

relatives were there. Some of the women folks were crying but when they saw I was alright they wiped away my tears and spoke gently to me. I went into the teepee and covered my face and body, sitting up as people came to see me. This way I saw no one as I was very ashamed and hurt. My father went and told one of the town criers that he was sorry that this had happened to him and his family and was glad to know and see that I was not hurt too bad. He said he gave a beef in my honor to the people. We had some cattle and I knew he would make his word good.

So, that is the one incident that I wanted to tell you. In a foot race or a horse race, never look back.

BUFFALO CHASE AT 101 RANCH

In the year of 1905, June 5th to 9th, was the "Big Buffalo Chase". The old 101 Ranch entertained the National Editors Association on the old Sun Dance grounds, or tribal grounds two miles north of Bliss, Oklahoma Territory, or the present town of Marland, Oklahoma. Editors came from all parts of the United States and visitors from all over the country. Trains of over 33 coaches were common. People with no room on the train stood on top of the coaches. They poured out of the trains like sheep and cattle. Tickets were sold for the four days, red, green, blue or yellow. Woe to the one who did not have a gunny sack bag in sight fluttering from their shirt button holes. Rosette pins of the Indian chiefs with red, white, and blue ribbons was good for four days. If you did not have these tickets you were escorted by the buffalo police to the ticket office or out you go off the grounds.

The old prisoner of war, Geronimo was here with a camp full of soldiers from Fort Sill, Oklahoma. He led the parade every day with a United States flag in a 1902 Ford. Geronimo was also given the privilege of shooting a buffalo with a bow and arrow, which was finished off by a cowboy with a high powered rifle. He was also allowed to eat with the Ponca Indian chiefs, partaking of buffalo meat, fried bread, and coffee. My father being a chief, ate in this dinner with Geronimo and the Ponca chiefs. I was around Geronimo a lot as I was a mischievous little Ponca child, as we should be. I would pat him on the back at which he