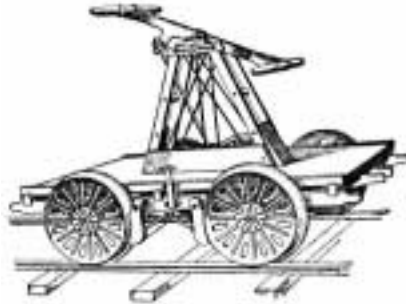
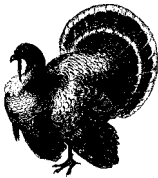


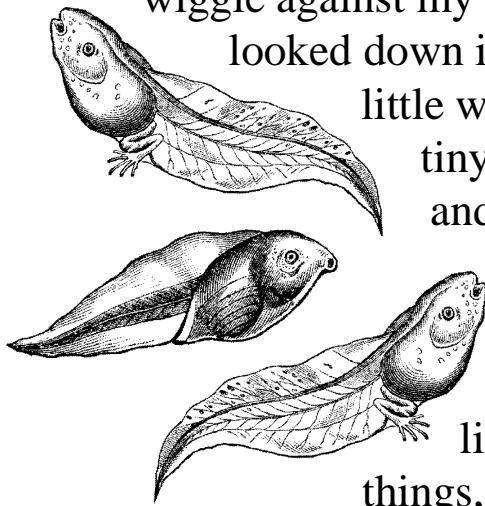
3

Life in our Villages



ONE DAY when I didn't have anything to do and no playmates to play with, I thought I would go for a long walk. I started walking, and by and by I came to the railroad track. Now it was quite safe to walk on the railroad track in those days because the train only came along once a week, so I didn't have to worry about being run over. I did have to watch for little handcarts that the men pumped up and down to make them move along. But those were easy to see and hear in plenty of time to jump off the track and out of the way. Now, it was fun to jump on the ties that lay under the rails of the track. These were big, big boards that were quite far apart,

and you had to leap a long ways. They are called ties because they tie the big iron rails of the track together. After a while, when I was quite tired of jumping, I saw way down on one side of the track in the borrow pit a pool of muddy water. So I ran down near it, took off my shoes and stockings, and waded in. It was such fun to let the soft, oozy mud come up between my toes and to let my feet sink down into the mud up to my ankles. Pretty soon I grew tired of making tracks in the mud and leaving my footprints all around the edge of the muddy pool. Just when I thought I would get out, I felt something wiggle against my foot and slide between my toes. I



looked down in the water, and there I saw many little wiggling things that looked like little tiny frogs, only with very long tails and very short legs and feet.

I was tickled to death to see such funny little creatures swimming all about in the pool. I thought I'd

like to catch some of those cute little things, so I looked around, and pretty

soon I found an old tin can. I took this to the pool and reached in with my hand and tried to scoop some up. But they didn't want to be caught and carried from the pool, and they would swim every time quickly out of the can, and all I would have

would be muddy water. I tried and tried over and over, and one time I picked up my can out of the water so quick that I caught six tadpoles in it. I was so happy, because now I could carry it home with me and keep the tadpoles on my own porch.

Before I started home, I decided to use this beautiful, soft, sticky clay around the pool to make some pretty little mud dishes and some good mud pies. So I gathered the mud that was just right, not too wet and not too dry, and had lots of fun shaping pies and cakes and little cups and saucers and plates and even little sugar bowls and cream pictures and tiny little spoons. As I made these things, I put them in a wooden box I found near the pool, so that I could carry them home without breaking them.

After I had made all I wanted and had worked so hard that I was very hungry, I decided to go home to dinner. So I put my can of tadpoles in the box with my mud dishes, picked up the box, and started off. This time I didn't try to jump the rails but rather walked along the edge where it was smooth. I watched very carefully that I did not let the water from the tadpole can spill over on my clay dishes and spoil them, and also that I didn't let my clay dishes slip and crash one against another.

When I got home, I put my tadpoles in the shade where it was cool, and my dishes in the sun where they would dry and get

hard. Mother put me in the tub for a bath, because I was covered pretty well all over with mud. When I got out of the tub I put on some nice clean clothes, and then I had a nice hot lunch, and then I lay down on the floor and went sound asleep because I was very tired. But for many days afterwards I played happily with my dishes and tadpoles.

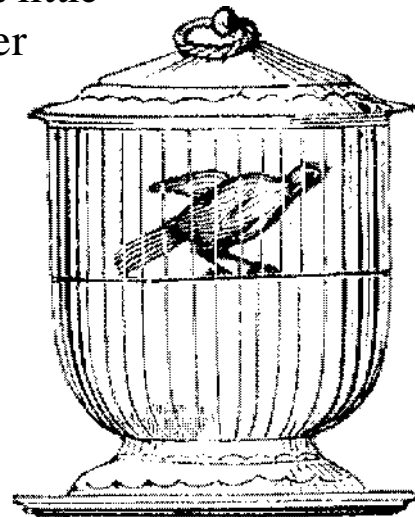
Once an old Mexican man came to our house and knocked on our door. When I answered, I said, “*Buenos días, Señor,*” and he said, “*Buenos días, Niña.*”

I could see that he had many, many bird cages piled one on top of the other, and he was carrying them on a long pole. Inside each bird cage was a bird. Some of the cages had pretty grey birds in them, and some had red birds. The red birds had little top knots on the top of their heads and very sharp red beaks with which to eat seeds. The Mexican man took the bird cages off the pole one at a time and set them upon the porch floor. Then he said, “All my birds sing. They all have a beautiful song. Will you buy one of my birds to sing for you each day? My birds sing most all day, and while they are singing, you never get lonesome. Will you buy one, please?” “Just a moment,” I said. “I will call my mother and ask her.” So I brought Mother to see the old Mexican man and all the birds he had in the cages. Mother asked him which one was the prettiest singer. He said that they all had very pretty songs,

one just as pretty as the other. So then Mother asked him how much they cost. The old man picked up one bird after another and told my mother how much each one was. After thinking about it for quite a while, we picked one we liked, a grey mocking bird, and paid the old man one peso.

We took the little bird in the house and hung its cage on a hook near a lovely sunny window. Pretty soon, when all was still, the little bird began to sing a sweet little song. Its little song got louder and louder until the song filled the whole house.

One day when we were putting some seed and water in the cage for the bird to eat and drink, we forgot to close the door. The little bird saw the door opened, so he hopped out and went hopping all about the house. He would fly up onto the cupboards and then he would try to fly onto the table.



