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Fred Arthur Whiting

I was born July 24, 1890 in Colonia Diaz, Mexico. My father's name was Charles Whiting, born in Manti, Utah, December 17, 1863. My mother's name was Verona Snow born at Manti, Utah, March 17, 1858. My mother had ten children, five boys, namely: Charles Jr., Bernard, Francis, Fred and Herman. She had five girls, named Pearl, Alice, Amy, Mae and Fern. On August 21, 1912 I was married to Lurlene Tenney. We have the following children, Alice born June 2, 1913, Frederick Afton, August, 15 1915, Nathan Tenney, August 2, 1917, Winifred, December 26, 1920, Warren Grant, February 28, 1923, Verna Mae, February 18, 1927. One baby girl born still birth, May 10, 1933, named Rose Ann.

When I was a baby I had Spinal Meningitis which left me with very poor eyes and also I didn't seem to grow as fast as my half brother John who was just older than I.

The only time I ever remember my father hitting me was one time John and I had forgotten to turn out the calves to graze. He threatened to whip us for forgetting this as the calves stayed in the corral all day unless we turned them out to feed. So this evening we were playing in the alfalfa when Father came up behind us with a switch and hit us each across the back. We knew what it was for and hurried to the corral to let the calves out. Father made us take them out and herd them until very late at night. Needless to say we didn't forget again. We thought we had been killed.

An Ugly Little Boy

As a boy I was ugly, puny, squint-eyed and otherwise not too handsome. One time when I was only about six years old I went with Frank to meet my sister Alice at the depot. As the train stopped a lady looking out of the window called to her son and said, "Oh, come and look at this funny little boy." My sister after hearing this remark by the lady always told the story, then added, "And I had to get off the train and kiss the ugly little cuss." I was her favorite brother.

Our mother was a seamstress. She was off to the neighbors sewing much of the time, leaving Alice to tend me when I was a baby. She said as I grew older I was really witty and cute as a talker.

One time a new family moved into town. As I had to stay out of school the first semester to help father gather crops I was not acquainted with this family. One of the boys met me riding home one evening. In the conversation we held he mentioned that I looked just like his Spanish teacher, my sister Alice. I kidded him telling him I didn't know her. But the next time my sister Alice kidded me about being ugly I told her what this boy had said, "I looked just like his Spanish teacher." This tickled her so that she told all of her friends.

In school I was a very good student, smart and willing to study, my teachers said, but quite an annoyance to them as I had the other students laughing a lot of the time.

Colonia Diaz was made in a large flat with mesquite trees growing all around. This flat valley was about forty miles long and twenty wide with the Casas Grandes River running through it. During flood periods this river often spread out over the valley making it three

or four miles wide. We built a levy to keep the floods out of town.

On account of the town being surrounded by mesquites the coyotes came close to it, often stealing chickens in broad daylight. And also we were often bothered with hydrophobia coyotes, skunks and dogs. I remember as a boy nothing would scare me as much as hearing of another mad dog in town, which happened nearly every month in summer. Two boys (young men) died from hydrophobia bites.

William Derby Johnson was out on a cow camp with two other young men. While they were asleep a mad coyote grabbed Johnson by the throat. The other boys had to pry the coyote's jaw apart to get him loose. He went to see a doctor in El Paso who told him that a hydrophobia coyote would not hang on like that but would just snap at something and then let go. They did nothing about it. In thirty days Johnson took the disease. He had the most violent fits until it took four men to hold him down. After the fit was over he was just as rational as anyone else but these fits kept getting worse until they knew he could not get well, so an old doctor gave him enough morphine to put him to sleep and he did not wake up. Another boy, Charles Frederickson, was bitten by a skunk and died the same way. Several others were bitten later but by that time they had a cure for this disease so they were saved.

My Brother John's Accidental Death

As we grew older our quarrels ceased we learned to love each other as only brothers can. John was more near to me than my whole brothers. I guess because we were nearly always together. In 1911 when we were twenty one years old John decided to come to Arizona. I wanted me to come with him but I was going to the Academy at Colonia Juarez and didn't want to leave before school was out. He and Wilford Rowley came to St. Johns together. This was in the spring. In August of that year while he was trying to pry the carriage back on the track of the sawmill of Uncle Edwin Whiting where he was working the crow bar slipped causing him to fall over the saw, cutting a cash about twelve inches long over his stomach back to his hip. It was thirty miles to the nearest doctor, with only horses for transportation so before the doctor arrived the next day blood poisoning had commenced and he died in about a week. I'll never forget how I felt when I heard about it. I was off to work so didn't hear about it until he was dead. I so wanted to see him but he was already buried before I knew.

