

The
Sanchez / Padilla
Family of
Lincoln County
New Mexico



A Genealogical Study
by
George Abe Sanchez

Ruidoso

Seis

Tio Reynaldo

My name is Jose Renaldo Sanchez and I was born March 22, 1907. My father's name is Felipe E Sanchez and my mother's name is Candelaria Padilla Sanchez. I was born on a sheep ranch on flat prairie land in a place called "Patos" (ducks). It was named for the wild ducks which were frequently found on the small natural lakes formed during the rainy season in July and August.

Patos is about four miles from a small southern town in New Mexico, called Reventon, which is located about twenty five miles from Carrizozo. Carrizozo is the present county seat of Lincoln County. There were about three or four families living in this isolated area at the time. I cannot tell you much more about this place of my birth because we moved away from here when I was vary small. My story should really start when I was six years old, beginning when I remember names and events pretty well.

I was the seventh child born in a family of seven boys and three girls. We lived on a 320 acre ranch which my father homesteaded when we moved from Patos. This beautiful ranch was in the Glencoe valley near the small community of Glencoe, New Mexico, which is about half way between Ruidoso and Hondo in Lincoln County.

Today this valley is known for its first class apples which are grown in abundance in its rich and fertile soil. The word "Glencoe" comes from the word Glen or "narrow valley" and the last name of George and Frank Coe. They lived in this valley for many years and participated in the Lincoln County Wars in the days of Billy the Kid.

Ruidoso is known today as the "Play ground of the Southwest". But this valley has always been paradise to me. Rio Ruidoso (noisy river) with its sparkling water flows swiftly over rocky bottoms and makes small but noisy falls as it flows. The river flows down from the slopes of Sierra Blanca (White Mountain) and winds through our ranch as it follows its course east to Hondo.

The house in which we lived had three bed rooms, a large kitchen, a basement, and a porch that extended the length of the south side of the house. It was nothing to brag about but it was a comfortable home. There was a large barn to the west of the house, almost completely surrounded by corrals. We had about twenty acres of irrigated farm land and the rest was for the grazing of animals.

Sometimes I would climb the mountains and look at the valley below. It was a beautiful sight. You could see the green pastures with cows and horses here and there. The winding dirt road looked like a ribbon from a distance and the river was covered by the trees and vines, but you could hear the sound of the water.

I can recall those early years of my life as an ordinary country boy with few good clothes to wear, but my mother managed to keep what clothes we had clean. My every day clothes consisted of what we called "pantalones de pechera" or coveralls like railroad men wear. They were held up by suspenders, one of which was usually hanging at my side. I liked to roll up one leg of the coveralls as this made it easier when I ran. They were usually faded from many washes and mother used to patch them over and over again, especially on the knees. Sometimes we would wear a blue work shirt, but we wore no shirt at all during the summer. I liked to wear my cap with its beak to one side. My hair was almost blond and usually hung over my right eye and my weather beaten face was probably not too clean. I can understand now why, when we had company and I would run out to meet the people, my mother or my sisters would tell me to go away. I must have been quite a sight! But I just wanted to be nice to people.

My father was a quiet and patient man. He could be strict but he was also just and generous. My mother, as I recall her, was a beautiful woman. They were both very kind and good to me and the rest of the family. I in turn respected and loved them very much.

Dad spent little time at home. He was always riding the range land looking after the cattle and sheep that he owned. Liandro, a man who lived with us, helped father take care of the sheep and he would stay with them when they were being pastured at Las Lagunas (the lakes) or at El Pajarito (little bird). I don't believe we were rich, but we always had plenty to eat and my father never worried about anything.

My father would not let me or any one else ride his horse "Chapo", but I could ride the Palomino or any of the other tamed wagon horses. Sometimes I would saddle one of these and go visit my grandmother Cornelia who lived in Hondo.

Don Pedro and Dona Eufelia were our only close neighbors. They had always been very close to the family. In the summer Don Pedro would go to Roswell and bring back a lot of watermelons and canteloupe. My father and mother used to treat them like part of our family. Don Pedro would come to my father when he needed help, and he in turn would help my father a great deal. When the time came for dad to butcher a hog or two, Don Pedro was always there ready to help.

I remember one winter evening when dad brought a bucket of apples from the basement for all of us to eat. Don Pedro and his wife were there and Liandro was home that night too. All three men took turns in telling us old time stories and jokes. I used to enjoy them very much. One of the stories that night was about dead people and how they used to wonder about. We were pretty scared and when the story was over Liandro said, "Yo le doy veinte cinco centavos a el muchacho mas hombre que me traiga el lasso que esta en mi muntura en el establo." We all kept quiet for awhile, finally I said I would go for the rope that was on his saddle in the barn. It was very dark, but I knew where the saddle was in the barn, so I grabbed it with one hand and started running with it. I didn't know that one end of it was tied to the saddle horn and I wasn't quite out the door when it

jerked me back. It felt as if someone had held me back! I was scared for a moment, but then I pulled harder and the saddle came down from the rack. I followed the rope to the other end and found out the other end was tied to the saddle horn. That night I made twenty-five cents for bravery.

The older people would get together on Sunday to play La Teja. This game is usually played by four men, two on each side. A small hole is dug on each side about forty feet apart. The game is played with two small round rocks or with two large wagon wheel nuts. Each man throws twice and tries to make his rock go into the opposing sides' hole. One Sunday I went with my father to watch him play. We had been there a short while when I got into a fight with another boy. He told me that his father was a better player than my father. After the fight he agreed that my father was indeed the better player. But when dad found out about the fight he sent me home right away.

My daily chores were to chop wood for the stove and also for the fireplace in winter, and fill up two five gallon barrels of water from the river which was about one hundred feet away. In the summer, I had to carry the milk every morning to the big apple tree where my mother and sisters prepared it for use. In winter I carried it inside the house. I also helped feed the hogs which my father kept loose in a big fenced pen.

Fishing was always pretty good and once in a while I would go trout fishing in the river. I made my own fishing rod. For a rod I used a long branch that I had cut from a tree. My line was just an ordinary string. I used a cork for a float, a small rock or a roofing nail for a sinker, and a bent straight pin for a hook. Most of the time the fish got away, but if I jerked the line out as fast as I could and over my head I often had a fish to take home. My favorite spot to fish was El Calladito or the "quiet spot". It was about three hundred feet from the house. El Calladito was a very shady place with so many overhanging vines and branches that I almost had to crawl in order to get there.

One day my younger sister Seldonia went fishing with me. I had no sooner thrown my line in the water when I heard a loud splash. I saw my sister go under the water and then

come back up. She could not swim, but some way or other she was floating. I told her to grab the end of my rod, which she did, and I pulled her out. I made her promise me that she would not tell mom or dad about the incident. My parents didn't find out about it until years later.

In the summer I spent a lot of time playing by the river with my brothers Emil, Abe, and Benny. The trees were covered with wild grape vines that we used to climb. They were so thick that we could use them in jumping from one tree to another. Our favorite game was follow the leader.

I also want to tell you about the time my cousin Adenago Torres, Abe, and I decided to grow chickens. About a half mile from the house we built a chicken coop using the heavy branches from a tree. We started with one rooster and two hens. These two hens started laying eggs and one of them began to hatch them. Since we didn't have enough eggs, I got some more from the house. We set her with one dozen eggs and pretty soon we had some baby chicks. We used to get feed from the barn to feed them. Our chickens really multiplied fast.

