bought their place. That gave us a three-or four-room adobe house and about two and a half acres of land, which we leveled by water. We got our water from the Pulpit Canyon and from the Bavispie River. We were where the two came together, and the ground was so porous that it was a constant struggle to keep the ditch puddled to keep down seepage. Pa would take my pants off and tell me to run up and down the ditch to make it muddy to increase the water flow.

QUAKING, ANGLING, SLAMMING, AND TOBOGGANING

It was about 1901, I think, when a great earthquake came. I was drawing a bucket of water and was reaching for the bucket when it went wild. I let go of the rope and started for the house. Then it was over, with no damage to the houses, as I remember. But west of us at Colonia Morelos, there was an earthquake trail sixty miles long, beginning at Slaughter's ranch at the United States-Mexico line, at the head of the valley, and going south on a level, so that when it reached the south end of the valley, it was half a mile up the mountain side.

Pa would go fishing on moonlit nights and bring back a big string of channel cat fish.

In the summer the folks couldn't keep a gunny sack or mop rag. We kids would take them to stand on. We would run until our feet got too hot, slam the rags down and stand on them to cool our feet, and then take off again. The sidewalks were sand and were not yet shaded.

Up back of our place was quite a high hill. We kids built a toboggan slide with many curves. It was quite a feat to ride a board to the bottom.

IN THE BAG

It was the spring of 1899 that John was born. Shortly after breakfast we kids were put out of the house. Sister Langford had come with her little black bag. By noon we wanted food and were given some honey sandwiches and told to go play. It was midafternoon before we were called in to see our new brother that Sister Langford had brought in her little black bag--but I wasn't buying it. In about midsummer some Mexicans were camped near us, and I wanted to trade John for a little shaggy burro, but Pa and Ma wouldn't buy that.

Note: The "Sister Langford" referred to was Mary Lydia Langford, Sister wife to Rose Ellen. Wives of James Harvey Langford, Jr. She was a midwife.

PEANUT GALLERY

There was a man named Nichols, a cow man, who sort of adopted me. Sometimes he would come by and pick me up. I rode behind him. If we found a long ear, he would park me in a tree and say, "Now you stay there. I'll be back as soon as I catch that maverick." When he came for me, we would build a small fire to brand the critter. He also taught me to ear mark. He had what was known as a cattleman's knife, with a special blade for ear marking and castrating. He had a small block of wood about two inches long by one or two inches wide and a half inch thick, which he carried in his chap pocket. It was called an ear marking block. He also taught me how to select the proper size limb to hold the branding ring, which was a cinch ring and was called a running iron. He also taught me how to castrate a bull. We developed a friendship that lasted until his death in his mideighties in Gilbert, Arizona.

One day I coaxed Ma [Ida Isabelle Norton Chlarson] to let me go fishing. I attempted to cross a footbridge, but looked down, and the bridge was going up stream. I fell off on the lower side. I made it to shore, looked back, and saw my fishing pole going down in mid-stream. I swam out, got it in my teeth, and swam back to shore. There was a fish on it--my first fish. Since then I have had no fear of water. When I got home, Ma said, "You are all wet." She got the whole story out of me. She was an understanding woman and didn't scold me.

The acreage in town was small, so most of the farms were scattered up the river and were long and narrow. Brother Johnson had a farm about three miles up the river. He had a peanut crop one fall. The whole town went up to help him harvest. The men dug the peanuts with a fork, and the women and kids picked the nuts off. I don't remember the share we got in payment.

HARE-RAZING TALES

The nearest grist mill was about thirty miles up the river at Bavispie, a cash or toll mill. We would pool our wheat and someone would take it to the mill. One year Brother Hunsaker took the grain to the mill, and I went along. I don't remember how come, but I did. The wagon was loaded with sacks of wheat to above the top of the bed and was pulled by four horses. On the way up, the river was low, and we had no trouble at any of the crossings--four or five of them. We were at the mill two days. Finally, we started back. In the meantime, the river was high--caused by the rain in the mountains. At the first crossing, we had to unload the flour