

gave them more trouble than the Indians or the outlaws. When the railroad came, things changed. My father, Bob Ikard, related the following incidents that happened in his early boyhood days. When he was a lad about six or seven years old, while he was out walking near the Ikard home in Parker County, he came upon a baby deer, a very small fawn which was perhaps just a few hours old. His first thought was to catch it and take it to his mother and ask if he could keep it as a pet. The instinct of the fawn was to lie completely still and not move, regardless of the circumstances. He reached down and picked it up in his arms and started to the house. At first it did not move or struggle – finally though, it decided it would escape and started kicking and struggling something fierce. In so doing, its sharp hooves tore his shirt and trousers something fierce, but he held on. Soon it stopped struggling and he was able to go on his way. After traveling for some distance, he smelled a queer odor and turned his head to look down his side to see where he had been pretty well messed up by his captive. Even though his clothes were torn and messed up, he took the fawn on to the house and called for his mother to come see what he had. She, being somewhat surprised to see him with the fawn and the condition of his clothes exclaimed, "Put that thing down." but of course, he could not do that, as it would escape. He held on and then his mother told him to take it back where he found it, as it would starve to death without its mother. After thinking for a minute, he slowly retraced his way and returned it to the place where he had found it. When he was seven years old, his father bought him a new saddle. He had learned to ride several years before, but when he was presented with the new saddle, he was up and ready to go with his father whenever possible. He went with his father one day

to a roundup, riding his horse and admiring his new saddle. Somewhere he had acquired a rope, even though he could not use it, and he had it buckled to his saddle with a strap. Someway he was thrown from his horse and as he went off, his foot became entangled in the coils of the rope as he fell and he was hung to the horse. Even though the horse was very gentle, there was danger that it might become frightened and hurt him. There were many men at this roundup and several were near him when the accident happened. One man caught the horse by the bridle and another man came up and gathered him up in his arms and held him away from the frightened horse until he could be freed. Cowboys never fastened their rope to the saddle with the strap and buckle that was on a new saddle for this purpose. The strap was replaced with a light leather thong that would break immediately with a person's weight. Someone had overlooked this.