Once he saw the window and tried to fly out. But the window was closed, so he bumped his little head against the glass so hard that he fell to the floor. This frightened him, but what frightened him even more was the great big cat he saw coming to eat him. Now we had tried for the longest time to coax the birdie back, but when he saw that cat coming, he

flew with all his might right back into the cage. And there he stayed happily ever after, even if we left the door open. Ever since, I have always loved the beautiful song of the mocking bird, for each day our little bird tried his best to sing us the prettiest songs he knew.

The village Primary organization taught the children of the Colonies many beautiful lessons every week and also gave them beautiful and fun parties. The party I remember the best was held in the early spring. They told us in advance that the next Friday there was going to be a Primary dance and party with treats. About Monday afternoon, a little boy friend of mine named Elwood came to call on us at our house. He was very bashful, and as he sat down on the edge of his chair, he kept twirling his hat around in his hands and dropping it and picking it up over and over again. I couldn't help giggling because he looked so red-faced and bashful.

Finally Mother came in and asked him, "What can we do for you, Elwood?"

He said, "Sister Pratt, I came to ask you if I could take Gladys as my partner to the Primary dance next Friday afternoon." Of course this made me feel very grown up to hear someone asking me for a date, and my heart did little flip-flops, I was so excited.

Mother stood thoughtfully quiet for a few minutes, then she said, “I think it will be alright, Elwood. What time shall she be ready?”

“I’ll be here about 5:30 to call for her.”

Of course the time passed very slowly, but finally the day of the party arrived, so Mother curled my hair in ringlets, put a sweet new party dress on me, all shiny and white with a pink slip showing through, and put a pink bow of ribbon with a pink rose pinned to it in my hair. Then I sat down to wait for Elwood to come. I waited and I waited. I wouldn’t eat any supper because I didn’t want to get my dress dirty, and I knew they were going to have nice things to eat like cookies and candy and lemonade at the party.

The clock struck 6:00, then 6:30, and still no Elwood. When the clock struck 7:00 o’clock and still no Elwood I began to cry, because I thought he had forgotten me, and I knew that the party would soon be over and I would have missed it. So mother said, “Now don’t



cry. I'll take you to the party." So she wiped my face of tears and fixed my hair, and we walked down to the church hall where the party was going on. We went in and sat down on a bench and looked around. We could not see Elwood anyplace, so this made me very worried, because I began thinking, *What if he goes up to my house and doesn't find me home.* I knew that then I would probably lose a friend.

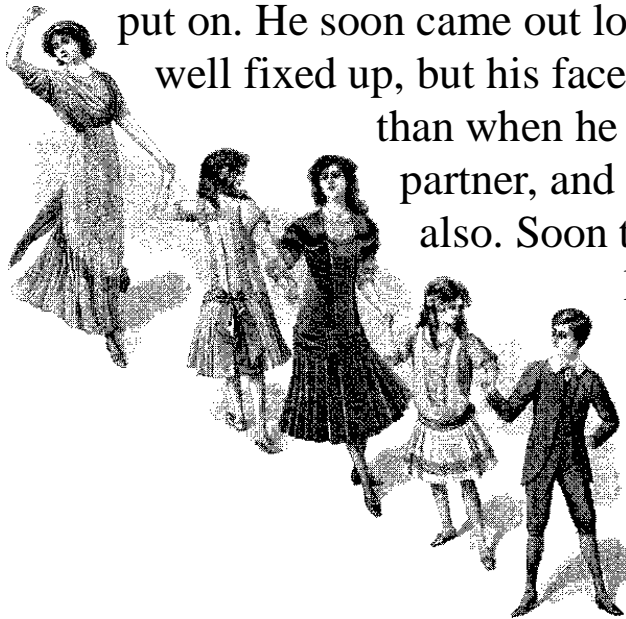
One of my favorite teachers saw my troubled look, so she came over and said, "What is the matter, Gladys?" So I told her. She said, "Well, come on with me. It is only a little ways to Elwood's house. Let us go there and find out what is the matter."

This seemed a silly thing to me at the time, but I finally said, "Alright, I'll go."

So Teacher, Mother and I walked down the sidewalk to Elwood's house. When we got to his gate, we all stopped and looked into the front room of the house. The door was open because it was a warm nite. There we saw, standing by a lighted lamp, Elwood in his underwear and his best shirt and new necktie on. His hair was all combed and sleek. His shoes were shined, but no pants. Then we saw that his mother had his pants under the needle of the sewing machine. She was sewing a big new patch on the seat and the knee of his only pair of best pants. Little boys had only one pair of best pants

in those days, and when they wore out, they had to be patched. By this time we were at the door and had knocked. Elwood scampered out of sight and his mother opened the door for us. She said, "O! I am so sorry about making Elwood so late, but I just couldn't get to mending his pants before now. I've been so busy canning cherries today."

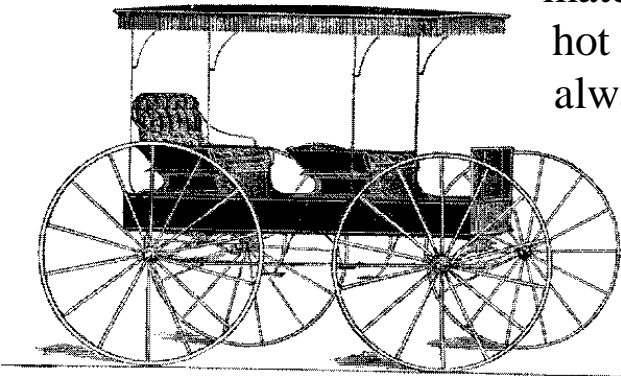
By this time it all seemed so funny to me that I had to put my handkerchief in my mouth to keep from laughing. Teacher and Mother laughed a little politely and said, "Oh, that is alright, Sister Call. There is still time for the children to have some fun at the party." By this time Elwood's mother had finished pressing the new patched pants into nice, smooth creases, and so she took them in the bedroom for Elwood to put on. He soon came out looking very dressed up and



well fixed up, but his face was even more bashful than when he came to ask me to be his partner, and mine was a little redder also. Soon the wonderful teacher was kidding us and we were laughing and talking together and went off skipping hand in hand toward the place where the party was going on.

We mingled with the rest of the children, and the teacher helped us all evening to learn the games and dances and to forget to be bashful, even little Elwood. And when all was said and done, we had a wonderful time.

Sometimes Father would take me on a nice, long ride over to the next town. We did not travel in cars because we had none, but we had a buckboard, which was a four-wheeled, horse-



drawn buggy with a white top cover and big pieces of white material to roll down if it got too hot and windy. I had to most

always sit on the back seat, because my father usually had a visitor that he took along with him to talk to.

We rode through a long valley where wheat was

grown. We crossed over deep rivers where the water splashed into the buggy when we went through it, and the horses had to pull very hard to get the buggy up and onto the bank again.

