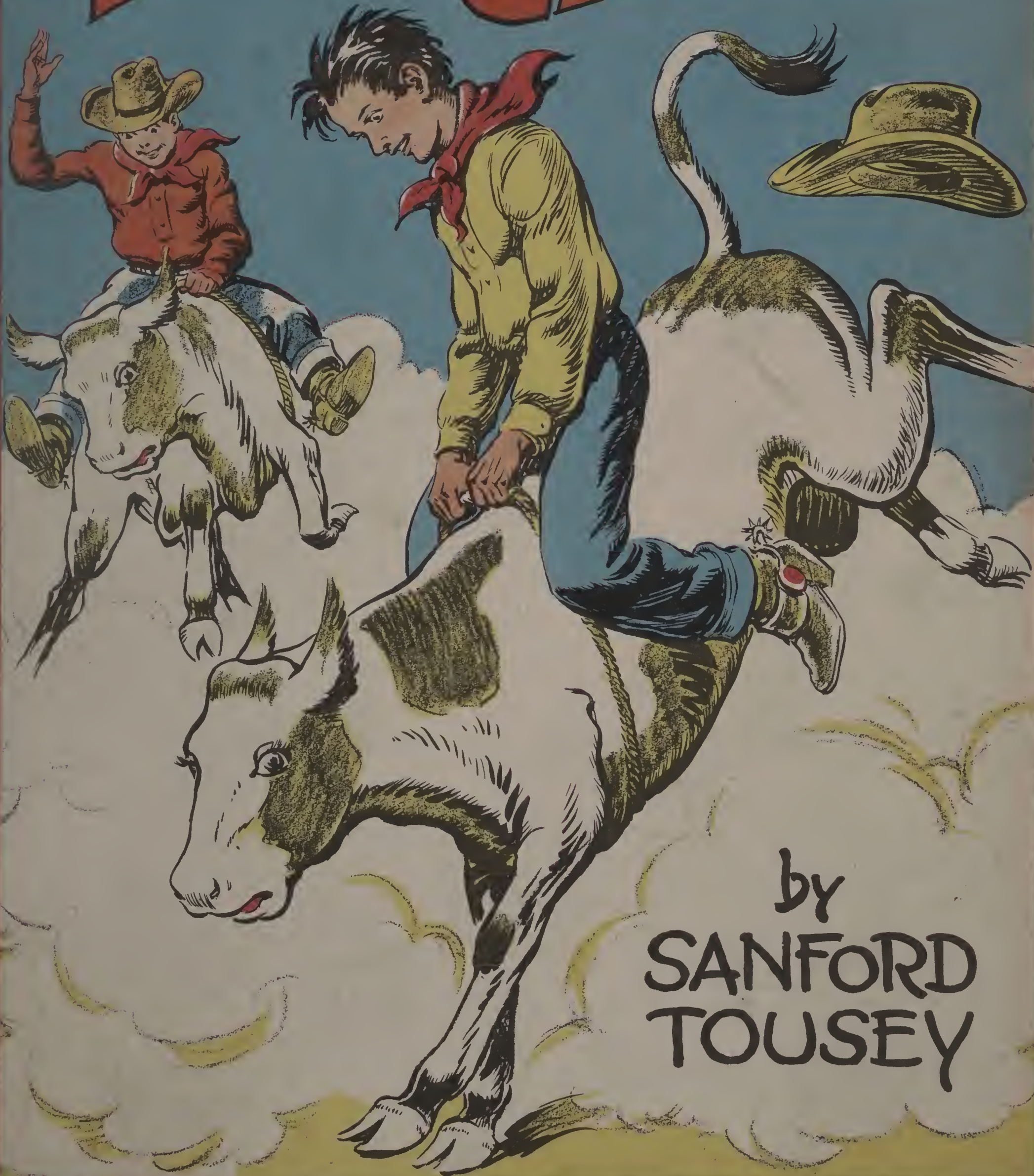


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# WINN CALVES



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# THE TWIN CALVES





*The Race*

# THE TWIN CALVES

Story and Pictures by  
**SANFORD TOUSEY**



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To  
*Those two hard-riding Wyoming  
ranch boys, Allen and Jess, this  
little volume is inscribed by  
The Author.*

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## THE TWIN CALVES

“Come out by the barn!” shouted Al to his brother Jed. “Dad just brought in twin calves! They’re spotted alike and you can’t tell ’em apart. Run!”

