

"We used to have our horses and they'd tell me, 'Now don't run old Chico.' And I'd go out of the barn just as slow down the street, and then where I turned down the lane where there's nobody to see, I never ran anything in my life that gave me the thrill as laying down on that horse and just let him go just as hard as he could go. I don't think they know what real thrill is until you feel that contact between a boy and a horse. And then your dog coming just as hard as he could come. We had all those things. Here in the city you're somewhat restricted. Your kids don't have that opportunity. And we had plenty of weeds to hoe and so it kept us out of mischief. Father had about every kind of fruit in the orchard, a big vineyard, strawberries, raspberries. And we had a well we pumped when the water was scarce. We had a horsepowered pump where we'd pump water and water the garden."

I: You've talked about some of the successes the colonies had. Were there any particular obstacles to labor against down there?

B: I don't think so. Paul Cardon was our principal and he was a great man. I don't know of any. Those feelings built up more after the Revolution come and these agitators then somewhat maybe ignited some of that.

I: What was it that led up to the Revolution and the exodus?

B: Well, you see, first Francisco Madero, who was a very high type man, and what they said, too idealistic to really govern, He's the one that first rebelled and they finally killed him. Then Pascual Orozco and these different bands got up. And Inés Salazar. I heard Dad tell this story that up at the old Casas Grandes, we could hear them battle up there. When the one outfit would come in, they'd battle for the town. We could hear them shoot and everything. They said one old Mexican came to town and the guard challenged him, said, "¿Quién vive?"--"Who lives?" He said, "Dile tú primero"--"You say first." He wanted to be on the safe side. Well, you never knew which side had which. And then there was old Inés Salazar that caused us the real trouble, caused the exodus. He was up against it for guns and ammunition.

Father went up there to protest some taxes that they charged on the railroad--he was building a railroad under contract. And Salazar just took him right in and demanded they turn these arms over and of course Father told him he didn't have anything to do about it. But he told him to go get Junius Romney and bring him in. Father went over to Colonia Juárez and Junius, according to his word-- I've listened to him tell his story--he didn't think that Father was very friendly towards him. Of course Father was much older and Junius thought he being young that he didn't really respect him as a stake president. He said that before they got to Casas Grandes, they pulled in a little wash there to hold prayers to decide what to do and he said that they all said that he must take Father with him, take Brother Bowman. He said that the last man he wanted to take with

him was Brother Bowman. But they all agreed on that, so Father and Junius went in to face Salazar. And Salazar was very abusive and Junius was very abrupt in talking to him, telling what he would and wouldn't do. Finally León Ponce, who was a very polished fellow, and was one of Salazar's chief advisers, took Salazar and went into the other room.

Junius said Father said to him, "Don't you think you're just a little bit abrupt? Shouldn't you just kind of handle this a little smoother?" And he said, "Brother Bowman, if it's the last thing I ever do, I'm going to tell that man what I think of him." He said Father turned to him and said, "Well Junius, remember you're the president of the stake and you're the man that's in charge. And anything that you do, I'm one hundred percent back of you." He said he never had anything in his life affect him like finding out that Father was right there back of him. Well, that's the way the Church is. Well, then they demanded these guns so finally he compromised with them. He told them he couldn't tell the men to give up their arms but he would try to advise them. Salazar sent fifty men of the calvary to go into Dublán to get these guns. But they gave President Romney consent for them to go in and hold a little meeting first. And they called some of the principal men together.

So they agreed that they'd go out and tell the men to turn in their small guns and keep the large ones. For example in our home we had a 25-35 and a 30-30 and a little 25-20. So we turned in the 25-20. They did that all over town, but our good guns we kept. As I told you, we wrapped them in oil-cloth and buried them right in the ground in the chicken coop so that if they searched they couldn't have found them. That's what happened all over town. Well, they thought they had our guns but they had just the very fringe end of what we had. Then they were going to protect us. Well, immediately they started to assemble the women and shipped them out. And just one thing led to another. They killed one man up in Colonia Juárez. They went over to arrest him and he went to hit Lorin Taylor over the head with a shovel and one of the other men shot him, which was justified and the authorities backed him but it raised quite a contention. They were ready to attack our town that morning that we left. You should hear Junius's story about what a night he had trying to get messengers to different places to warn and get the thing going. I don't know whether you read his story or not.