Two Hungry Boys

I remember one time when we, John and I, were to stay two miles down on our farm away from home. We were lonesome so we buried our bread and bacon so we'd have an excuse to go home. The trip home was fine but we'd had breakfast that morning very early and father was to come down later and bring our dinner. He didn't come until about two o'clock. We were so hungry. We hunted all around for the bread and bacon we had buried but couldn't find it. John made some gravy with just flour and water but it tasted too bad to eat.

When we were about fifteen or sixteen we were down at the farm again planting corn with a walking lister. As we planted our corn very deep in the ground we had four horses hitched to the planter. I was riding one of the wheel horses, driving the lead team which

consisted of our high tempered horses and the other broncs. My brother Herman then a kid of about five was riding the other wheel animal, a mule. We let him ride holding onto the horses fur to amuse him. John was holding the plow or lister. We had stopped to rest a minute, the lines of the lead team were laying across the hams of the horse I was riding,. Something frightened the broncs and they started to run. Herman just sitting there had let go of the hams and keeled over backward starting to fall down in between the mule and the horse I was riding. Afraid that the horses or plow might hurt him I grabbed him and tried to pull him upon my horse but his feet were caught in the chains so that I couldn't lift him up. John tried to run in front of the team but this only scared them more and by this time they were really running. So all I could do was hang onto Herman. After they had run about half a mile they slowed down some and the mule being tired of running just struggled loose from everything. As they were circling away from the mules side and he was out of the way I decided to throw Herman out of the way of the plow which I did but either the plow or something else cut a gash in his forehead. I then jumped off the horse and grabbed the lines and stopped them. Father really gave us a scotch blessing when he heard about our having Herman on the mule, saying we didn't either one of us dare ride it ourselves.

Almost Died From Pneumonia

When I was seventeen years old I was hurt from riding a steer calf so my parents took me to a hospital in El Paso, Texas. I stayed there a week but since I didn't have an operation which I thought I was going to need I went home feeling pretty good except that I was weak. I went right home to work on the farm, overdid and got pneumonia. I nearly died. I didn't leave the bed for two months. I will always remember how my shoes felt the first time I put them on after I got up. I was so thin it was just like putting my feet into big boxes. They didn't seem to touch any place except on the bottom.

Another Run Away

My father had a mail contract and we boys drove it. We only had to take this mail once a week but it was one hundred twenty miles each trip. It had to be made from Saturday noon to Monday noon. We had a pair of mules hooked onto a buggy; these mules carried this mail for eight years steady except once or twice when the roads were too muddy. We would spell then with one of the other teams. It was only about two weeks after my sickness that I went with this mail. The first night we always stayed at Sabino Urutias' ranch. This rancher had pigs running loose in the mesquites. When they needed meat his vaqueros would rope them and haul them in wagons to the ranch where they would feed them corn for a month or more then butcher them for the ranch. When we were within about four miles of this ranch some of these pigs ran from behind a mesquite tree and scared my mules. This caused one of them to jump onto the wagon tongue which broke. They began running. The broken wagon tongue would stick in the ground every rod or two and make the buggy jump in the air like a bucking bronco. Finally it broke off just in front of the doubletree. All this time the buggy had been lurching right or left with the whims of the mules pulling it. Herman, my five year old brother and I

had a hard time staying aboard. Mules are smarter than horses in a run, they never hurt themselves. And they always stop when they find all the damage has been done. A horse in a runaway will sometimes run into a fence or anything and kill itself. These mules stopped in about three hundred yards so I unhooked them, tied the gentle one to the buggy and proceeded to whip the other one. But I forgot how weak I was from my sickness. The mule jerked me down and of course ran away with the harness. I then took the tame one to the buggy without a tongue and led it along the road. After about a mile I fixed some lines and climbed into the buggy and drove the rest of the way to the ranch. Herman wouldn't get back into the buggy. He decided he'd had enough of my runaways.

