

horses running low, ears back, nostrils extended, eyes looking like they were going to pop out of their sockets. I got scared and wanted to get back into the crowd. We were about to the half way mark when I started to pull my horse to get back to where I thought was a safe place. When I pulled him back, no go, I pulled his head back but his legs were still running so I jerked hard on the lines about two or three times and they were snapped lines. I jerked one line off, pulling back and forth. With one line I started turning north. I got away from the race but I had a runaway race horse, which I could not stop. Well, I guess other boys on horseback saw me and shouted, "Run-away." About fifty boys chased me north. It was just like a Model-T car chasing a Buick! My horse saw a buggy about two miles away and headed right for this team. I jumped big rocks, ditches, and what have you on a prairie. I turned the line loose and hung onto the horse's mane. No chance of jumping. Why, I might as well jump from a modern car at fifty or sixty miles an hour. Well, I ran into the two old Indians who had been to see their homes to see if everything was alright. I ran into the horses full speed. He nearly knocked the poor horses into the Salt Fork River. I went into the front part of the dashboard, onto the tongue and the bow. Boy, my nose was bleeding. Fortunately, it was not broken. I was skinned all over, my shirt and pants were torn and all the old men could say was, "Boo-hoo, boo-hoo." (In Ponca "boo-hoo" meant something like "Oh, my gosh!")

Well, they caught my horse, tied him with their horses and I got in the back. I did not know what to do, cry or catch hell from my father and mother. I knew they would punish me by taking away the privilege of riding again. I felt pretty bad. Finally, we met my dad and grandfather in a single buggy. They asked the old Indians, "How is he?" They said I was alright except for my bloody nose and being skinned up some. So, I changed buggies and went back with my father. I thought he would get after me but he didn't. He said, "Son, you had your own horse and saddle, why did you ride a horse you did not know?" I could not answer. When we got back to camp it seemed all my