Chapter 19

LA GLORIA AND LA CHAMBELONA

La Gloria is the Spanish for Heaven. Soon after the Spanish American War, a few men in New England with a little capital, incorporated as the Cuba Land and Steamship Company. They went down to Cuba and bought a big tract of land on the north coast of Puerto Principe (now Camaguey) Province; laid out a town site and named it La Gloria. They subdivided the surrounding land into five and ten acre tracts and sold it all over the United States, Canada, and some parts of Europe. This part of the Island faces on a shallow bay behind a series of coral islands. The only access to it was to go to Nuevitas and take a shallow draft sailboat, and go west to Port Viaro some thirty-five or forty miles away, then get the rest of the way any way you could. In one narrow passage the water was so shallow that even sailboats of shallow draft could get through only on high tide. Sailboats don't run on schedule; and many times when boats arrived at this point, they had to wait for the high tide, and the mosquitoes and jejenes were terrible.

The town site was on high, dry ground but it was four miles over swamp and overflow land from the town to Port Viaro. The Company did try to open-up with a reasonable amount of comfort for their new settlers. They built a big, palm-leaf hotel, and a few more palm-leaf shacks, and laid-in a supply of food, cots and bedding. Then they chartered a steamboat and brought down quite a large contingent on the first trip, at what was supposed to be the beginning of the dry season. Even the weatherman went berserk that year, and instead of a dry season they had a very wet season. The Maximo River overflowed that swamp and overflow land; and, while the water wasn't very deep, it converted that whole four miles into a quagmire that could not be crossed by either oxcart or packtrain, and all supplies had to be carried in on men's backs. Swamps breed mosquitoes and jejenes, and soon La Gloria was anything else but heaven. Many of the settlers left, and it is a wonder they didn't all go. Maybe those that stayed did so because they didn't

have the money to get away on. Be that as it may, it was the first American Colony on the Island, and always remained the biggest. At one time, counting Americans, Canadians and Europeans, it had a population of more than one thousand.

I have asked many Cubans, and have looked in many dictionaries, and have been utterly unable to get any inkling of the meaning of Chambelona. Sometime along about 1915 or 1916, someone wrote a song, "La Chambelona", and very soon it became as popular in Cuba as "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night" was in the United States during the Spanish American War. In February, 1917, there was a very serious uprising in Cuba, and the rebels adopted that as their rallying song. After the uprising was quelled, the Government made it a punishable offense to sing it. A country that has had as many uprisings as Cuba has had, needs names to distinguish one from another. Someone applied the name "Chambelona" to the uprising of 1917 and it stuck. So, today, if you hear anyone talking about la Chambelona, you can be sure he is talking about the uprising, not the song.

Clearing land and planting sugar cane is a very expensive proposition, so I had to mortgage my land to get the money to do it with. As soon as we were settled in our new home in La Gloria, I rounded up some men and let two contracts to clear the land and plant it. One day when I came in from the farm, someone asked if I had seen any Rebels out that way. He said we had a full-sized revolution on, and all our Rural Guards had left town to join the revolution, so we had no police protection whatsoever. It was a real surprise to me, but very likely would not have been, had I not been so insistent on talking when I should have been listening. Three or four times Cubans had tried to tell me that a revolution was brewing, but I told them that it just couldn't be so, for revolutions break out when there is great unemployment and people are hungry. Now, everyone who wanted to work had a job, and they were importing laborers. Wages had never been higher, nor prosperity greater, so there just couldn't be a revolution. How little I knew of Latin American love of violent excitement! We were isolated in La Gloria, so I heard nothing more.

A few days later, I had business in Camaguey and

went, as usual, on horseback. Twice, before I got there, I was stopped by Rebel soldiers, searched for arms, and allowed to pass on. In Camaguey, all business was dead and all banks and many stores closed. All was excitement. I didn't transact any business but learned a lot. On a given signal, all the Rural Guards in Camaguey left government service and went over to the Rebels. They were in charge of the government arsenal, and put it at the disposition of the Rebels. The Rebels opened up a recruiting office and offered to pay all volunteers two dollars a day if they won. Everyone was so sure of winning that they didn't even mention what they would pay if they lost, and I didn't hear of anyone asking. Clerks, waiters, government employees, city employees, street cleaners, small businessmen, tradesmen, and even some lawyers and engineers rushed down to volunteer. What surprised me most of all was the mechanics at the railroad shops. They were all getting from three to four dollars a day, yet practically all of them left their jobs and joined the Rebels on a promise of two dollars a day if they won.

Probably the most exciting immediate event was the jail liberation and the get-away. The Rebels went down to the railroad shops and commandeered a train and brought it up to the depot to load with their recruits. Daniel Weil, a French Jew, had a wholesale and retail store right across the street from the depot. He imported khaki clothing for all eastern Cuba, and had a goodly supply on hand. The leaders took a detail of the ex-Rural Guards down to the jail; unlocked it; took everyone of military age out and marched him up to Weil's store. There they had them all to strip, right in the middle of the street that runs between the store and the depot. They handed everyone a khaki shirt and trousers from Weil's store, and a rifle from the arsenal, and marched them onto the train. If there ever was a well-dressed, well-armed mob, this was it.

Everything went according to plan, with a whoop and a hurrah, till they reached the Jatibonico River, some seventy-five or eighty miles on their way to Havana. The Jatibonico Rural Guards went over to the Rebels, just as all other Rural Guards in eastern Cuba did, but among them was one patriot. He knew where there was a box of dynamite. He went along

with the rest just far enough to learn what was going on, and not arouse suspicion. He got his box of dynamite and put it under the Jatibonico bridge; then, just before the train arrived, he set it off. The train couldn't jump the river, so when it arrived, the men in charge unloaded their mob; had them wade the river; and started them marching toward Havana with orders to fan out among the cattle ranches and take horses and saddles wherever they found them, even if the owner was riding them.

There being nothing I could do in Camaguey, I returned home where all was peace and quiet; but that quiet didn't last long. Very soon we began to see smoke rise over a lot of the country, and to the south it was very thick. The "grapevine" told us that was the cane fields of Senado, going up in smoke. Then one day Juan Sifonte, head of the local Rebel outfit, came to town with all his gang and went direct to the combined Post Office and Telegraph Office. When he came out, he held two telegrams in one hand and the telegraph instrument in the other. The telegrams were from Gustabo Caballero, Governor-Elect of Camaguey Province, who had put himself at the head of all the Rebels in the Province. Government forces were coming in from the west, and things were getting too hot for him; so, before leaving town for the woods, he sent out orders to all his men that he could contact, to burn. It was he who ordered the cane fields of Senado burned. Sifonte was very friendly to the Americans and obligingly read us the telegrams. The first told him to burn all public buildings in La Gloria. The second, dated the following day, said, "I have been watching the sky in the direction of La Gloria and haven't seen a single smoke. I expect my orders to be carried out."

Sifonte said, "You Americans are my friends and I am not going to burn you out. So that Caballero can't send me any more messages, I am taking the telegraph instrument with me." He didn't know it at the time, but that was the best act he ever did to save his own hide. When the Government troops got strong enough, they began hunting Rebels down and killed many of them where they found them. Cap Ballard, an American colonist, went to the newly arrived commanding officer and told him how Sifonte had refused to burn the Americans out and got his promise that if Sifonte

would come in and surrender, he would not execute him. Ballard went out in the woods and contacted Sifonte; and brought him and all his men in to surrender; then went with him to Camaguey to get him cleared with the higher authorities.

Many people ask why there are so many revolutions in Latin America. In those countries, where there is no such thing as conscience in high places, public office is looked upon as a chance to graft. So, naturally, the "Outs" always want "In". After an election, if they don't get in, they say the "Ins" stole the election—which is far too often the truth—and they try to take over by force. Sometimes they succeed. More frequently they do not. In this case, I think they just missed by the aforementioned box of dynamite under the Jatibonico bridge.

In the election, Mario Menocal was the incumbent and Conservative candidate to succeed himself and had been declared elected. Alfredo Zayas was the Liberal candidate. Jose' Miguel Gomez had served one four-year term as President, just prior to Menocal's first term. Gomez was always referred to as the "economical president", because in one four-year term as president, at a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year, he had "economized" several million dollars—for himself, not for the Government.

Sometime after the election, Jose' Miguel acquired a full-sized steamboat to go fishing in the Caribbean Sea, off Cuba's South Coast. The fact was widely published in all the Havana newspapers. There were some questions asked about why so big a boat to go fishing; but after all it was Jose' Miguel's fishing party, and he had the money to pay for it, so whose business was it? What was not publicized was the fact that on board his ship he had a large supply of khaki uniforms, army rifles and ammunition. It turned out that, like the Apostle Peter, he had become a "Fisher of Men", but the purpose was entirely different. He had sent out agents all along the South Coast to recruit volunteers for his revolution and to have them ready for embarkation when his boat arrived to pick them up. He got men in many ports; dressed them in new uniforms and gave them army rifles.

By the time he reached Tunas de Zaza, where he had a train waiting for him, he had quite a good-sized mob of neatly uniformed and well-armed raw recruits. He loaded them onto the train and proceeded according to plan. The train from Camaguey was to meet this train in Zaza del Medio, the junction of the two railroads. For previously explained reasons, the Camaguey train was not there. Up to this time everything had been kept remarkably secret. With a whole trainload of soldiers tied up in Zaza del Medio and another train held up in Jatibonico, while its cargo went out stealing horses and saddles, somebody leaked the information to Havana and Menocal was able to get an army into the field before Jose' Miguel arrived. Somewhere up the line the two armies met in a pitched battle, in which two of my personal acquaintances were killed: the previously mentioned Juan Portuondo, an engineer, and Jorje Rice, a carpenter who had worked with me on two sugar mills. In the battle the Rebels were defeated, and later they caught Jose' Miguel and put him in prison.

