

Things that could only happen to Peck.



Scooter, Skippy and Friend

Meeting Tim

One of my best friends is Tim Weston, President of TLW Productions. Tim and his team have done a fantastic job helping us with the Boo Classic Halloween event, website, and these stories. I can't thank them enough.

I met Tim in the early seventies at a poker game hosted by one of my favorite brothers-in-law. Somehow, the subject of horses came up during one of the card games, and Tim said he had two horses and that I could come ride with him anytime.

Several days later, I met Tim at the stables which were located next to the Mississippi river. We saddled the horses and rode up to the scenic river levee. No sooner than we get to the top of the levee that Tim says, "Let's race!" I'm thinking, "It's your horses I grew up racing horses." My horse seemed faster after beating Tim's horse, but he said, "Let's swap horses and go again!"

This is my kind of guy. I beat him again, and that was the beginning of our friendship.

Tim's Take on Meeting Jimmy:

Jimmy was then living in Lafayette, and I remember playing cards with him a couple of times when he came into town and to the game. "Nice guy," was my first impression at the card game, but not much more thought than that. I had two horses, Skippy, a thoroughbred, and Scooter, a quarter horse. Skippy and Scooter were brothers from different fathers, large brownish-red studs—each larger than 16 hands. They were very competitive, very spirited, very fast, and Skippy very difficult to handle.

I remember the day that Jimmy first came to ride. I put him on Scooter because I didn't know what kind of rider he was and didn't want him to get hurt. I mounted Skippy and watched as Jimmy grabbed the saddle horn, and leaped up on Scooter sideways, like in the old cowboy movies, without using the stirrup. I distinctly remember thinking, "Who is this fucking Yahoo, and who does he think he is, Roy Rogers?"

By the time we had walked them the quarter mile to the levee, both horses were feeling their oats and ready to run. When I asked Jimmy if he wanted to race, he agreed and off we went! As we galloped to the top of the levee, the horses broke into a full run and Jimmy took the lead. The top of the levee was a road filled with shells, and the shells ricocheting off of Scooter's back hooves at full run were bouncing off me like bullets and stung like crazy. I pulled Skippy back to avoid the onslaught and Jimmy easily won the half-mile race.



Afterwards, we dismounted, walked the horses for a while and laughed about how bad the shells hurt. On the way back, we traded horses and were off to the races. This time, we avoided the road filled with shells, and it was neck and neck all the way back. Because the horses were so competitive, they used to bump each other when one tried to pass which made for a harrowing ride, especially on the side of the hill leading up to the levee. I remember that Jimmy won by a nose.

Afterwards, at the stable, we cooled down the horses, cleaned their hooves, washed them down and fed them oats and hay. I could tell by then that I didn't have to worry about Jimmy—he was good with horses.

Little did I know that from that day, Jimmy and I would become inseparable, with hundreds of hours of golf, gambling, adventures and laughing ahead of us.