Jed ran toward the barn as fast as his legs would carry him. He was a year older than his brother, Al. Their father, Mr. Dane, owned a big western ranch with hundreds of cattle on it. Mr. Dane had promised his sons that if ever twin calves were born on his ranch each boy was to be given one for his very own.

When Al and Jed saw the beautiful little twin calves with their soft, silky hair they were very happy.

“They’re both boy calves—just like you two,” laughed their father. “How are you going to tell them apart without a brand mark on them? I don’t believe Boss, their mother, can tell which is which.”

Jed and Al were puzzled at this question. The marks on each calf were so nearly alike that neither boy would know which one was his.

Finally Al spied a difference and said, “Look, Jed, the end of that one’s tail is all black but this one has a white tip on it! I’ll take the white tip and you take the black tip. They’re spotted just alike otherwise. I’ll call mine Tippie because of his white tail tip.”





*"I'll take the white tip and you take the black tip"*

Jed replied, "And I'll call mine Blackie."

So Tippie and Blackie they were called.

Mr. Dane took the mother cow away from the big herd of cattle and put her in the cow barn for awhile. She had plenty of good milk to feed to both calves. Al and Jed had great fun watching them get their dinner. Tippie would feed from the right side of her udder and Blackie from the left. When their mother didn't give down her milk fast enough to suit the calves they would butt her with their heads. Then Boss would get angry, toss her head, grunt, and kick at them. But Blackie and Tippie knew how to keep away from her hoofs. The boys always had a good laugh when the calves dodged her kicks.

In one corner of the barnyard there was a box with a big cake of hard salt in it. It was too high for the little calves to reach so the boys rubbed their damp fingers on it and then let the calves lick the salt off their fingers. Before long the calves would follow the boys all over the barnyard.

"Dad, can't we lead the calves by ropes? We'd like to take them up to the house and show Mom," said Al one morning.