There are a lot of unanswered questions in connection with this rebellion. It was supposed to take the country over for the Liberal Party, who would have won the election—according to them—if the election had been an honest one. Jose' Miguel Gomez, who headed it, had not even been a candidate. Was he trying to take over for Zayas as he claimed, or was that just an excuse to grab power for himself? During the fighting, we all wondered where Zayas was and why he was not in there fighting for his rights. After it was all over, I learned that at the first report of revolution, Zayas dressed in woman's clothes and got out of the country—which leads one to suspect that he didn't trust his party member, Jose' Miguel. Another puzzler—Gustabo Caballero was a candidate for Governor of Camaguey Province on the Liberal ticket and was elected. The Conservatives did not even challenge his election. Why did he join the Rebels and head their army in Camaguey Province? Who did he think he was fighting against in that Province?

After the smoke was cleared away, it was pretty well established that the German Government, fearing that the United States would enter the European War on the side of the Allies, had deliberately fanned the political unrest in Cuba and financed the whole thing, hoping that the United States would become too involved there to intervene in Europe. But conceding

that Germany did do as claimed, that does not explain the mentality of an elected Governor, who would order all the available resources of his Province burned, nor of men who would leave good jobs with high salaries to go out and risk their lives on a mere promise of half their present salaries if they won.

So much for the political aspects. Now back to realities. After the big fires in the Senado cane fields and smaller ones in other directions which were apparently getting closer, five of us supposedly leading citizens of La Gloria got together to try to figure out some way to save the town. Casner said a sailboat had just come to his place, from Nuevitas, to buy oranges. The captain had just told him that there was an American gunboat in Nuevitas Bay and that it was supposedly there to protect American lives and property. That looked like the answer if we could just get word to the captain. There was no telegraph line, so the only possibility was a personal messenger.

Casner had served a stretch in the U. S. Navy; and, just as soon as we learned that Government troops were in Camaguey, he had gone over there and got a Commission to raise and train a Home Guard among the Americans. He couldn't leave because he had to be in La Gloria with his men until bigger help could arrive. But he could arrange with the captain of the sailboat to take one of us to see the captain of the gunboat. Pratt was just down for the winter and wasn't busy. He would be glad to do anything he could to help the town, but he couldn't speak Spanish. It was pointed out that the captain speaks English. "Yes, but suppose I don't find the captain. What then?" There wasn't any answer to that one. Francis couldn't go because he had to run his store. I couldn't go because I lived out in the country; my house was quite isolated; and I couldn't leave the family alone. The Company manager lived in town; his wife's parents were spending the winter with them; and he spoke Spanish as well as I. He couldn't go because he had to stay there to look after the Company's business. Frankly, the Company's business at that particular time was at a dead standstill, and the very best way to advance their interests at that time was to save the town. That could best be done by getting military assistance. The other excuses were all valid; but,

in my opinion, he was just a plain coward.

Finally, after all the excuses were in, Pratt volunteered that he and his wife would go out and stay with my family if I would go. Casner made the arrangement with the orange buyer and I took the boat at Piloto. As we sailed down the Bay, I had a wonderful panorama of the whole country from the sea to the mountains, some fifteen or twenty miles inland. A prominent feature of the panorama was the great number of columns of smoke ascending into the sky. Some of them were narrow, like trash piles; others, a little larger, might be houses; others were spread out, and might be either a small clearing set by the owner, or cane fields set by the Rebels. The country was full of Rebels, and there was no way to tell how many of the fires were set by them. There was plenty of room for the working of the imagination.

The boatmen had been under severe strain for several days, and were not one bit talkative. Like the Prophet Amos, while herding his sheep, I had plenty of time to commune with my God and to search my soul, as I had never had occasion to do before— nor have I had since. The Bible says, "Thou shalt not kill." I wasn't going out to kill, myself; but I was going out to get marines whose business it is to kill when necessary. If the marines killed some of the Rebels, would I be any less guilty than had I killed them myself? Furthermore, if I get the marines, it would be my job to go with them as guide and interpreter, while they hunted the Rebels down in their hiding places and killed such as would not surrender. Could I, as a Christian, and, more particularly, as a Quaker, do it with a clear conscience? True, the Bible says, "He that taketh the sword, shall perish with the sword", and the Rebels had most certainly taken the sword, but who had authorized me to be the executioner? It would be taking the lives of Rebels to save the lives of my friends, or maybe of my own family, but is there justification for that? I have been glad ever since that I never had to answer that question.

We reached the No. 1 wharf, about two miles from Nuevitas, about midnight. They put me on the dock, then took the boat out to anchor it so the wind couldn't pound it against the piles. I could hear them bailing the water out of the boat, in very slow

motion, and talking in low tones for what seemed like a long time. Finally, I called to them and asked how soon we were going into town. After some more low conversation, one of them said, "We have decided we are not going to town till morning. We will come over and get you, and we will all sleep on the boat."

"But I want to get to that gunboat tonight."

"The Government forces were in town when we left two days ago, but in these changing times, we don't know who is there now nor who is in the two miles of jungle between here and there. So we are not going till morning."

So I took off, afoot and alone, and must confess I didn't feel exactly comfortable through that lonely road where it was so dark I couldn't see my hand before me. I traveled very quietly till I got near the edge of the town. I had worked here so was thoroughly familiar with the layout. I can't sing a note, but remembering the statement that Cuban recruits shoot first and ask questions afterward, I made a lot of noise trying, when I got near where I expected to find an outpost. If a guard wanted to shoot, I wanted him to do it before I got within visible range. The first sound I heard was a munition clip slipping into the firing chamber of a rifle. It sure sent a chill down my spine, for I knew it was intended for me. Then I heard, "Alto! Quien va?" (Halt! Who goes there?) I told him I was an American from La Gloria. He told me to advance, but to keep my hands up. There were two guards on the post. I told them our troubles and that I was going to the American gunboat for help. "The gunboat sailed tonight at nine o'clock."

"In that case I want to go to Army headquarters and report our case there."

"You can't go." "But I need to go."

"We can't abandon post; nor leave one man alone; nor let you go wandering around town at this time of night. You can't go."

"But I must go. It's urgent."

"Wait a moment. I've got an idea."

We walked across the street to the nearest house. He knocked on the door and called the owner by name several times before he even got an answer. This was a brick house, with very heavy doors and iron bars in the windows, so a man was pretty safe inside; but many a man had been called out of his house in the middle of the night and taken out and executed. So you couldn't blame a man for being very hesitant about opening his door. The guard told him who he was, and that there was an American here who wanted to go to Army headquarters. Neither of the guards could go, so they wanted him to take the man there. After what seemed like an age, the man opened the peephole in the window shutter and peeped out. It just so happened that he was a carpenter who had worked for me sometime before and recognized me. Very few Cubans could pronounce my name. Most of them called me Mr. Gweelie. When he saw who I was, he said to me, "Que hay, Mr. Gweelie?" Then he turned to the guard and said, "I know this man. He is all right. He can go by himself." And they let me go.

Approaching the Cuartel, I again made a lot of noise till I got the "Alto! Quien va?" The guard took me in and got the Commanding Officer out of bed for me to talk to. He said he had no men to spare and could do nothing tonight. He told the guard to fix me a cot; and in the morning he would go with me to the telegraph office; and we would get in touch with Camaguey. Camaguey said they could send no men now, but would send us relief in a few days.

While there I took a look at the waterfront and the damage that had been done. The Rebels had obeyed orders to the best of their ability before they left town. They had burned the depot and several of the big warehouses. The warehouses were built of brick and there was nothing to burn but the doors, window shutters, and the rafters and sheathing that supported the roof, and it took a lot of effort to build a fire big enough to ignite the latter. But many of the warehouses were full of sugar, and sugar both melts and burns. From the downhill side of the warehouses, clear across the street and on down to the water in the bay, the ground was covered with a thick coating of heavy, sugar molasses—a sticky mess; and I imagine that when it began to ferment it was a stinking mess.

These fires were set while the American gunboat was in the harbor, but Nuevitas Bay is very shallow, and big boats have to anchor far out. When the captain saw what was going on, he not only put men ashore, but went with them. When the Rebels saw the

troops, they left town, but they already had a very big fire. Nuevitas had no waterworks, so the captain went into the hardware stores and commandeered all the buckets he could find and formed bucket brigades to bring water up from the bay to fight the fire. It was too late to save the depot and the warehouses, but by using both his men and the natives, he was able to save the rest of the town.

When we five had left Francis' store at the close of our momentous meeting, we had solemnly agreed that, for safety reasons, none of us would tell what steps we were taking. Nevertheless, when I arrived back at Piloto, there was a big well-dressed American sitting on the dock waiting for me. As the boat tied up, he came forward and asked if I was Mr. Williams. He said his name was Mosley, and that he had loaned the Senado Sugar Company quite a sizable sum of money against this year's sugar crop and he was trying to get to Senado. He had got this far and was told that I had gone to Nuevitas, and that on my return I could very likely give him some valuable information. I gave him some news all right, but it wasn't good news. I told him that the cane fields at Senado and the warehouses in Nuevitas—most of them full of sugar—had been burned. The sugar mill wouldn't burn, but I didn't know what other damage the Rebels might have done to it. Railroad bridges had been burned, so there were no trains running out of Nuevitas and there was no chance for him to get to Senado that way. His only chance to get there was to return to La Gloria and hire a horse and a guide that could take him through the jungle trail.