One day we decided to tell mother about the chickens because we were fast running out of room for them. I guess the real reason was that we were getting tired of them. We thought that mother was going to get mad, but instead she laughed and said, "Hijos mios sigan criando esos pollos. Estan produciendo muy buen." So I guess what we had really created was an extra chore to be done around the house.

Sometimes on Sundays we would go catch our burros. Each one of us had our own and together with some of our neighbors, we would go riding. I used to have a lot of fun despite the fact that I had the worst burro to ride. My burro had the habit of refusing move every time she got behind the others. I had to hit her with a stick and twist her tail, but all she would do was put her head down and start kicking. Sometimes she would just stop and lay down and as soon as I dismounted she would immediately get up. I would mount her again, but down she would go. She would not go on until she was good and ready.

Our school building was about three miles from home. That is how far we had to walk every morning and evening regardless of the weather. The building was made out of adobe. It had one big room with three windows on each side. It was on top of a small hill. In winter when there was a lot of snow, dad would wrap our feet and shoes with burlap tied with either twine or wire. We, of course, did not know about overshoes. The school teacher stayed in our home. I think she used to pay father for her room and board. Her name was Agnes or Aneda Baca. Miss Baca later married a man by the last name of St. John. They had a son that they named Marcial. She walked to school just like the rest of us and I would always help carry her handbags.

We enjoyed Christmas very much. On Christmas Eve we would go to the school building where we had a community Christmas tree. Dad would get the wagon ready and all of us would ride there together. We enjoyed seeing Santa Claus, just like kids do today. But our Santa Claus did not dress like he does today. He was just an old ragged man. After he handed out all the candy and nuts to us kids, he would leave. After his departure the music would start. The older folks enjoyed dancing and, as we got sleepy, we would lay down in a corner of the room or under the stage where the musicians were playing. The music band consisted of a violin and a guitar player.

Now I will tell you about our small Capilla (chapel). The Capilla was built on top of a hill, across the river from our house. It was built on my father's land. I remember that it had a nice little bell on its tower. Here is where I made my First Holy Communion. The priest would come about once a month to give mass and would stay with us overnight. I liked father Enrique very much, he was such a jolly old fellow. He used to bring us candy and tell us nice stories at night. Father Enrique came in a nice shiny buggy pulled by two beautiful white horses that he called "Los Morros". He always had his own grain for the horses and we would also feed them hay.

One day my father, Felipe, bought us a lot of new clothes including shoes and took us to see a circus in Carrizozo. This was the first time we were ever going to be so far away

from home. Dad had recently bought a new wagon which he fixed with a cover in case of rain or hot weather. When we got to Carrizozo, we were amazed to see so many people and so many houses. But we enjoyed the circus where we saw elephants, lions, and monkeys for the first time. I really had a good time and so did the rest of the family.

When we returned from Carrizozo, Don Pedro asked my father if he would let me go with him to Roswell. He let me go and the next day we left in a small buggy. I had thought Carrizozo was big, but boy, what a really big city Roswell was! There were so many more people and lots of cars and tall buildings. Before we left Don Pedro bought me something that looked like a sailor suit with short pants. I could hardly wait to get home and show it to my brothers. The following Sunday I put on my new suit and I was really sorry I did! All of my brothers started making fun of me so I took it off and never wore it again.

One day, sometime during the years of World War I (1914-1918), my father started talking about moving away. He wanted to move to San Elizario, Texas, along the Rio Grande. This old community is across the river from Guadalupe, Mexico where our tio Rendo had a ranch. Mother, who hated the idea of moving, often wondered why dad wanted to leave the valley. The reason that he gave her was that he was having some trouble with the government agents (forest rangers) on account of his sheep. My father had always pastured his sheep in different parts of the forest and according to the forest rangers he did not have permission to pasture them in the Lincoln National Forest. According to the law dad was wrong and he ended up losing and spending a lot of money in the courts.

Neither my mother nor my sisters Paublita and Cornelia liked the idea of moving to Texas, but there was nothing they could do. Father had made up his mind and that was that. He sold part of the stock that same year and he, Sipio my older brother, and Liandro left for El Paso and beyond to San Elizario.

About three weeks later dad returned alone. Sipio and Liandro had stayed on a farm near Fabens which my father had bought. They were to work the farm and in their spare time they were to complete building a house and have it ready for the family when we arrived. My father then went to Hondo to talk to uncle George Torres, his brother-in-law. He wanted uncle George to move to our ranch and take care of it until he could sell it. My uncle agreed to do this. Also during this time, father was selling the remaining stock except the animals that we would be taking with us.

Mother was happier now since Don Pedro and his wife Eufelia had decided to move to Texas with us and in the days that followed father and Don Pedro got the wagons ready for the long trip to Texas. Two weeks later everything was ready.

We kept the following stock to take with us to Texas: twelve head of cattle, one bull, a saddle horse, three hogs, about twenty laying hens, and three or four sheep with their lambs. We were also taking a number of wagon horses. Dad had built a small two wheel trailer with a roof and screen all around it for the chickens. The hogs and sheep were to ride in one of the wagons. There were four covered wagon and a trailer in all.

Mother hated to leave the ranch, but most of all she hated to leave Paublita, her daughter, who had recently married Isidro Chavez. Antonio, the oldest of the family, had also recently gotten married to Martina Salsbury. I was about ten years old when we left for Texas. I remember mother saying many prayers before we left. She must have had an idea of what we would be going through. We had one hundred and eighty miles ahead of us to travel and no one knew the way except my father.

We said good bye to relatives and friends in the evening and at nine o'clock the next morning we left our beautiful ranch and headed towards Tularosa on the first stretch of our trip into the unknown.

Dad was driving the lead wagon, mother the next, then came Don Pedro and his wife in theirs, and the last wagon was driven by my sister Cornelia, Seledonia my youngest sister rode with her. The wagon that dad was driving was the heaviest and it was pulled by two

teams of mules that traveled slow but constant. Cornelia had the chicken trailer behind her wagon. Next to the wagons I took turns with my brothers Emil, Abe, and Benny driving the cattle.

By noon that day we were about a mile from where Bennett's Curio Shop is today. There we stopped to eat lunch. To this day I still remember the exact spot where we ate that first day of our long journey. There is a big boulder on the right hand side of the road as you are going west. It's still there and some day I will show it to you.

After lunch we continued on our way. It was a winding dirt road that we were on and very bumpy by today's standards. That afternoon we only got as far as the Summit, the top of the hill south of Ruidoso, where we camped for the night.

Early the next morning every one was ready to go except Don Pedro. He could not find his wagon horses so dad got on his horse and went looking for them. He found them about three mile away down in a canyon in the direction of Ruidoso. They must have been headed back towards the ranch, so it was a good thing that their feet were loosely tied together and they couldn't get very far. By noon we were in Mescalero where the Mescalero Apache Indians live. They were very friendly to us and dad exchanged some cheese, eggs, and apples for some calico material and mescal, a strong alcoholic drink.

We stopped to eat lunch later that day close to Don Filomeno Carrillo's ranch near Bent and after a few more hours of travel that afternoon we stopped at Don Pat Carrillo's ranch for the night. This place is where Johnny Young now lives, it is just past Round Mountain.