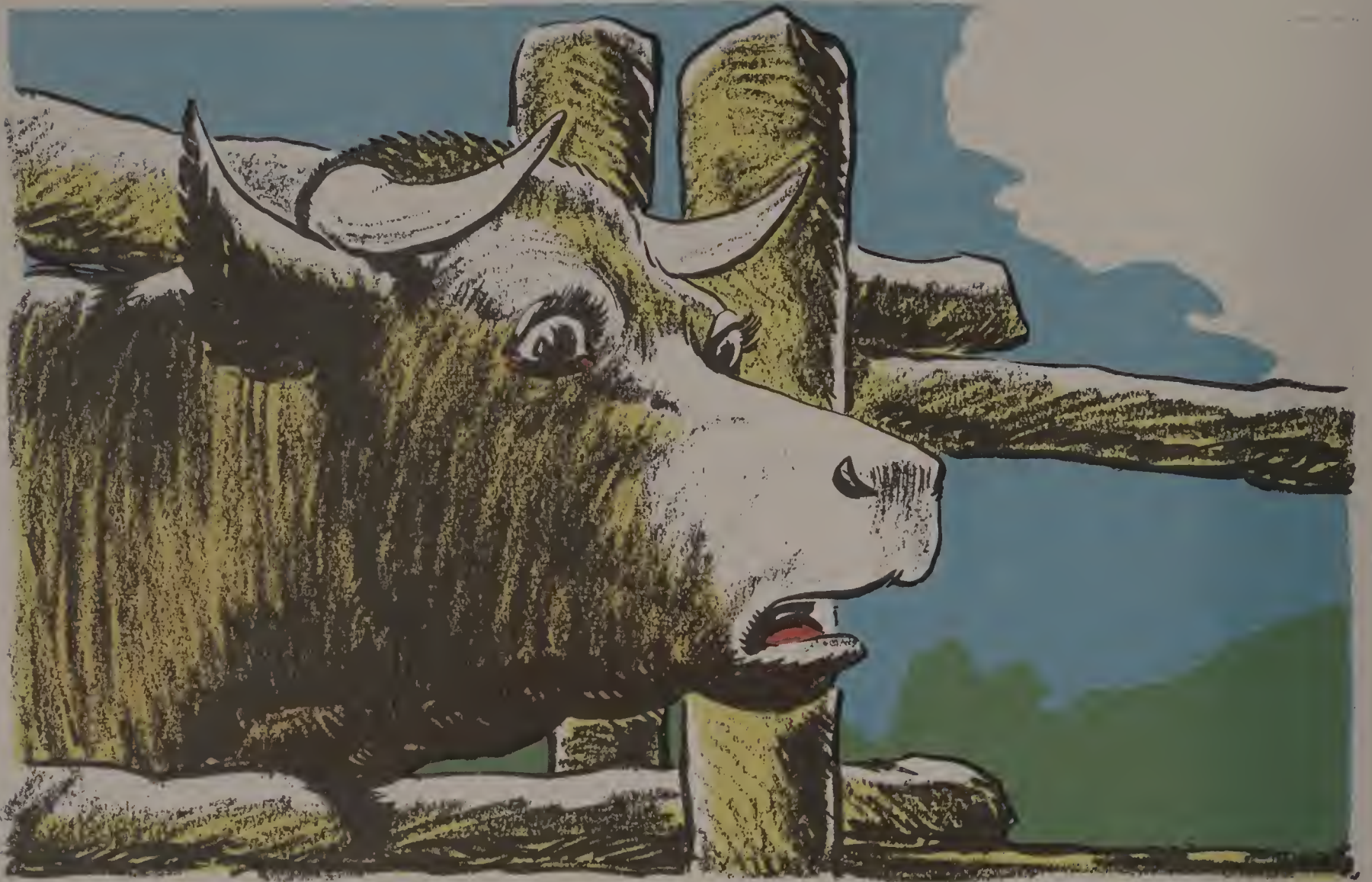
“All right,” said Mr. Dane. “But don’t let them get into the flower bed. You know how much your mother thinks of her roses!”

So Al and Jed got two ropes and each boy tied one around his pet’s neck. Jed opened the big gate and they led Blackie and Tippiie out of the lot before Boss knew what had happened. Boss came up to the fence with anxious eyes and watched her babies being led away.

Suddenly she raised her head and said “Moo-o-o-o-!” in such a sad tone that Blackie and Tippiie stopped in their tracks. They knew from that cow-language that their mother wanted them to come back to her. So they started right back.

Then Al and Jed learned how hard a young calf could pull. When Blackie and Tippiie felt the ropes choking them they began to buck around like young broncos. They jerked the ropes right out of the boys’ hands and galloped all over the flower garden with Al and Jed chasing them. Then the calves ran back to the fence where their mother licked them with her tongue.

Al said, “We’d better go quietly into the house and make sure Mother isn’t angry about this! She’s



probably up front in her sewing room where she didn't hear the noise. We'll find out."

Al and Jed could hear their mother's sewing machine buzzing away upstairs. They tiptoed slowly and quietly up the steps and stood for a minute one on each side of her, watching as she ran the machine.

Finally she stopped and looked up. "What is it, boys?" she asked. "You can't have more cookies. You ate most of those I made yesterday and I won't bake again before Saturday!"

"It's not cookies," replied Al.



*They began to buck around like young broncos*

“It’s the flower garden!” blurted out Jed.

“Yes,” said their mother. “I think each of you should get his hoe and give the garden a good going-over. My beautiful roses need some care.”