The next morning Mr. Urutia sent one of his vaqueros on to Palomas with the mail and I stayed to fix a wagon tongue so I could get back home. He loaned me a mule, harness and so forth and when I arrived back to where the runaway had occurred I found that his vaqueros had caught the other mule and tied her to a mesquite tree. I led her along home. This team often ran away. After this time I would just hold them n the road and whip them until they were tired of running. (The whipping sounds cruel but mules have tough back sides and this seems to be the only way to ge through to them)

Saved From A Rattlesnake Bite

Once my chum and I, Earl Lemmon, were riding in our town pasture for cows. At noon we sometimes went to a rocky hill named the Lower Knoll to eat our lunch. This day we had just finished eating when I walked upon the hill to a rock ledge about eighteen inches wide which made a half circe with a cliff above and another below. I was making this circle when Earl called to me to come back. I was almost half way around so I wanted to go on but Earl kept saying to come back. I insisted that it was almost as close to go around and started on but he was so determined that I come back that I finally turned around and came back just to please him. Upon reaching him I enquired why he wanted me to come back. He said he was just fooling. I called him some name and let it go at that. We both of us went the other way around this ledge and to our surprise there was a large rattlesnake in a hole in the ledge coiled up ready to strike within a yard of where Earl stopped me and where I could not have seen him coming from the other side. We then knew why he wanted me to stop.

We neither of us knew anything to do for snakebite and the nearest town was ten miles away.

The First Year of Highschool

The fall of 1907 I went to my first year of highschool. I went to the academy of Colonia Juarez. This was the first time I had lived in another town than Diaz where I was born I was surprised to find the girls I thought were pretty when I first arrived in Colonia Juarez seemed to fade after more acquaintance.

At the Academy I took a three year business course. For mathematics we used a commercial arithmetic. I remember that we learned short cuts in arithmetic: multiplication, for instance. We would add two zeros and divide by two for 50 times a number. Or for 25 times a number we would add two zeros and divide by four, thirty three and one third times a number we would add two zeros and divide by three and so on.

That Old Sweetheart of Mine

Before I went to the academy I was in love with a very pretty, dark haired girl with snappy black eyes. We had gone together sometime but had kind of drifted apart. I was very independent as far as girls were concerned because as I said before I was quite popular. I decided this lady did not care for me so I would not care for her. She was sporting around with Otho Johnson and I was sporting with his sister, Viva.

She confided in me later that she loved me all the time but like me had thought that I cared more for Viva than for her. She wasn't going to let me know how she really felt. This went on for more than two years. In the meantime she and Otho had split up and I had gone with Lettie Stowell at the academy as well as several other girls. I didn't go to the academy the next year and she had taken a job in the local store at Colonia Diaz where we both resided. This winter of 1908 we started going together again. We had one or two little spats but were steady lovers from then until our marriage on August 21, 1912. I still don't know how she married me. Must have been that old thing called love and blind at that. She could have married plenty of others who were well off while I had nothing. We have had plenty of hard times but our home has always been full of love. I've neglected her plenty of times but have always tried to be kind. We have one of the loveliest and nicest families in the world. I guess probably the reason we were engaged for nearly four years was because I was either off to work or at the academy most of the time, only coming home two or three times a year.

The first year at the academy my sister Amy and I rented rooms and Otho Johnson and his sister Winnie (also) rented rooms at Professor E.K. Fillerup's. The girls each had separate rooms with kitchens downstairs while we boys had a room together upstairs. A fellow named John Vidmar stayed with Otho and a girl named Dora Hendricks stayed with Amy. We boys were always hatching up some yarn and making these girls believe it. I remember we went down to Diaz for Thanksgiving. A new bridge had been built across the Casas Grandes River. The girls wanted to know how it looked and if it was nice. We started telling them how beautiful it was and kept adding different things until we had them believing that there was an enormous clock on the center of it. This clock we told them was made so that a different kind of animal came out each hour to chime like a chicken for one o'clock and two cats for two o'clock and so on.

Joke Played On Sister Amy

In the spring the water that we used was carried from the river that was about four rods from the house. As the weather was really warm by May this water was warm too. My sister said there was a spring of cold water two or three hundred yards up the river. I took the bucket and went after some but could not find it. So I just dipped up a bucket at the old place and set it down in the house.