I was glad to help Mosley, but what worried me was more personal. In spite of our solemn agreement that no one would tell anybody anything, here was a perfect stranger, standing on the dock and proclaiming for all to hear, that I had been to Nuevitas to get help against the Rebels. True, there were no Americans there, but a lot of the Cubans there understood English, and the population around there was pretty evenly divided between patriot and rebel sympathizers. If a rebel sympathizer heard that conversation and reported it, I might very easily be one of those called out in the middle of the night. (My house had no iron bars.) Or, I might start somewhere and not get back. Before that, I had

circulated freely among men of both sides. After that, I was more cautious.

A few days after my trip to Nuevitas, some seventy-five or eighty Rebels rode into town and systematically went to every house and searched it, as they said, for arms. They didn't stop at taking weapons but took everything they saw that they wanted, including money, jewelry, bedding, and canned goods. One woman, who couldn't talk Spanish, but whose thirteen or fourteen year old boy could, had him to tell them they couldn't come in there. They shoved him out of the way and used him pretty roughly, so she wrapped the U. S. flag around him for protection. It had no more effect than any other rag would have had, and to prove it, one of the men gave him a resounding "planaso" (lick with the flat of the machete). About four o'clock, they announced they would be back to finish the job tomorrow and rode away.

Since we lived in the country, they hadn't reached us, so we at once took precautions. We buried all our canned goods out in the orange grove; hid our saddles in the tall grass at the far side of the grove; and tied our horses in the woods, where I had to cut and carry grass to feed them and lead them to water in the early morning or late evening. We rolled all of our spare bedding up in a canvas; tied a long rope to it; took it out into the heavy woods; threw the rope over a high limb and drew the bundle up out of sight. Men looking for loot don't often look up into the treetops.

The very next forenoon I was doing some work downtown in La Gloria, when I noticed a lot of people going out into the street and looking toward Port Viaro. There were so many looking that I went to have a look, too. There, marching in military formation and coming in our direction, was quite a bunch of khaki-dressed men, apparently soldiers. From our distance we couldn't tell if they were U. S. Marines, Government troops, or Rebels. All work came to a standstill till they arrived. It proved to be fifty Government soldiers—mostly raw recruits. As soon as they could be identified, a rebel sympathizer mounted his horse and rode toward the Rebel camp. About a mile from town he met a detachment of Rebels coming, as they had said they would, to finish the job they started yesterday. They turned back. They

were coming for loot, not looking for a battle. After the soldiers arrived, everything was quiet for just about a week.

Then, one day while we were eating dinner, Helmuth Mathews, one of Casner's Home Guards, came to tell us that Lieutenant Marques, the Cuban Commanding Officer, wanted all the Americans to arm themselves and come in to help defend the town. I had no arms but went down to find out what was going on, and to help if possible. In the City Hall I found quite an assembly of both Cubans and Americans. Marques said he had been advised that there were seven or eight hundred Rebels camped on a little savana about seven miles out of town, and that they were preparing to attack the town. I told him I had no gun but would gladly man one if he would furnish it. He said that was just the trouble. He had barely one gun per man of his troops, and the Rebels had done a pretty thorough job of collecting the arms in the town. Including both Cubans and Americans, only fourteen men had shown up with guns. By accidents, sickness, and men sent away to guard the mail, his bunch was now reduced to forty and what could fifty-four men do against seven or eight hundred?

As Lt. Marques was the Boss, and I was the best interpreter present, he and I did the talking and I told the Americans what he said. I asked him what were the chances of getting help from either Nuevitas or Senado. Nuevitas was out of the question. It was too far away and no communication except by sailboat. Colonel Cadenas was a son-in-law of Bernabe' Sanchez, owner of the Senado Sugar Mill, and had been making his headquarters there. Marques had replaced the telegraph instrument Sifonte had carried away and had been in touch with Col. Cadenas, but now the Rebels had cut the wire, and he didn't know if Cadenas was at Senado or not.

Then I asked, "How about sending a messenger?"

"The Rebels are camped right on the road."

"Yes, I know. But there is a dry weather trail through the woods, and this is the dry season."

"Well, I can't send one of my men, for they are strangers here and don't know the trail. Furthermore, they are in uniform and would be killed if they were caught."

"There are plenty of men here, both Cuban and American, who do know the trail." He asked in Spanish for someone to volunteer and got no response. Then he had me ask in English and I got exactly the same result. I stayed around a while longer, discussing ways and means, and we were getting exactly no where. I went home and told Birdie the situation and added, "I am going to Senado to see if I can contact Colonel Cadenas."

"You are not. You are going to stay right here and protect your family. You went to Nuevitas; now it is somebody else's turn. Besides this isn't the Americans' fight."

"No. This isn't the Americans' fight, but there are more Americans than Cubans here; and, if the fighting starts, some Americans will very likely get killed. Yes, I have taken my turn and it is someone else's turn this time. We have asked for volunteers, both in Spanish and in English, and got none. As to protecting my family, I have nothing to protect them with but my bare hands. I can do a good deal better job protecting them by getting military help to protect the town."

After some further argument, she agreed that maybe I was right, and gave her consent for me to go if Mrs. Seely would come and stay with her, and Lieutenant Marques would put a patrol in front of the house. In preparing to go, I took every vestige of paper out of my pockets. I didn't want to get caught with anything on me that could possibly be interpreted as a message to the Government troops. I had to go through town; and, as I entered, I ran into the Lieutenant and asked him if he had found anyone to send for help.

He said he hadn't, then added, "I am locating places now to put my sentries, and am going to put every man on duty tonight. What I will do tomorrow and tomorrow night, I have no idea."

I said, "I'll make you a proposition. If you will put a patrol in front of my house, I will go through to Senado to see if I can contact Colonel Cadenas, and will take any verbal message you care to send but nothing written."

I thought he was going to kiss me. He fell all over himself thanking me, then said I knew the situation about as well as he did. Just explain it to the Colonel. I left the Lieutenant about four P. M.—

afoot and alone. It was about sixteen miles by the jungle trail——more than twenty by the Kings Highway. Through the jungle, it was all jungle to the Maximo River which was just about half way, then Senado cane fields to the railroad. I had never been over the public trail, but the Maximo River ran through my farm and I had a private trail to it. I took the trail to my farm for three good and sufficient reasons. First, I knew it. Second, being a private trail it was much less apt to have Rebels on it than the public trail, and third, if I did get caught, I had the very valid excuse that I was going to my farm.

I reached the river just at dark; crossed it on a drift and came out into a burnt cane field. This was a new field and had been planted right among the logs and stumps. Furthermore, it was rich bottom land so the cane had grown up very tall, then fallen over and got all tangled up. It was about as dark as clear nights ever get. Had it been cloudy, I would most likely have been right there till morning, for my only guidepost was the north star. Between the tangled cane, the logs and the stumps, and in the dark, it was about the worst walk I ever took.

I finally reached a guardaralla, a strip of land they always leave between fields for various good and sufficient reasons. In case of fire they can stop it there if the wind is not too strong; they can use it as a road to haul the cane out on and many times they plant it in sweet potatoes. Sweet potato vines won't burn and they help out a lot on labor food bills. I followed the guardaralla to the railroad, then all was plain sailing till I got near the mill.

As I approached, I resorted to my old technique, till I heard "Alto! Quien va?", but saw no one. The voice told me to come forward with my hands in the air, and soon I heard "Alto!" again. I stood there puzzled and watched a form coming out of the dark. When he got near me, he said in perfect English, "Why look here. If it ain't Williams." It was Pedro Sanchez, manager of the mill, and right behind him was his assistant, Luis Mola, doing guard duty in person. Pedro told me that the reason he stopped me the second time was that there was a high barbed wire fence right in front of me, built to keep the Rebels from riding into the mill yard. If I would go toward

the mill, I would find a gap just big enough to slide through between the end fence post and the mill. Pedro and Luis both had high power repeating rifles. I told Pedro our troubles, and he gladly took me to Colonel Cadenas. I started telling him my troubles, when Pedro interrupted. "Mr. Williams, Cadenas speaks English. We have all kinds of people here and no one knows who is listening, so I suggest you speak English." When I got through talking to him, Cadenas went right to the telegraph office and got a telegram off to Camaguey. I had drawn quite a crowd. When Cadenas left, Pedro asked if I had had my supper, then turned to his brother, Alvaro, who ran the hotel, and told him to give me supper, a bed and breakfast, and to charge it to the mill. I hung around next morning till I saw Cadenas and his cavalry ride away, then walked back home.

The tension in La Gloria was very tight. Nobody was working and everybody was hanging around the stores waiting to see what would happen next. As I approached Mrs. Pulsifer's store, coming from the wrong direction, people flocked out of the store staring at me as though I were a creature from another world.

Mrs. Pulsifer said, "And was it you who went to Senado?"

"Why, who said anything about going to Senado?"

"Charley Burford came in from near the Rebel camp last evening and told the Lieutenant about the grave danger we are in, and asked him if he had done, or could do,anything about it. The Lieutenant said he had sent a messenger to Senado, but he refused to tell whom he had sent."

Someone else asked, "And did you go alone?"

And another piped up, "And did you walk?"

"No, I took the Brass Band with me!"

Colonel Cadenas was positively the most fearless and blood thirsty man I ever knew. He graduated from a Military Academy in the U.S.; put in two years in the U.S. Army; then returned to Cuba and got a commission in the Cuban Army. When the Revolution broke out, he was advanced to Lieutenant Colonel. He had a cavalry command of about seventy-five men, and he trained them. When not out on the trail somewhere, he had them up every morning at daylight training them. Most Cubans are poor shots, but his men fired

with deadly aim. When two opposing Cuban armies saw each other, both sides would fire a few shots, then one or both armies would run. When Cadenas saw another army he bravely rode in at the head of his men and the other army either ran or was wiped out.

