

C. May Cutting

Having completed a six weeks term of court which placed my docket intip top shape my lawyer friend, J.A. Patterson, suggested that we again treck into old Mexico for two or three weeks. We had been down there before and made all the places of interest in and about the old City and Patterson suggested that this time we go prepared to go far into the interior, the out of way places. This was just what I had in mind, myself, and it was soon decided upon. We procured a sturdy little trailer, the necessary camping equipment, and whatnots, and were soon busy choosing those things we deemed of most importance to simple life we were expecting to encounter. It was at this point that Patterson suggested that we take a supply of guns and amunition. Little did we then know of what importance this suggestion was to be. Without it this tale would probably never have been told. And the many anxious moments of the future, fearful in the extreme, would have been doubly so had it not been for our taking guns, amunition and a certain supply of medecines that Patterson insisted upon.

The gathering together of what we deemed our necessities for such a trip took but a day or two and we were off to the Border. We encountered considerable opposition from the Mexican officials at Laredo, but by dent of much scheming and pulling of a stringoor two we were finally allowed to pass, with what the border officials were pleased to call "a prospecting outfit." We had never thought of it in this light, but when confronted with the suggestion, couldreadily see the equipment looked more like that than any thing else we could think of. We afterwards found we were more than fortunate, or unfortunate, in getting by at all. Had it not been for a kindly governor of our state writing a letter to the President of the Mexican Republic, we would have undoubtedly had the entire outfit confiscated when we reached the capitol.