



## George L. 'Bud' Cox

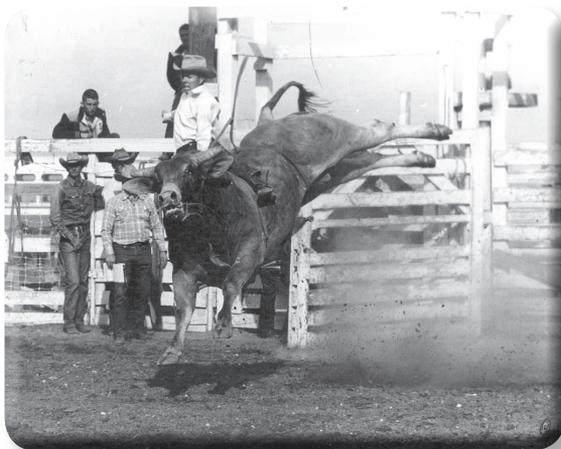
Better known as "Bud Cox", George was born September 19, 1931.

This is a story about a "Cowboy" who had dreams of being a championship bullrider, but never quite got there.

I was a city boy, born and raised in Austin, Texas. I spent my summers with my god-parents, Vaughn and Birdie Mae Bell, in Driftwood, Texas. Vaughn put me on my first calf when I was just 8 years old. Our family entertainment was going to rodeos at every opportunity or on holidays. All my heroes were cowboys, so I always wanted to be a Cowboy-"Bullrider", when I grew up.

As a teenager, I had a "bucking barrel", and practiced riding the barrel every day. Then, thanks to Buck and Tommy Steiner, I was fortunate enough to be invited to ride bulls at their river ranch in Austin, Texas.

I got my first RCA membership in 1951 and rode in the bullriding and bareback riding event. I went to rodeos all over, going to Cheyenne, Wyoming; Camp Denton, Missouri; Mobridge, South Dakota; Iowa; Louisiana; Mississippi; Nebraska; New York State;



Ohio; Oklahoma and of course all over Texas.

I never was allowed to achieve my championship goal, and finally left the rodeo circuit because I had to work and raise a family.

These stories are part of my fondest memories:

1953 - I had made another “buckin’ barrel”, tied four ropes so I could rock the barrel. Every afternoon, I would practice riding and spurring that barrel like it was a horse. When I thought I was ready, I entered the Shreveport, Louisiana rodeo in the bareback event. (I didn’t figure I had a chance to win because all the world’s best entered that rodeo every year).

I was proud to split a 1st and a 2nd at that rodeo.

This was the year, January 1956, that Odessa had their first indoor RCA rodeo. A first go-round, bullriding event.

It seemed like all the champions were up for that first performance and I was up eighth. By my time to ride, or up to that point, no one had made it past the gate. My time was up, I got on my horse, I was out the gate, riding and spurring the horse was spinning both ways then I heard the whistle. I made it!!!

When I came to my wits end, I looked around and realized that the whole coliseum was standing and cheering my ride.

My family laughed and joked saying that because I was the only rider to complete an eight second ride, that I was “their” World Champion, for one day.

Placed 3 years in the San Antonio rodeo.

These memories were moments to last a lifetime!!!!

But the most memorable things I remember and cherish about my rodeo days are the many friends I met along the way.