All three of the girls took a good drink. They remarked that it was not as cold as it should be but it didn't taste like that water we'd been drinking. Shows how imagination can change things.

A Night Ride Of Seventy Miles

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In December of 1910 Madero started his revolution. That Christmas I went home for the holidays on horseback. It was fifteen miles from the academy at Juarez to Colonia Dublan. I went that far and intended to go on home Saturday, the following morning, but as the Rebels (Madero's Forces) had burned all the railroad bridges and cut off all communications the Stake Presidency wanted me to ride on through that night to take word to church headquarters at Salt Lake City as soon as possible so I rode on through the night. From Dublan to Diaz was forty miles and I had already ridden fifteen but they needed to get word on to Salt Lake City so I continued the journey. Ordinarily it didn't bother me to ride a horse but I hadn't been on one for a long since I didn't have a horse at school. As we knew the Rebels were along the road I left it and took off through the prairie. At midnight I unsaddled and hobbled my horse to graze and rest a while. I tried to snatch a few minutes sleep with nothing but my saddle blanket over me. Even though it was quite cold I slept a while.

Then I rode on through, getting home at sun up. As this word had to be taken on to Columbus, New Mexico where it would be wired to Salt Lake City I called my brother, Bernard to take it on over another sixty miles. Believe me I took my meals off the mantel piece for the next day or two.

A Spooky Evening

My sister Mae and two other girls living with us had to move into a house the church had bought for an academy dormitory. We moved on Saturday and had everything pretty well in order by Sunday. Sunday night the girls went to M.I.A. (Mutual Improvement Association, an organization provided for young people) while I stayed at home. I was busy studying and everything was quiet as a mouse when I heard someone walking in the kitchen, I thought. Ordinarily I wasn't excitable as wild dogs and coyotes were the only things I was afraid of. I went into the kitchen but couldn't see anything so I went into all the rooms down stairs and still couldn't find anything. I concluded I had just imagined a noise. I started studying again and had just become interested when I heard it again. This time I was nervous. But I started my work again. No sooner had I quieted down than the same noise came again. I went outside and looked around the house but still could find no one. I was frightened enough by now that I stayed outside until the kids came home from church. I didn't tell them about the noise but we found afterwards that it had come from a squirrel under the house. The squirrels would knock their tails on the floor above them which sounded just like a person walking in the house.

First Battle of the Madero Revolution

The revolution was in full swing at this time. There was a garrison of Federal Cavalry stationed at Casas Grandes ten miles away. Madero had concentrated his troops in preparation to take Casas Grandes. This was in January of 1911. The government was sending troops from Ciudad Juarez, but on account of all the bridges being burned on the N. W. Railroad they had to come overland by way of Columbus or Las Palmas just inside the Mexican border. My brother John was carrying mail at this time. These troops were in Las Palmas when he arrived so they made him stay

with them until he arrived home with them as escort. They didn't want Madero to know they were on their way to Casas Grandes.

Casas Grandes was pretty well fortified but it didn't have too many troops hence these troops were coming to help out. The Federals had received word some way just when Madero was ready to strike. While he was charging this town he came in from behind. To disillusion Madero they wore large sombreros and changed just as they were in striking distance to their regular to white military caps. This surprised and upset Madero's troops and they scattered in all directions. This happened about noon. By night time there were a lot of foot sore Rebels wandering into Colonia Juarez. They didn't seem to have much fight left in them by that time.

In this battle there were thirteen Rebels killed and twelve Federals. We received the El Paso Herald the day after the fight. We were astonished to read the exaggeration it printed. It said five hundred were killed and that they were still fighting. The battle had been over for four days and only twenty five had been killed.

Madero wasn't through. He commenced gathering his troops at San Diego, a large ranch belonging to Terrasas, a land and cattle Baron who owned one fifth of Chihuahua. Dan Skousen, a son of Brother Skousen who lived in Alpine, Arizona and who prayed for rain especially in the upper country had a grist mill at Colonia Juarez. By the way his wife was Aunt Malley, a sister to Sister DeWitt and Aunt Sue Hamblin of St. Johns, Arizona. One morning just as school was taking up we saw several soldiers appear on one hill east of town, then another group on another hill and soon every hill on that side of the valley had soldiers on it. Juarez is built in a long valley, a narrow valley, not over a mile wide in any one place until it opens up about four miles south of town to ten or twelve miles wide at San Diego's ranch.

