

morning. He told the old Indian that he would give him the groceries that he had lost and some chickens. Well, the old man (Mr. Primeaux) had to sleep somewhere so he went to his relatives up north about three miles. When daybreak came the gypsies were still there so the Indian went to the 101 Ranch to tell Joe that they were still there. Joe told his cowboys to go over there and tell them to move on or to scare them into moving. All the cowboys were glad to do something for a change. So they all went there and told them the big boss said to move on. Some had not caught their horses and were slow. Some were cooking, feeding the horses, and hooking up their horses to the wagons. As usual somebody shot into the air to scare or hurry them up, but this only started the fireworks. The cowboys started shooting to hurry them up. Some people got wounded here and there. One baby died, I don't know whether it was shot or if it died from natural causes. Well, anyway there was confusion everywhere. The men folks were trying to catch their horses, some were pulling out and away from this place. They assembled on the Ponca cemetery. Their wagons stretching all the way from the north gate to a good one-half mile south. They all stopped here to rendezvous. Some men went to look for a phone. There were only two--one at the 101 Ranch and at my grandfather Charly Collins' place. A man came to our house and said he wanted to call all the doctors and nurses in town, as many people needed medical attention. After he got through he asked my dad to take him back to the cemetery. I did not want to, as this man was shot in the upper lip and he looked pretty tough to me, the old man said, "Take him back." I said my horse did not ride double but he said that was alright. So, he jumped on behind me and my horse started bucking, but he was a good rider and held me from falling off. My horse soon quit bucking and I took him back. When I got there some women came crying with a baby in their arms and showed it to him. He got off and my horse stood on his hind legs and wheeled toward home. I took like a scared rabbit. Well, I went down the hill full speed, until I met the doctors, nurses, and sight-seers, and I turned back to the cemetery. I remember seeing Dr. Panton, Dr. Robertson and some