We climbed tall hills when the road went up over the dugways. After traveling all morning, we would come to the town and stop at Sister Harper's small hotel. The hotel was just like a large home, only Sister Harper got money for letting people sleep and eat there. After we were taken to our

room, my father told me, “Now you will have to stay here and play while I go to my meetings.”

First of all I went out into the yard to see all the animals that Sister Harper kept there. She had a goat that liked to eat tin cans and also sometimes clothes hanging on the line. She had some geese that would chase one another and make an awful racket honk-honking. She had one old fat turkey with a long red and blue tail, and when I went near him, he stretched out his long neck and gobbled very fast and came running to peck at me. This frightened me, so I ran, laughing and crying at the same time, towards the house. Still, I thought it was a good game, and so did the turkey, so we chased each other for quite a while.

Then Sister Harper called me into breakfast, and what a breakfast it was, waffles, brown and fluffy, and sausages, and cereal with rich cream and honey, and stewed pears. Just as I finished, my little friend Linda came in the door. We hadn't seen each other for a long time, so we ran to each other and put our arms around one another and gave each other a great big squeeze. Then we squeezed again and danced around one another so fast that we both fell down on the floor laughing.

As soon as we got on our feet again, Linda said, “Let's go play on the swinging bridge.” So off we ran through the grove of trees towards the river. The river was full of water and the

water was dashing down the channel so fast that it looked angry and all ruffled on top. Stretching from one side of the river to the other were strong cables, and attached to these was a floor made of wooden boards. Some of the boards had come loose. It was very scary to look down these holes and see the swift river rushing by. But we decided to try walking across anyway.

As soon as we stepped on the bridge, it began to swing very high this way and that. But we held on tight to the cables, and we watched very carefully where we were stepping so that we wouldn't fall down through the holes into the river. When we were halfway across, we found ourselves being swung very high, up and down, and up and down, and we began to be dizzy. So I called to my friend and said, "Don't teeter the bridge."

She said, "I'm not teetering the bridge." We looked in back of us, and there we saw some boys about six years old, and just for fun they had snuck up on the bridge and were jumping up and down to make it sway and teeter. They wanted to make us squeal and holler like we were afraid, but we decided it was great fun to hang on tight and let the boys teeter the bridge more and more. So we just laughed and said, "Do it some more! That's fun!"



After a while, when they found they weren't scaring us, they stopped shaking the bridge, and we walked off safely and started playing ball in the park with the boys. We played ball all morning until we were hot and tired. Then we went to the bridge for one more teeter on the way home. Next we ran to the pump behind the house and pumped us a nice bucketful of good, cool water. After we had all had a big drink, Sister Harper brought us a basketful of cookies, and we sat down in the cool shade and ate them and told each other stories. Then the boys and Linda went home, but they said they would come tomorrow to play again on the swinging bridge.

4

Vacation Time— We Leave for Cliff Ranch



ALL THE AUTUMN AND WINTER, we lived in the valley and I went to school. In the springtime, when the days began to grow warm and everything was greening and blooming, it was much harder for a ten-year-old girl like me to stay inside all day. I wanted to be free to run and race and play or just lie in the sun. But I also knew that it would not be long until we would begin to pack the big covered wagon for our trip to Cliff Ranch.

When I came home from school, I smelled the most delicious odors coming from the kitchen. Mother kept busy making cakes, sweet cinnamon rolls, and also ham, deer meat, and

beans for the trip. My brothers rubbed grease on all the leather harnesses so they would feel easy on the horses. They greased each of the wagon's wheels with axle grease so they would not squeak when they turned round and round. They put new boards in the bottom of the wagon box where it had broken through, then put the canvas cover over the top the wagon. That was the hardest job of all.

First they had to get five or six slats of a certain kind of wood that bends easily, and soak them in water so they would bend. They secured them on one side of the wagon box, then bowed them over almost into hoops, so that the other end of the slat met the other side of the box. Here they fastened them so tightly they couldn't move. Now they lifted a big canvas cover up and over the top of the bows and stretched it very tight. The front was left open so we could see out to drive. The back was partly closed to keep out any cold winds or rain, but partly open so that we could see out and also get fresh air. If the day got very hot, we could untie the canvas cover on the side and roll it up to let more air blow through.

There were three little steps that fit right at the back of the wagon so we could climb in and out quite easily. Also on the back there was a large wooden barrel with a tight spigot near the bottom. This barrel was filled to the top with nice, fresh water, so that we could always have water to drink, even if we



didn't make it to a spring or river by the time noon or nite came on. When you turned the spigot, the water ran out and filled your cup or bucket or cooking kettle. On the side of the wagon was secured a large, long, deep box.

This box had a lid that could be fastened down very tight. This was called the grub box, and into it went all the food Mother had prepared for the journey, also all the things that we would need to cook with when we got to the big ranch, like salt, sugar, flour, and baking powder, because there were no stores to buy them from. Always in a glass jar with a good, tight lid, we brought a start of fresh yeast. We could not buy bread on the ranch, neither could we buy yeast cakes, so Mother used the good foam yeast to make bread and bake it every time we needed it. Mother never used up all the yeast at any time. Always she saved a little in the bottle to make a new start. To this she added sugar and potato water, and more yeast would grow in the bottle. Then we would have enough for our next loaves of bread. We guarded the yeast very carefully so it wouldn't spill nor spoil.

We hung our iron pots and pans and Dutch ovens to cook our food in from hooks and good strong nails inside the grub box.

We used the heavy iron pots and pans and Dutch ovens because we cooked over an open fire. We had no stove on the ranch. The boys made a wooden frame and covered it all over with chicken wire for a chicken coop and fastened it to the other side of the wagon box. It had a small door that would open and shut. We put hens and roosters and a few baby chicks inside. The hens were taken along to lay eggs for us each day, since we could buy none at the ranch, and the baby chicks were taken to feed and fatten so we could have fried chicken once in a while. We took the wooden churn, which rode up near the front seat of the wagon. We had along our roast deer or beef or maybe a good boiled ham, so that we could have sandwiches as we traveled along without stopping to make a fire and cook any more often than for breakfast and supper. We took some fruit along, too, but we didn't have to take vegetables. Instead we brought vegetable seeds and seed potatoes and seed corn so that we could plant a garden as soon as we got to the ranch. It would always grow well in the good, rich soil, and we could have fresh vegetables all summer.

Now one lovely morning I woke up before sunrise. The early dawn breezes had awakened all the mocking birds where they slept in the branches of the umbrella and locust trees. As soon as mocking birds hear the wind rustling the leaves, they wake right up and begin to sing. At first their songs are sleepy little

twitters, and one can hardly tell them from the leaves' rustling. But very soon the mocking birds are singing not only their own songs but the songs of every other bird they have ever heard.