In the morning we left for Tularosa, dad said we would be there early that afternoon. Before noon that morning we were about a mile from Tularosa and we stopped for a brief lunch and to water the stock. Mother also made us clean up a little because we were stopping for the night at my uncle Clovis Aguilar's house in Tularosa. To us uncle Clovis was a rich man. He was married to my mother's sister Evangelista Padilla.

The road into Tularosa that we were on is now called Old Mescalero Road. It passes right by where I now reside. Well, we finally arrived at uncle Clovis' home. Boy, what a

house he had--it was even a two story building! He had an automobile, a telephone, and a piano in the living room. That night we put our stock in a corral which was about a block from the main house.

In the evening neighbors begin to come by and say hello to father and mother. They were all very nice to us. The next day before we left, some of these good people came by to say good bye and to bring mother some kind of gift. We left Tularosa later that morning. We took a dirt road southeast to El Paso which passes by the great White Sands that are west of Alamogordo. This road was, at the time, more like a trail than a road due to the rain and floods. In some places we had to make a road in order to pass.

Dad really took a big responsibility taking his family on a journey of over one hundred and fifty miles through the desert. He was the kind of man that had a lot of faith. During our long and tiresome journey he never showed any doubt that we would make it what so ever.

On the third day of our journey the wheel on one of the wagons broke and dad had to go back to Alamogordo to get it replaced because it couldn't be fixed. It took him two days to go and come back so we stayed in the same place all that time. Luckily we were close to a ranch windmill and there was plenty of water for us and the stock to drink. Another thing happened the following day. The chicken trailer came loose and was left about a mile behind before anyone noticed it missing. Dad had to go back and get it.

Mother was getting tired, in fact, we all were. I felt sorry for Cornelia, she was only a teenager but with the sun bonnet she was wearing she looked real old. I remember the evening mother asked dad, "Felipe, que tanto mas tiempo tenemos que caminar?". With a smile on his face, dad replied, "Mujer, poco a poco se anda lejos" (Little by little you can travel far.) See those mountains over there? Those are the Franklin Mountains, El Paso is right there.

One afternoon we were on the out skirts of El Paso near Fort Bliss when dad stopped the caravan to talk to us. He told the boys not to ride the horses until we were out of the

city. He told us to tie our horses behind one of the wagons and to drive the cattle close to the last wagon. He said that El Paso was a big city but not to be afraid, that if we were good boys he would buy us a new pair of boots. He also instructed the wagon drivers to be careful and not to get excited, to hold the reins steady and keep their foot on the break.

We were parked just about where the V-2 German rocket now stands on Dyer street. There were few buildings but a lot of tents and, since this was a calvary post, we saw many beautiful horses. From this point on we walked or drove the stock on cemented streets. The bull and one of the cows were kind of lame from the long trip. Lots of people came to the streets to see us go by. Soldiers were everywhere taking pictures. My sister Cornelia was so embarrassed she couldn't face the cameras. Sometimes I wonder if someone somewhere still has those pictures.

I remember going downhill and under an overpass on Dyer street where one of the burros fell. I guess it lost it's footing because it was not used to walking on cement or pavement. We were soon on Pershing drive, turned left on Copia street, and followed that street to Alameda Avenue. There we drove the stock inside a big corral and rented a place to stay for the night. We had a pretty nice bunk house with a kitchen where my mother and sisters could cook. Mother looked happy for the first time in many days.

Father kept his word, he took us to a store and bought us each a pair of boots. But the next day about five or ten miles out of El Paso I was limping. Mother asked me what the problem was and I told her my boots were hurting me. That night in camp my dad cut them down close to the ankle so that they looked like low shoes with high heels. I can still hear my sister making fun of my new high heel shoes!

We had to cross a divided branch of the Rio Grande river, but this was the not the border line between the United States and Mexico. The land in between the two branches resembles an island. We arrived in San Elizario around two o'clock in the afternoon. We were on the final stretch and about two miles from our destination when we met Sipio. He had been walking a mile or two every evening for the past few days hoping to meet us.

So, on the sixteenth day about sundown we arrived at what was to be our new home. We were greeted by Liandro as we got off our wagons. He said, "Buen venidos a su casa nueva." (Welcome to your new home.) Mother wanted to know whether there was more than one big room. Sipio told her that there wasn't but more rooms would soon be built. She was satisfied and said that it would still be better than being on the road. Dad was the happiest man I had ever seen. That evening we had a very good supper.

Next day I saddled the horse and went for a ride to explore our new surroundings. There were large fields of alfalfa and corn but with no fences. This meant we would have to really take good care of the cows and horses for awhile. The place where we were to pasture the cattle was good. The best grazing was close to the river along the border with Mexico, but there were lots of bushes and sand hills where cows could hide there too. Benny and I were supposed to take care of the cattle and horses, the other brothers helped dad with the crops.

Everything was very expensive and we never seemed to have enough flour and sugar. I remember one day dad went to Fabens and bought a wheat grinding mill. We had plenty of wheat which mother could make into delicious tortillas. We liked flour tortillas much better than those made out of corn.

One year the flu hit our part of the country pretty hard and there were many sick people. Hardly a day went by that someone didn't die from it. We were lucky, Antonio my oldest brother, was the only one who really got sick with it. He had come to live with us soon after his young wife Martina Salsbury died during childbirth in Glencoe, New Mexico. Mother and I were also sick for about a week at the same time.

Don Pedro and his wife were very discouraged with this country and by the end of the first year they decided to go back to New Mexico. He and Dona Eufelia went back by the same route that we had taken to get here and the same way, by horse drawn wagon.

One day Benny and I were pasturing the cattle by the river near the Mexican border. We were playing as usual under a shade tree on top of a small hill. All of a sudden we

heard voices so I got up to see who it was. I saw a couple of men driving one of our cows towards the river. I told Benny and we both quickly hid behind a bush, at the same time we were trying to decide what to do. We were scared, they were either "Villistas" (Pancho Villa's men) or "Carranzistas" (Carranza's men). But regardless of who's men they were, they would not hesitate to kill anyone if they were hungry enough to steal. Somehow I managed the courage to yell real loud. We could see them through the brush and they were looking towards where we were hiding but they probably couldn't see us. They decided to cross the river into Mexico leaving the cow behind. We were sure thankful that they left, but why they went away so easily I will never know. After they were out of sight, we drove the cattle away from there and when we got home that evening I told dad what had happened. He was surprised to hear that the men had not looked for us and told us that if this ever happened again not to try to stop them saying, "Que se lleven la vaca mejor".

I remember the time when our Palomino horse got lost. It was one of the best saddle horses we had and the most gentle of the lot. Antonio happened to be in Juarez, Mexico a few days later when he saw a horse just like ours. He got a little closer and saw that the brand on it was ours. When Antonio came home that evening he told dad what he had seen. Dad wanted to know who was riding the horse. Antonio told him he didn't recognize him but that he looked like an officer. Dad went to Guadalupe, Mexico the next morning to talk to tio Rendo. This is what we called my uncle Randolph Reynolds who was once married to my grandmother Paublita Padilla's sister. Dad told him about the horse and who was riding him. "Cramba", tio Rendo said, "I think I know who that man. He is known as 'El Charro. I will go to Juarez tomorrow and talk to him. If its the same man, I am sure I can get you your horse back." A few days later tio Rendo sent his son Rendito with the Palomino.

