Hippies In Calgary

Chris LeDoux

Well a few years back me and ol' John worked the Calgary rodeo.
We were hangin' around town with nothing to do, nowhere else to go.
Cowboys are known for their fun loving ways, pranks, and practical jokes. And I'll never forget the night we impressed a bunch of them Calgary folks. Well just down the hall in the ole hotel where me and old John stayed.
Were some school marms, they'd come up from Dallas to party for a couple of days.
Now these old gals was fancy dressers; they had wigs and beads and all.
So we put on the hair, took off our boots, and boogied on down the hall. Well, you could never tell we were cowboys; we were real lookin' hippies by heck. With long hair, bare feet, old t-shirts, and beads around our necks. And shoot we just had to show someone so we boogied on down to the lounge. There was cowboys, and gents in nice old suits and ladies in long evening gowns. Well we found us a table, pulled out a chair and lit up some Bull Durham smokes. The smoke filled the air, everyone there thought these hippies were smokin' dope.
Now Leonard and Cravy and old Ronnie
Rosland were sitting two tables away. So we did what we thought hippies would do when we noticed them lookin' our way. Well we waved our long hair, rolled back our eyes, and sucked in them home made smokes. Sayin' stuff like cool and ya, man wow. We put on one heck of a show. Now Ronnie and Lenard, they'd been there a while and they wasn't feelin' much pain. I reckon they figured they'd have some fun with these two hippie freaks that walked in. Well the bar got deathly quiet, as those cowboys come our way. And the city folks knew it wouldn't be long till the battle got under way. Well Ronnie came right over to me and looked me right square in the eye and said, hey there boy, what's that stuff you're smokin' I Said, here man give it a try. Well that didn't make him too happy, and then when I told him to bug out he blinked and snorted like a mad brahamer bull, frolicked and foamed at the mouth. Well just about then, I looked at old John and his face had turned beat red, cause Leonard had grabbed him by the throat with plans to tear off his head! Ronnie reached out with a huge left hand and grabbed a hold of my hair. With a right fist cocked, he said now boy you better start sayin' your prayers!
Well he gave a yank and my wig come off and lay limp there across his hand.
The most stupified look I've never seen on the face of any man. Well he
Dropped the thing like a poisonous snake and stared at it there on the floor.
The he looked up and saw who I was, he laughed, and gave out a roar!Well this story doesn't have any moral; it was just one mighty good gag. But I sighed with relief Ronnie didn't swing first before he pulled off my wig.

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