That is why they are called mocking birds. I could hear the voices of my brothers coaxing and scolding the horses from their stalls, and the clatter of chains and straps as they fitted the harnesses on their backs and hitched them to the wagon. That made me remember there would be no school bell ringing for us today. And I heard Mother calling, "Get up, Gladys! We must get an early start to the ranch. It's a long, long journey, you know." I leaped out of bed, combed my hair, washed my face, and almost fell down the stairs in my hurry, so anxious was I to get started.

As soon as I could eat my breakfast, I began helping Mother carry things out to the wagon box. We took our clothes, which we packed in a big trunk and tied the lid on tight so it wouldn't fly open. We took our bedding and pillows, too. These we piled on clean canvas in the bottom of the wagon box, then spread another clean canvas on top. Mother always

packed her feather bed, which she made from the soft feathers of the ducks and geese the boys had brought home for her to cook. When the boys saw that the geese were flying south for the winter, they would go hunting, and when they found a duck or a goose resting or fading, they would try to shoot it and bring it home for dinner. We would help Mother pick off all the feathers. Some were beautiful colors—green and blue and brown and grey. Often I would save the prettiest duck ones and wear them in my hair with a beaded band and play that I was an Indian princess. We especially saved the goose feathers, because these were the very softest feathers of all. The finer feathers we stuffed into other pieces of cloth to make soft, fluffy pillows. And the little, tiny, soft feathers that cover the duck's breast and back were called down. These we would stuff into pretty colored cloth, sometimes silk if we could get it, and make warm down quilts. These are the softest, lightest, warmest quilts in the world and cost very much to buy, but if you make them yourself, you could have several, perhaps one on each bed. The large feathers we tucked into ticking, which is a coarse, strong material, to make a feather bed mattress. Mother loved to sleep cozy and warm, tucked down in her feather bed, especially at the ranch, where the nites were chilly. We children thought it was very nice to roll around on when we got tired of sitting and bouncing in the wagon box.

Soon all was snugly settled. Mother climbed up the steps and found a comfortable seat near the front of the wagon close to the boys, her back resting against the side. I got in, and my brother Carl tossed little Star, my pet Chihuahua dog, up into the wagon box beside me. He was so little and fragile that he couldn't run like the sheep dogs, Tiger and Snap, who were very big and strong and could follow along behind the wagon all day. I held Star and stretched out flat on my back on the feather bed. From where I lay, I could see the boys climb up over the wagon wheel onto the big, high seat anchored to the wagon box in front of the great canvas cover. Carl first felt with his hand along the seat to see if his double-barreled shotgun was safely tucked along the crack in the seat so it couldn't wiggle off or get caught and fire a shot when a shot wasn't needed. Then he took in his hands all the reins that reached from the horses heads to where he sat. There were four horses hitched to the wagon, and each horse had a rein on each side of its head. This made eight reins that Carl had to have in his hands at one time and learn to pull the right line to guide each horse each time. This takes practice, but Carl was a good driver. He held a big, black snake whip that was long enough to reach from his hand to the ear of the farthest-away horse. He uncoiled it and gave it a quick snap that just ticked the ear of the lead horse without hurting him. "Gittiup, Don! Gittiup, Joe!" he said, and the horses gave a quick lurch and a

strong pull, and the great iron wheels began to turn, and the heavy load moved forward. One of my other brothers had to run in front of the team and open the big yard gate. He closed and fastened it once we rolled through, then jumped up on the seat, and the horses stepped lively in the morning air.

The stars still shone, and only the rosy lights of morning were in the eastern sky. We could see out of the back of the wagon



that only here and there were people awake. This we knew because most of the houses were dark, but in some of the houses lamplight shone through the windows, where the men were up early to go to the fields before the day got hot.

The noise of our wagon woke up the dogs of the neighborhood, and they ran out and barked at us as we passed along the dusty street, and

nipped at the heels of our eager horses. The dogs woke up the chickens in people's yards, so some roosters began crowing, "Cock-a-do-doole-do," and the hens began cackling and scolding, "ca-ca-ca-cackit." Such was our farewell from the village animals. Mother

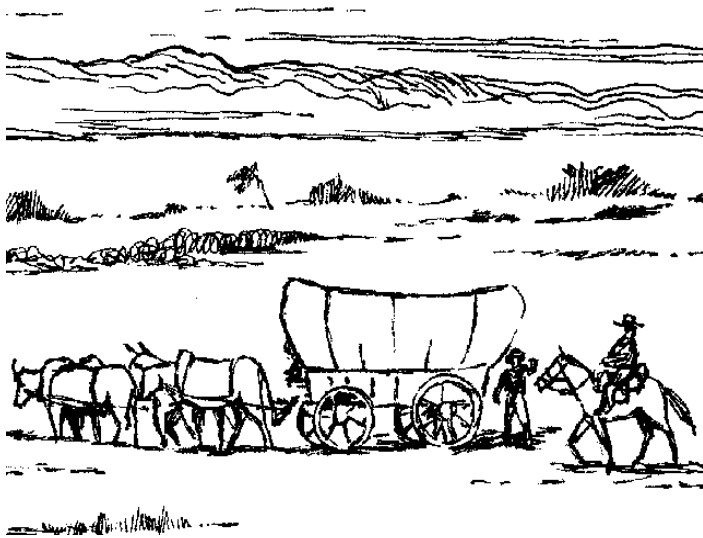


hummed softly and Carl whistled a jolly tune. We all loved the big ranch and each summer were so glad to be starting to go there.

Soon we were past the last village home, and the sun came up gold against the blue Parajuto Mountains in the east. Around us the prairie grass was greening, and clouds of thick, white dust followed behind us along the road. It grew thicker as we rolled along, so we had to keep moving. Before long the day began to be very warm, so we rolled up the sides of the canvas cover and let the morning air whip through the wagon box to cool us. I got tired of sitting, so I thought of something that would be fun to do. I climbed out of the back of the wagon box and, clinging to the dashboard, I would run along in the soft dirt. If the horses started to trot, I had to run with big steps to keep up, but it was fun and rested my tired legs that had been curled up under me so long. When I got tired I would jump up on the dashboard again and climb in and roll over on my back and rest awhile.

Things warmed more and more. Every time the wagon stopped for a few minutes, the dogs would lie down flat on their stomachs in the shade of the wagon. They would pant very hard, letting their tongues hang out of their mouths, and their tongues would get covered with a white foam. Whenever we came to a stream or water, even a shallow pool, the dogs

would jump in and lie down in the water. Sometimes they would roll over on their backs and get wet all over. They would shake themselves a little when they got out, but not too much, so that as they ran along, the water in their hair would get cool by the air passing over them. The day grew extremely hot finally, and we all became very thirsty. I began to tease for a drink. Carl gave me a nice, cold drink from the water bag hanging under the wagon in the shade. Mother would only let me take a little swallow at a time, because she said that when one is very hot and drinks too much cold water, one often gets very sick to one's stomach. In just a few minutes I started



teasing for another.

