

CHAPTER FOUR

In the fall of 1961 I had a little time to waste so I loaded up my old Ford pickup with my three children, Cheralyn, nine years old, Charlotte, eight years old, and my son Robert, seven years old, and headed for Mexico. I ran out of gas in Alamos so that is where we stopped. I rented a house and put the kids in school.

I only intended to stay a couple of months but ended up staying three years!

After we were there a couple of weeks, Ralph Balderrama said to me, "Bob, it is the strangest thing your children can't speak Spanish and the Mexican kids can't speak English but when they are walking to school they talk to each other!" It didn't take them long to learn Spanish and they would interpret for me. I am ashamed to admit this, but I never did learn to speak Spanish very well.

Later on when we moved back to San Diego, Charlotte had a little Mexican girl friend and whenever they were playing the Mexican girl would speak to Charlotte in English and Charlotte would answer her in Spanish.

I asked my daughter Charlotte why she always spoke Spanish? She said, "It is gooder."



The city of Alamos is built around a small round hill. On the top is the city water tank and the city jail. Down below on the south side is the Palacio (City Hall).

Someone had killed a young man at Los Tankes. The law had caught the killer and had him in jail in Alamos. One day at high noon the prisoner was brought to the Palacio to see the judge. The dead man's two brothers were waiting there for him. When they brought the prisoner into the Palacio they started shooting. They killed the prisoner and bounced a bullet off the judge's secretary's head. The judge ran across the street and hid in an old boat that was stored there. The policemen all ran away except the chief. When he pulled his six-shooter, they shot him in the stomach.

Every day I would walk down to the city market. Then at noon I would meet my three children and we would walk home passing the Palacio. For some reason, and I will never know why, that day I walked around the other side of the hill. That was the only time I ever did this. If I had not, we would have walked right into the middle of this shooting.

That afternoon Levant asked me if I would like to go with him to visit Clay Montgomery. Clay lived out in a little village about 25 miles south of Alamos. I was surprised when we arrived there that everyone knew about the shooting in Alamos. I did not see any telephone wires. I have always wondered how these

people would know about it called the rustle of the leaves. It sure made a true believer.

Clay Montgomery came to Alamos in 1913 with his mother and father from Missouri and when he had forty-thousand dollars in a gold mine that did not work he wondered why anyone would leave the U.S.A. and move way out here. He will leave it up to you.

Clay had studied in the U.S. before moving to Mexico. He was a lawyer and knew lots of Mexican history and about the revolution. He had a ranch.

At one time they had a hundred head of cattle. I always wondered where the ranches were? He said right in the middle of the only thing I could see were the mountains. I have always wondered why they lived they always owned the land.

Señor Rico owned a couple of ranches. He also owned a couple of ranches in the Sierritas Madres mountains, in the Sierritas he raised his beef.

One time he had some people on one of his ranches and he came to go with him. He rented a airplane and flew for about 35 minutes and landed.



people would know about the shooting? I have heard it called the rustle of the leaves and the bush telegraph. It sure made a true believer out of me.

Clay Montgomery had moved to Mexico in 1913 with his mother and her two brothers. They were from Missouri and when they came there they had forty-thousand dollars in gold. They spent most of it in a gold mine that did not produce. I have always wondered why anyone would leave the good old U.S.A. and move way out there in no-man's land? I will leave it up to you.

Clay had studied in a medical school before moving to Mexico. He was the local doctor there. He knew lots of Mexican history and told us many stories about the revolution. He had truly lived a full life.

At one time they had owned three or four hundred head of cattle. I asked him where the best ranches were? He said right here in this valley. The only thing I could see were cactus and mesquite trees. I have always wondered why wherever these old boys lived they always owned the best ranches.

Señor Rico owned a meat market in Alamos. He also owned a couple of ranches in the Sierra Madres mountains, in the State of Chihuahua, where he raised his beef.

One time he had some business to take care of on one of his ranches and he invited Levant and I to go with him. He rented a airplane in Obregon and flew for about 35 minutes and landed right on top of the