One day we were in Guadalupe visiting tio Rendo. The people of that town were celebrating the Independence of Mexico which is the sixteenth of September. As we were

sitting on the patio that evening one of my uncles boys came running and told us that the Villistas were coming. Tio Rendo told dad to take his horses to an old shack about a half mile away. He said the Villistas might confiscate them for their use in the revolution. They never came close to the house. We went for our horses that night and left the following morning without further incidents.

After two years of living on this farm we moved closer to San Elizario. Dad had rented a farm about a mile out of town and we still had our farm animals. I liked San Elizario a lot. We had close neighbors here so that meant more kids to play with. I was about thirteen years old and had lots of friends. Dad also had us going to school again. The school building where we went to school is called "Los Portales" (porch).

Sometime in December of that year dad found a buyer for the ranch in Glencoe. He had to go back to New Mexico so mother, my youngest sister Seledonia, two of my brothers, and I went along. We went by covered wagon again. I remember we had to camp between El Paso and Newman for the night. It was cloudy and cold but we were lucky to find an old shack to stay in for the night. That night we had a heavy snow fall, we could not go on so dad decided to stay near that old shack for a day. We spent two days there before we could move on. Why dad picked the middle of winter to go to New Mexico I will never know. We finally arrived at the ranch in Glencoe and you could tell mother was happy to see her old home again. Dad sold the ranch, the rest of the stock, and the old covered wagon. Then he bought a new light wagon and two nice horses for the trip back to Texas. Dad also bought a Model T Ford truck after we returned to San Elizario. Sipio was the only one who could drive it.

I started having trouble with some of the boys in school and in town. They used to make fun of me because of the way I talked. They used to call me "manito" because the people from New Mexico talked a little different in Spanish than they do. Of course, I used to call them "surumatos" for people who come from a certain part of Mexico. I remember one time a fellow by the name of Robert Whiteside called me a manito. I told

him that he better leave me alone, that I was not in the mood for joking. Well he called me the name again, but before he could finish I was on top of him with my hands on his throat. I almost choked him I was so mad. He never called me, or any one else, that name again. Later he became a very good friend of ours.

A man from Mexico took care of our cows in winter, but in the summer we had to do it. One day Benny and I were pasturing the cows close to the highway. Our horses were grazing on the side of the road. We were sitting under a cottonwood tree when we saw a couple of soldiers coming along the highway. They were on horse back and were, I presume, from the calvary at Fort Bliss. They didn't see us, but we saw them going to where the horses were grazing. I had a good saddle on my horse. They took it off and put it under a bush and left. After they were out of sight we ran to where the horses were standing, I picked up the saddle and put it back on the horse, and then took the horses back to where we had been when we first saw the soldiers. Later we watched from a distance until the soldiers returned. They looked for the saddle, couldn't find it so they left. I will never know why they did this but it was probably because they wanted to sell it to make some extra money. Soon after this incident dad hired a man to take care of the cows winter and summer.

About a year or so after we moved near San Elizario my sister Seldonia passed away. We missed her very much, especially my mother. Sometime later that year my other sister Cornelia started going out with a fellow by the name of Alfonso Borrego. I remember one day she had to go to Clint and she invited me to go with her. We were on our way in the buggy when Alfonso came up and asked my sister if he could go with us. She said yes, and asked me if I could ride on the back of the buggy so that Alfonso could sit next to her in front. He offered to give me some candy so I rode back there until we got to Clint. Alfonso rode with us on the way back, but before we got all the way home he got off the buggy and went in another direction. It was not too long after this that Alfonso and Cornelia got married.

Dad bought a piece of land near the highway into San Elizario where we built a four room house. Around this time dad had sold all the cows and hogs and bought the first car we had ever owned, it was a second hand Maxwell. One day dad and mother went out to visit some neighbors and I was home by myself. Manuel a friend of mine came over and we decided to take a ride in the car. I had never before driven a car but somehow I managed to get the car out on the highway. We went around a few blocks and then I drove back to the house. For the first time in my life I had driven a car.

We were living at our new home when my brother Sipio passed away. He had been married about a year to Lola Mirabal. After this mother begin to dislike the place so one day dad bought some property closer to town. This place already had a big house on it.

I was an older teenager by this time and I used to like dances a lot. My friend and I would go to dances in Fabens, Clint, and Socorro. Sometimes my friends and I would sponsor the dance. There were five of us and we would divide the expenses equally among us. The dances were free to the public. Of course, we were the first ones on the floor dancing.

On Sunday I would go to Margarito's barn and join the other guys in boxing training. We did this for a long time and then gave it up since most of the guys moved away and the rest lost interest in it. Some of the guys went to work in the fields. I was working there to when there was no school. I used to work for \$1.25 a day. Better jobs were hard to get in those days.

Dad started getting behind on the house payments. Emil and Abe, my older brothers, had gone to California to work but they were not sending dad any money to help pay for the house. One day I went to see a man by the name of Malky. He had a dry goods store in town and I knew that the boy working for him was quitting. I asked him for the job and he hired me for \$15 a week. I told dad about the job, that I would be making pretty good money, and that I could help him make the payments on the house. At first he didn't listen,

then told me to forget it, that I should go on to school. But I insisted and finally he gave up and said, "Nomás hasta que este menos desobligado y entonces vas a volver a tu escuela."

At work I drove a Dodge panel truck from Monday until Thursday. We sold goods in all of the nearby towns. On Friday we would go to El Paso and buy stock for the store. We spent Saturday cleaning and stocking the shelves for the following week. Dad never mentioned to me when I was supposed to quit and go back to school. He seemed to be doing better now with my help. But I had to keep working, dad was getting old and he needed help paying the bills.

One day a fellow by the name of Clarence Jiron asked me if I was interested in going to Los Angeles. I told him that I was but that I wasn't quite ready yet. Well he said, "I'm not quite ready to go yet either, but I will be in a few weeks." I told him I would let him know in a couple of weeks. Like many of the other young fellows around there I begin to get "California fever" I finally got enough courage to tell dad that I wanted to go to LA. I told him that I help him more from over there. Dad said that I had been a good son and that he could trust me going over there before I was twenty-one. He told me to talk to my mother and see what she thought. Emil had been writing to me and wanted me to come over. Abe was back in El Paso by now.

About a week later with my parent's blessings I left for Los Angeles. This was the first time that I was going to be away from home. Clarence had bought a new car and had lots of money. Mrs. Jiron, Clarences' mother, was going with us. I asked him how much he was going to charge me for the ride and he said that he was not charging me anything. Well that suited me just fine, I had not expected the trip to be that cheap! After we passed Yuma, Arizona, going through the desert sand dunes, I noticed on the side of the road a lot of ties connected together with cable or wire. These ties were flat on the ground and ran for hundreds of feet at a time. Clarence told me that this used to be the old highway.

We arrived in Los Angeles one afternoon about three days later. As we entered the city Clarence asked me for Emil's address. I looked in my wallet and it was not there. I looked in my pockets and in my suitcase, but to no avail. He asked me to try and remember the street and parked the car while I tried to remember something. I finally remembered that the street was something like Griffin. We found a street with that name and drove up and down it for awhile but we could not find anything. I had told Clarence that Emil had a Model A Ford and that the house had a small porch in front of it.

