

scattered bunches of these animals ranging undisturbed with the cattle. It was while working there that summer that we came upon "Buffalo Jones" of Garden City, Kansas. He was out on one of his trips to secure young buffalo calves for his ranch at Garden City. He was trying out the experiment of crossing the buffalo with domestic cattle, Brahmas, I believe. He called this cross breed "Cattelo."

Mr. Jones had hired a cowboy, Lee Howard, to rope the calves. His method was to bring out with him on these trips several gentle old milk cows to mother the calves when caught. A spring wagon carried their camp outfit and a sort of rack or cage to hold the calves when first captured.

This appealed to us as something entirely new in the way of sport, so one afternoon after the days round-up was over, several of us went out with Lee Howard and Mr. Jones. Over on Wolf Creek we found a small bunch of buffalo and with them were five or six calves. Each of us picked a calf, cut it away from its mother's side and roped it. Some of the horses were afraid of the buffalo and proved rather unruly, others did not show any sign of fear. Mr. Jones followed up with the spring wagon and the little captives were placed in it and taken to camp. When good and hungry the cows were brought in and in a few days the shaggy little creatures with their funny looking "humps" became quite reconciled to their foster mother.

The afternoon's sport made a welcome break in the monotony of the daily work. However, it was our custom when out for weeks at a time to have an occasional diversion, usually in the form of a horse race, and it was later that season that we had a race we all remembered for many a day. It was down on Buffalo Creek, where Buffalo, Oklahoma now is. Joe King, always an enthusiast when horse racing was concerned, had arranged the match between a horse owned by Hi Kollar's outfit and that of one owned by the D-Cross.

We were all backing the Kollar horse, a little roan with a white stripe in his face. He was a great pet and always hung around the wagon where he soon learned to eat everything on the day's menu, but he was particularly fond of sour dough biscuits and so had acquired the name of "Biscuit."

Quite a bit of excitement had been worked up over this race and we had wagered every bit of money we had with us and not only that but all of our trinkets besides, pocket knives, watches, tobacco and so on. We were so sure our horse could win.

The track was laid out, all arrangements made and the race was on. Biscuit took the lead and kept it easily, and then it happened.

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John Delmar, the cook, drove the wagon up to a good vantage point, where upon Biscuit promptly “flew the track” and ran to the wagon for some of his favorite provender. Such luck! We were cleaned out, broke absolutely flat and all because Biscuit’s love of good food outweighed his racing instinct.

In vain we begged the victors to match another race or lend us a few dollars as “working capital.” They were enjoying our predicament too much to lend us any assistance. Biscuit certainly let us down hard.

Not all our afternoons off from work were spent in horse racing and sports, for at times it became necessary to have a “wash day” especially after a hot forenoon’s work cutting out cattle from which we all got dusty and sweaty.

After a belated dinner and a short rest a number of us would go to the nearby creek or river where a bath was in order. Stripped of all of our clothing, but to avoid sunburn we were clad in boots, slicker and Stetson hat. The soiled clothing was well soused in the stream, scrubbed with sand instead of soap.

When fairly clean they were spread on the grass in the hot sun where they soon dried and our washday troubles were over and forgotten.

But on one occasion that I well remember, we all got into the ranch from the round-up with a bunch of “cooties” in our clothes. Some fellow had loaded us all up with those busy little creatures so now we must have a real washday to get rid of them. Jack Bateman offered to do all the washing while the rest of us went about some other work we had to do. When we got in that evening and saw our clothes, Ye Gads! Jack had put everything in the wash boiler together; jeans, shirts, socks of various colors, wool underwear in varying shades of scarlet, tan, gray, yellow and even black. After a brisk boiling in strong suds, even Jack himself must have been startled out of his habitual calm by the looks of the conglomerate mess he lifted out of that boiler. Everything had faded and the colors ran into everything else in streaks and globs and splotches.

The boiled wool underwear had shrunk to fit persons several sizes smaller than the owners and instead of being soft and wooly they were now hard as bricks. Still there was a bright side to this incident for we were well rid of the “cooties.”