I first met Cadenas soon after the rebellion broke out. He and his troop were going through the country hunting Rebels and spent a night in La Gloria. Next day he headed northwest, and at the old abandoned sugar mill of Santa Rosa he ran into an ambush. In the first volley, one horse was wounded so badly he had to be shot, but not a man was hit. Cadenas commanded his men to dismount and take shooting positions flat on the ground. The Rebels were hid inside the brick walls of the old mill and didn't dare stick their heads out to shoot. Cadenas' men couldn't see anything to shoot at. Hence a stalemate.

The Cubans have a deathly fear of a machine gun, so Cadenas used a little psychology on them. A cannon would have knocked those walls all to pieces, but a machine gun would not have fazed them, and Cadenas didn't even have a machine gun. Nevertheless, he called out— for all to hear—to hurry up and get that machine gun into action. The ruse worked. The men broke and ran for the woods; and, as they passed in front of windows, Cadenas' men picked them off. They reported three killed and several wounded. One of his men brought back a memento of the battle—a broken machete all spattered with blood. The man had been wearing it on his belt, and the bullet had passed through him from right to left and through the scabbard with enough force to break the machete in two where it hit it, some six or eight inches below the handle.

From Santa Rosa, Cadenas proceeded to the American Colony of Palm City. On the road over there they picked up a Spaniard dressed in khaki. Both Government troops and Rebels wore khaki. The Government troops wore insignia on theirs. The Rebels did not. Some other people wore khaki, too, but not many. Cadenas accused this man of being a Rebel. He denied it. In Palm City, while Cadenas was sitting on his horse conversing with Mr. Rice—a resident there—a trooper rode up, saluted, and told Cadenas that the prisoner refused to go any farther. Cadenas shrugged his shoulders and said, "If he won't go, dispatch

him." The trooper rode back to the prisoner, who was standing in the road, and asked him if he was going to go or not. The prisoner told him he was not a Rebel; and that the Army had no right to take him; and he was not going. Then he cut loose with a long string of Spanish invective against this trooper, in particular, and the whole Cuban Army in general. The trooper drew his machete; split the prisoner's head wide open; and left him lying in the road. Rice,himself,told me this story the first time I saw him after the event, and his daughter-in-law, who saw the action but was too far away to hear any spoken words, confirmed it when she visited us in Ft. Pierce, Florida, thirty-eight years later. From Palm City he headed back to his headquarters in Senado, and spent another night in La Gloria enroute. It was then that they told us about the ambush at Santa Rosa and showed us the broken machete.

In Garden City lived an American Negro who went by the name "Red". He had been a member of the famous Negro Tenth Cavalry that saved Theodore Roosevelt and his Rough Riders just before the battle of San Juan Hill. Red got drunk, which was quite a common occurrence with him, and blew off a lot of steam about being an officer in the Rebel Army. Someone told Cadenas, and he went by and arrested Red in his own home and took him out in the savana and shot him like a dog.

Soon after Cadenas' return to Senado, the Government put out a decree that all Rebels who would surrender and turn in their arms before a certain date, would be pardoned. It so happened that the Rebel officer who had carried out Caballero's orders to burn the Senado cane fields, had been a schoolmate of Cadenas. One day when Cadenas happened to be up at Minas, this fellow came in where he was and saluted him. Remembering his father-in-law's burnt cane fields, Cadenas wasn't very cordial and asked, "What are you doing here?"

"I heard you were here, so thought I would rather surrender to you than to anyone else, and have come in to surrender."

"All right. Put your gun over there with those others."

A little while later Cadenas told him he was going to Senado on the railroad motorcar and asked

him if he wouldn't like to go along. On the motorcar, Cadenas asked the Rebel officer to sit beside him; and along the road he pulled his forty-five; shot him in the side; and rolled him off the car beside the track.

News will get around, so Cadenas' reputation began to get around ahead of him. I saw him a few days after he started out to chase the Rebels that were threatening La Gloria, and asked him about the battle. He laughed and said there wasn't any battle. A mile or so before he reached the camp, he heard two shots, and was quite sure it was a warning. Then he heard a long loud call "alla va Cadenas" (There goes Cadenas). He heard the call picked up and repeated again and again. When he got to the camp, he found the biggest conglomeration of dunnage he had ever seen in one place—abandoned clothes, shoes, hammocks, blankets and foodstuffs, but nary a horse, saddle, nor man. He followed them into the mountains but was never able to catch up with them. Just the name of Cadenas with his seventy-five or eighty men had sent seven or eight hundred scurrying for the mountains, without even waiting to see him.

Sometime after this, Cadenas went down to the Jobabo Sugar Mill in Oriente Province where Rebels were thick. Before the Rebellion, Cuba was importing laborers from all over the world. Jobabo had imported a goodly supply of Jamaica Negroes. I don't know why, but Cadenas hated Jamaica Negroes. When the Rebels heard that the Government troops were coming, they looted the stores of everything they could carry and left town. As they left, they called to those standing by to help themselves; it was free. Quite a few, both Cubans and Jamaicans, helped themselves sumptuously. When Cadenas arrived, someone told him the Jamaicans had been looting the stores. A lot of them were guilty, but a lot of both Cubans and Spaniards were, too. No one reported the Cubans and Spaniards. Cadenas had every Jamaican's house in town searched; and, wherever they found more goods than would be normally necessary for day to day living, he arrested the owner and took him down to the Plaza. There Cadenas lined up the Jamaicans in front of what he told them was a camera; told them to smile as he was going to take their picture; and he mowed them down with a machine gun disguised as a camera. I had that

from Panchito Rodriguez, an eyewitness. That was too much for even the Cuban Government to stand. They called Cadenas and his Captain to Havana, relieved them of their commissions and dismissed them from the army.

Then John Bull got into the picture. When Cadenas killed an American Negro, an honorably discharged soldier, Uncle Sam paid no attention whatever. But John Bull looked after his subjects, alive or dead. Those Jamaicans were British Subjects, and Britain demanded that Cuba pay one thousand dollars to the families of every man killed—certainly little enough for a human life. That put a different aspect on things. Cuba had no intentions of paying for those "Niggers"; but, England was respected in those days and she was insistent. So Cuba had to do something about it. She arrested Cadenas and his Captain; tried them for murder; went through the formality of prosecuting the case; but, instead of doing it in reality, she sent a man to Jobabo to find witnesses that, for a price, would swear that those "Niggers" were in open rebellion against the Cuban Government. The Government paid their way to Havana and paid them to perjure themselves, and the men were found not guilty. You can't punish an army officer for doing his duty and quelling open revolt, so Cadenas and his Captain had their commissions restored, and President Menocal thought England would have to be happy.

Menocal didn't know John Bull—nor that he had a memory like an elephant's. Some months later England was having a big celebration, to which all friendly nations were invited to send representatives. Cuba sent two of her very prominent citizens, going by way of New York. One day out of New York, their boat captain received a radiogram saying that so long as those Jamaica Negroes were unpaid for, any representative from Cuba would be persona non grata in England. The boat turned back and left the two passengers in New York. For Cuba not to be represented at that function would be a real international disgrace, so Menocal got busy fast and paid for the Negroes. His men caught a later boat to the celebration. I got this story from Alcides Betancourt, a life-long, and very intimate, friend of President Menocal. He was manager of the Lugareno Sugar Mill

when we were building the addition onto it. It was during that time that he told it at the table for all to hear.

After the rebellion was quelled, there were many bills presented to the Government for war damage, including one from me. They didn't even acknowledge receipt of my claim. Mr. Goodman had his house burned and several head of cattle taken. He made several trips to Havana and two to Washington, to press his claim, but never got a cent. So far as I know they only paid two claims—the aforementioned Jamaica Negroes, at England's insistence, and repairs on the Cuba Company Railroad. As the Government troops moved eastward, chasing the Rebels before them, they wanted the railroad to move troops and supplies. The Rebels burned most of the bridges as they retreated. The Government appealed to the railroad company to repair the damage and put the road back in operation. They met a cold, "If you want to use it, you repair it. We have no money to do it with." The Government repaired it.

As stated before, when the Government forces were closing in on Camaguey, Gustabo Caballero, Governor-Elect and commander of all Rebel forces in Camaguey Province, found it too hot for him so he gave orders to burn just about everything burnable, and he took to the woods with all his men—numbering several hundred. I don't know where he went nor how many battles he fought—or ran away from—but the Government forces must have been putting heavy pressure on him, for several days later he appeared many miles away at the old Santa Rosa Sugar Mill on the North Coast—the same place where Cadenas had been ambushed. He was in full flight along the Camino Real, headed in the direction of Garden City. In the little savana of Imaias he met head on a Government detachment of less than a tenth of the number of men he had. There was heavy woods all around, and no chance for either side to see how many men the other side had. Both sides fired a few shots, then both sides ran.

Caballero couldn't run far because there was another army chasing him. About a mile back from the battle—if you could call it that—my railroad survey line crossed the road. He turned into that—followed by all his men in single file—headed toward the Maximo River. A few miles from where they entered the

survey line they were crossing the road that connects La Gloria and Garden City just as a small detachment of soldiers was going from Garden City to La Gloria. The soldiers fired on them and cut the group in two. Most of them had already crossed, so went on. The others turned back. I never learned what became of them.

I was in Camaguey when this happened. Next day the Government troops involved came into town. One of them had a glass pistol, the kind candy was put up in at that time, and said he took it off a dead Rebel. He laughed at the stupidity of the Rebels to think they could scare veteran soldiers to death with glass guns. He was the first to tell me about the battle. He said it was not much of a battle because all the Rebels ran into the woods, but they did kill four, and that I could go out and count them.