I: You mentioned that when the women and the children went out, you were already in El Paso.

B: Yes.

I: How was that?

B: Well, my brother ran a brokerage business out there. My oldest brother went on a mission to Mexico when he was seventeen years old. He talks Spanish better than a Mexican does. He ran a brokerage business bringing goods from the United States into Mexico. It was quite a skillful affair to be able to get the right duty on them and things of that sort. I was living with them this summer in

Ciudad Juárez. His wife was quite a musician and I even took lessons on the piano from her. So that I was there when Father came out to Ciudad Juárez.

I: Maybe you could tell about that trainload of women and children coming in there.

B: Well, they got in there about 8:30 at night and of course it was dark and boy, it just wrung your heart to hear the children crying. That train was held up there. The Mexican officials said no, we couldn't cross the border tonight. So then Father knowing the customs of Mexicans--I might deviate there and tell you when I went down to my brother's funeral, Gordon Hirckley was with me. After we got all through with the customs and he told us we could go, then I tipped him and Gordon thought that was terrible to think that I would tip an official. I said, "Gordon, you don't understand. That's the only way these people can live. If they don't get these tips or bribes or whatever you want to call them." I said, "I didn't bribe him because I'd already passed, but I know what the poor man's up against so I contributed to his welfare." So Father used to do that. He just handed the fellow \$75.00. Immediately we went across. We were in the Union Depot there in El Paso when the train pulled in from Mexico. And to see those women and children and very few men. Once in a while an older man would come. Guy Taylor, I guess he's the one that shot this Mexican. They'd been after him for quite a while. He was on that train, some of the leaders. But the people from El Paso came in and just had their cars and took them in and took them home. Later they put them in lumber yards and all over the town they'd get shelter for them and they fed them and took care of them until the government could come in. From there they were sent out to different parts. A lot of them went to Arizona. Some in New Mexico. Different places. We stayed right there in El Paso.

I: Was Brother Ivins there to meet that trainload?

B: Brother Ivins was there the day before. He wasn't down to the train that night.

I: After the women and children came out, did you stay right there in El Paso or did you go back to the colonies?

B: Well, I went back to the colonies the next morning. And then all the women were out when I got in there. Then I stayed there and made that trip overland. We went, oh, it was a good two hundred miles. I rode this horse bareback--a work horse. This Bob Done said, "I want to ride the pacer if you want to ride the other one." When they got out here, I think Father got \$275 for them, American money and that was quite a thing.

I: Did all the people from the colonies come out or did some stay?

- B: Everyone went out of town but Spencer. Josiah Spencer stayed. Their family was Anglo but they had intermarried with Mexicans. Then he married a Mexican and they were intermingled. He never left. He'd taken about, oh, I think he said he had a bunch of merchandise that he'd taken and hidden under his hay. At least part of that came back to the store. When we went back in to Dublán a couple of months afterwards and when we got to the store, we found that they'd be looking at ribbon or something or they'd see something somebody else had, they'd just drop it and run over there until back of the counter was almost level with ribbon and piece goods and things of that sort. We rewound ribbon and cleaned it up and Father took it down to Mexico City, just the stuff they'd left laying like that, and got over \$20,000 for it.
- I: You said that your family stayed on in El Paso. Why didn't your father go back to Dublán to run the store?
- B: Oh, not then. It was still a hotbed. But we went back to see what we could gather up and get the thing in shape, and during that time, why they had a railroad contract, and my brother who was with Niels Larsen--that was Father's partner--they were up in the mountains where they were doing this railroad job. They were told the night before that the rebels were coming in the next night or the next day and were warned to get out. But this partner Larsen talked it over with Demar and they decided they'd stay. Well, they came all right and Larsen tells the story that a man he knew came to him and told him, he said, "They're going to kill you and there's a wash there. You just drop down that wash and beat it. Get away." "Oh," he said, "I can't leave Demar." He said, "Well, I'll tell Demar." So he left and he ran and when he stopped, his heart was beating so hard that he thought he could hear them coming so away he'd go again. And he reached the top of the mountain just in time to see the Mexicans take Demar and go off and leave the camp.

