

back to the camp in the afternoon and stayed there for two hours, gloating when the bugle blew and over the fact that I didn't have to jump at the sound. But, alas, it was this gloating that caused my downfall. On my way back to town I passed through the sporting part of the city where gambling was going on full blast; and hearing the tempting click of the dice, decided on the spur of the moment to double my stake. I emerged from that place in just about one hour and was lucky I had my pants left. If the fellow at the table had'n't thrown me back one of my dollars, as I was sadly passing out, I would have had the pleasure of packing around a good healthy appetite with me. As I was sadly wending my way back to my hotel I passed a little saloon and decided that a drink of the amber colored stuff might help me to look on the bright side of life. Whilst standing up against the bar, figuring out how much I might safely take out of the bottle for my dime, without incurring the hostility of the bartender, I felt some-one tap me on the shoulder and looking around beheld a swarthy Mexican who requested the pleasure of a few words with me. It seemed that he had witnessed my run of bad luck at the gambling « joint » and had followed to speak to me.

He led me to a little table in the corner. After humming and hawing around for a while he finally blurted out « How would you like to join Huerta and fight for the independence of Mexico »? Well the idea was'n't new to me, as I had thought of it several times, not that I cared about the freedom of Mexico, but I thought it might furnish a bit of excitement. After talking awhile we finally came to terms. He was to give me seventy-five dollars, twenty-five at once and the rest when I landed with the Army; 350 acres of land free from taxation for life, providing his side won, the rank of Lieutenant, and one hundred dollars a month, which I never had much hope of getting. It looked good for some fun, however, so I agreed. After further talk I got him to give me the twenty-five dollars, he stipulating that he accompany me until I had settled up my affairs and got my baggage.

We were just out of the door when two husky looking men stepped up, took my associate by the arm, informing, him that they were U. S. marshals and that he was under arrest. They asked him who I was, but tipping me the wink, he claimed that I was a stranger to him so they started away with him leaving me behind with twenty five dollars in my pocket. That was the last I ever saw of that « greaser ». At the end of the week I was again reduced to four dollars and being a bit