I didn't get home for several days, and when I did I went right out to count the dead. I don't know whether the soldier lied about the killing, or if friends removed the dead. There were no dead men there, but there was plenty of evidence of the crossing. This was the rainy season, and the ground was a heavy, black soil. It was easy to see that several hundred horses had crossed the road. Between there and the Maximo River—some ten or a dozen miles away—there was a lot of low, wet land, and so many horses passing worked it up into a deep quagmire. The horses had been ridden for days with but very little feed and were quite jaded. Eighteen of them got stuck in the mud and died before the army reached the river. I didn't count them just then, but did later when I had occasion to ride over the proposed railroad.

From the time they were reported to have crossed the Garden City road, it must have been about dark by the time they reached the river. The river was up and treacherous. This was mosquito time, so they must have had a very bad night. Whether they crossed it that night or next day, I never learned—but cross it they did. Neither do I know how many horses and men they lost in the crossing. Knowing the swiftness of the river; the weakness of the horses; and that two men with good horses had drowned just a few hundred yards upstream from there at the ford, it is my guess that they lost some of both, unless they used ropes to pull across.

Just by chance, an American went just a little way over the trail a day or two after the crossing and found a dead horse with a good saddle on him. He "liberated" the saddle. He told his friends and several of them went out on saddle hunts to get saddles to replace their saddles that the Rebels had taken.

Next morning after the "battle", Mr. Sulham of Garden City went out into his orange grove and found a strange Cuban up in an orange tree eating oranges. He had him come down and told him he had better go up to headquarters in Garden City and surrender. He was supposedly one of the men who had lost his horse in the mud. No indeed. Why should he surrender? He was no Rebel. He was just a peaceable country man going from one town to another, and he named the towns. His geography was sadly out. The towns he named were not very far apart and he was something like a hundred miles from either one of them. Sulham couldn't talk him into surrendering, so asked him if he would like a drink. He would. Sulham plied him with liquor till he was thoroughly drunk, then got him onto a horse behind himself and took him to Army headquarters.

The Army was occupying an American house right across the street from Nay's, and the officers questioned the man right on the front porch. Mrs. Nay, though an American, was born in Panama, and talked Spanish fluently. She could hear most of the conversation. The man told the Captain the same story he told Sulham. It was so evident that he was lying, that the Captain ordered his men to take him out and shoot him. She heard the man pleading for his life on the grounds that he was a father and had a family to support. The Captain, cold bloodedly told him he should have thought of that before he took up arms against his Government. She saw the men forcibly lead him away as he wrung his hands, pleading for his life, and protesting that Cubans should not treat each other so. She saw the men lead him around behind a nearby fence beside the woods; heard the crack of the rifle; and saw the men return.

Many, many more men were taken out at night and deliberately murdered, or executed, without trial, by some Army officer's command, than were killed in battle. To tell the truth, very few were killed in battle. Both sides were too poor shots to hit anybody, and too badly scared to stand up and fight.

Right here is a question that has bothered me ever since that time. You could see the clothes on both this man and Red move up and down as the worms ate their flesh underneath. The buzzards sat around on limbs and fences but did not attack the bodies. Why?

I remained in Camaguey a few days after the soldier came in with the glass pistol. On the Saturday night following, when Robert Anderson came home from the office, he brought an extra of the "Camagueyano", which said that Caballero and all of his men had surrendered. It, also, published a rather long interview with Caballero. On Sunday morning as I went to church, I saw great numbers of both men and women, not walking but running toward the depot, and in the procession was a hearse. I asked where everybody was going so fast, and they told me a train was bringing Caballero and his men to town, and everybody was going to meet the train. He has surrendered. "Why the hearse?"

"Oh, he is dead! He was wounded in battle and died about the time the train reached Altagracia."

I always have had a streak of curiosity in me, so after church I went down to the depot. There had previously been rumors of important Rebels either killed or captured and put in prison. Later it was learned that the rumors were mere propaganda and wholly untrue. "The Powers that be" wanted everybody to know that Caballero was really dead, so they put the body in the hearse; drove it to his house; and called his wife out to identify him. When I got to the depot, the body was gone; but his hat was there so I took a good look at it. It was a broad-brim Panama. It looked as though the bullet had gone through his head sidewise; entering just below the hat; then had ranged up; had gone out on the other side and penetrated the hat just above the brim. It looked as though he had fallen with that side of his head down and had laid there to make the trip to Camaguey for both the inside and the outside of the hat were caked with blood and brains around the hole. When I saw the hat, I said, "There is something fishy somewhere. He didn't give the interview published in the paper last evening, after he got that wound."

When I got ready to go home I just didn't think it would be healthful to go overland by horseback, as

I usually went, so I took the train to Nuevitas and a sailboat home. In Nuevitas I got the story—different parts from different eyewitnesses—no one of whom had seen all the events, but each witness had seen some of the events. I pieced the story together and pretty well checked it for accuracy. After Caballero got across the Maximo River, he didn't dare go into villages nor follow the Camino Real. There were too many Government troops looking for him. So he cut fences and crossed pastures. I have no idea where he thought he was going, but he headed in a generally southeasterly direction.

One day, he stopped to prepare dinner and let his horses graze in a little savana some fifteen or twenty miles south of Nuevitas. While everybody was busy preparing dinner, a small detachment of soldiers came up from the south. Apparently Caballero was tired and got reckless about putting out sentries. Anyhow you can't see very far down a crooked woods road. This bunch had a machine gun, and got close enough to set it up and get it into action before anyone even saw them. Machine guns in operation at close range are very destructive. When Caballero heard the tat, tat, tat, of the machine gun and saw his men falling, he surrendered—but fast. The soldiers had the Rebels stack their arms. They placed guards around the little savana; told the Rebels to be at ease and to finish their dinner. Meantime, the soldiers were in a jam themselves. Here were several hundred prisoners to be guarded through many miles of wooded country and there was only a handful of them. The commanding officer promptly dispatched a rider to Nuevitas for help. In the meantime, he had to guard his prisoners right there in the little savana where he could see them all. Dinner over, and seeing no movement of any kind, Caballero asked what they were waiting for.

"We are waiting for the rest of the Army to come up."

"Do you mean to tell me that we surrendered to just this little bunch of men?"

"You most certainly did."

He was flabbergasted, but there wasn't a thing he could do about it, for their arms were stacked out of reach and that machine gun was still sitting up at the ready with a man at the trigger. The commanding officer in Nuevitas sent all the men he could spare,

then got in touch with Camaguey. Camaguey sent an engine and enough cattle cars to hold the prisoners, and had the train wait for the prisoners at the point where the railroad passes nearest to where the prisoners were. By the time the soldiers reached the place where the prisoners were; then guarded the prisoners to where the train was waiting,it was daylight next morning. They loaded Caballero and his two principal aides into a car by themselves, then crowded the rest into the other cars—just like cattle. When all were aboard and locked up, instead of heading for Camaguey, they backed the train into Nuevitas where the depot had been. When the train stopped, a guard walked back beside it to interview the number one prisoner.

Caballero asked, "What did we come here for?"

"We wanted you to see all the destruction you have done: this depot, and all these warehouses full of sugar. Aren't you sorry you did it?"

"No! I wish that when I get to Camaguey, I might not see one brick on another."

"Don't worry about it; you shall have your wish."

When the train reached the place where it was loaded, it stopped. Caballero's private car was unlocked and the door opened.

A big Negro Sergeant rode up and asked, "Which one of you gentlemen is Caballero?"

Caballero came forward, made a pompous bow and said, "Your servant, Sir."

The sergeant put one forty-five bullet through his head and another through his body in quick succession; then shot the other two men in his car. Two soldiers got into the car; rolled the other two Rebels out onto the ground beside the car; the train pulled out and left them there. They took Caballero on into Camaguey for exhibition.

I have previously mentioned the Penya girls at Galbis, that got me up early one morning to kill a deer in their kitchen. Their oldest brother, Concho, went out with the Rebels. When the Government troops came through looking for Rebels, they went to their house looking for Concho. He wasn't there so they arrested their seventy-five year old father, Juan, and took him to the American Colony, Bartle, for questioning. The Post Commander said that after questioning the old man, he sent him home under guard. He

didn't need a guard; he lived there and knew the road. There was something there that sounded mighty fishy to me. The guards took him down the railroad about a mile and shot him—and nothing was ever done with them. Why? A few days later soldiers were again at the Penya house looking for Concho and found his brothers, Manuel and Juan Jr., and arrested them and took them to Bartle. They were both of military age, so they gave them their choice of either joining the Government Army, or joining their father.

Soon after they got the trains running again on the Cuba Company Railroad, I had occasion to travel on one and noticed that Manuel Penya was one of the military escort. That surprised me very much, for I had heard that Concho was out with the Rebels. I noticed that he seemed quite nervous and unhappy. When he got a chance he came and sat down in the seat behind me and told me all about it; but all the time he talked he kept his eye on the other soldier. Then he added, "That's why I am in the army, and I don't like it one bit. They watch me like a hawk watches a chicken."

After more than fifty years of bachelorhood, Walter Miner found a girl to marry—Katheryn Leidig, a German girl at Galbis. Before the day set for the wedding, the rebellion broke out so he set out from La Gloria—afoot and alone—through the woods and arrived on time. One of the invited guests to the wedding was Frank McLean, one of the settlers there who had come from Ohio. He had originally bought a small tract of land from Bowman, but later bought a big tract from a Cuban and went into the cattle business.