“But Blackie and Tippie fixed them,” said Jed.

“How ridiculous!” replied Mrs. Dane. “I never heard of calves hoeing a garden.”

“You’d be surprised,” said Jed, “what two young calves can do to a rose garden.”

“Don’t tell me those calves trampled my flowers!” said Mrs. Dane. “After all my work and care! I’ll look at them just as soon as I finish sewing this hem.”

In the meantime, when Blackie and Tippie found that the fence separated them from their mother they began to look around and see the world outside the barnyard. They wandered up the path to the open kitchen door where things smelled so good. Inside the kitchen walked Tippie followed by Blackie. On a low bench Mrs. Dane had left two big pans of rich milk. She was allowing the cream to gather on top before she skimmed it off and took it to the cool springhouse.

Tippie and Blackie stuck their noses into the rich cream and then drank the pans dry. “Now for



some more adventure. It's a very interesting world," Tippie seemed to be thinking, as he and Blackie started through the dining room.

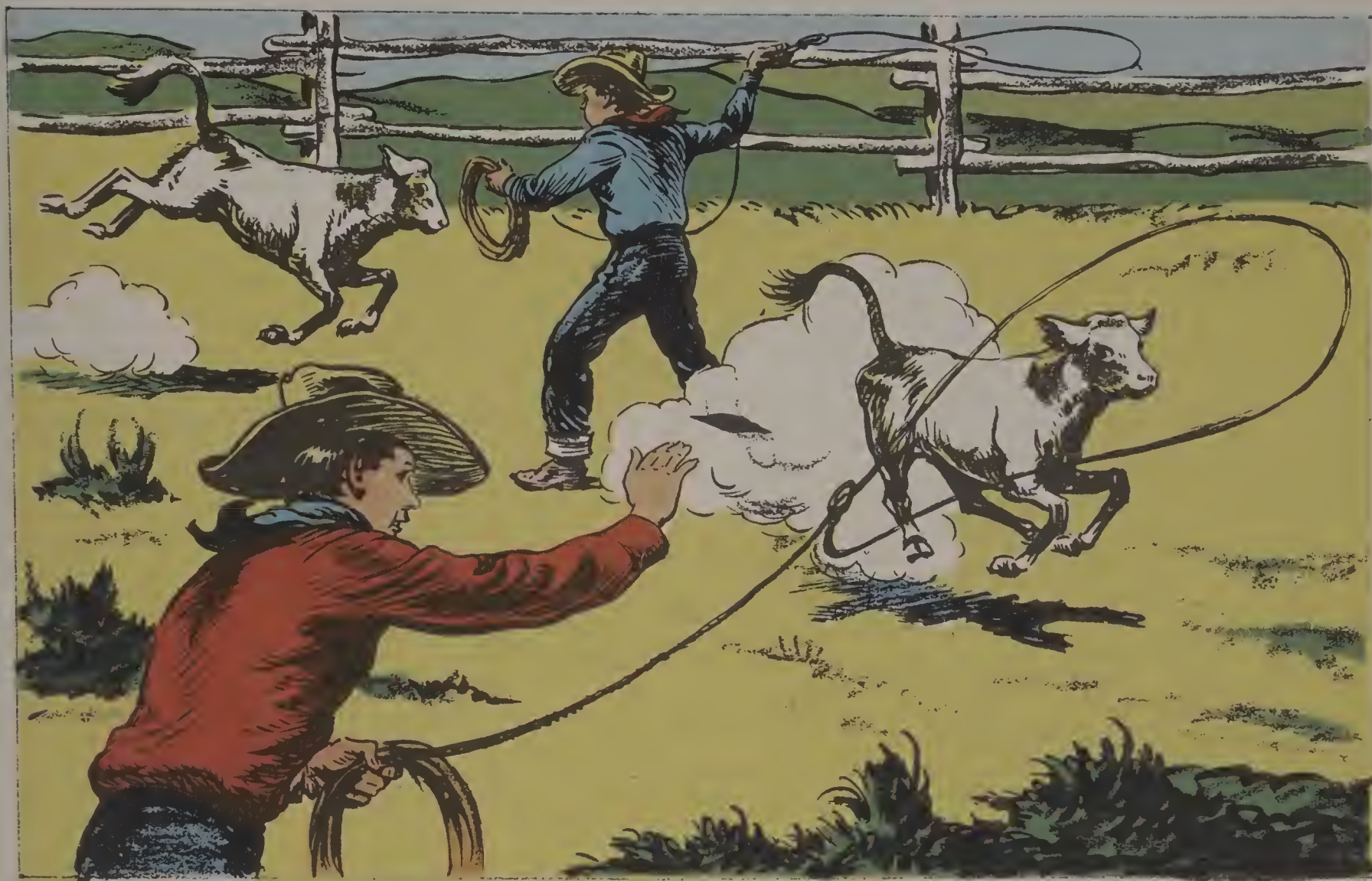
The boys had made real pets out of the calves by this time and Tippie and Blackie could hear the voices of Al and Jed as they talked to their mother upstairs. So the twin calves started up. Stairs were something new to them. They liked the soft feel of the stair carpet and going up seemed easy.

