

A train came along, and the cows scattered like a covey of quail. It took us the rest of the day to gather them up. When we got to the station, we heard that a band of Mexicans were coming north, hoping to gather a band of horses. Our Mexican threw his saddle on the train and climbed aboard. That was the last we saw of him.

There were three big herds ahead of us, and we had to wait our turn--which was three days away--so we moved the cattle about five miles west to good grazing and plenty of water. We could see a light flare up every once in a while. We didn't know what it was until we got to Douglas. It was the smelter dumping slag. We were happy when our turn came. After corralling the cattle in the dipping pen, the drive was over. Mr. Nichols was there to pay us off, and Slaughter took over.

GLEANINGS

I put my mare in a pasture and started looking for my family. They were camped about four miles northwest of Douglas. Pa was in Tucson arranging with the Tucson Farms. He tied down eighty acres and four mules and came back to Douglas and sold the wagon. He had no horses of his own and had returned the borrowed team. So after sixteen years in Mexico, we were back at the line less one wagon and five horses, but with five more kids.

We heard that my oldest brother was at San Bernadino. I went to see him. He was harvesting corn for Mr. Slaughter. I helped him finish, and he went to Tucson, and I went back to San Jose to see if there was anything to salvage.

The Mexicans had cut the fences and had turned the horses loose in the fields. What the horses hadn't eaten and stomped into the ground, the range cattle had. There was a man named Lunt loading two wagons at Langford's place. The Mexicans hadn't scattered all the wheat on the ground for their horses to eat and to feed the birds. I helped him load. We started for Douglas.

CHILLS AND CHILI

On the way I came down with malaria and had a chill every morning, followed by fever. When we got to Douglas, I sold the mare, my riding gear, and guns and went to a doctor. I was just a green country boy, and the doctor knew it, so it

wasn't long before I left the hotel for the refugee camp. There Bishop Al Martineau found me and made arrangements to send me to the hospital. That was my first ride in an automobile--it was an ambulance and a Ford.

At the hospital they took my clothes away from me, put me to bed, and put me on a diet. I never heard of such a thing! After four days, I got my clothes and walked away. I walked the four miles to town, made application for transportation to Tucson, and went out to camp for the night. I boarded the train the next morning, stood up all the way, had my chill and fever, and arrived in Tucson about sunset. I had a bowl of chili at the Santa Fe Cafe and started walking for Jaynes station some ten miles northwest. About ten o'clock I saw a man burning brush. He was one of the Morales Webbs. He took me to his camp, fed me, and put me to bed. The next morning about daylight, he told me how to get to the Chlarson place. It was about three miles due east. In an hour I was there. Adios Mexico!

AFTER THOUGHTS

While at San Pablo I got acquainted with a Mexican family named Vargas. There were two men, one Apifanio, the other Amellio. Both worked for us and sold us two cartloads of corn, about a ton to a cart. It was a modern cart, meaning a wagon with regular axle and wheels (in place of the usual wooden axle and wheels, which were impossible to grease, and you could hear squeaks for miles).

There were five lovely girls in the family, aged from fifteen to twenty-five. They were Catholic, and due to the death of their parents and other close relatives, they were kept in constant mourning and could not socialize and get married. It was a shame, because the boys were handsome men and good farmers, and the girls were beautiful and good housekeepers. Whenever I went to their house, they always insisted I eat. There were always tamales or tacos, chile con carne, beans, squash, and milk. They would huddle over me and urge me to eat. The youngest girl was named Concha (Pearl), and the others were named Maria, Josephina, Marguerita, and Louisa.

Whenever there was a dance in the neighborhood, I would go. I would tell the folks I was going visiting, because they disapproved of round dancing and the embrace hold. There were no wooden floors--just hard-packed, dirt floors. The Mexican dances were for young and old. I have seen grandmas teaching a six year-old grandson to dance, and the other way round. I