While he was getting started and learning the trade, he hired Oscar Lybass, a professional cowpoke, to work for him. I have known a lot of cowboys, but Oscar was the handiest with both a rope and a gun of anyone I ever knew; and he dearly loved to show the Cubans what he could do. One of his stunts was to have a Cuban throw a tin can up into the air; then he would keep it up there by shooting it till his gun ran out of bullets. If a Cuban was riding out in the pasture with him and he saw a cow that needed doctoring, he would ask the Cuban if he wanted him to catch the cow by the horns, around the neck, or by which leg. Then he would throw his rope, and it looked like

it just swung out into space and hung there till the cow ran up and put the particular part of her anatomy the Cuban had mentioned into the noose. So Lybass was the wonder of all the Cuban world around there, and his fame traveled far.

McLean was a little bit of a runt, much smaller than I and no gun slinger at all, but he had nerve; and, when the rebellion broke out, he buckled on a forty-five. Right during Miner's wedding, a band of Rebels came and searched Leidig's house. They took everything they saw that they wanted, then went over to his store and got about everything they could carry away. When they saw McLean's forty-five, they decided they should have that, too. Three or four of them drew their guns on him and told him to hand it over. He laid his hand on the handle. Then in the best Spanish he could speak, he told them that if it came out of the holster, it would come smoking. He told me later that he began to think they were going to have a funeral instead of a wedding and he was trying to make up his mind whose funeral it would be, when the commanding officer came up and told his men to put up their guns and let the Americano keep his. Apparently he had heard of Lybass' dexterity and thought McLean was he.

Some time later, just after Caballero gave the order to burn, a band of Rebels came through burning everything in sight that did not belong to a Cuban. They burned the section houses, the Spaniard's house and store, Leidig's house and store, and the church. When they went to burn McLean's house, he was standing on his front porch with his gun on, and a lock and chain on the front gate. A man came up and gave a strong yank on the front gate. McLean told him not to come in. "But I have orders to burn this house." "All right, if that is the way you feel about it; but I am serving notice right now that the first man through that gate will be a dead man." The first man there soon had a lot of company, and they were all armed, but with Lybass' reputation hanging over the place, there wasn't a one that cared to challenge McLean's statement nor in any hurry to meet his Maker. They stood around outside the fence till their Chief came up and told them to mount, and they rode away.

Near McLean's house, and in plain view, was Dr. McLaughlan's house. He had a license to practice in

the country, and had ridden many miles practicing, and, I suspect, had doctored some of these same men or their families. Be that as it may, they evidently thought he would be a good man to keep in the neighborhood, for they never went near his place. I was in Galbis thirteen years later and both of those houses were still standing, but both owners had sold out and returned to the U. S.

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I have previously mentioned that this world is a small place. When work started on Hoover Dam, men flocked in there by the thousands. One enterprising citizen of Las Vegas rented a garage; bought a lot of cots; and opened up a flophouse. One day I casually mentioned to the man in the cot next to mine something about having been in Cuba.

"Do you know that I have an uncle that went to Cuba a few years ago?"

"What part was he in?"

"I don't know."

"What is his name?"

"Frank W. McLean."

While I was working in Ephrata, Washington, I got a Christmas card from the wife of one of my classmates, whom I had not heard from for many years. She said, "I got your address out of the College Blue Book. We have a new preacher here who has been in Cuba. I asked his wife if they ever knew Noah Williams there. 'I'll say we knew Noah Williams there'." She was McLean's daughter. I knew her long before she ever met her husband. He went down there as a missionary, and they met and were married in Cuba. He was at that time preaching at the rural church at Lacey, Iowa, and teaching Spanish in my Alma Mater.

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When I first went to Cuba, as previously mentioned, I went to Camaguey with Birk and Thompson and bought some cattle. One of the men from whom we bought was a Texan named Damon. When Cuba got so well filled up with cattle that importing was no longer profitable, he went down south of Guaimaro and bought what had been a very large cattle ranch. He built a good house and barn, good corrals and good fences and fixed it up till it was the best-equipped ranch I was ever on. When the rebellion broke out

things began to get rather shaky. Then, he learned that the U. S. had landed an Ensign with a Company of Blue Jackets to protect the American-owned sugar mill at San Francisco, just a few hours ride from his ranch. He and his son got up early next morning and rode over.

The manager had erected a platform above the mill, high enough to command the whole country around. The Ensign had mounted a machine gun up there and kept a man constantly on guard to man the gun, if necessary. When Damon saw that, he was very enthusiastic and offered the Ensign a thousand dollars a day to furnish him a like outfit for a few days. The Ensign told him he couldn't do that. He was sent here to guard this place, and couldn't go elsewhere. But he could furnish him with arms and ammunition. It would be up to Damon to furnish his own men to man them.

They loaded their horses down with all the rifles, revolvers, and ammunition they could well carry and started for home. Somewhere along the road they saw, coming toward them, some fifty or seventy-five Rebels. Thinking of their cargo, the boy got pretty nervous. Damon had grown up along the Mexican Border and had fought Mexican bandits many times. He told the boy to keep cool. "Just make up your mind that you have but one time to die, and this is just as good a time as any, if it is necessary, but take as many of them with you as possible. Don't shoot unless you have to; but, if you do have to shoot, shoot to kill. Don't hold your gun pointed at a man. You will get tired and nervous. Cross your left arm in front of you, and lay your gun in its crook, with your finger on the trigger ready for action, and pointing in the general direction of the man's head. You have a good gun-rest; you don't get tired; and, if you see some one else butting in, you can quickly and easily shift to him."

When they met the Rebels they were halted, as they expected to be. Since Damon grew up on the Mexican Border, he spoke quite a little Spanish, but rather stumblingly. The boy grew up in Cuba and spoke it fluently. There are times that even though you know a foreign language, it is convenient to talk through an interpreter. (The most classic example is Joseph, talking to his brothers.) It gives you such

a good opportunity to stall. Damon decided that maybe this was one of the times it might be advantageous, so he had the boy do all the talking. The first question was, where they got those horses. The boy told him that they had raised them. Then he asked where they got all those guns. The boy told him that they got them at the San Francisco Sugar Mill. "Dismount. We are taking over." That is where the stalling came in handy.

While the boy was supposedly interpreting the message to the old man, they both pulled their horses out of the road and turned them facing it. Then, so quickly it made his head swim, the officer was looking into the barrels of two revolvers, both resting comfortably in the crooks of left arms. Then Damon had his son tell the Chief that he learned to shoot before the Chief was born and he hadn't forgotten how, and for him to get going and take the gang with him. The Chief was in a position where he had no choice but to obey. Damon and son turned their horses and kept them covered till they vanished out of sight around a bend in the woods road—then galloped their horses toward home.

When they got where home had been, the house, barn, and corrals had been burned; the horses and saddles stolen; fences cut; and cattle wandering wherever they chose. They had to go to the hotel in Guaimaro, for the night. Next day he hunted up some of the men who had worked for him and armed them. Some of the neighbors had seen who did the burning and gave him their names. In the next two or three days, he and his men hunted down and killed twenty-one—and one of his men was killed. Then they had to ride to Camaguey in the night. Had they been seen alone by any of the relatives of the dead men, they would most certainly have been killed. He never dared go back there to live. After peace was restored, he got a military escort to go with him to round up what could be found of his cattle. He had to sell cattle and ranch at a give-away price.

Mr. Goodman had a cattle ranch a few miles from Palm City, quite isolated from other Americans. He was not far from a Rebel camp, and everyday they came and killed one of his cattle to feed their army. One Sunday, Cap Ballard was over there on a visit and Goodman was bemoaning his troubles. He had spent

several of the best years of his life building up his herd, and now it was being wiped out right before his eyes and he couldn't do a thing about it. The Rebels had assured him that so long as he stayed there and kept his cattle there, nothing would happen to him nor his family, but if he removed the cattle they would burn his house. Ballard asked, "Which is worth more, the cattle or the house?"

"If you count the whole herd, the cattle are worth much more."

"All right. You have a wagon and tomorrow morning at daylight I will be here with another wagon and some men to drive the cattle. We will move you out and let them burn the house." Everything went according to plan except that the two wagons wouldn't hold all the furniture. Goodman sent his son, Willie, to drive his wagon and he stayed behind to pack things and to watch. Before the wagons returned, the Rebels came for their cow. When they found that the cattle were gone they were mad. They held him at gun-point, right in his own house, while they set the house on fire and got the fire going well enough so they were certain that he could not put it out—then they rode away. The Goodmans moved into a vacant house next door to us, in La Gloria.

A few days later a cavalry troop came through La Gloria, looking for Rebels. Goodman told them about his house, and gave them the names of what men he knew that helped in the burning. Then his son, Willie, and Ballard went to the ranch with them. When they got to where the house had been, Ballard suggested that the troops wait there while he and Willie went up to the next house to see what they could find. The owner was one that helped in the burning. Sure enough, they found him and two more Rebels in the house. Ballard called the owner out and told him the Government forces were near, hunting for Rebels. He should go and give himself up, before they hunted him down and killed him. No indeed! He wasn't a Rebel and wasn't going, and Ballard wasn't man enough to take him, and he drew his machete. Ballard had his gun in a shoulder holster under his shirt, but had the shirt unbuttoned at the front. Before the Cuban knew what was happening, he was looking into the barrel of Ballard's gun and Willie was covering the

two in the house. They tied two of them together, and tied the third one's hands behind him and marched the three of them down to the waiting soldiers.

The Captain questioned them; and, in the light of what Goodman had told him, and Willie's identification of at least one of them, he knew they were lying. He had the lone one and one of the two who were tied together killed on the spot. Then he told the third one he could save his life, if he would lead them to the Rebel hide-out. He agreed and they gave him a horse. They tied his feet together under the horse's belly so he couldn't jump off and run for the woods. That night, while we were eating supper, we heard a quick succession of several shots. I told the family something was happening downtown, but I was not going down to investigate. We heard single shots almost every night—some rookie cleaning his rifle or handling it carelessly, or a trigger-happy recruit on sentinel duty. But this was different.