They held Demar for about a week. They made another good raid and so they gave him a horse and saddle and had him sign a paper saying that he'd had good treatment and he promised to leave the country. Of course, that's the way they do in Mexico if they want you to escape. They'll take a prisoner--some of the fellows that's murdered--they'll take him to another town and going to the town he tries to escape, they just shoot him. Well, Demar knew that and when he left that camp, he didn't look right or left, he just let his horse poke along just as slow as he could go. Then he said when he got out of sight, he really left that place. When he got to the railroad he sold the horse and saddle for enough to get him a ticket to get to Dublán and he was going to leave. He had all he wanted. But Mother didn't know that he was a prisoner until just the day before. We did. Some fellow came and said to Mother, "What have you heard from Demar?" But then we came out overland and brought another team and brought some of our goods and things. We never went back. My brother Claude went back.

- I: About what year would that have been when you went out for the last time?
- B: I'd say about 1912.
- I: So it was right soon after the exodus.
- B: Oh, yes, right soon afterwards. Claude went back in and he stayed there and became a Mexican citizen in 1917.
- I: Once you finally went out, did you stay there at El Paso?
- B: Yes.
- I: What did your father do for a living once he was in El Paso?
- B: Well, he'd been in business all these years so he could get us all jobs. I started out with Albert Matthias and Company and got \$12 a week. Then later he bought a farm down between El Paso and Ysleta, fifty-two acres. It had a large pear orchard and he put in many more orchards that had mostly pears but we raised cantaloupes and a lot of things. He moved down on the farm and then he went up to New Mexico and bought 1100 acres right west from Doña Ana. A spiritualist had lived there. He'd built some big barracks to install an orphanage. They had the help live up on earth (what they called where the help lived), and the orphanage at the center or headquarters. He had him a studio where he received revelations and things. We stayed there for two or three years. We had 500 acres in hay; we run a thousand head of hogs. Believe me, we worked. And then when you're already to harvest and here comes a hailstorm and just takes every leaf off it. Still have to cut it. We said, "Dad, we can make a living down in El Paso. Let's forget this fool place." So then Father, Mother and my older brothers moved to Kanab, but we stayed in El Paso. I went to Mesilla Park to the agricultural college and played football and basketball and track for them. Then later in the fall I moved to Kanab in 1916 and I went to the BYU in 1916-1917. In November 1917 I went into World War I.
- I: What were you studying at BYU?
- B: Oh, a regular business course.
- I: Was that a very big school in those days?
- B: Yes, of course off campus they just had the Maeser Memorial up on Temple Hill. Of course, they called that Temple Hill when I was a boy four years old. I'll never forget going up on Temple Hill and looking down on those farms and seeing those pretty straight rows. It's something. When I think of paradise I just close my eyes and see that picture. You only went up to Maeser Memorial for very little then. It was all there in the main campus.

I: When you were at El Paso, were there very many other members of the Church there?

B: Yes, they had a branch there then. They used to meet in the Odd-fellows Hall first. I believe this basketball did more to break down prejudice than anything that could have happened. There was a lady doctor and she had a son and their name was Ross and he came home and he said, "My, what fine physiques." What fine fellows we were. His mother said, "Do you know why they're fine?" He said, "No. Why?" She said, "Because they live moral lives. They live clean lives. They don't abuse their bodies." Well, when you go in El Paso for three or four years and you win game after game for them and you live your life like you're supposed to, why it has quite an impression.