Carl said, “You know, Gladys, we have to make the water last until we find new water, so you are only allowed one sip every hour.” Now I thought I was choking to death, so I kept whining and teasing. At last Carl

said, “That is the last drink you can have until we get to camp and new water. You just make up your mind to endure it and don't tease nor whine anymore.” This was my first lesson in

getting thirsty on a trip and about making do with what we had and not being able to have everything I wanted just when I wanted it. All pioneers had to learn this lesson.

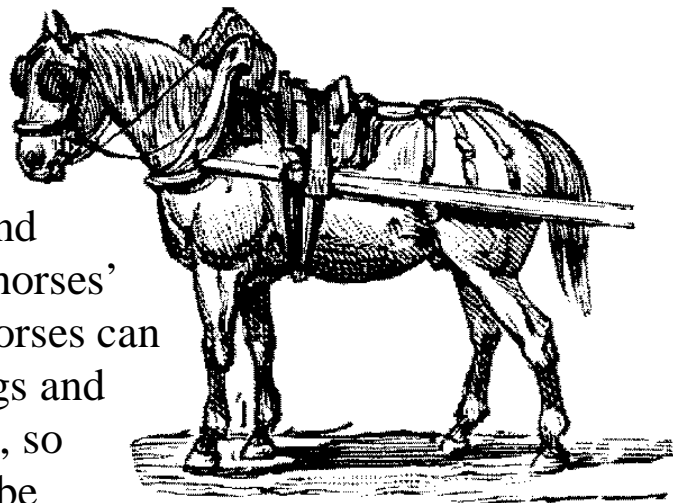
Well, we went along this way through all the hot day. When the evening shadows began creeping up out of the valley and onto the foothills, we were just coming near to where the tall, tall mountains began rising up. Cool breezes came down from the canyon and we all began to feel relieved. I could see through the front that we were coming to a large, grassy meadow, and Carl called “Whoa, Don, whoa, Joe.” I heard the squeak as Carl pulled on the big wagon brake, and felt the wheels grind to a stop. Carl said, “Everybody out! This is where we camp.” He wrapped the reins of the horses around the brake, then jumped down and went to the back of the wagon and helped Mother out of the wagon box. I scrambled over the dashboard and leapt to the ground. Carl lifted down little Star, who chased after me through the tall meadow grass. We played for a minute, then ran over to the pure mountain stream. I lay down on my tummy and put my mouth and lips and some of my face right into the water. I had learned to drink lying on my tummy. I took a long, cool drink, and Star drank too. Next I ran around as far as I could, picking up sticks and piling them near the cooking place the boys had built from some large, flat rocks. I knew that my first job

when we got to camp was to gather firewood. Mother got the food out of the grub box and got it ready for the boys to cook, while the boys looked after the tired horses.

The boys took off their sweaty harnesses, then combed them all down with curry combs to rest their tired muscles. Then they brought some knapsacks of oats and tied one on each of the horses' noses. The horses chomped and pressed their bags against the earth and pushed their noses down deep and licked and sucked up the oats with their tongues and lips. The boys brought buckets of water from the spring and put a bucketful before each horse. They

were very thirsty, so they drank all the water.

Next the boys brought hobbles of tough leather and fastened them around the horses' front legs. With hobbles horses can only walk on their hind legs and jump forward a little ways, so they can't run off and not be



found next morning. The boys put a bell around the neck of Old Don, as he was the leader of the horses, and whenever we heard the bell ringing on Old Don's neck, we knew that the rest of the horses were not far away. Then they untied the

horses and let them hop off through the meadow to eat the green grass.

Now the boys were able to get the supper ready. First they built a big campfire in the middle of the big, flat rocks. When the fire was burned down to red hot coals, they put the Dutch oven on them, also the frying pan. They put red hot coals under the Dutch oven and on the top of the lid. Next they put some bacon slices in the frying pan and let it fry until it was nice and brown and crisp. Into the



bacon they sliced some peeled potatoes and some green and red peppers and some big, sweet onions and a little piece of garlic. Then they let all of this fry until it

was nice and brown. They added water and put in some salt and pepper, covered it with the tight lid of the Dutch oven, and let it cook. This dish is called hunter's stew, and it is very good. We also got the bean pot out and set it near the fire so the beans could get nice and hot.

While they cooked, the boys made hot biscuits. They took a pan and measured out two cups of flour, some salt, and five tablespoons of grease, and put into the flour also three teaspoons of baking powder. Then they crumbled the grease into the flour and salt and baking powder until it looked like

cornmeal. Then they added a cup of cold spring water. They stirred it quickly with a spoon and spread it thin in a reflector oven pan that had been greased. They set the pan near the fire where it could get the heat in front and under it very well. Soon the biscuits were rising up nice and high and then began to brown off. O! how good they smelled. Sometimes instead of the reflector oven, the boys dropped the biscuits into the hot, greased Dutch oven, put the lid on, then buried the Dutch oven in the coals. The biscuits puffed up like toadstools and were as light as feathers and golden brown. Mother and I had spread a canvas on the green grass and then a nice, clean tablecloth on top of the canvas. I brought the knives and forks and spoons from the grub box, the salt and pepper, a jar of cane syrup or molasses to spread on the hot biscuits, and a jar of butter. I ran to the spring and dipped up a brass bucket of water with the dipper and set it near the table where I had placed the tin drinking cups. Now supper was completely ready.

We all gathered around, and after the prayer, Mother served each of us a bowl of hunter's stew and a plate of biscuits. We opened them while they were hot, spread them with plenty of butter which Mother had packed in a large crock jar with a light lid, and sprinkled them with molasses. It tasted yummy and we all came back for more. Afterwards we burned all the

scraps of food that the dogs wouldn't eat, and then I picked up some clean, white sand and scoured the plates and knives and forks until they were shining clean. The boys cleaned the Dutch ovens and heated some fresh water in them on the fire. I rinsed the dishes in the stream, then dipped them into this boiling water. Now they were ready to be wiped dry and put back in the grub box, nice and clean for the next meal.

By now it was dark, except for the moon that came up over the mountain, big as a washtub, golden as a big, round cheese, and bright almost as a sun. It was so bright that, if I had wanted to, I think I could have sat up and read a storybook in its light. Carl told me to get undressed and crawl into bed because it was late and we had a hard day coming up. He made my bed under the wagon box so the nite dews wouldn't get me wet. He taught me to put my clothes and shoes underneath the covers so they would stay dry too. He then tucked the covers around me closely, and the last thing I can remember of our first nite's camp was the lovely sound of my mother's and my brothers' voices singing together there by the firelight under the beautiful moon. They sang all the Spanish songs they had learned in Mexico, and they were lovely songs, like *La Golondrina*, *La Paloma*, *Cielito Lindo*, and the *Fandango*. I believe I will never hear any more

beautiful music than I heard those nites as they sang together to the music of Carl's guitar.