Suddenly Mrs. Dane heard their footsteps and turned. As she saw them she screamed, "Those calves! Get them out of my nice clean house!"

Al and Jed each grabbed the rope which was still around his calf's neck. They started downstairs and tried to pull Tippie and Blackie after them. But the calves had different ideas. Coming up had been easy but somehow going down seemed harder to the four-legged animals. Finally Mrs. Dane grabbed a broom from the closet and whacked the calves from behind while the boys pulled in front. Down they went, clippetty-clop, till they stumbled on the last landing and all landed in a heap at the bottom. Even Mrs. Dane had to laugh, until they all got outside and she saw her wrecked roses.



*They stumbled and landed in a heap at the bottom*



“That settles it!” she said. “Those calves will have to be penned up for good!”

So the boys put Blackie and Tippiie back in the barnyard with Boss, their mother.

Al and Jed each owned a good rope lasso and almost every day they went out and practised roping the galloping calves. The twins were now so big and strong that it took all the strength that Al and Jed had to hold the calves after they were roped.

One day the boys forgot to latch the big gate when they went in to get their dinner. It didn't take the calves long to find it out. They nosed the

gate open and headed for the field of sweet corn. The shoots were young and tender. Tippiie and Blackie ate the tops off most of the corn before Mr. Dane walked outside after dinner.

“Get out of there!” he roared as he threw a stick at the calves. “Jed! Al! Come and put your pets in the barnyard before I chase them out on the range!”

Blackie and Tippiie didn't want to go back into the barnyard. Al and Jed finally cornered them and roped them. But their father had to saddle his horse and drag Blackie and Tippiie back where they belonged.

Then came branding day when all the young calves had to have Mr. Dane's Bar d —D brand put on them. The cowboys built their fires early and started branding before sunup. Mrs. Dane forgot to call the boys, who overslept. When they got out to the corral Blackie and Tippiie had both been branded and the cowboys had seen to it that the brands were exactly alike and in the same spot on each calf.

“I wanted my twin branded in a different place from yours,” said Al. “Sometimes when Tippiie gets the white tip of his tail dirty I can't tell him



from Blackie.” But it was too late. The calves had already been turned loose and the cowboys had much more work to do that day.

The boys felt sorry for the branded calves and rubbed grease on their sore brand-marks whenever they had a chance.

One day Al found Jed cutting up some old leather straps and tying them with rope to make a harness.

Al asked, “What’s that for?”

Jed replied, “I’m going to hitch Blackie to my red wagon. He should be able to pull me around now, he’s getting so big. My geography shows a picture of cows pulling carts in India and, didn’t American pioneers have oxen to pull their covered wagons?”



Al said, "We'll pretend they're both oxen! I'll make a harness for Tippie, too! He can pull my cart."