Well Clarence finally asked if I would like to stay with them until I wrote home and asked for the address. I had agreed to that when he mentioned Griffith street. "By golly, that's the street," I said. He said that Griffith street was out towards Lincoln Park and that it would not take too long to get there. We had driven about two blocks on Griffith street when i saw a Model A parked on the side of the street. Clarence parked in front of the house and I got off and was going to knock when I saw Ruby my sister in law. Boy was I happy! Clarence and his mother stayed for coffee and then left.

I stayed with Emil and Ruby. They treated me very nice and Emil even gave me money to spend since I had arrived in Los Angeles with only a couple of dollars in my pockets. I wrote dad and mother the following day and told them that I was going out the next day to look for a job.

The following day Emil and I went looking for work. We went downtown where we saw a lot of signs like "Bus Boy Wanted" or "Dishwasher Wanted". But Emil kept going saying, "that's no good, lets find something better or at least a better place." We soon came to a very nice place. It was a coffee shop with a cafeteria in the basement, both owned by Leighton's. The cafeteria was on Broadway, the coffee shop on Spring street. There was a sign on the big window of the coffee shop which read "Bus Boy Wanted" and underneath it was "Must be White". Well I told Emil, "I guess it means they don't hire Spanish boys here." "No," said Emil, "just leave it to me. You wait here, I'm going to get us that job." I guess he understood the sign better than I did. I took it for granted that

because the second part read "Must be White", that it meant only Anglos need apply.

After a few minutes Emil came out with a big grin on his face. "What happened?", I asked. "Nothing really", Emil said, "I start work tomorrow. Boy, what a place!" We went home happy that day.

Emil worked for about three days and then told me to go in the following day and tell them that he was sick, and that I was going to work for him until he got well. But he told me that I could work there only under the condition that I change my name. I told Emil that I was not going to change my name just to get a job. Besides, I told him I have never done that kind of work and they might not want me. He told me there was nothing to the job, that I could learn it in no time if I really wanted to. So I got to thinking, I came to California to work, so if I have to change my name to work, why not?

Since Emil was using the name Emil Richardson, he told me to use the name Reynolds Richardson since I was his brother. That name didn't sound right to me so I told him that I would be his cousin and use the name Joseph Reynolds. I liked that name better, and in fact it fit my real name Jose Reynaldo better. After we had settled what my name was going to be, Emil gave me a good description of my duties at the shop. Then he wrote a note for me to give to his boss.

The next day I walked into the coffee shop bright and early. It was a beautiful place, and very busy. This place was called "Leighton's Coffee Shop" and it was on 7th and Spring street. The cafeteria was on 7th and Broadway in the same building. The building itself was called the "Arcade Building" and the cafeteria was in the basement of this building. I asked for the manager and the cashier pointed to a man sitting at the end of the counter. I walked to where he was and gave him the note that Emil had written. He looked me over from head to feet then called for a fellow by the name of Earl. Earl came over and he gave him the note. Turning to me the man sitting on the counter said, "I am the manager Mr. Schmidt, Harry Schmidt. This is Earl the head bus boy, he will get you fixed up.

Earl took me through the basement and into an office. I had never seen so many dishwashers at one time and the rattling of all those dishes made me nervous. In fact, I thought Earl was going to put me to wash dishes. Then he said, "Is your name Joseph Reynolds?" I said yes. "Do you have any references as to where you have worked before?" I told him that I had no references with me but that I had worked at the Biltmore Hotel. He asked for my age, and I said 18, the only true answer I had given so far. Earl said to follow him to the linen room, I said all right, but believe me I had no idea what he meant by linen room. In the linen room he gave me a white jacket, an apron, and a cap. I put them on and looked at myself in the mirror and thought how silly I looked. Then he said to follow him upstairs and he would "break me in". I really must have been pretty stupid, because I didn't know what he meant by breaking me in. Believe me I felt like running away.

I liked Earl from the first day I met him. He was an easy going guy, he was patient and would explain my duties in every detail. He also took the time to introduce me to every one in the shop. Like I said before this was a very busy place, there were about ten waitresses, about eight bus boys, and about eight cooks. Mr. Schmidt the manager was a very good man. After a week of working there, I had learned all the tricks of my job. Like balancing a tray of glasses, or a tray of coffee pots over my head on one hand. I could carry them over my shoulders, but then if I met someone on the narrow space behind the counter, I might hit them with the tray.

Once in a while I had to go downstairs after something, or to change linen. I had to go past the dishwashers and I wanted so badly to talk to them in Spanish, but I didn't because I was afraid that my boss would find out that I too was Spanish. One day I asked one of the other bus boys why they didn't hire Spanish people upstairs as bus boys. He didn't know, all he said was that they just didn't hire them. There was another bus boy by the name of Tom. He was really a swell guy and we became the best of friends and were always together.

One day during the noon rush hour I was carrying a tray not quite full of coffee cups. I got side ways a little to let one of the boys go by with a tray full of dirty dishes. I lifted my tray over his head, but as I did the cups slid to one end of the tray. Before I could get hold of them three of the cups were on the floor. Boy, did they make a racket as they hit the floor. I was picking the pieces up when Earl came along and told me not to worry about it. He helped me pick up the pieces. A waitress came along too and said, "Don't you worry about it kid, I've seen other bus boys do the same thing or worse." That braced me up a little and I went on about my work. Later that day the chef called me and said, "Reynolds I have noticed how you have been handling those trays, if I were you I would take more time, and don't be in to much of a hurry." I said that I would be more careful and not try to be so fancy with the trays. You have to pay attention to a chef in a place like that. He has almost as much authority to tell you off as the manager himself. The chef was always a very busy man with a lot on his mind and any unnecessary disturbances will make him nervous.

I had been working about three months when I was called to the office. Mr. Schmidt was in the office waiting for me and told me that he had some papers for me to sign. Every employer he said has to be insured so I want you to answer some questions. He asked me for my full name, my age, and a lot of other questions. Then he asked me who I wanted for my beneficiary. I said my mother. "What is her name?", he asked. Not thinking, I said Candelaria Sanchez. "Is that her maiden name?" I answered yes, and before he had a chance to ask any more I added that my parents were divorced. Boy, what a bunch of lies I said to myself. But I couldn't very well give the name of Felipe Reynolds. What would happen if I had gotten killed or injured? they would never be able to find my father, so I had to take a chance that he wouldn't ask about dad. "So your mother is Spanish, eh?" I replied that she was, he thanked me, and I went out.

About six or eight months later, I was still living with Emil and Ruby. Emil had started training at the Main Street Auditorium. He still wanted to become a boxer. His manager

was a Filipino by the name of El Duran. Emil was training faithfully at first, but he started missing training secessions. Finally he gave up completely and left for New Mexico. I moved into a downtown hotel.

After Emil left for New Mexico, Abe came back to Los Angeles. He was married to Felipa Rodriguez, a girl from San Elizario, and they asked me to move in with them. All this time I had been doing pretty good on the job. I was getting better money now and was helping my dad more, but I couldn't save much money. The \$100 that I had saved in my first three or four months of working was to be used in case of an emergency.

One day I met El Duran on the street and he asked me for Emil. I told him that he had gone back to New Mexico. He asked me if I was interested in going into the ring. "I think", he said, "that I can make a good fighter out of you." I said that I would think it over but my answer would probably be no.

