

and put logs in the wagon bed to keep the flour above water. We would come to a crossing, and Brother Hunsaker would mount one of the lead horses to see if it was swimming water. If it swam, we had to wait for the river to go down. A horse can swim, but not swim and pull.

One night the horses decided to go home, took out down the road, and didn't stop until they got home. Brother Hunsaker took out after them and was gone for three days and two nights. There was plenty of grub, but it was the first time I had been on my own. I was six.

The morning of the second day, I climbed up into the wagon for a nap. A little later I looked out and saw a Mexican boy going through the grub box. I hollered at him, and he took off with me after him, but he was faster. But that afternoon he came back with a cotton tail rabbit--all cleaned and ready to cook. We cut it up in a kettle with some vegetables and had a feast. About sunset he offered me his hand, and we shook. He said, "Adios," and I said, "Goodbye." I never saw him again.

On the third day, about sunset, Brother Hunsaker got back. He tied the horses to the wagon, not trusting them to graze. Two days later we were home.

TOADILY RIDICULOUS

I don't know why older men took to me. I was just a tow-headed, freckled-faced kid. I was comfortable with men, but shy around strange women. A bunch of girls were having a party at our place, and when they went into the house, we boys climbed the tree with a sack of big toads. When the girls came back to swing, we emptied the toads among them. They shrieked and ran, but I don't think they were as frightened as they let on. It wouldn't have been the first time they had seen toads.

ON TO CHUACHUPA, CHIHUAHUA

Hyrum, the sixth child, was born in the spring of 1902, and we moved to Chuachupa, Chihuahua, Mexico. We had two wagons, six draft horses, and thirty head of cattle. We hired a young man named Hunter Scott to help us. His father had been killed by lightning, as was his uncle. They were water bosses and were killed at the same place.

Heber, Hunter, and I were on good cow ponies, but the

cattle had notions of their own. The first two days on the road was rough going. The second day, we got to the foot of the mountain in Pulpit Canyon. Hunter helped Heber and me drive the cattle over the mountain and came back to help get the wagons over. It took two days to get the wagons across the mountain. Heber and I herded the cattle in the head of Soldier Canyon. The wagons caught up with us the second night, but we spent the next day reloading the wagons, and then we started on. The next two weeks the country was flat and grassy, but we ran the cattle off their feet trying to keep up with the wagons. It should have been the other way round. We had trouble with the range cattle mixing with ours.

We finally got to Colonia Dublan, but went right through and were in the Hacienda San Diego, which belonged to Don Luis Terasas, one of the biggest cattle barons in the state. We were nearing the last step up, and it would be timber for the rest of the journey of some seventy miles. One of the cows gave out going up the mountain, and we had to come back in the morning for her. She was so foot-sore, we had to leave her behind. Pa later sold her to a man in Colonia Pachico.

We bypassed Colonia Pachico, but went through Colonia Garcia--some sixty miles from Chupe. In another week, we were at our destination. Hunter stayed two weeks, getting the cattle settled in, and then went back home. We bought ten acres of land with a log house from a Confederate major. We didn't get an agreement about payments in writing, because Mr. Carlton said, "Just take all the time you want." But six months later, he demanded payment in full, within three months, "or get off." So Pa packed some of his tools on one horse, mounted another, went down to the Candelaria Mines about fifty miles south, and was back in time to pay off the place.

That first summer we had a garden of root vegetables. We helped some neighbors thresh their oats and got enough straw to fill mattresses for every bed. The next spring we put in a big garden of potatoes, corn, and oats and dug a root vegetable cellar, so were ready for the fall harvest.

When we were in Oaxaca, we thought we had some bad electrical storms, but when the rains started in mid-July, we changed our minds. When the storm came up in the afternoon--which was every day until the last of August--there was one clap of thunder after another, with no, or at best a short, silence with doors and windows rattling all the time. Even the earth, at times, seemed to shake. The sheet lightning in the evening was so constant, you could almost read by it. The ground would get so soft by the rains that it was almost impossible to use wagons away from a well established road.