

We lost a dog named Rover. He was Berta's (my sister who was born in 1907) bodyguard. We got our water from a brook that ran near the house. If Berta had some kind of a vessel, Rover would let her dip up the water, then he would take her dress in his mouth and drag her away from the stream. She would scold him, but he would lay his ears back and stay between her and the brook.

One morning I went up to the barn to milk the cow, and the mad dog jumped me. I climbed the eight foot corral fence, and the dog left. That was the last time I saw him. Someone killed him, or his time ran out.

ZAPPED IN MADERA

Shortly after this, we moved to Madera. This was in the spring of 1910. I went to work in the box factory for a time and then worked in the lumber yard, hauling lumber with an electric motor.

It was here that the whole family was introduced to the water toilet and electric light. I was curious and took the light bulb out and put my finger in the socket, turned the key, and hit the floor.

SUBMERSION FOR SIN AT COLONIA JUAREZ

That fall I went to Colonia Juarez (about one hundred thirty miles northwest of Madera) to school. The school had a preparatory class and would take any age person. I was sixteen. A cowboy from Texas, age twenty-eight, was a classmate. He had put his sister through college and wanted to get some book learning.

One weekend the studentbody had the bright idea to clean the town's streets of rocks, brush, and weeds. The penalty for not working was a glass of water poured down the coat sleeve. I got involved with Captain Kidd, my first whole book, and forgot the work until I heard a great roar. One fellow got to work too late, so instead of a cup of water, they tossed him into the school fountain, a round tank about twelve feet in diameter and two and a half feet deep. That set the pattern for the next morning. As the slackers arrived, they were tossed into the pool.

It was near Thanksgiving, and the pool had a light scum of ice on it, but the worst was that the boys had only one suit. Earnest Martineau, a boy I was raised with, had to go more than a mile to get a change of clothes and was sick in

bed for a week.

The whole studentbody and the faculty were arrested, but what really topped the ducking was a fellow named Lester Haymore from Oaxaca. His brother, Lynn, was on the student council. He took Lester by the arm and said, "Here is one." Lester said, "Sure, come on, let's get it over with," walked to the fountain, and stepped up on the wall. When Lynn tried to push him in, he grabbed Lynn and wrestled him into the fountain and kneeled on him. When the bubbles stopped, the student council realized that a member was in trouble and came to his rescue.

That was one ducking that the crowd didn't cheer. The student council was busy at first aid. After reviving Lynn, they sent him home in a buggy. That stopped the dunking. That afternoon the whole studentbody and faculty were arrested. The alcode (justice of the peace) was also the ward bishop. It was settled by "You forgive me, and I'll forgive you."

BRIDGING THE SUSPENSION

Pab Breacroft, my best friend, and I had our trial the same day for tripping two of the town's young bloods on the suspension bridge over the river. They had pushed Pab and me around one day, and this was our way of getting even.

Our fine was a day's work in the park. I told the judge that I was leaving town and couldn't work Saturday, so he fined me a peso. I wanted to pay Pab's fine, but he said, "No," and that he wouldn't work, either. I saw John the cowboy that afternoon. He was leaving town the next day--he to Texas, and I to Madera.

MAN-MADE MOUNDS

I made Colonia Pachico the first night. I don't remember the name of the family I stayed with. The next night I camped at Mound Valley. There were a lot of mounds made by man. I don't know when. Someone had dug into some of them. I don't know what they found, if anything. It was cold at about seven or eight thousand feet, with a saddle blanket and one serape.

The next day, about noon, I arrived at the turpentine camp and tried to buy some grub, but the Chinaman said, "No grub." It would be at least two days before I would get to where I could buy something to eat.