These rolling hills on both sides of this valley remind me of the hills east of Concho, Arizona where you can look down on the whole town. To continue with my story, we found these to be "look outs" or scouts ahead of the army. Soon about 300 or more of these Federal soldiers were looking down on our town. We were plenty excited as we didn't know their intentions. Finally they all entered town and went to Dan Skousen's flour mill. They needed more food so they took all of his flour for their use. I suppose they paid him for it as these were government troops.

Madero was gathering plenty of troops at San Diego during the spring months. He was about ready to take Casas Grandes when the Federals decided he was too strong for them so they pulled out for Chihuahua City.

This summer Madero moved in to take Ciudad Juarez. This was quite a battle but Madero was victorious and President Porfirio Diaz vacated the presidency. Madero was a fine man and a just one, but unfortunately he was killed before he had time to accomplish much. Then there were factions springing up all over the country just taking advantage of no government. During the summer we could buy the best cuts of meat for 12 centavos a kilo, this was about 3 cents a pound. These Rebels just killed the fat cattle of Don Terrasas and sold it for hardly anything.

My Most Frightening Experience

The summer of 1911 I was working for some railroad contractors in the mountains seventy miles south of Colonia Juarez. The railroad company was finishing the Mexico North Western through to Chihuahua City and also logging railroads into this large forest of pine. These contractors had all the bridges and culverts to build on one of these logging roads and I was foreman of a gang of Mexicans putting in the culverts.

Our horses had strayed so the boss sent me out in the timber to hunt them. While I was riding I met a Mexican who apparently didn't like Gringos and commenced cussing me and saying they were going to get the Gringos out of the country or kill them. He had a six-shooter and I had no gun but did have a good quirt. As I was riding I quietly slipped this quirt so as to have a hold on the small end, the other end had an iron braided inside of it. I decided if he tried to use his gun I would hit him over the head or knock the gun out of his hand. We were at one end of a small park. This park was about one quarter of a mile long and just as he started to pull his gun I noticed two men riding through the other end of the park. I yelled at them. They didn't hear me because they rode on but the Mexican thought they must be my friends because he quickly rode the other way. I never will know if he intended to kill me or if he just wanted to scare me. If the latter was his intention he certainly succeeded because after it was over I was plenty scared. I rode straight to camp and told the boss about it. He had a 45 pistol so he gave it to me to put on, then I felt plenty brave and would have liked to have met this Mexican again. But I never met him. I never left camp without the revolver after that. I bought a 38 colt to wear and which I brought with me to the United States.

Five Men Killed And Three More Hurt

I was stationed at this camp where a crew of men, Mexicans and Japanese were making a large cut not far from where my crew were building a culvert. They would drill a hole down the desired depth 15 or 20 feet then spring it by putting (down it) one or two sticks of dynamite and increasing these shots each time until they had a large enough hole at the bottom to put in several kegs of black powder. This black powder has a tendency to lift and hence throw a lot of this dirt and rock clear away from the cut thus eliminating a lot of hauling. The hauling was done by mules and two wheel carts.

They had three of these shots ready to go off, they lit them and gave the signal to take cover. We were close enough that we hid behind pine trees too. Two of these shots fired but the third one didn't. These men came back after a few minutes to see what had happened, what it had done and eight of them were standing right over the third one when it went off. It lifted them high in the air and when they lit the three were killed instantly and two more died later. I never heard of the others, whether they were OK or not.

A Prospecting Or Hunting Trip

It was in December of this same year after we were through with our job that these contractors and two of the engineers decided to take a prospecting and hunting trip into the wilds of Sonora. They invited me to go along as they had taken a liking to me. We each

had a saddle horse including the Mexican camp rustlers and five head of pack mules to carry our equipment and of course bring back any deer if we killed any. The second day we dropped down off a steep bluff, which reminds me of the Grand Canyon only there is no ledge on the other side. You must drop down and stay down until you come back up on the other side. They say there is only one trail down this bluff so we didn't want to miss it. It looked level enough from the top but when we arrived at the bottom we found it to be very rugged and broken country. The Mexican population men cut blazes and piled stone monuments along so to help us find our way back out. Just as we pitched permanent camp the second day we sighted a deer across the canyon. What a bombardment took place. All five of us trying to be the first to hit it. As soon as it was down Mr. Sevey and I ran over there and he quickly cut its throat. This furnished us meat for several days. These deer were fairly tame not having been shot at before.