I was working one day when the cashier told me that there was someone looking for me. She said I think its you who he wants to talk to, he is asking for a boy named "Ray". I went to see who it was and boy was I surprised to see Clarence there with a big grin on his face. I said hello and asked him how he had found out that I was working here. Clarence was like a different person from the friend whom I had known before. He was not clean shaven and his face was covered with beard stubble. He started to call me Ray, but I interrupted him and asked him to please call me Joseph. He said, "Ok Joseph I came to ask you for a favor." He said he was broke and needed money, even ten dollars would help. I looked in my wallet and all I had was seven dollars. So I told him that I might be able to borrow the other three dollars from one of the fellows at work. He said that seven dollars was enough and asked if I lent him that he could pay me back sometime soon. But I reminded him that he had brought me to Los Angeles without charge and he did not have to worry about paying me. He left and that was the last time I saw Clarence in my life.

The first year and a half I worked as a regular bus boy, a pastry boy, a coffee man, and then I started to work in the dining room. Boy was I glad. I always wanted to work there, not because I was going to get more money, but because it was a cleaner job. Best of all I didn't have to wear that awful apron. Also, I was now next in line for the head bus boy job. My duties were to change the linen on the tables, serve the customers water, and see that everything was in order. I also made pretty good tips delivering special trays of food to different offices in the building to people who did not have time to come for their lunch at noon. On this job I came in contact with top prize fighters of that time like Tony Fuentes, Mushy Callahan, Bert Colima, and Fidel La Barba. La Barba was a prize fighter from Mexico. Jack Holt was also a regular customer in this place.

By this time I was back living in a downtown hotel on Spring street which was right across from Leighton's where I worked. A fellow by the name of Frank Ramirez was rooming with me. He was a swell guy. One day I heard about a big dance coming up in a few days so I asked Frank if he wanted to go with me. They called this dance "El Baile de Las Estrellas" (The Stars Dance). It was going to be held at the Ambassdor Hotel. That night Frank and I met stars like Tom Mix, Lupe Velez, Gilbert Roland, Ramon Navarro, Bebe Daniels, and Raquel Torres. They all had reserve seats and people would walk along the isle saying hello or shaking their hands. I remember Ramon Navarro saying over the speaker, "I am sorry to leave so soon, I wish I could stay longer, but I am working on a picture and have to return right away." I found out later he was working on a picture called "The Flying Fleet". He was dressed that night as a naval officer.

After two years of working, I finally got the job I wanted. I got Earl's job as head bus boy. Earl was going to quit and Tom was supposed to get the job, but Tom was also going to quit soon and both him and Earl recommended me for the job. My main duties on this job was to interview and hire new bus boys, see that the place was clean at all times, and direct customers to their tables. There were also any number of little things I had to attend to. On this job I wore a short white coat, black pants, white shirt, and a black bow tie.

One day Abe, my brother, asked me if I could get him a job where I worked. "Abe", I said, "I am pretty sure I can get you a job, but you will have to change your name if you want people to know you as my brother". Abe knew how much trouble I had had in order to get the job. "No sir!", he said right away. Well then, "I can get you a job downstairs, but I'm afraid you won't like it." "Doing what?", he asked. "As a pearl diver", I replied. He asked me what that was and I told him that a pearl diver was a dishwasher. Well, the poor guy needed a job so he said he would try it at least until he could get a better job. "That's up to you", I said, "but its hard work and its pretty hot down there." I really didn't want him to get the job but he decided that he would work as a dishwasher. "All right", I told him, "as soon as there is an opening I'll let you know." During this time Benny my younger brother came to Los Angeles. He got a job right away as a bus boy in another coffee shop, about a block from where I worked.

About a week or two later there was a job open for a dishwasher and Abe got the job. I knew from the start that he didn't like the job and I didn't like to see him sweating down there. Luckily, a week later he got a pretty good job in a hotel and quit Leighton's. It was a great relief for me not to see him working so hard down there. Then about a month later Abe moved back to New Mexico.

During this time dad had sold his place in San Elizario and had moved back to New Mexico from Texas. Dad, Emil, and my uncle Nestor Padilla were homesteading ranches in New Mexico near Ancho, a small place about twenty-five miles east of Carrizozo. They each had 640 acres or a section of land. After Abe arrived in New Mexico he applied for and got a section of land to homestead near the others. Benny and I remained in Los Angeles. Frank, my roommate, had left so Benny and I were rooming together at the Coneta Hotel on North Broadway.

One afternoon I was walking on the sidewalk near my hotel when I noticed a couple of men coming towards me. They were looking at me and as soon as they went by me, I turned my head to get another look at them. They were standing and looking my way too.

One of them motioned for me to come over to where they were. The first thing one of the men asked was if I could attend a club meeting on the following Friday. "Well", I said, "I don't know. Who are you and what kind of a club is it?" For an answer he pulled out a card and gave it to me. "If you go", he said, "be sure to present this card at the door. I'll see you Friday." I kept walking towards my hotel reading the card. It said "Free Pass, United Artists Production Club", and it had a man's name, "Hamilton Douglas". That evening I told Benny about the incident.

The following Friday I dressed up, took the card, and left to find an address on Vine street. It was a two story building, something like a hotel with a big lobby and a small stage. There were some people there already and more were coming in. I met Douglas at the door and introduced myself to him. He then introduced me to the people there. Most of them called him Doctor, but why, I don't know. Later someone told me that Dr. Hamilton Douglas was a talent scout for Paramount Pictures. I had a good time that evening listening to some of the people sing or dance.

The following Friday I went to the next meeting of the club. I was a little early so Dr. Douglas started to ask me some questions. He wanted to know where I was from and what I was doing in Los Angeles. I told him that I was from New Mexico and that I was just visiting in LA. Then he asked me if I had talent of any kind. "No sir", I said, "I don't have any kind of talent." I couldn't very well lie about this since he probably would have asked me to prove or demonstrate it. He then asked me if I had a job in New Mexico, or what I did there. I told him that my father had a ranch and that I helped him with it. "Can you ride a horse?", he asked. I replied that I could and that I was very good on a horse. "Well", he said, "that is a talent." "How about dancing? Can you dance?", he asked. I told him that I considered my self a good dancer, especially ballroom dancing. People had already started to come in so he told me that he would talk to me later. He also asked me if I could come in every Friday, that it wouldn't cost me anything to attend the club meetings.

One day I asked Benny if he wanted to go with me and spend an evening at the club. He was not interested in going so I didn't bother him again. I had been going to the club for about five months when one day Dr. Douglas told me that he would soon be going to Mexico City for about a month. He said he wanted to take me along as an interpreter since he knew that I spoke Spanish. I told him that I would let him know later if I would be able to go or not.

One day Dr. Douglas gave me a pass to attend a movie and stage show at the Mexico Theater on Main street. He said the Corona twin sisters are going to be there and he wanted to hear them sing. He said that Raquel Torres, a movie actress, would be going with him and he wanted me to meet her. Raquel Torres is the girl that played opposite Monte Blue in "White Shadows in the South Seas". She was a beautiful girl with shoulder length black hair. Before she started making movies, she was employed by Sid Grumn at Grumn's Chinese Theater in Hollywood. I told him that I would be delighted to go.

