

big mine. The mail would be delivered to the Palaris de Terrace mine and picked up there by the young men once a week. Dad describes one such trip:

We used to have to go over to the Palaris de Terrace mine to pick up the mail. It was my turn. I usually went over once a month. The river was quite high and there was a ferry there, and the man who owned the ferry would ferry horses and things like that across. So he charged me a quarter and then took me over the river and from there I would go up to the mine. I would stay overnight with a Mexican family, then pick up the mail and come home.

#### FIRST JOB

I went up to the El Tigra mine when I was about fourteen to help a negro cook in El Tigra--about twenty miles across the mountain to that mine. I stayed about two weeks and then got homesick.

At that time Alva was working with Uncle Jeff [Jefferson Jones Langford]. Uncle Jeff had a contract to furnish the mine workers with beef and Alva was helping him, so I went down there and stayed with him and his wife. Her name was Sarah [Sarah Elizabeth Loving] and she had one little baby. [Sarah Adeline]. I stayed with them a month and then Uncle Jeff sent me over to Oaxaca to take some letters and stuff for the store over to Father. I went over to Oaxaca one day and came back to Uncle Jeff's the next day.

#### THE MULE BALKS

I was riding a mule. When I got up to the top of the mountain, there was two trails that branched off. I put that mule on the one that went to the Palaris de Terrace mine, and he balked. He just didn't want to go down that trail. He just poked along, and there was nothing I could do to hurry him up and it was getting late. It took me hours to get down that trail.

When we got down the mountain where that trail branched off onto another trail, that mule knew where he was and he took a little dog trot and went right on home. [Dad must have been riding Uncle Jeff's mule]. But I had an awful time getting him over that road he hadn't been on. As a result I didn't get to Jeff's that night until eleven o'clock and it was so pitch dark you couldn't see your hand before you. But the mule knew the way and I just let him go. Jeff and his wife were worried for fear something had happened because I should have been there before sundown.

#### THE HORSE KNOWS THE WAY

Before Grandfather Langford came down to Mexico from Utah to live with us, he sold all his teams and wagons and traded them for cattle. But he saved one mare named Daisy, and after they got down to Mexico, Daisy had a colt. Grandfather Langford made a regular pet of that colt. When it got big enough to ride, he would ride it out on the range. When Grandfather got tired of riding, he would just turn the colt loose and it would follow him around where ever he went.

One time, Grandfather told me to take the colt and go up to the reservoir to look for some cattle. I took her up there and when we stopped I didn't tie him up. When he found he was loose, he beat it for home. I had to walk about five or six miles home. I guess I thought she would stay for me, as she did for Grandfather. I was

used to the walk, though, because I often made that trip, even in the dark, to turn on the water.

#### THE WATERMASTER

In case some of you who read this don't know what a watermaster is, in areas where they depend on irrigation to water their crops, each community on the irrigation ditches appoint a water master who is responsible for turning the water from the main irrigation ditch into the community ditches. He also has to know who in the community has ordered water, the times of their turns, and see that everything goes smoothly. There is a watermaster for the irrigation system on our farm in Payson. But he has it a lot easier than my father did when he was watermaster. Dad [Ernest F.] says:

When I was 16 or 17, I was the watermaster. I was supposed to turn the irrigation water down on Sunday night. We kids--you know--we'd get together on Sundays in a crowd. So one Sunday Jo Western and I and Ella Naegle and Grace Scott, decided to all go up together to turn on the water. Our water came from Pulpit Canyon and we walked up there. It was about five or six miles. I had to turn the water on at eleven o'clock and it was pretty late when we got back. And the girls' mothers were really cross because we took those girls up there at that time of night.

#### SOME PEOPLE NEVER LEARN

We had a mule that Father had taken in from a Mexican man on a bad debt at the store. One Sunday, I rode that mule up there to turn on the water, and when I got up there and got off the mule, I forgot to tie him up, and when I got back to where I had left that mule he was gone. But he had not gone far because I could hear him biting his bit in the dark. He was just ambling down the road, chewing on that bit and I could hear him. I was afraid to come up behind him, for fear he might kick me. I had to sneak around to the front of him, and it was so dark I couldn't see a thing. I managed to get in front of him, though, and he came up to me and just stopped. So I didn't have to walk back that time.

#### THE FLOOD

On May 5, 1905, there was a cloud burst up high on the Bivespie river which ran beside Oaxaca. The river started to rise in the morning, and by evening, 30 families were left homeless. They moved into the school house. The only buildings left standing were the Langford home, the school, and the Langford store. The store had three feet of water in it, however, so there was a heavy loss of inventory. Many families owned stock in the store, and as they left Oaxaca, Dad's father, James Harvey, gave everyone of those families what they had put into the store.

#### THE MESCAL RANCH

After the flood, Haymore built a store up farther along the river, closer to the Mexican settlements, and that cut off all the Mexican trade from Oaxaca. Dad had to quit the store because there was no business. So Dad decided that if he made a mescal ranch out of his farm, he might be able to sell or trade his land holdings in Oaxaca to Mexicans.

Mescal is a native plant that grew in the hills above Oaxaca, and the Mexicans make a strong alcoholic beverage out of it. It gets as big as two or three feet in diameter and we'd have to split it in four pieces to put the pieces on the burrows.