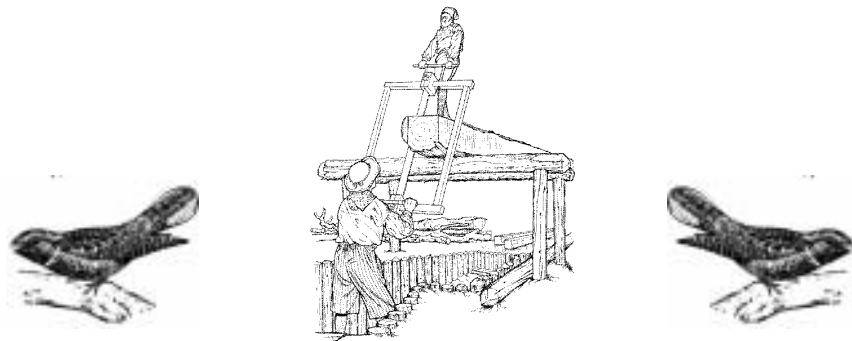
Sometimes the dogs howled because of the music hurting their ears. After the singing, sometimes they would dash off into the bushes, thinking they heard a fox or a rabbit or something to chase. Little Star, who was cuddled down in my arms, would dash up and out of the warm covers and run a



little ways out into the darkness and howl little, short barks as if he were going to catch and kill a mountain lion. He would be so frightened that his hair would be standing up straight from his head to the tip of his tail, and he would be trembling all over. I would call him and say, "Come here to me, Star." He would come and would settle down under the covers again for a little while. And finally I would drift off to sleep.

5

The Dugway



LONG BEFORE I was ready to wake, the boys called me to get up, because we had a long, hard climb before us up the dugway this day. So up I got, dressed, and washed in the cold water of the stream. I ate my breakfast and was very wide awake and ready to go by the time the boys climbed up and started the team up the red dirt road. The dawn sky was just beginning to fill with rosy light, and a moist hush hung over the green meadows, where I could hear the quiet echoes of the mocking birds' early morning songs. Before long the sun was up and the day grew warm again, though not nearly as hot as on the desert floor. Today I could have all the drinks

I wanted because there were plenty of springs and streams to fill our water bags.

Now a dugway is a special kind of road dug straight up a hill or mountainside. The horses couldn't go as fast in the foothills when we were just starting out. The road grew steeper and steeper and bumpier all the time, with more and more ruts and holes, and sometimes the horses had to stop and rest. Before we knew it, the foothills grew into the great Sierra Madre Mountains. Now the hills grew so steep and the dugway so rough that the horses couldn't pull the wagon with all of us in it, so we had to walk alongside. Sometimes on the steeper slopes the boys would have me carry a block of wood that we kept in the back of the wagon, so that when the horses lunged forward, I could quickly slide the block up under the back wheel, so the wagon couldn't roll back again. Star trotted right behind me, or alongside me when the grade was smoother, chasing after every grasshopper or sparrow, sticking his nose under every bush and in every hole. "You be sure to take good care of Star, now, Gladys," Carl had told me, "and don't let him corner a rattler. I don't think he'd come out the winner." There were many rattlesnakes in the mountains. They were mostly shy, but they could hurt you if they bit you, so one must always be very careful and not make them feel cornered or threatened. So whenever I wasn't blocking the

wheels, I kept after Star and played with him by the wagon and wouldn't let him run too far afield.

On and on we went, all the long day, till finally we came to the steepest, hardest pitch of all. Carl told me we had to be very careful and not spook the horses, because it was very difficult for them to pull a wagon up such a steep slope. He told me to keep Star from underfoot and to stand clear if the wagon started to roll, because a loose wagon can be a very dangerous thing, like a moving car today, and something that children must be careful to avoid. Carl drove the team right up to the base of the hill

then called out,

“Gowan, Joe! Gittiup, Old Don!” and cracked his whip, but do you know, those horses would not go another step. “Gowan!” Carl yelled all the louder, and cracked his whip

all the more. The horses began to kick and whinny and jump up a little ways on their hind legs and became entangled in their lines. “Oh, not this!” Carl shouted. “We'll never get up the hill!”



He set the brake and jumped down to get them untangled, and the other boys came to help too. I got so frightened I began to cry, because I knew that if we didn't get over this hill, we would not get to the sawmill that nite. Carl saw I was worried, so he came over and gave me a big squeeze and said, "Don't cry, Gladys. Don't you know that when we have Old Joe on the wheel team and Old Don on the lead team, we'll always make the grade?" So I dried my tears and listened to him talk gently to the horses. They stopped jumping and kicking around, and when he gave the command to Joe and Don to steady down and pull, they did so, and up and over we went. When we were on the level again, he let the horses rest and gave me some lumps of sugar to give to them. I gave one lump to each horse, and that was so funny to watch them take the sugar with their big lips and chew it up and seem to enjoy it so much.

After started again, we had only gone a little way on the road when we met a Mexican man coming down the dugway towards us. The road was so narrow that there wasn't room to pass our big wagon. His wagon was just a lumber wagon with loose lumber boards laid along it. He was sitting on a loose box on top of the loose lumber planks, so his seat was not steady. He had been drinking, so he didn't realize that he shouldn't try to pass us. He just kept coming on very fast. He

turned his team way up on the side of the mountain to pass, and as he did, his box seat started to slide off the wagon, and he started to slide with it. He couldn't catch himself but fell to the ground. The wagon almost tipped over and actually went along for a moment on just two wheels. His horses had become frightened and started to run away from him down the dugway. This frightened our horses, too, but the boys held their bridles very tight and patted their heads and necks and talked kindly to them so they wouldn't run. The Mexican man held firmly to the reins of his team and dug his heels hard in the dust and so finally got his runaway team stopped. He climbed on his wagon and went along his way. We were very glad nothing very bad had happened.

Mother and I and Star got back into our own wagon. The cool shadows were coming under the thick timbers of the long-needled pines, and the soft evening breezes were beginning to blow, and we felt refreshed. Soon we could look down into the valley where the sawmill stood and see the blue smoke of the cabins curling up through the green trees. The horses had an easy time pulling us down the dugway to the green meadow where the people living at the sawmill had their houses.