Next morning I went downtown to investigate. The prisoner had led the soldiers to the Rebel camp the day before, but when they got there the camp was empty. The Captain said he led them a round-about way—on purpose—to give them warning so they could escape. In camp that night they turned the prisoner loose. Then one of the soldiers confided to him that he was going to be killed; that he should watch his chances and run away. That is a common custom in all Latin American countries. Turn a prisoner loose and hope he runs, so you will have an excuse to shoot him. It is known as "La Ley de fuga" (The law of flight). The prisoner ran all right. The shots we had heard were fired to stop him, but most of them were so high they went into the second story of a nearby house. He was almost to the woods and would have made it had he kept on going, but he either stumbled or laid down so the bullets would pass over him. Two soldiers ran out and grabbed him. They took him down the Port road to the edge of town and literally cut him all to pieces with their machetes.

I had two contractors clearing land for me to plant cane. One was a Spaniard; I don't remember his name. The other was Jesus Noguera, a Cuban. One day at noon, when I happened to be out at the farm, the men got to talking about the rebellion and which side

was in the right. The Spaniard said it wasn't his fight. Let the Cubans fight it out among themselves. Some of the men sympathized with one side—some with the other. Jesus said he wasn't on either side. He could make more money right here clearing land than he could fighting on either side—and it wasn't nearly so dangerous.

Some days later the Spaniard appeared at my home in La Gloria. The Rebels had ordered him to quit work. He wanted me to go out and measure the work he had done and pay for it. He said that one of the Rebels came out to their camp; had dinner with him and arrested Jesus. He told him that his orders were to take Jesus out and hang him as a spy for the Government forces, but he had known Jesus all his life and would not hang him. He would take him to headquarters and they could do what they pleased with him. The man told him they were stopping all work—for him to stop, too. If he came back and found him working, he would take him to headquarters and they might do anything to him.

A few days later I was downtown and was told there had been a battle out at Garden City and the army had brought in two prisoners. They had no prison at La Gloria, and the Rural Guard Cuartel was right beside the street I usually traveled when going to or coming from town. As I approached it that day I saw the two prisoners handcuffed to a porch post. To my surprise, one of them was Jesus. I didn't think it would look just right for me to talk to Jesus, so I hunted up the Captain and asked him about the battle. He said there wasn't any battle. They were out at Garden City, looking for Rebels, and found these two in an American's sweet potato patch stealing potatoes and brought them in. I asked what he was going to do with them and he said, "They deserve to be shot."

I said, "I don't know about the other fellow, but I do know about Jesus. He is one of my workmen and the Rebels arrested him, and took him away to hang him. Maybe they pardoned him if he would join their forces."

"Yes. That is what he says. He deserves to be shot for stealing sweet potatoes."

"No. It isn't just what he says. It is what I know to be true from another source of information.

And as to stealing sweet potatoes, the Rebels do have to eat, and who would be more suited to do their rustling than one who lives here and knows where to find things?"

"He deserves to be shot." I saw there was no hopes of getting anywhere with the Captain, so I went on home.

Next morning, I watched a military escort march the prisoners toward Port Viaro on their way to Nuevitas. I had heard of several prisoners who had started for Nuevitas, and had been tossed into the bay. After my very unsatisfactory interview with the Captain, I very much feared Jesus was very likely going to the same fate. Some days later I was in town when a new bunch of recruits came in. To my very great surprise—right in among them—dressed in uniform and with a gun on his shoulder, marched Jesus. I don't think they trusted him very far, for they gave him a kind of "Permanent Lease on Kitchen Police". I always knew right where to find him. A month or so after he came to town—and I think it was the first time he had been out of camp since he came there—he came to my house one evening, in uniform but without a gun. He looked very happy and said the war was all over and asked if he could go back to work. I put him back to work.

The Rebels had burned the leaves off my clearing before the wood was dry enough to burn. Then the Spring rains had brought the vines up through the brush, and I had a real mess. It cost me several thousand dollars more to clean it up than the price I had contracted to pay for it before the Chambelona. When I got the difference figured out, I sent the claim to the Government. I had just as well have saved my effort and the postage stamp. I never got even a reply.

Some time later I was out at the farm, and the men were telling their experiences and what they were going to do the next time there was an uprising. Jesus said, "Do you know what I am going to do the next time there is a war? I am going to the nearest seaport and look for a boat preparing to sail. I won't even ask where it is going. I will only ask how soon it is going to start." He really meant it. He had had more close calls than anyone else I knew who was still alive. He didn't get to look for his boat. I was over at La Gloria thirteen years later and inquired for Jesus.

He had died a natural death and there had been no revolution.

Not many weeks after peace was declared, I got a letter from Ames. He was building another sugar mill at Lugareno, bigger than the present one, and he wanted me to help him. My first thought was that I couldn't do it. But on due consideration of the fact that my clearing was now costing so much more than the original estimate, I needed the money. Lugareno was close enough to my farm that I could take a few hours off occasionally to ride over to see how the work was going. I accepted. The revolution had given everyone an unwanted vacation, so now everybody was glad to get back to work. World War I was still going on in Europe so the price of sugar was going up—and with it the price of labor. Cuba was importing labor from all over the world. I even had one gang of East Indian coolies. They were a mess—long hair, turbans and all! They seemed willing enough to work but they didn't understand either Spanish or English, and I couldn't talk East Indian. Their foreman spoke a little English, but he didn't know enough about the jobs we had to do to grasp the idea of how work was to be done. When he didn't understand it himself, naturally, he couldn't get the idea across to the men. They were a real headache.

One day I had them doing some general cleaning up. A big tall fellow, with long hair and a turban on, came over to where I was. He acted like he was half scared to death about something, and began to say, "bee-bow, bee-bow, bee-bow." I tried asking him what he wanted—in both English and Spanish—and always got more of the same. He kept looking around and finally saw what he was looking for— a wheelbarrow! I just supposed he had found something to move so heavy he thought it would be easier to wheel it than to carry it, and nodded my consent. We were building a cooling pond. Concrete was not made in those days as it is today. The concrete mixer set in one spot, and I had a line of wheelbarrows hauling crushed rock and sand to it, and another line hauling the mixed concrete away—all Spaniards; also, Spaniards loading the wheelbarrows. This Indian took his wheelbarrow over into the line that was hauling rock. The Spaniards wanted to see him work, so whenever he came up for a load they loaded him a big load in a hurry. I had

enough men there and didn't need him there at all. I watched him a few minutes and saw that he really did know how to roll a wheelbarrow, so I left him there and pulled a Spaniard off and sent him to do something else. There were a lot of things I could tell him to do that he knew how to do. To make a long story short—I soon had Indians on all the wheelbarrows, with Spaniards to load them. Those big barrows that hauled the mixed concrete were real man-killers, but those boys could really handle them. It was the only thing I ever found that they could really do well.

This job lasted about eight months, and was about the most uneventful big job I ever had. When it was done, we went over east of Moron along the new North Coast Railroad—right out into the jungle. We started clearing land preparatory to tearing down the Violeta Sugar Mill, which we had built three years before, and moving it over there. This job was not as uneventful as Lugareno had been. There were two squatter shacks right where we wanted our mill yard. We bought the owners out, put board floors in the shacks and fixed them up—one for an office and the other for a dormitory. We then built a cook shack and dining room of palm leaves and were in business. Before I went over there Ames let a contract to clear and close-cut the "batey" (mill yard). He gave me a copy of the contract. The standard specifications for clearing were that all machete stumps must be less than six inches high and other stumps low enough that a cart could straddle them. Close-cutting was cutting everything down level with the surface of the ground. The price was somewhere around double than that paid for standard clearing.

As soon as I got squared around so I had time, I went out to inspect this close-cutting, and found that the contractor was cutting it to standard specifications. I hunted him up and told him I couldn't accept that kind of clearing. He insisted he was doing it according to contract. I got the contract and read it to him. He couldn't read. The contract had been verbal, as most contracts with laborers had to be. Ames had written this down to guide me in inspecting and receiving the work. The man insisted that what I read him was not his contract; that he was doing it according to contract. He went right on cutting it as before.

Not many days afterward, he sent a bunch of his men up with an order for me to pay them off. I refused to pay them till he started close-cutting. They went back to him, and he came to me just boiling. He was so mad! Why hadn't I honored his order? I told him I thought I had already told him in a language he could understand why I didn't pay his men. In case he didn't understand before, I would repeat. I would not pay his men, nor give him one cent, till he started close-cutting. The men I had refused to pay promptly went and told his other men, and soon I had his whole bunch on me. I told him that if he wanted to, I would measure up what he had done and pay him for standard clearing. No, indeed! He had a lot of money earned there and he wasn't going to lose it. He had subcontracted to his men for regular clearing, at subcontractor prices, and most likely was cheating them in the measurements. Most of them did. If he could collect at close-cutting rates, he would have a lot of money coming. He insisted he was going to finish it.

I don't know what kind of promises he made to the men, but he made two or three trips to nearby sugar mills and brought men back to do the clearing for him. Other contractors promptly told them that he couldn't pay them because I wouldn't pay him for unsatisfactory work, and got his men to go to work for them. Finally, he got the idea through his head that he was trying to do the impossible and that I meant what I said about paying him for one kind of work, when he was doing another, and offered to accept pay for standard clearing. I went with his men, gang by gang, and measured the work they had done. They wouldn't trust him. I couldn't blame them.