The Time The Guns Wouldn't Work

A day or so later Mr. Sevey and I were out together. We weren't hunting as yet, just prospecting. Of course we didn't hesitate to shoot deer if we saw them. He was higher up on a hill side than I, about a quarter of a mile away. Before this we had heard a mountain lion roaring so we knew they were around. I heard him shoot four or five times and then commence yelling for me to come quick. So I took off as fast as I could up this hill as I didn't know but what a lion was wounded and after him. I had no more started until a young buck jumped up right in front of me and stood broadside. I couldn't help but take a shot, killed him cut his throat and put him in a small tree for fear we couldn't find him again in this thick brush. I hurried up the hill with him yelling all the while. Upon reaching him I found that he had wounded four deer and then his gun had jammed. Two of the deer were still in sight when I arrived but something had gone wrong with my gun too. I probably bumped it on a rock in my rush up the hill. We fussed with those guns until these deer were out of sight in the thick brush. I afterward wondered what would have happened if it had been a wounded lion he had been yelling about. We never did find the four deer he wounded.

Afterward we climbed down into a deep canyon where palm trees were growing. On top of the rim pine trees were flourishing and down in this canyon palm trees were growing. We found plenty of lion and bear tracks here.

A Scary Path

On our way out we saw what we thought would be a short cut back to our horses. It looked like a nice level ledge leading up out of this canyon with a high cliff above and another several hundred feet drop below. Up this we started. It was a fairly good trail but as we proceeded on this nice level path it turned into an incline of about 45 degrees and there we were. We didn't dare go back down because there was more chance of slipping off to a hundred or so feet below than to keep on going. So we climbed, holding onto small grass roots or brush and digging our feet into whatever there was. Never did we know if the next step would be the last or not. I don't remember now for sure but I think we each were praying a silent prayer for help. After getting to the top we

both decided we didn't have need of any more short cuts.

We cut our names on trees in this canyon and in the cliff dwelling in some hills called Las Tres Costillos (The Three Ribs). We cut our names on the rocks.

In about ten days we climbed back up onto the rim. Then we went over into Guaynop Canyon, a place where there had been considerable mining and prospecting done. Mr. Heeder and I found a ledge we thought might be very rich in silver. We brought samples out but I never had mine assayed. Right after this the Revolution became so bad that mines way down in the interior didn't interest me at all.

Near this place was the Yaqui River and at this point it was nearly one hundred yards wide and very deep but just as clear as a spring. It was a very beautiful sight to see. It was warm enough to go swimming in. This was where our camp was located. We all had a good bath. From this canyon we climbed to Candelaria Peaks. From 1500 to 9000 feet we climbed. It was nearly Christmas but no snow had fallen as yet. This was where we could do our deer hunting. And believe me they were there. White Tail, Black Tail You could jump one up every hundred yards. We stayed just two nights and one day and had all our pack mules loaded and some of the smaller deer tied on behind our saddles. Each night at this place we could hear the lions roar. Sometimes quite near, they sounded, probably the smell of the freshly killed deer induced them to come so close.

The First Killing In The Colonies

At the end of 1911 things began to tense between Mormon colonists and Mexican neighbors. In the spring of 1911 several Mexican officials at Casas Grandes had appointed a presidente (Justice of the Peace) Baca, of Juarez. They thought it might help keep some of the difficulties ironed out. He appointed several deputy constables from the Mormons. The proof of stealing had been obtained on a Juan Soszo. So these deputies went to arrest him. Brig Stowell, one of them was crawling through a wire fence when Juan started to hit him on the head with his shovel. It looked like he might kill him so Jess Taylor shot Juan Soszo, killing him instantly. This caused quite a stir among the Mexicans. But the presidente stayed by our people. However Jess skipped out to the U.S. until it quieted down.

