

When I was in Oaxaca four years later, there was a pitcher pump on the end of a two inch pipe, about fifteen feet in the air. Colonia Morales at the west end of the Box Canyon was spared, because it was on high ground--but they lost most of the farm land and crops.

Heber and Gregoro, a Mexican youth of about eighteen that we semi-adopted, went back for the wagon. We were lucky that nothing was stolen. We had sacked the harness and hidden it in a canyon about half a mile from the wagons.

FLAXEN CORDS

In the spring of 1909 we went back over to the Mexican country at Matachic on a wood haul. I don't know who had the cutting contract, but we did the hauling.

It was mostly white oak. We got so much a cord. A cord is four feet wide, four feet high, and eight feet long. We had our wagons sixteen feet long and could haul two cords at a load.

The haul was about four miles, so we could make two trips in about ten hours. Matachic was a wood station on the Southern Pacific de Mexico that we had two contracts on about two years before. We were there from March to about September, 1909.

Pa had his second wife with him, but she proved to be less than nothing, and Pa had to do all the cooking and washing, too.

BEATING A DEAD HORSE

My first horse shoeing: I was coming from Matuchic to Chupe, bringing some money to Ma. My horse threw a shoe and went lame. I was leading him and saw a dead horse quite ways to one side. I went up to the dead horse and, with a sharp rock as a chisel and another rock for a hammer, unclenched the nails, pried the shoe off, straightened the nails as best I could, tacked the shoe on my horse, and got home.

FAMILY TIES

The September of 1909 we went back to the K.C. & O. on a tie haul. We were camped five miles south of the station

Trevino, just two kilometers east of our contract on the K.C. & O. We were camped at Sagoachic, an Indian village in the center of the tie cut. Charles Ramsour had the contract cutting the ties. The ties were eight feet long, six inches at the small end and not over twelve inches at the big end. We had to remodel our wood racks so as to load the wagon with two ties, end to end. I think we were paid twenty-five cents a tie. Heber had a four-up and could haul fifty ties at a load. I had one team and hauled twenty to twenty-five ties.

Charlotte, my oldest sister, came to us from La Boquilla, where the family had moved. It is three miles west of Temosachic. Pa just couldn't take any more of his second wife. After three months at Sagoachic, we went up Questa Prieta on the same tie haul. About a month after moving to Questa Prieta, Pa took Aunt Ida, as we were supposed to call Pa's second wife, to La Boquilla, where Pa and his second father-in-law had bought a thousand acres and were going to colonize it, but they couldn't get a clear title to it. I don't know why I was along--maybe because with Pa taking a team and wagon, only Heber could haul ties. Two days out of Questa Prieta, one of the horses sickened and died, so I rode the other horse back to Questa Prieta for another horse. It was a long, two day ride. We made it to LaBoquilla, and I came back on the train. Pa came later to help us move from Questa Prieta to La Boquilla.

Pa went to Madera to work, building a two unit band saw mill. A sickness killed all our work horses, and that stopped our farming. Ma and her kids moved to Madera. I don't know what happened to Aunt Ida for the next year or two.

THREE R'S OF LA BOQUILLA: RABIDITY, RUBIN, AND ROVER

While at La Boquilla, we had a mad dog scare. Mrs. Wilson, Pa's new mother-in-law, was out in the yard feeding the chickens, when the dog jumped her. She beat him off with a bucket. It seems that the dog had a regular beat. He would pay us a visit about every three hours. Rubin Wilson borrowed a horse to go after the dog. He was about sixteen years old and the only man on the ranch at the time. The dog attacked the horse. When the horse reared, Rubin put his hand holding a gun behind him, to keep from sliding off, and accidentally shot the horse in the flank. Ma told him to shoot the horse to put it out of its misery.

Hyrum and I were going up to the Mesa where we grazed our stock and met the dog. He was about a hundred years to one side. I told Hyrum to freeze, and the dog went on by.