My desk was about three feet from the only door in our shack office—and sitting against the wall. I was figuring the account of one of his men—the man was standing by me—when suddenly, without any warning, the contractor sprang in at the open door, machete in hand, to kill me. He said I had insulted his self-respect, but didn't say how. To this day, I don't know if it was something I had said, or if it was because I was figuring up the men's accounts and paying them off instead of giving him the money. I suspect the latter, because it was plainly branding him as the crook which he was and he didn't like it.

He was a large man for a Cuban—approximately six feet tall and powerfully built. The muscles on his forearm were as big as the calf of my leg. I was in a tight spot. I didn't have a thing to defend myself with and he was in the only door so I couldn't run. To say I was scared would be a vast understatement. I felt cold chills run, first down my spine, then all over me. I wasn't looking, but the men in the office told me later that every man there, including myself, went white as a sheet; but not a man made a move to stop him. I can't blame them, for he was by far the most powerful man in the house; had his machete in his hand and was angry besides. I caught his eye, the same as I would of a savage dog, and started talking to him. "It isn't going to do you one bit of good to kill me. What you want is money. Killing me won't get you one cent, but I am fixing to give you some. Not as much as you want, but you have some coming and I am fixing to pay it to you." I don't know if he suddenly realized the enormity of what he had been about to do—or what hit him—but he went limp and shook like an aspen leaf in a gale. He went back outside and waited while I finished settling with all of his men. I then wrote him a check for what he had coming and he went on his way.

Sugar mills burn the ground cane—known as bagasso—to heat their boilers and cook the juice, once they get going. But it takes a vast amount of wood to kindle fires; raise steam; and grind till the bagasso reaches the furnaces and to care for any breakdown that may occur afterwards. In clearing land we were cutting down great quantities of good firewood, which in normal procedure would be burned on the ground. I went to one of the contractors and made a deal with him to cut several hundred cords of this wood into furnace length, paying him by the cord. A Spaniard came along who had some American wagons and mule teams, and I gave him a contract to haul this wood into the wood-yard. He was a very hard worker—but a bully—and always carried a gun for his protection. Things were going along fine and he was getting a lot of wood hauled, when one day at noon something went wrong. He either fired one of his drivers or the driver quit and he paid him off. The driver couldn't figure, so he got someone else to figure the account and count the money. He brought it back

and told the contractor he had not been paid enough, and how much more the contractor owed him. The contractor, feeling very secure with his gun on his belt, said, "That is what I owe you and that is all I am going to pay you."

"If you are not going to pay me what you owe me, don't pay me anything." And he threw the money down on the table and walked away.

The contractor said, "Well, all right, if that is the way you feel about it." And he gathered the money up and put it in his pocket.

The dining room was a long table, with a board for a seat on each side, in an open palm-leaf shed. The contractor was sitting down eating his supper that evening with his gun on his belt, when the driver walked by as if going to a seat farther down the table. He had a gun in his pocket where no one could see it; his hand on the gun; and his finger on the trigger. Just as he passed the contractor, he shoved the gun in his back and pulled the trigger. The contractor died about midnight. The driver got fourteen years in the penitentiary, but I doubt very much if he ever served half of it. Pardons were common in those days.

Another event there was more on the humorous side. Cuba has an animal named jutia (who-tee-a). It is indigenous to Cuba, and not found anywhere else. It is bigger than a 'possum and looks more like a big overgrown rat. It belongs to the rodent family. The first time I ever saw one, a Cuban had climbed a tree; killed one and threw it on the ground. I didn't talk much Spanish at that time, but did succeed in asking him if it was good to eat. He shrugged his shoulders and said it was edible in time of war but not in time of peace. I didn't know what he meant then. I learned later. The Cubans have a saying that hunger is the best seasoning you can mix with any food. In time of war they have plenty of that kind of seasoning. Here at Violeta the jutias were the most plentiful I ever saw anywhere. Our office mess here was quite cosmopolitan. One day at dinner we got to discussing the merits and demerits of jutias as food. One Canary Islander said, "They are very clean animals, and live in the trees on leaves and fruit. I can't see why they shouldn't be good to eat."

I said, "I have eaten them many times, and find the young ones quite palatable."

A Spaniard named Melendre spoke up very emphatically, "Well, I wouldn't eat one!"

Since we were far out in the jungle where there were no stores nor meat markets, our cook, a Jamaica Negro, made arrangements with a butcher in Moron to send him a piece of meat everyday by the brakeman on the train. One day after the train went through, the cook hunted me up and said, "Mr. Williams, that brakeman didn't bring me no meat and Mr. Ames is coming for dinner and I ain't got no meat."

"Well, have you got any vegetables? Can't you cook a vegetable dinner?"

"Yes,suh, Boss. I can cook a vegetable dinner all right, but I needs a little meat for a base."

"Well, I am sorry, but I can't do a thing to help you. You will just have to do the best you can."

A few minutes later, I was walking past where the men were clearing land and saw a Chinaman and a Spaniard killing a jutia. They threw him down and I asked what they were going to do with him and they said "nothing", so I picked him up and took him over to the kitchen and called the cook. "Here, Sam, is your meat. Can you cook jutia?"

"Yes,suh, Boss. I can fix him."

"All right. Now you have your meat. See what you can do with it."

At dinner I noticed that everybody helped himself sumptuously and some of them came back for second and third helpings. Among the three timers was Ames. When everybody was through, the Canary Islander turned to the Spaniard sitting beside him and said, "Well, Melendre, how did you like your jutia?"

Melendre jumped like he had had a pin stuck in him; looked at the big pile of little bones around his plate; shrugged his shoulders and said, "Está bien". (It's all right.)

Ames asked, "Was that jutia?"

The Canary Islander answered, "It most certainly was."

Someone else asked, "Where did you get that idea?"

That Canary Bird just couldn't keep his mouth shut. "I saw Mr. Williams carrying him over to the kitchen."

Shortly after that, I employed the same Mr. Robinson who went with me over the Sierra Maestra Mountains as photographer, to be my timekeeper.

The next time Ames came out and the meat was passed, he asked, "Is this jutia?"

Robinson asked, "Why, Mr. Ames, don't you eat jutia?"

"I didn't think I did, but I think I did the last time I was here." I'll say he did and liked it till he learned what it was. I assured him this was not jutia.

As we were far out in the woods and had no locomotive, we had to depend on the railroad company to do our switching and spot our cars. They were building up trade, and we were by far their biggest customers—and getting bigger—so they were glad to do it for us. One day the Roadmaster, a Scotchman, was out there supervising the switching and he said to me, "Williams, I have a son just out of school. I can get him a job with the railroad, but you are just building up your organization and can give him a better job. He will make you a good man. How about it?"

"Sure, Mac, I can use him and will be glad to give him a job."

The very next day, while we were eating dinner, the train came in and I rushed out to spot my cars. Mac was there with his motorcar. After we got through switching he said, "Come over here Williams; I want you to meet my son I told you about."

You could have knocked me over with a feather. He was a dark mulatto. I was dumb and on the spot. When I recovered just a little, I said, "Come over here, Mac. I want to talk with you. You didn't tell me that your son is a Nigger."

"Oh, yes, his mother is a Jamaica Nigger."

"Well, Mr. Ames is from Kentucky. I can't take him into our mess."

"Oh, no, he wouldn't expect that. All I asked you for is a job. He will look after himself. He is a graduate of Booker T. Washington School in Alabama, and knows a Nigger's place. He will make you a good man."

I took Mac at his word; gave the boy a job and let him look after himself. As he showed his ability, I gave him a chance for advancement and he made good. Much more so than several Americans I hired. They were sailors who had jumped ship and come looking for

work. They were popularly known as Tropical Tramps and could do just about anything. They were particularly good as riggers. We only paid once a month. They would work—and work well—till pay day, then they would go off on a drunk. Maybe they would show up in about a week and maybe I would never see them again.

It was while working on this job that I made up my mind to return to the U.S. It was not any one thing, but a combination of several things, that brought about the decision. The biggest item was Birdie's back. When she was twelve years old she had a fall that slipped her spine, and it had hurt her from then on. When we were in Iowa in 1906, I took her to an Osteopath. He gave her one month's treatment and it did her a lot of good. When she was in the States in 1910, I sent her the money and wrote her to go to an Osteopath to get a series of treatments. Her father was an M. D. and they didn't think much of Osteopaths and Chiropractors, so he objected and she didn't go.

She had now borne five children, and it was telling on her—so much so that it hurt her to even pick up the baby. Most of his care and washing were thrown onto Elizabeth, who was just under ten years old. My brother-in-law, Robert Anderson, had taken an Osteopathic course before he came to Cuba. He had practiced in Chicago. I had him examine her and he said that by all means, she should have a long series of treatments. Neither Osteopaths nor Chiropractors were allowed to practice in Cuba at that time. In the meantime, her father had died. Her mother had remarried and was living in Indiana. My first thought was to send her to her mother for a year. With five children, that would make a very big load on her mother. Furthermore, in another year or so, Elizabeth would have to go to the States to school, followed by the others—one by one. That would completely break up the family.

Then, I turned to look at the Cuban end of the picture. We had recently come through a revolution that had cost me a lot of money, as well as imperiling our lives at times. I had spent several thousand dollars clearing land and planting cane for seed, on the promise of the Senado Sugar Mill furnishing me money to plant the whole farm. The Chambelona

had destroyed over four million dollars worth of cane for them and had stopped the construction on the new railroad, so now they were unable to furnish me any money at all. As I talked with the Cubans, it was easy to see there was a lot of rancor and I figured it was only a matter of time until there would be another revolution. (It didn't come as soon as I expected, but it came.) What would be the sense of breaking up the family so I could stay in Cuba to earn more money, just to lose it in the next upheaval? Far better to earn less money in a country where there are no revolutions; where Birdie could get her back treated; where the family could be together and the children could get their education.