A Tragedy At Colonia Diaz

In the spring of 1912 my brother Frank who lived in part of our house (He and his wife occupied some of the rooms separated from the rest of the house) got up one night to see about his baby. The bedroom was upstairs overlooking the merchantile store which was surrounded by a high adobe wall. As it was moonlight he saw two Mexicans breaking into the store. He quietly aroused some men to arrest these fellows. They were stationed outside on the street where these men had to come out to leave the place. They hollered for them to throw up their hands but the Mexicans instead started firing and jumped on their horses to leave. In the shooting one of these Mexicans was killed. He fell from his horse about five blocks down the road at the edge of town.

He was a stranger to us but about two days later Brother Harvey went up to his farm several miles from town. Cesario Gonzales'

horse was in Brother Harveys crops so he sent his boy to tell the Mexicans where it was. Gonzales talked so mean to this boy that he became afraid and reported to his father. Brother Harvey went up to the Mexican's house where he was and found Gonzales with a gun. Brother Harvey saw that he was going to kill him so he ran quickly around the house But he was met by Gonzales at the next corner and shot down in cold blood. It was learned that the Mexican who had been shot at the store had been a brother of this Gonzales. He sought revenge. Gonzales skipped the country and no one ever heard from him again.

Working For The Railroad

In the spring of 1912 Earl Lemmon, John Galbraith and I each ran a commissary along the Mexican North Western line for the railroad company. In my camp were anywhere from 50 to 100 Mexicans. I was the only white. I had studied Spanish in school but couldn't speak it very well until this time but believe me I soon learned to speak it in a hurry. Most of the Mexicans were from way down in the interior of Mexico and all of them carried machetas reaching in length from fifteen to twenty four inches.

Nearly every day some one was cut badly or killed. As I mentioned before I had my army six shooter. For this commissary I had one box car for the store and another for my ware house. I had a cot which I slept on in the store car. I boarded with one of the families living in the tents. I was plenty nervous while working here as I never knew when something might happen that would get me in a jam. I always kept a pick handle ready under the counter in case of an emergency. This place was in a canyon with a big bluff nearby and I always thought if anything started I would try to get to this bluff and then see if I could keep them off with my gun.

Things became worse so they moved us three men into a central commissary. And boy it seemed good to have three of us together instead of being alone. The three of us with good guns felt fairly safe. But after a month things became so bad that they gave up having a commissary completely.

After the commissaries closed I worked for the Pearson Lumber Company helping build monorail and drying sheds for their lumber. There were seven miles of this monorail and another man and I riveted all this rail. This rail hung like a barn track only the beam was made of heavy steel eighteen inches high and hung between posts thirty one feet up in the air. We had a platform built which hung from this rail with a hand forge to heat our rivets.

The Rebels under General Salazar and Compo came to Pearson, this small sawmill town. They helped themselves to everything they wanted horses, saddles, clothes, groceries and so on from the company store. Things were plenty bad and we didn't like to stay here but they were paying such good wages because whites were hard to get that we hated to quit. I was drawing \$6. perday and that was big money in those days. When we left I went to Utah and worked for \$1.50 per day, so I felt kind of let down. These Rebels kept burning railroad bridges until they couldn't keep material on hand so the last month or so they kept me doing almost anything so I wouldn't leave. Things became so bad they finally closed everything. This was only a week before we all left the Mormon colonies. I had come home to visit and left a full set of

carpenter tools at Pearson which I never saw again.

This summer of 1912 there was another tragedy at Colonia Diaz. Aunt Domer Adams had died and her daughter and son-in-law, Charlie Parker had come to her funeral. They came in an automobile and a Rebel leader arrested Parks as a spy. He took him to Ascension, a Mexican town three miles from Diaz and held him there in jail. The Parks had a chauffeur driving the car. Will Adams, Parks father-in-law had a very bad temper. He started quarreling with this Rebel captain. The captain drew his six shooter to kill Adams. Parks wife jumped in front of her father but he being a tall man stood head and shoulders above his daughter. The Mexican shot him through the neck and killed him right there. So we buried Brother and Sister Adams in the same grave.

Will Adams sons, two grown men, were bound to go over and kill the captain but Bishop E.V. Romney (a brother to Sister Minnie Farr) talked them out of it. He said it would only cause more bloodshed.

(The history ends here. He could have written much more. I wish he had written about the exodus from Mexido and the trip to Salt Lake City, etc. W.W.S.)