Tippie and Blackie didn't know what to think of their harness at first. They balked until the boys had to get out of their wagons and push the calves. Then they'd be off at a gallop, 'round and 'round the corral at breakneck speed with Al and Jed yelling their loudest. It finally became a race, first Tippie leading and then Blackie, until all were tired out.

There was much talk at the supper table that



*Then they'd be off at a gallop*

night as to which calf was faster. Later when Tippie and Blackie were well trained to pull the wagons, Mr. Dane gave the boys odd jobs of hauling to do. They hauled the corn from the big crib down to the chicken houses and took loads of black soil from the bottom land up to their mother's rose garden.

“That somewhat makes up for the damage those calves did to my roses!” approved their mother.

Tippie and Blackie grew and grew until the boys had to make their harness larger. They were the talk of the ranch and of other ranches nearby. People drove out of their way to see the Dane boys' twin calves.

One day Jed said, “Blackie's big enough to ride now. I'm going to get on his back.”

Al held onto Blackie's halter, while Jed jumped quickly onto his back. Al let go as soon as Jed was seated and had hold of the reins.

Then the fun began. Blackie bucked as fast and as hard as any bronco on the ranch. Jed had tied a rope around Blackie's middle. He held onto this with one hand and onto the reins with the other. His hat fell off with the first buck and his hair blew all over his face.



Two cowboys sitting atop the corral yelled, "Yippee! Ride 'im, cowboy!"

Jed felt like a rodeo-rider. He stuck on for over a minute before Blackie bucked him into the soft dust of the corral. But he caught the calf and climbed right back on again. Before the dinner bell rang he was riding a perfectly tame Blackie around the corral.

That afternoon Al put Tippiie through the same kind of act. When Mr. Dane rode in for his supper he was surprised to be met by two young riders, Al and Jed, each astride a young steer.

"Well, well!" said Mr. Dane. "The little dogies have grown up at last and you've made saddle ponies out of them. If their daddy ever sees that he'll chase you off the range. Watch out for him."

Tippiie and Blackie had grown too big for the little wagons they had first pulled. So one day Jed said to Mr. Dane, "Dad, may we have the old broken-down buckboard out behind the corn crib? Al and I want to make two chariots out of the wheels and have Blackie and Tippiie pull us. Then we can have chariot races like those they have in the circus."

"Go ahead," replied Mr. Dane. "You're young only once. But don't break your necks."



So each boy took a pair of the buckboard's wheels and nailed a box to the axle. Al got the rear axle which had no shafts, so he had to make some. When the job was done each could stand up in his box and drive like a charioteer. The calves balked a bit at going into the shafts. But the boys finally harnessed them up and galloped them around the outside of the big corral at a lively pace.

"Tippie is faster," shouted Al.

"Nope! Blackie can beat him," replied Jed as he nearly took Al's wheel off on a curve. Even the cowboys, Red and Slim, took an interest in the



*The boys galloped them around the outside of the big corral*

race and bet with each other as to who would win. First Tippie would come in ahead and the next time around Blackie would take a spurt and beat him.

For days the winner was undecided. Then came the time for the Grange's big barbecue. "Why not put on a chariot race at the barbecue?" asked Red. "Then you can settle who's faster."

"That's a good idea," replied Mr. Dane. "I'm tired of listening to all this talk."

The Grange Barbecue was held every year at Grimm's Grove. The ranchmen and their families came from miles around and brought rolls and cakes and pies and preserves and all kinds of other good things to eat.

A tender young steer had been butchered the day before. The morning of the barbecue two cowboys collected a great pile of dry wood and a big fire was started. When there were plenty of red hot coals the steer's body was placed on a pole and hung over the fire so that it could be turned around and around. This constant turning allowed the meat to roast slowly and at the same time prevented it from burning. Al and Jed knew how good it would taste, cooked with the wood fire!

