

Mrs. Madero and some men had been surrounded in an adobe house. Madero thanked him, and we went on with our conversation. He didn't seem too much worried about his wife. She was the fighter of the team. Later a report came in that she had broken out and was in the Mesquite with her men. I have known a plaza to change hands several times in one day. I had supper with Madero--beef roasted on the coals, Mexican bread baked in an outdoor oven, beans, and wine. When supper was over, he handed me a strip of paper to use on my way back from Juarez the next day and told the captain to send me out with the night patrol. They left me at Skouson's Mill, on the edge of town. We shook hands all around. The next day I came back to Pearson.

END OF THE LINE

Pa told me to go bring "Skamp," a horse the Ramsours were keeping for us. They were helping build the railroad between Madera and Pearson. I took the train to the end of the line from Pearson and had a two-day's walk to Ramsourn's camp, eating at camp and sleeping on the commissary counter. When I got to Ramsourn's camp, Mr. Ramourn wanted me and Parvin, his oldest son, to try for a deer--but no luck. The next day I started back to Pearson. Two days later, I was there.

SAN JOSE DEL RUSBILLO, IN SONORA

Pa went to Sonora to see if he could buy some land. He was back ten days later. This was in the spring of 1911. I don't know how Pa got a wagon and team, but he did, and Earnest Langford came over from Sonora with a wagon to help us move to San Jose del Rusbillo, a new colony in Sonora. There was no town--just farms on both sides of the river Batapito. There was the usual schoolhouse and church that acted as a social center. It was located about ten miles north of Colonia Morales. We planted a summer crop of corn, beans, potatoes, and the usual garden. We helped in the harvest and took most of our pay in wheat.

After the harvest, I rode for Mr. Nichols, my old friend from Oaxaca. It was a hot, dry summer--lots of wormy critters to doctor. Alfred, the oldest Nichols boy, couldn't stand blood. One day Alfred and Melvin, his brother, and I jumped a long ear. Alfred got to him first. The critter turned and gored his horse in the flank. When Alfred saw the blood, he passed out. If he had been alone, he would have been in bad trouble. Alfred was tied to the critter. I roped the hind legs and stretched him out, and Melvin tied him down. By that

time Alfred was up. We put him on Melvin's horse and sent him home. The horse's wound was a small one, so we packed it with a handkerchief to keep the guts from coming out and got him home. Mr. Nichols sewed him up, and he got well.

I rode until the thresher season was on. Then I went to work with a pitchfork. There were five or six forkers, the feeder and roper, and the man who kept the wheat handy for the feeder. The feeder and roper would change at so many bushels and then would see that everything went well, until it was time to relieve the other feeder and roper--but the foreman just kept digging. The tail man had the easiest job of all, but the dirtiest. We worked ten to twelve hours a day, sometimes without a break, except for lunch. The farmer we were threshing for fed the threshers, and it was a lively competition between the farmers' wives to feed the men the best.

To go back to planting time--which was in September or October--by January or February, the grain would be a foot high. The cattle would come in off the range to water and would break into the fields. A four-wire [fence] was nothing for them. They were so used to Mesquite and cactus thorns, a wire fence was play. From the time the grain was a few inches high until after harvest, we would have to patrol the fences from about five p.m. until about six a.m.

It required two irrigations to make a crop of wheat, but gardens needed much more. From the brush diversion dam to the end of the ditch was about twelve miles. Every time a freshet came, we would have to rebuild the dam. Most of the land had the trees cut down, but the stumps hadn't been grubbed, so it was a yearly job to cut the new growth. Plowing was most difficult. We could use only walking plows. The man worked harder than the team. Every time the plow caught under a root, the man would have to back the team and pull the plow back. The farms were from ten to a hundred acres, but most were forty or more.

The small farmers would pool their grain in some central place to save moving time. The thresher was jointly owned by the Langfords and Nichols. They had the largest farms. After their wheat was threshed, they would thresh on the shares. I don't know the percentage they took. When we got to threshing for hire, we had a kitchen that would move with the thresher. We would be through by the first of September.

The roundup came in November. The range was open range, so everybody's cattle ran together. Everybody with cattle was there at roundup or was represented. Nichols was the largest cattleman in that area.