

have seen six-year-olds and eight-year-olds dancing together. Everybody had fun. That's what a dance was for. The Mexicans are a graceful people, as a whole. I have seen girls dancing with full wine glasses on their heads. I have also seen a twelve-year-old girl carry a five-gallon can of water on her head for a quarter of a mile without resting. This is something I never saw among my people.

A Mexican mother would take a six-month-old baby to the spring, strip it off, dip a gourd full of water from the spring, splash it over the yelling baby, soap it with stringent, yellow laundry soap, and then rinse it off. Tough! But if a Mexican child lived to five, it was off to a long life.

Because he could outrun Mamma, a boy would start helping in the field at six or seven. Usually a boy would drop corn behind two bar men in planting corn. First the field was marked off in squares of about thirty inches. Then a hoe man would scrape the dirt down to moist earth at the cross of the marks. The bar man would punch a hole six inches deep with a pointed crowbar. The boy would drop two to three grains to a hole. Then the tamper would come along and tamp the holes full.

When the corn was about six inches high, the dirt that the hoe man had scraped away would be placed around the young corn. For cultivating they would use a two-inch wide steel blade, twenty-eight inches long and sharpened on one side with iron standards on each end, which were wedged into a wooden block about eight inches square. There were slots cut in each end, and the depth of the blade was gauged by tilting the blade held in the block by wedges. The blade would run about one and a half inches deep. A stick was attached to the block for a handle.

Each yoke of oxen had its tools. The regular yoke was about four feet long. The cultivating yoke was long enough so that the oxen would walk in the center of one row, with the cultivator in the row between them. The yokes were fastened to the ox horns by a long strip of cow hide and were controlled by a long bamboo cane, with a pig's tooth attached to the end. If you punched the left ox in the rump, it would turn to the right or the other way round. The plow was a V-shaped log about four inches high by thirty-six inches long, with a handle placed about the center, to keep it upright. The log was tipped with an iron tip. The plow wouldn't turn the earth like a mould board plow, but would just shunt it about three inches. The plowing was more of a mulch than a plowing. After each rain the field was cultivated to retain the moisture.

GREEN BEANS FOR SUPPER

Mother and I were driving by a bean field one day. Mother said, "I wonder if we could buy some of those green beans." We began putting our Spanish together. Mother said, "Frjoles--what is green?" I said, "It is verde." Mother said, "Now we have it--frjoles verdes."

We drove up to the house and asked the farmer if he would sell some frjoles verdes. He didn't know what we were talking about, so we got him in the buggy, took him to the field, and showed him what we wanted. He said, "No, these are beans-- what you want are ejotes." He got in the buggy, and we drove to another place about a mile away to a farm that raised green beans. So we had green beans for supper.

PANCHO VILLA

"Pancho" is a nickname for Francisco. He was made an outlaw in his midteens because he killed a police officer who had seduced his sister. This is the story that is most believed. There are others. He was loved by the poor and hated by the rich, on whom he preyed to give to the poor. That was the reason he could gather men to his army.

There are many tales of his deeds, both bad and good, before he joined Madero and after. One story is that when he took the city of Guerro, he kicked the Mother Superior out of her quarters and stabled his horse in them. He adopted a whole orphanage in the same city. When traveling from place to place, he would ride a burro or walk with his foot troops, but he was always the top man, and everybody knew it.

I met him once in the summer of 1911 on the Los Varras flat, when I was going from Pearson to Los Carrellitos, looking for work. A scouting party took me to his camp in a cottonwood grove on the Rio Casas Grande. He asked my name and where I was going. I told him I was looking for work. He asked me to join his army, but I told him that I believed in his cause, but I thought it was a Mexican fight, not a foreigner's. He was nice and friendly. We had a drink from his bottle. He wanted to know if I wanted to play poker, but I told him I was broke. We both laughed.

He was a short, heavy-set man about five feet, eight inches, and weighed one hundred eighty to two hundred pounds. He had active, quick, silent movements. I spent the night with him. He broke camp saying they were going to Gavalan, a town about sixty miles southeast of Colonia Dublan. We shook