I went to the Mexico Theater that night and presented my pass at the ticket window. The girl at the ticket window asked me to sit in the lobby and wait for the other people. I was sitting in the lobby when Dr. Douglas and the rest of his party arrived. When I saw Raquel I knew that I had seen her somewhere before. Then I remembered that I had seen her at the Baile de las Estrellas. After the show we were invited to go back stage and meet the Corona sisters and Dr. Douglas talked to them for awhile.

A few days after this Dr. Douglas brought me a sealed envelope and told me to go to the casting office of Paramount Studios and give it to a Mr. Egly. Mr. Egly opened the envelope and told me that I was being recommended for a short western part. He told me to leave him my address and that he would get in touch with me later.

Benny by this time had gone back to New Mexico and I was in Los Angeles by myself. I was still working at Leighton's and dad had been asking me to come home for some time. He wanted me to apply for a section of land near them to homestead in Ancho, New

Mexico. Dad and the others, Emil, Abe, Benny, and my uncle Nestor, each had good sections of land and didn't want anybody else to get the remaining section near them.

I had been getting homesick for New Mexico so one day I decided to tell my boss that I was going to resign and he should try to replace me as soon as possible. A week later he had replaced me, but he and everyone at work hated to see me go. I guess they liked me pretty well and I had a lot of friends there. but I had made up my mind to go back home to New Mexico. As for my motion picture career, I never told Dr. Hamilton Douglas that I was leaving.

I arrived in El Paso, Texas a few days later and stayed there that night. The following day I went to San Elizario to say hello to my brother Antonio, my sister Cornelia, and their families. After a couple of days I left for Carrizozo. I stayed with my uncle Andalecio Padilla, Nestor's brother, in Carrizozo for the night. The following day Emil came to pick me up. I had written to him earlier to pick me up in Carrizozo on a certain day. I was sure glad to see him.

Emil and I arrived at the ranch shortly before noon. Mother had prepared a good lunch for us and she and dad seemed very happy to see me again. I was also very glad to be with my folks again. Dad looked a lot older now but he was happy and out of debt. He now had a few sheep again and some cattle and horses. For the first week I did nothing but ride Emil's saddle horse over sections of land that belonged to dad, my uncle Nestor, Emil, and Abe. Benny still had not applied for his section, but I also rode over the land that would belong to him and me.

A month later Benny and I both had our applications approved for a section of land each. According to the Homestead Act we had to improve the land by clearing unnecessary trees. This would allow more animals to graze. We also had to build houses, barns, and corrals. Our sections of land were next to those of the others so all together we had six incorporated sections of land. That is three thousand eight hundred and forty acres of grazing land! Only once had I been away from the ranch and that was when I had to go

to Carrizozo to make my application. But I didn't really feel like going anywhere after all that city noise and crowded streets in Los Angeles. I just wanted to be out on the range, by myself, breathing that good old New Mexico air.

On my section I built a one room house, corrals, and fenced in some pasture. Benny's place was closed to mine, and since I was not married yet, I spent a lot of time with him and Beatrice. He had married a girl from Carrizozo by the name of Beatrice Pino. The land was full of Juniper, Cedar, and Pinon trees that had to be cleared. We made pretty good money selling cords of wood considering that there was a depression and jobs were scarce. Sometimes I also worked on a cattle ranch called the HIP-O ranch and at time I even went to work in Carrizozo.

One day I was feeling pretty blue and lonesome thinking of Los Angeles and all the good times I used to have there. I was thinking about the club and Dr. Douglas so I decided to write him a letter. Sometime later I received a letter from him saying that he was planning to go to Oklahoma, and would stop by to see me. Later on I wrote to him again asking him about the trip to Mexico but my letter was returned with the explanation that Dr. Hamilton Douglas was dead.

I was at Benny's one day when Beatrice was baking pies. After we ate dinner she cut a piece of pie for me and one for Benny. I didn't notice but Benny didn't start eating his right away. I started eating mine telling Beatrice how good it was when I noticed a whole pinto bean coming out of it. I asked her, "What the heck is this bean doing in my pie?" They both started laughing and said at the same time, "April Fool!"

Another time I was at Benny's when we saw a couple of riders coming towards the house. When they got closer we recognized them and invited them to get down. They refused saying that they were in a hurry and just wanted Benny and me to go with them to Ancho. We asked them what they intended to do there and they said that they needed food and they were going to get it one way or another. Benny asked them why they just didn't ask Mr. Straley for credit, he was sure that Mr. Straley would let them buy food on

credit. One of the men said that they had done this once already and that he would not let them have any more until they had paid for that. By this time the men were getting uneasy and kind of nasty, so I said, "Listen fellows, I think my brother has made it pretty darn clear that he does not care to accompany you, so why don't you leave him alone and ride away?" They left.

About 1933 times got really bad. We had not had a decent rain and our dirt tanks were empty of water for the stock. A lot of our sheep had died on account of the dry weather and our cows were not doing so good either. Dad was too old and tired now so he decided to sell his land and he and mother moved to Tularosa.

Within a few months uncle Nestor, Emil, and Abe had also sold their ranches. My uncle went to live in Tularosa near dad and mother. Emil left to manage a bar and dance hall in Hondo, New Mexico. Abe moved to Carrizozo and went to work for the Southern Pacific Railroad. Two months later Benny sold his place and the few cows he had left and moved to Carrizozo. I couldn't sell yet because I still did not have enough improvements and I had not had the homestead long enough. But I decided to move to Tularosa and live there with dad and mother.

I got married in Tularosa at the age of twenty-six to Sophie Aguilar, a girl I had known for a long time. We had been writing to each other since I was living in California. Our wedding was a quiet one but we did have the traditional big dinner and then a dance at night. This occasion was the happiest in my life. I was very lucky to have found the girl I did. She has helped me very much during our married life, but best of all she has been faithful to me.

That evening at our wedding dance everyone was having a good time, especially me! I have always enjoyed dances and this one was of course very special. At eleven o'clock Mr. Lon Hunter, who was then the town marshal in Tularosa, came into the dance hall and walked directly to me. Mr. Hunter had been a friend of the family for a long time. My dad knew him ever since we lived in Glencoe. Mr. Hunter took me by the arm and led me

outside. On our way out I saw Pete Aguilar, my wifes' uncle. He asked me what was wrong and I replied that I didn't know what Mr. Hunter was charging me with. Outside the dance hall he told me that some cattle had been reported stolen in Ancho and that I was a suspect. I got pretty angry and told him that I had never stolen a damm thing in my life. "I am sorry", he said, "but I'm going to have to take you in." I looked back towards the dance hall and saw Pete and some of the other fellows coming towards us. "Listen", I told Mr. Hunter, "before you take me in I am going back in there to take my wife home. Besides, there are any number of men here who would sign a bond for me until tomorrow." By this time Pete and the others were with us and they started laughing. They had been in on the joke all the time. We all laughed and went inside to dance.

Well, I couldn't believe it, but it was true, I was married to a beautiful girl! We were very happy then and we are still happy with each other. We stayed with her folks for a while because I did not have a steady job. Within a year our first child was born, a beautiful baby girl. We named her Mary Lily. We were really a proud couple and so were her aunt Dora and Fabia, my wifes' sisters. Dora adored Lilly and we have a lot to appreciate from her.

