were everywhere, carnival at night, moving pictures at a open air dome at night, which was a novelty. Prices were 5¢ for children and 10¢ for grown-ups. The soldiers were from Fort Sill and camped southwest of the Indian camp. Poncas were still a little wild and they had their best horses staked back of their teepees, always alert. Bill Pickett, the Negro bull dogger was doing his stunt every day. Bill would chase a steer with another cowboy or hazer and keep the steer running straight, then Bill fell on the steer's head, grabbed his horns running at full speed, twist head, biting his lip with his strong teeth and stop him with his legs used as brakes. When he threw the steer on his side or back he would signal everything under control. Then he would let the steer up with his bleeding lip and wobble away. The other cowboy standing by to see that Bill did not get into any danger, would pick him up and take him to a place of safety.

GYPSIES AND COWBOYS

Another chapter I remember was the people who called themselves the Brazilians, I thought they were just gypsies. They were a traveling bunch of about 104 wagons, good harnesses and a lot of children. They came to the 101 Ranch from the south. A few purchased some tobacco and groceries. While this was going on, others came in and the clerks and the Negro butcher could not handle the people and they helped themselves. The store operator and employees had to run for help from George L. Miller.

They drove them out with a six-shooter. Then Joe L. Miller came and the people said they wanted to camp for the night, rest their horses and move on the next day. Joe told them to go camp at the mouth of the Bois D'Arc Creek as there was plenty of pasture and wood to cook with. So the caravan went on their way to this place, where an Indian by the name of Albert Primeaus lived with his wife and children. They all camped around his home for the drinking water and for cooking. As usual, they soon entered his home wanting to tell his fortune. The old man did not understand so they over ran his home, cleaned out his chickens and groceries. The 101 Ranch was the closest he could think of as they leased his land. So he took his family by buggy, lucky to get away. Joe Miller told him the people would move on in the