After dinner was over, the games started. Horse-shoe pitching, a potato-sack race, three-legged race, fat men's race, women's race, "And this year," said the announcer, "for the first time in the history of the Grange—a chariot race, with Al and Jed Dane holding the reins over their speedy steers, Tippiie and Blackie. Five times around the arena for a prize of five dollars to the winner!"

The arena was the open space where the cars were parked. The cars had been arranged in a great circle and the boys had to gallop the steers around the outside.

"Here's where I show you who's faster," said Al to Jed. "My Tippiie will run rings around you today. I greased up my axles till my chariot runs like a scared rabbit."

Jed replied, "That five-dollar prize is going to be mine. When Blackie really gets going you'll see who was right. Blackie will outrun you in a five-lap race."

The cowboys, Slim and Red, had disappeared after eating their dinner. Mr. Dane thought they must be up to some mischief when he missed them. And they were. Out to the ranch truck they went, Red



with a bottle of black stove polish and Slim with a can of white paint. While Jed and Al were finishing up their second helping of pie the cowboys went back where the twin calves were tied up to the truck. Red took the bottle of black stove polish out of his pocket and blackened the white tip of Tippiie's tail. Slim dipped the tip of Blackie's tail into the can of white paint. Tippiie now looked like Blackie and Blackie looked like Tippiie.

“Al an’ Jed will sure be fooled when they come for their steers,” laughed Slim.



*"Al an' Jed will sure be fooled," laughed Slim*

When the announcer called for the chariot race the boys ran to the truck and pulled out their chariots. Al hitched up the steer he thought was Tippie and Jed thought he was hitching up his Blackie. Slim and Red watched them with grins on their weatherbeaten faces.

“This is sure goin’ to be some race with five dollars as a prize,” said Red as he winked at Slim.

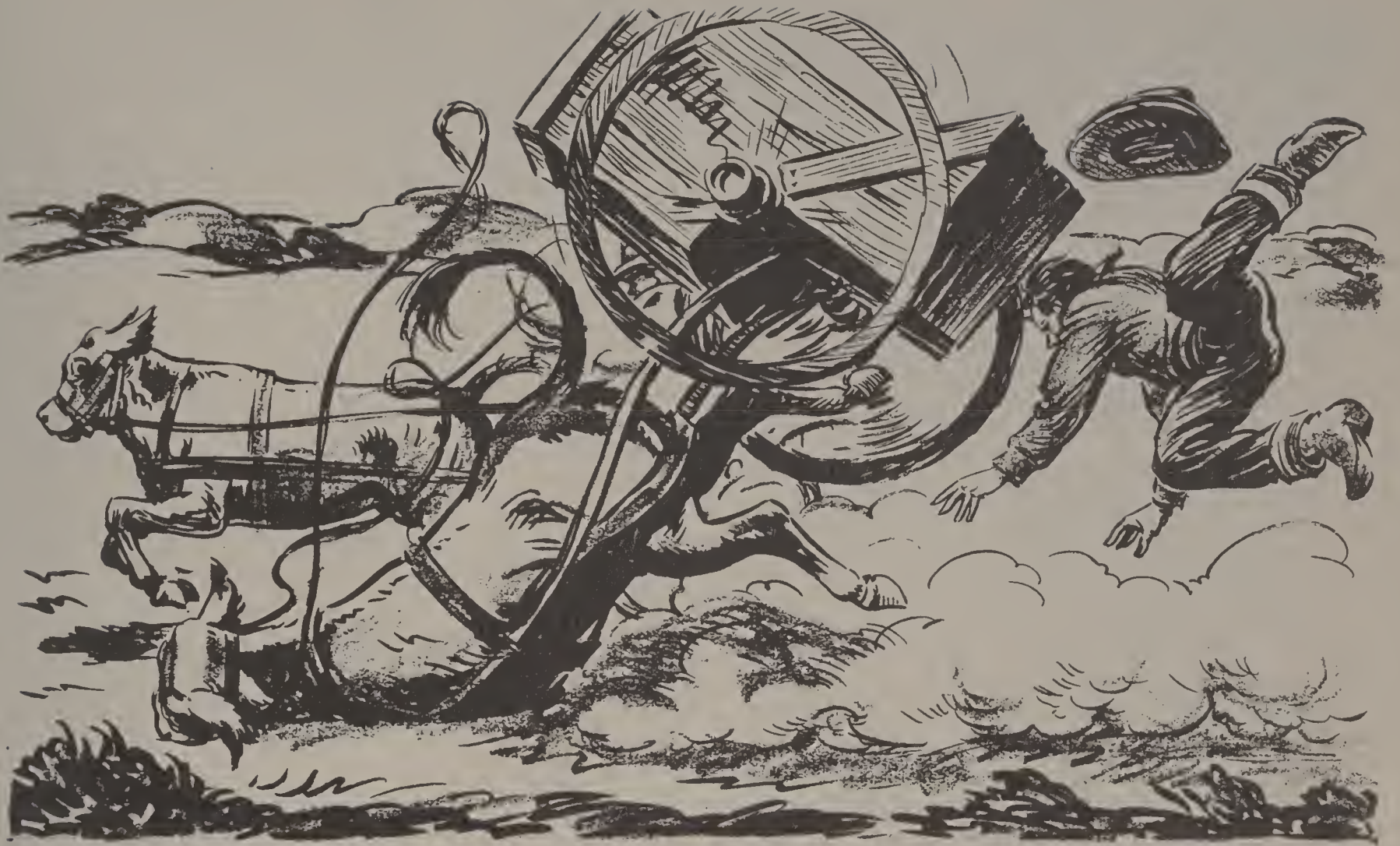
“Yes, and you’d better bet on Tippie,” said Al.