The children saw us coming first and ran out to greet us. I jumped out of the wagon when they drew near, and then ran

with them to the cabin. Inside, the mamas and the papas shook our hands and welcomed us. They told the boys to put the teams in the stable and feed them and then to come into supper. We all went to the washstand and dipped up splashes of water from the brass bucket and washed the heavy dust from our faces and necks and hands and arms. Then we went into the big, roomy kitchen.

This kitchen had a coal cookstove, so the mama had made some rhubarb pie in its oven. We had roast chicken and new peas and potatoes and hot rolls



and hot rhubarb pie with a big slice of cheese. My, but it did taste good, for we were all very hungry after the long, hot climb up the dugway.

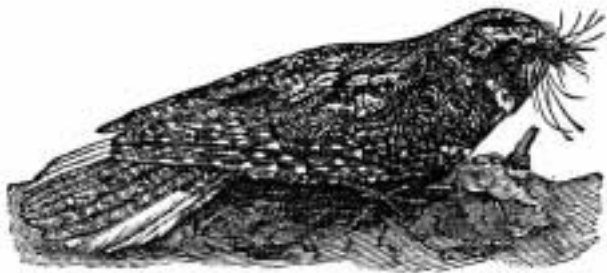
After the supper things were washed up and put away, the boys and girls said, “O! look outside and see how bright it is in the moonlight. Let us go out and jump on the sawdust hill.” So away we all ran, leaving the papas and the mamas sitting around the fireplace cozily talking and laughing together. Now the sawdust hill was a big hill that had been made by the

piling up of the sawdust as it came from sawing up the lumber in the shed. It was about as big as a house, and the sides were very steep. We raced over and tried to scramble to the top. The moon was so bright that we could see very well, but the sawdust was so deep and slippery that we had a hard time climbing. Our legs would sink in so deep that we would be standing up to our knees in it. We would pull our legs out, laughing all the time, because sometimes we would lose our shoes, and then we would have to scramble all around, scratching like dogs to find them. The hill was quite flat on top, so when we finally reached it, we danced around on it, singing all the songs we knew.

Then one of the boys said, "Let's try rolling down to the bottom and then climb up again." We all shouted, "Alright, let's do it." So first one and then another started rolling over and over down the hill. It was fast rolling, because the slope was so very steep. We shouted and laughed as we rolled, half in glee and half in fear. As soon as we got to the bottom, we started back up to do it all over again. Pretty soon someone said, "Let's try rolling two of us together." So we paired off in twos, put our arms around one another, and rolled over and over, first one on top and then the other. This was more fun than ever, because we had to bump over each other as we rolled. We did this again and again, changing partners, until

we were all very hot and tired. So we climbed to the top and lay down on our backs to rest.

While I was lying still, looking up at the moon and stars, I heard a most beautiful bird singing as it soared over the tops of the trees. Its call was as clear as the mountain air through which it flew, and as I listened I could hear the sound like it said, “Whip-Poor-Will, Whip-Poor-Will.” I said, “What is that?” and the boys laughed and said, “O! haven’t you ever heard a whippoorwill sing before? They sing every nite after dark, and always they sing better when there is a bright moon.

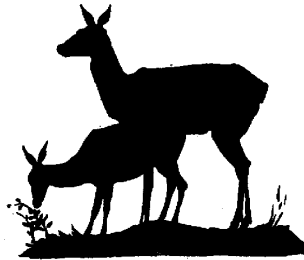
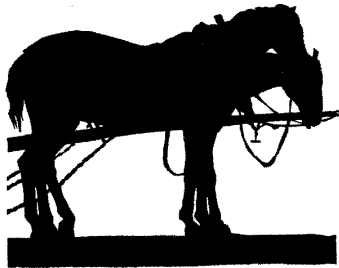


They’re called whippoorwills, because that is what their song seems to say.” I listened and listened as the bird flew from tree to tree,

calling out with its beautiful voice, breaking the golden moonlit shadows into fragments of sheer beauty that seemed to linger in the treetops all around us. I had never heard such a lovely song, not before or since, and I didn’t want to play anymore. Our parents called just then and said, “Come in, children.” We all went back to the cabin and got quickly into bed. But I didn’t go to sleep for a long time. I just lay there quietly and listened to the beautiful song of the whippoorwill.

6

The Corduroy Road



THE NEXT MORNING we all woke up early, because the mocking birds were so happy in the trees around us that they all sang away as loudly as they could. When we came into the kitchen, the kitchen stove was glowingly warm, and bacon was frying in the big frying pan. Sister Hurst was standing over the hot stove, where another, huge frying pan was heating, and into this pan she dipped spoonfuls of pancake batter. Soon the kitchen smelled wonderfully good, with bacon and browning batter of pancakes.

We all scrambled to the wash basin and splashed our face and hands with soap and cold water. Then we all came running to

the table and sat down in our seats. As soon as the blessing was said, we were served our hotcakes. We doused them well with butter and syrup, and ate ravishingly of the good food. We all drank a tall glass of good, warm milk brought in by the boys, who had just finished milking the cows.

We had hardly finished when Carl said, "Come on out in the wagon. It's time to move along." Little Star gulped his share of pancakes and came running after me. Carl helped Mother up the steep steps at the back of the wagon but let me climb up alone, because he knew I liked to do it. He gently lifted little Star and tossed him into my lap. I picked him up, and then we both got close to the opening in the back of the wagon. Little Star put his two little front feet on the edge of the wagon box and then nestled close to me, and we both hung our heads away out of the back opening, so we could see our playmates and wave goodbye to them as we drove off. "Goodbye, goodbye, we've had a lovely time," we called out to them.

"Goodbye, goodbye. Come back, come back," they called back again. This had been a most pleasant stop, and the friendships made that day and nite have lasted many years. Carl swung himself up over the front wheel and into the seat and felt to make sure his gun was safe and handy. Then, hearing his loud "Gittiup!" and the pop of his whip, the horses



lunged forward, and we set out rolling over the soft sawdust road, damp from the nite dews, and out upon the main-traveled, red-soiled mountain road.

The horses were fresh and rested and well-fed, so they trotted briskly and made the wagon rock and roll. It was great fun to sway with it.

Sometimes the motion threw little Star over onto his side and almost to his back. Then he

would scramble up on his little white feet again, shake himself well, whine a little, bid, and I would call softly to him. Then he would rush over near me and lick my hands and try to lick my face, and I would say, "It's alright, little doggie, you're safe in the wagon." Then he would jump around gleefully and bark happy little barks, and we would play the game all over again.

