

It was this summer that we put up four, forty-gallon barrels of mixed pickles, brine cured. That fall we sold them to the mines at \$1.00 per gallon, at the house. The miners packed them and the cheese on mules. I don't know where Pa was.

END OF HIS ROPE

It was this summer that Vern Martineau and I were riding out west in the Post Office Valley. It was called Post Office Valley because it was on the east-west trail between Chihuahua and Sonora, and messages could be left in a big, hollow oak tree. We found a two year old black bear and decided to rope it. I was riding bareback, but Vern had a saddle. I had a new forty-foot rope that cost me \$2.50--that was a big sum when you rode a cultivating horse for \$.25 a day. I tied one end around the horse's girth, shook out a loop, and started after the cub. It was hard to get the horse close enough to rope the cub, but I finally made the catch. But Vern said he couldn't get his horse close enough to rope his hind legs, and I couldn't choke the bear because I had caught one front leg. My horse didn't like to hit the end of the rope, because the rope bit into his hide. All I could do was cut him loose and lose my rope.

BEARLY ESCAPED

Back to the scalp hunt: Wild animals and birds of prey had their value, except vultures and red-shinned hawks--which were man's friends. The losing side would have to pay for the music at the Thanksgiving dance. About ten days before Thanksgiving, the men would go hunting deer and turkey for food and also search out any animals with a price on their heads. I was with the southern hunters. The captains would draw straws for hunting territory. The lines ran east and west through the town and kept by geographical landmarks, such as certain peaks to the east and west. I am not saying that there wasn't some poaching. My group made a base camp at Pea Valley about ten miles east of town.

One afternoon, Leo Martineau, John Vance, and I were going out for a late afternoon hunt, and at a mud seep a cow had bogged down and died. A mother bear and two cubs were eating on her. When the mamma saw us, she gave a warning grunt, and all three took out for the timber. Mamma bear picked out a tree for the cubs to climb. (The bear holds to a tree with his front legs and hunches up with his hind feet. The tree has to be big enough so the bear can't reach beyond the bowl.) One cub went up; the other one started, but decided not to. When he hit the ground, Old Chip, a big, black dog, grabbed him. The cub began to call for help, and Mamma was right

there. She made a swat at Chip, who dodged the swipe. Mamma grabbed the cub by the nap of the neck with her teeth, slammed him up against the tree, and held him there with one paw and spanked him with the other. He wiggled and squirmed and cried, and when Ma let him go, he went to the top of the tree. All this time Chip was working on her, but could do no harm. She had on her winter coat. She picked out her tree and climbed to the first branches. We saluted her and rode on.

DIRTY DANCIN'

When we had enough deer and turkey, we went back to town. The women cooked up a big feed, which was served at the schoolhouse on Thanksgiving Day. The dance was that night, after the sports events of the afternoon--foot racing, wrestling, and bronc riding.

A word about dancing. It was quadrille, polkas, anything but waltzing, two-step, or any kind of round dancing. No embracing was allowed--just hand-holding. And you had to have six inches between bodies. I have seen a floor manager slip a six-inch stick between a couple he thought was too close together. Also, there was to be no dancing on the side. You were barred from the regular dance until you asked the public's forgiveness. One time almost all of the young folks were caught dancing at a party and were barred from the regular Friday night dance. The old folks decided to have the dance, anyway. The music was half paid, and the dance was over by ten-thirty. All the young folks were there, but didn't dance. That was one time the kids didn't ask forgiveness. I don't know how it was settled.

WILD BOARS AND MAD DOGS

There was a drouth that started in 1903 and lasted until 1907. We lost a lot of cattle, but got some benefit by ear marking the pigs and turning them loose. There were wild pigs for a long time. We had to haul our water from a spring two miles north of town. It was double fenced and guarded, day and night, to keep the cattle from breaking in.

William Adolph was born that spring. We had a mad dog scare that summer. He got all the dogs in town, except the Judd dog that was so mean, they kept him in the corn crib. We had a small bitch with four puppies. The pups were all killed by the mad dog. Every time the dog came to our house, Ma would have me fire the shot gun from a partly raised window, hoping to scare the mad dog away. I don't know where Pa was. Heber said he didn't want to shoot, but I liked it, although