“Nope!” said Jed. “Put your bets on Blackie if you want to win.”

They galloped their steers to the starting line and the announcer fired a big revolver to start them off. Away they went, lickety-split around the arena with all the ranchers cheering them on and waving their big felt hats. The dust flew as they galloped neck and neck five times around the track yelling at their steers and urging them on. It was anybody’s race as they came down the home stretch.

Then Jed’s steer stepped in a gopher hole and went down in a cloud of dust. Jed fell out of his chariot and rolled over and over. Several ranchers ran to him and found that neither he nor his steer was hurt. So Al was declared the winner. He was





very proud of the steer he thought was Tippie as the announcer handed him a five-dollar bill.

“Well, now!” said Slim to Al. “I’m glad Blackie won. I’d always figgered he’d win if you’d drive him!”

“What do you mean?” asked Al. “This is my Tippie.”

“No,” said Slim, as several ranchers who were in on the joke began to laugh. “Jes’ look closely at the steer’s tail. You’ll find it’s Blackie’s tail with a white tip painted onto it. Tippie’s white tip is blacked with stove polish. Red and me did that trick while you and Jed were filling up on pie! Now are y’goin’ to give Jed the five dollars his steer won?”



Al felt a queer feeling in the pit of his stomach as he thought of all the things he'd planned to buy with that five dollars. Now he wouldn't have a nickel of it. His father came to the rescue.

"As long as it was Jed's steer and you drove it I think you should each get half of the five dollars," said Mr. Dane.

At this statement a smile came to the faces of both boys. The barbecue crowd, which had enjoyed the whole race immensely, broke into a loud cheer. Al and Jed felt like heroes as they drove their animals back to the truck and loaded their chariots onto it.



*Al and Jed loaded their chariots onto the truck*

There were a lot of things each boy could get with his two dollars and a half—a hunting knife and sheath, a new lasso or cowboy boots or a big felt hat in a boy's size—any one of these. All this came to their minds as they rode home with Tippiie and Blackie in the back of the big ranch truck.

Red looked back at them from the driver's seat. "The world looks good, don't it, when you're a winner? An' yer *BOTH* winners!"

Al and Jed agreed. But each thought to himself, "Next time we have a race I'll take a good look at the tip of my steer's tail!"









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