After a while, in a place where the road led through a beautiful, green mountain meadow, I felt the wagon give a big lurch forward. Then I heard the horses floundering around, up to their knees in mud. The mire was so deep that the horses couldn't pull the wagon anymore. There had been a lot of rain up here in the high mountains, and the rainwater had run

down into a low place in the road in the meadow we were crossing. Carl urged Old Joe and Don to pull very hard, but no matter how hard they pulled, they slipped and stumbled down. One horse lost his balance and fell right down on his belly. He slithered and slathered and got himself all tangled up in the harness. Carl jumped out of the wagon and went to the head of the horse and patted him and talked gently to him. The other boys helped Carl get a strong rope and tie it around the horse, and then they pulled on him hard so he could stand up again.

Carl told me I had to get out of the wagon so the load would be lighter. He said they were going to have to build a road over the bog hole so the horses could pull the wagon out. He lifted Mother out of the wagon box to where the huge pines and oaks came right down to the edge of the meadow, where the ground was drier. Then he lifted me and carried me with Star in my arms right through the mud bog hole. He had big, big boots on, so he could wade in the muddy water and not get himself wet. Mother sat down on a log of wood in the cool shade of a tree, where the pine needles were firm and fragrant, but Star and I ran around exploring.

We first gathered a sackful of acorns from under the oak trees where they had fallen. Then Star and I started to race together, and as we trotted, out from behind a great big rock ran a papa

and a mama quail, calling their little ones to follow after them. Each of the brood of fifteen little chicks had a spotted back and two swift little red feet and a cunning topknot on its head. They marched like little soldiers in a row and watched the papa and mama scratch and hunt for food, then they scratched and hunted for food, too. The mama scolded them if they went very far away. She made a very pretty call to call the babies back to her.



The mama and the papa led their brood underneath some thick oak brush, where they scratched themselves out a nice little bed to rest on awhile in the cool shade. But the little quail were hungry, so instead of resting, they walked around putting their little heads near the ground every once in a while to listen if some worms were crawling in the soil. When they thought they heard one, they would scratch vigorously in the dirt, first with one little leg with its sharp claws, and then with the other little leg, until they had found the worm or grub. Then they would joyously pick it up with their beaks and gobble it down. They almost seemed to chuckle as they did this over and over again. Sometimes they would reach up to the shrubs, stretching their necks, and snap off some delicious ripe berries or seeds



and gobble them down too. They were having a grand time hunting, racing, trying to beat one another to a tasty morsel, then eating down and hunting again. Mama and papa lay contentedly, half asleep, knowing their little ones were quite safe in under the thick shrubs and bushes.

Star and I were sitting resting on a big rock in the nice morning sunshine when, across the meadow, I saw something that made my heart almost stop beating. Out from the deep, dark green of the pines came a little, spindly fawn, covered all over its neck and shoulders with white, round spots. Its mother had just finished washing it all over with her rough, juicy tongue, so that the slick tan of its new baby coat glistened in the sun. It had come to the meadow to get a drink, and as soon as it stepped with its long, slender leg into the little pool, round circles came into the smooth surface of the water, then got bigger, and bigger, until they were clear out to the edge of the pool. When the fawn had lapped up all the water it wanted, it stepped out into the grassy meadow. All of a sudden, it gave a great leap straight up, and after coming down stiff-legged on its four little hoofs, it leaped again three times in a row and started running around the meadow. The mama deer leaped, too, and in two high jumps was running right by the side of the little fawn.

My brother saw them, and, thinking it would be nice to have fresh deer meat for supper, he grabbed his gun and started creeping up on the mother. I was so frightened that he would hurt them that I began to cry and call, “O! Carl, don’t shoot, don’t shoot!” My crying frightened the mother deer, and with one high leap in the air, she jumped high over a nearby shrub and darted away. The little fawn was so frightened too that he leaped almost as high and fast as the mother. They leaped and they jumped and they ran so high and fast that in just a very little minute they were up and over the hill, and Carl couldn’t see them anymore. I was still crying, but now I was crying for joy, because the mammy deer and her little spotted fawn had gotten safely away. I was very glad to have something to eat that nite for supper besides deer meat.



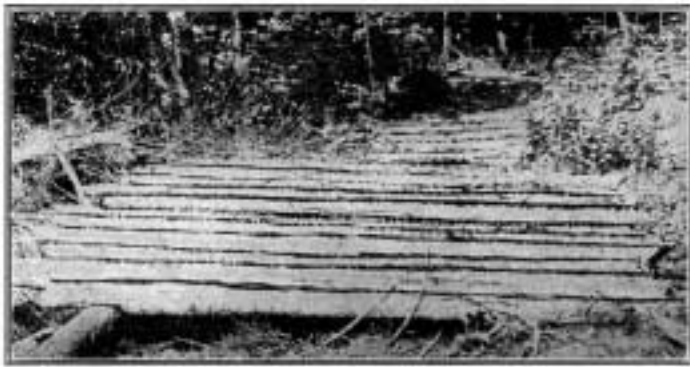
Now I went back to see what the boys were doing. They had cut down many little straight pine trees with their axes, about as bit as an arm and long enough to reach across the part that was so wet, and trimmed off all the branches. They had started on the dry side of the bog hole and were laying one pole straight against the other. They had taken some long,

narrow strips of deerhide that they had cut, and bound the poles tightly together, as though they were making a raft. This is what is called a corduroy road. When they had laid enough poles together to reach from the wet side of the bog hole to the front wheels they gathered bunches of tall, tough grass that grew nearby and spread them with the pine boughs they had cut from the trees thick on top of the poles. They also put much of this tough grass behind and under the back wheels.

They coaxed the horses one at a time to get into place on this rough road. The horses were afraid of it because it made them feel like their feet were going to get caught between the logs. But finally Old Joe had the courage to get up on the logs and back up into a place near enough to the wagon so that he could be hitched up in his harness. Then Old Don took courage from Old Joe, and stopped dancing and kicking, and got into his harness also, and finally the other two horses did likewise. When all were hitched up, Carl leaped up into the wagon seat and took the reins into his hands, and, talking softly and soothingly to the horses, he gave the command to pull steady and to pull hard. So Old Joe and Don pulled together steady and hard, and the heavy wagon wheels came up onto the tough grass and then out of the mud up onto the log road. The heavy wheels turned slowly and stayed on top of the log road, and within a few moments the wagon was out

of the bog hole and up onto the dry red road again. The boys and I gave a shout, and Mother cried a little bit for joy, because it looked for a while that we might be stuck there for a long, long time.

We were all very hungry by now, as it was a long time past noon. So we opened the grub box and got out some baked beans, some good, nippy cheese, and some of mother's good



cinnamon buns, and ate a hearty lunch. There was a cool spring nearby, so we had good, cold mountain water to drink. Mother had made some molasses

candy before we left to come on the trip, so she now gave us a big piece of it, and we sucked it and enjoyed it most all afternoon when we continued our journey. I remember thinking how nice it was, when you sank into a high mountain meadow bog hole, to know how to build a corduroy road so you could get out again.