Mary Lily was about eleven months old when I had to go back to my homestead in Ancho. A Mr. Sloan from Carrizozo wanted to buy my section of land and i had to show proof of improvements. I had intended to go alone but my wife insisted in going along so uncle Fred drove us to Ancho in his car. Uncle Ed also went with us, I was going to cut and sell some wood and I took along some help. We arrived at the ranch, cleaned the one room house that was on it, and put a rug on the floor that we had taken with us so our little girl wouldn't get dirty. I don't think my wife liked the place, but she didn't say anything. We were going to stay there for about a month.

Fred left for Tularosa the next day and we started to cut wood the following day. We were going to sell the wood for \$6 a cord and \$1 for stumps. This was not bad money for those days. We could cut a cord each per day. Sophie and the baby would go with us

once in a while. I would carry the baby and my axe and Sophie walked along holding my arm. She didn't like the idea of staying alone in the little shack.

One day Sophie took a big blanket, a pillow, and some cookies for the baby. She laid the blanket and the pillow on the ground, laid the baby on it, gave her the bottle, and went to watch us cut wood. We were only about twenty feet from the baby. Sometime later we heard a cry from the baby and we all ran to see what was wrong. The poor baby had little black ants all over her, even in her mouth. Sophie quickly took the baby's clothes off to be sure and get all the ants off of her. We took her home and didn't go back to cut wood until the next day, but Sophie and the baby didn't go with us. Poor Sophie, she was even afraid of the owls and we had plenty of them there.

We were very happy the day uncle Fred and Fabia came for us, especially Sophie. Since we knew that they were coming on a certain day we had everything ready when they arrived. We took some snap shots and left for good old Tulie that afternoon. Mary Lilly started to walk while we were at the ranch. Our daughter was going to be a year old within the week.

Back in Tularosa I started to work here and there but nothing steady. Our second baby came. She too was beautiful with a little darker hair than Lilly. We named her Mabel Louise. Of course, Sophie and I were prouder than ever with two wonderful little baby girls. I was working at Border Hill at this time. Border Hill is about eighteen miles from Roswell. I was not making much money, but we were making a living. Dora had gotten married and Fabia took her place at Champions store, where Dora had been working for quite a few years. Like Dora, Fabia helped us a lot. Around this time I sold my ranch in Ancho and had a little money with which to buy a piece of land on which to build a home. About a year later our third daughter Joan came. She was so tiny and almost blond, but as pretty as the other two.

One day with the money that I had, I bought a piece of land near the new highway. I started building my house right away. I had to get busy and finish it as soon as possible

because our daughters would soon be starting school. About this time I had bought a Model A convertible car and we were very proud of it.

Our home was completed with the help of our friends, but most of all with the help of my father-in-law, Elias Aguilar. He was always there when I needed him the most. He did almost all the carpentry work and the painting. A lot of credit should also go to my mother-in-law. She worked more than enough helping us, especially when our girls were born. Like my father-in-law, she was there when we needed her, and she still is. Our home had two bedrooms, a front room, kitchen, but no bathroom. I built a bathroom later. We were indeed a very happy family. And who wouldn't be, we had three wonderful daughters, a pretty good home, and a new pickup truck for transportation. At this time I was working steady with the WPA so we were making a pretty good living.

We have always loved to go to dances so we went almost all the time there was one in Tularosa. We used to take our little girls to the dance with us and when they got sleepy, I would take them out to the truck and lay them down to sleep on a mattress with pillows and covers in the back of the pickup. I always tried to park the truck by a window so that I could watch it from inside the dance hall. I would go out once in a while and check on them. they never gave us any trouble. They were and still are very wonderful girls. All three of them went to school here in Tularosa. Sometimes we felt sorry for them because once in a while they had to come home for lunch and it was quite a ways from school.

Some years later my wife began to get sick. I took her to different doctors, but she didn't seem to get better. Most of the time she would get sick around midnight, sometimes in the early hours of the morning. After three or four years she began to get better and soon she was well again.

In 1942 I was still working for the WPA in Tularosa. One day we were building a bridge on the Tularosa creek and I was the foreman on the job. A couple of men came and told me that I had to report to work at the Alamogordo Air Field. I tried not to go but couldn't get out of it, we were in the Second World War and men were needed at the Air

Field. Within two weeks I was working at what we now call the base. My work at the base was easy, I was a supply man for the Base Supply.

About this time Sophie was well, but I begin to get sick. Some time later I sold our home and bought another on 10th Street in Alamogordo. We had a pretty good home and were happy. The girls were going to school there. I continued to be sick. One day I was sent to the Base Hospital for a check up. They found out that I had to have an operation. They operated me and a week later I was released from the hospital. But I felt as bad as when I went in. I was advised by the base doctor to go and see a civilian doctor. I did, but still did not get well. A few days later my wife and I decided that I should go to El Paso and see a specialist.. My wife wanted to go with me, but I told her she better stay and take care of the kids because they were in school.

I took the bus to El Paso and got off at Five Points, where the Masonic Hospital was located. This was the hospital which had been recommended by the doctor in Alamogordo. I could barely walk, I was a sick man. I remember plainly that I said a prayer by the door before going in. They operated on me the next day. Within a week I was feeling fine and ready to go home. Sophie came for me and boy, was I glad to see her and to be going home well again.

We moved back to Tularosa after living in Alamogordo for two years. Everyone was glad to see us back, especially our folks. By this time our daughters were pretty well grown up and prettier than ever. I bought a place on the old Mescalero highway which is now called "Old Mescalero Road". This was just a big house without shade or a porch. Our girls were again attending school in Tularosa. All three of our girls were popular in school. One year while they were in high school, Mary Lilly was chosen football queen. Mabel and Joan were princesses. That made us very happy. All three of our daughters graduated from Tularosa High School. I was still working at the base and had made lots of improvements on our home. The place looked entirely different.

A few years after my operation, I was beginning to get sick again. It was something different this time and I was missing a lot from work. Many days I had to leave the job early and come home. I was taken to El Paso many times for treatments. Last year in April my wife and I went to Chicago to visit Mabel, she was married to Darrel Ray who was in the service. In fact he still is. We returned from Chicago because I was too sick. The day I arrived in Tularosa I got sick again, so the doctors at the base retired me.

I was retired on June 10, 1964 after working 21 years and 7 months with the US Government. I was not ready for this retirement, my intentions were to work until I was sixty-five years of age. But that didn't happen. I retired here in Tularosa, a town which I have always liked.

Before I finish with my story, I want to tell you about Mary Lilly and Joan. Mary Lilly got married to Ernest Aguilar. Joan my youngest daughter married Johnny Marrujo. All three of my son-in-laws are very good. My daughters could not have found better husbands than the ones they have. I am very proud of them. My wife and I are by ourselves now, but we have eight grand children--seven boys and a girl. Lilly has a boy and a girl, Mabel has three boys, and Joan also has three boys. They are all fine children. We live in a big trailer house, next to the house that used to belong to me. I am very happy, I don't regret anything that I have done. If I was to live my life again I would do the same things. I am very satisfied with what I have done. I will be 59 years old March 22, 1966. One more thing I would like to say about my good daughters. I am very proud of them, they never brought us shame, or trouble of any kind. I just hope that they feel the same towards us. I always tried to give them all I could and tried to be a good father to them. If I have done something wrong, I hope they will forgive me.

When I was only eleven years of age forty-six years ago, I passed through this same road near my home never realizing that some day my home and happiness.

The End,

26 of February, 1966