I went to school with Chris Fox at the El Paso High and then later when I was up at the college we played against each other. Chris Fox first run for sheriff and they laughed. He was bucking the machine. And when he got on the stage one night, they laughed. He had a long nose. He said, "You know, last night at the rally, they laughed at my nose." He said, "Do you want to know who's responsible for that nose? Mother, come on out here." He's 6' 3" anyway. His mother come out and she come up to his shoulders and they laughed and laughed and laughed. And you know, the boy won the election. Then after he was sheriff he become secretary of the Chamber of Commerce. Then he was vice-president of the state bank there in El Paso now. They just built a big beautiful bank. Now when I went in there as president of the mission, he called all the gang together and had a big dinner. After we'd had our meal he said, "Harold, stand up and tell us what you've been doing these last years." So I got a chance to stand up and tell him about my activities and then tell him why I was there, what the Church did and what the mission did and things of that sort. It was quite an occasion. He's the one that sent me this picture. He couldn't remember who this fellow was and I can't either. Let me tell you a little bit about our trip out at the time of the exodus. My brother woke me at 4:00 a.m. and said we were to report to President Harris. We walked out of our home with what clothes we had on our backs. I will never forget seeing 150 men at first streak of dawn cross the river on horseback. We went in the mountains to the Stairs and that was rugged. They had me go up and do guard duty that night. I got off at 11:30 and it took me till 1:00 to get back down into camp. You didn't dare walk; you'd just slip down. When we left the Stairs we traveled all night and went over to what they call the Tapacitas. We stayed there for about a week. Beautiful stream of water. And then after we left there we picked up about, I think it was, fifteen rebels and kept them captive until the last half a day we were in Mexico. We knew we'd cross the border that evening. Then we turned them loose. Gave them back their horses and then guns.

As we approached the border, we went through a bunch of sacatóns. It's a bush that goes up and then it turns over. And those things were about three and a half feet high. They were in a fertile valley. That's

where the Yaqui Indians had surprised a bunch of federal soldiers and they were on horses and they just run along side of them and they just slaughtered those soldiers. We went right through that area. As we approached Dog Springs, the Mexicans had been raiding the ranches there and the United States Cavalry that was stationed there was told that if they had to they should shoot and shoot to kill. Well, as we approached we made quite a sight. There were at least two hundred men on horses; that made quite a volume of dust that could be seen for some distance. This cavalry got behind the rock walls and had their guns all leveled on us. Just before they were given the command to shoot, one fellow said, "Don't shoot. I know that man. It's Ammon Tenney. They're not Mexicans." We came right near to disaster. Boy, if that wasn't great to get back to the old United States. Good clean water and from then on it was quite a trek.

I: I guess when you got to Texas, that was about the first time you'd ever spent much time with gentiles.

B: Yes, it was.

I: So that must have been kind of different. You'd been raised with Mormons all your life.

B: Yep, all the time. When we went to school--we just mixed. I was over in France playing football and we went into a church one day--one Sunday morning--and the boys that were Catholics did what they were supposed to and the rest of us watched. When we got outside, one of the fellows turned to me and said, "Say Bowman, what are you?" I said I was a Mormon. Well, he put his hands on his hip, looked me up and down and said, "The hell you are." I said, "What's the matter, no horns?" Well you see, you get used to things like that. But I have non-Mormon friends any place I have been. I can go into El Paso or any of those places that we ever lived. Chris Fox, he'd just do anything. He sent this picture of us brothers on the 1913 championship team. If he sees anything that looks interesting, why here it comes.

My daughter was going to Mexico and he was secretary of the Chamber of Commerce. Well, she was with her cousins that lived in Dublin. When she got to the border they asked her for her passport and she didn't know she had to have a passport. So they wanted to know if she didn't know anybody in El Paso. So finally they suggested she go to the Chamber of Commerce to see if they couldn't help her. And so she told the girl at the desk her story and the secretary went back to Chris's office. He said, "What did you say her name was?" She said, "Bowman." He said, "Tell her to come in here." He said, "Who was your father?" She said, "Harold Bowman." He said, "Come over and sit on my knee."

I: You were telling a little bit about how you were in France during the war and that you were working with the Spanish labor camps. Were they hired or were they prisoners?

B: Hired. The army hired them and paid them their wages and then if they stayed so long they got a bonus.