

LOST HIS SOUL AT THE COMPANY STORE

About midafternoon, I met a pack train taking supplies to the turpentine camp. The man in charge was a negro called "Nigger Red." He said that they would camp about sundown. The pack train came in, so I had a good supper and breakfast, and my horse had two good feeds of grain. The next morning, the pack train--all but one mule--headed for Madera.

Red wanted to get a deer, so I took him to the salt lick, but there were no deer there. We went down into the ridge country, and he got his buck. It was about noon when we got back to the road and headed for Madera. There was an animal ranch about ten miles north of Madera where the company kept its stock. We made it about midnight and started on to Madera next morning.

We met a man who told us about the Madero Revolution. Red patted his thirty-thirty and said, "This is the law now." I said, "Watch it, Red, that thirty-thirty doesn't care who it kills." He just laughed, saying, "I know what I am doing." Less than a week later he was caught trying to hold up the Company store and was executed that night, less than a quarter of a mile from our house. I saw the flashes and heard the shots. The next afternoon after work, we buried him where he was shot, but it was on Bavicora land, and the foreman at the Tascate Hacienda made us move him.

BARBEQUES AT TERASAS'S PLAZA

I went to work at the planing mill for \$1.50 for ten hours, the first of February. Pa was transferred to Pearson, where the Company was building a two-unit mill with four band saws, with a capacity of a million board feet a day. As far as I know, it didn't turn a wheel, due to the Revolution. The family had moved to Pearson, and the only house we could get was near the jail. We were told to get down on the floor quickly if we heard shooting, but we didn't have to.

We did, though, have a ringside seat. One side would turn the prisoners loose that had been jailed by the other side. The plaza would change hands often--first the Federals, then, the Revolutionists. It was fun watching the different factions set up housekeeping, only to be on the run again. Whichever side held the plaza at night would mount guard. It seemed they wanted the other side to know where they were, so each put out a "Do Not Disturb" sign.

There was a forty-acre pond, ten feet deep, where the logs were dumped from flat cars that brought the logs from the

mountain. The one pond served the two mills. I couldn't get work, so there was nothing for me to do, except mingle with the soldiers. When the Feds held the plaza there was no meat, but when the Revolutionists held it, there was much meat--Terasas's meat. Louis Terasas was the owner of about a fifth of the state of Chihuahua.

DISCO TO FRANCISCO

One afternoon I was on my way to Colonia Juarez and was picked up by a scouting party. When they saw me, they scattered and surrounded me. I just kept riding until they closed in on me. They all had their rifles in their hands. The leader asked me, "Quien Vive (Who lives)?" That is the way they had of identifying your party. I just said, "Amigo" (friend). That was neutral. He asked me if I had any arms, meaning guns. I said, "No." He wanted to know where I was going. I said to Colonia Juarez, to visit some friends. He said, "First you are going to headquarters at the Hacienda San Diego." So we rode in front of the squad at a fast walk and fox trot.

When we got to headquarters, he took me to his commanding officer. The Maderistas (Madero men) had no uniforms, but their superior was called "Captain." The headquarters was a large room with a table and some stools--no chairs. The captain asked me my name. I told him, "Louis Chlarson." The "Louis" he could handle, but not the "Chlarson." He wanted to know where I lived, what I did, and what my father did. I told him Pa worked for the Pearson Lumber Company, an English-owned company. He wanted to know what I was doing on the San Diego flat. I told him I was on my way to Colonia Juarez to visit some friends. He wanted to know if I didn't know there was a war on. I said, "Yes, but it isn't my fight."

All at once, everybody stood up. I did, too. Someone had come in--a slight-built man, wearing a small beard and gold-rimmed glasses and a khaki suit. Everyone but me saluted. He asked who I was. I introduced myself the Mexican way by saying my name and, "At your service." He introduced himself and asked if I was an American. I said, "Yes." He said, "Come with me." We went into his office, where there was a desk, a couple of chairs, some stools, and a cot. That was the office of Francisco I. Madero. We sat down, and he asked me where I was going, where I lived, etc., but in a conversational way.

The captain brought in a man, and he gave a report on the battle going on at Casa Grande at the moment. The Maderistas had lost the plaza to the Federals.