.

Yeah, he sure can run.

Gonna take a mighty
good horse to beat him.

I hope you're right.

We'll find out day
after tomorrow.

Yeah.

You doing business, Wade?

I'm glad you're on our
side this time, you old coot.

I've got a feeling

your brother's gonna do
some yelling about this saddle.

Have a feeling they're
gonna do some yelling

about who's sitting
in that saddle.

Hey, little brother.

Glad to see you here.

Came to see our horse win, huh?

You can start counting
your money right now.

Well, Mr. Milford,
what you got here?

A horse, a racehorse.

A racehorse?

You-you ain't planning on
running this little, puny thing

against that big, long-legged
thoroughbred of ours, are you?

Who's gonna ride him?

Well, I was...

meaning to talk to
you about that, Adam,

but I been so
busy all week, I...

What you're
trying not to tell me

is that you are going
to ride him, right?

Mm-hmm.

Now, wait a minute, Joe.

You mean you're gonna ride
this horse against our racehorse?

You got a third
interest in him yourself.

We know that, but
that ain't enough.

Wait a minute.

Come again on that a
little bit slower, Mr. Milford.

Look, if he wins for me,

he gets 500 for riding,

plus all your losing horse,

plus your rifle, Adam.

But if he loses and you win,

he gets 500 from the prize

and only a third of your horse.

You know, it seems to
me that our little brother

has learned some
very interesting ways

since he left the home hearth.

Yes, sir.

He's put together some real

dandy little tricks, ain't he?

Well, you-you fellas told me

I should get better habits
about saving money.

Don't you think you're
overdoing it a little, brother?

Well, I wouldn't worry too much.

Looks like a pretty small horse.

You think he can last
the race in a dead run?

I just would like you
to clean and polish

that rifle of yours
before you give it to me.

Race isn't run yet.

Come on, Adam, we got
to get saddled up anyhow.

I'll be.

What kind of a saddle
is Little Joe sitting in?

It looks like one of
those English kind, huh?

I'm not too sure
an English saddle

is acceptable in this race.

Now, Clem, if Enos is
using one on his horse,

you can believe that he's
read the rules pretty close.

I don't know, Ben.

Bit grand, wouldn't you say?

Enos, there's some question
about that saddle there.

Well now, Clem,
according to the rules,

it says "all mounts will
be ridden with a saddle."

I reckon out here that
this little piece of leather

wouldn't be
considered much of one,

but it's made of leather,
got a seat, stirrups,

and tied on with a cinch.

Now, if that don't
make a saddle,

I don't know what does.

Well, Clem, he's
right, you know?

If you want to change the rules,

you're gonna have
to wait till next year.

Right now, he's got you.

Let's get on with the race.

You all know the
rules of the race.

In case some of

you have forgotten,

here they are:

All you riders know
the big elm tree

about a half a mile out of town.

Well, you all circle
it, tree on your right,

and back here to the finish.

You know, read them good now.

Read them, you hear?

Yeah, come on.

Now, don't get
too excited, Enos.

Remember what
happened last time?

Now, Sam, you
promised not to tell her.

He didn't.

I saw you sneak
off this morning.

I just made Sam drive me in.

Enos, they're gonna start.

Well, at least you
can put that poor horse

back to work after he loses.

Woman, why don't
you go burn a pie?

On your marks, get set...

Hey, here they come!

Hyah!

We won!

Behave yourself.

Oh.

- He did it!

- Joe won?

I got to tell you, Ben.

Well, you did it.

I don't know how,

such a small
horse, but you did it.

I think the weight
of that saddle

might have made
a little difference.

Much as it hurts,
I got to admit,

it's the prettiest race
I ever seen run, Joe.

- Thank you.

- Well, this thoroughbred

just isn't as thorough
as I thought he was.

Too bad, Adam, but
it was a good race.

Little Joe, you

really slickered them

with that little
saddle of yours.

I'll pay you all.

I'll pay you all, as
much as I hate to.

Congratulations, Little Joe.

Come on. Let's give
my horse a rubdown.

- Come on.

- All right, partner.

Yeah, you take him... Come on.

And, uh, now I'll
take my other horse.

Don't remind me.

I don't think I like this much.

What's the matter?

Oh, you, too?

Here.

Whoa.

Enos Milford.

Now, Cora... You
lost your senses.

Cora, let me explain.

What do you want him for?

He ain't good for
anything on the ranch.

Oh, just look at him, Cora.

Just look at him.

As pretty an animal
as God ever created,

and I just couldn't resist
trading Blackie for him.

But at least Blackie
was good for something

besides fool horseracing.

Mother, this big horse
means a lot to me.

Oh, sure, I know
he's useless, but, uh,

I've always wanted
a thoroughbred

even if all he can
do is eat and whinny.

It's, uh, well, uh,

sort of something I've wanted

ever since I was a boy.

Enos, sometimes I'll just
never understand men.

Oh, let's take this big
hay-burner and get home.

Bye.

Thanks for the horse.

Enos got himself a
mighty fine animal.

Well, Mr. Milford wanted
that thoroughbred so bad, Pa,

I couldn't very well refuse him.

Besides, Old-Old Blackie here
is nothing but working stock.

Oh.

That-that's a beauty.

I-I got a scabbard.

Looks like Little Joe
won all the marbles.

Cinched the race.

You fellas and that animal
sure cost me a lot of money.

Here you are, Hoss.

Here's what you won.

How about a beer, Lafe?

I-I'll buy you a beer.

Come on.

Just a minute.

What is going on here?

Well, Adam, you see, I...

Well, I put up my new saddle

for security to borrow the
money to make that bet with him.

But we lost.

I know we did, Adam,
and I'm sorry about that.

Now, let me get this straight.

You are telling me

that you bet against our horse?

Adam, old Lafe was
making such good odds,

I just couldn't resist.

Oh, Adam, wait a minute.

I-I tell you what I'll do, Adam.

Why don't you take this
money and buy your rifle back?

I-I... No security.

How about, uh,

I come over there
and I buy you a beer?

I'll buy a beer, too, Lafe.

I'll buy everybody a beer.

You want a beer?

How much you want
to bet on this one?

What you got for security?

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color presentation

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