

WHEN WE WERE MIGRANT WORKERS.....

INTRODUCTION

This story was written in order for our children, our grandchildren, and our great grandchildren to know about a way of life which (hopefully) they will never experience. This story will let our children, our grandchildren, and our great grandchildren acquire some understanding about a different time and a different lifestyle --- i.e., the hard life of a migrant worker.

I want to thank my brother and my sisters for their much-appreciated assistance in the writing of this story. They provided me with many photos and personal recollections of this time in our lives. To them, I will be eternally grateful.

I also want to thank my father and my mother (both now deceased) for providing my siblings and me with an opportunity to travel and see a different part of this great country called the United States of America. South Texas is a great place to live, but a person must travel in order to see how other folks live their lives in this great nation --- and I thank my parents for giving my siblings and me that opportunity.

Eugenio Garza, Jr.

October 15, 2015

WHEN WE WERE MIGRANT WORKERS....

My family and I were migrant workers during the years 1948, 1949, 1950, and 1951. In early May of each year --- after school was out for the summer --- we would leave Mirando City and travel to the State of Michigan to work in the beet fields of Central Michigan, pick cherries in Northern Michigan, and pick tomatoes in Southern Michigan and/or Northern Ohio.

In May 1948 --- the first year that we went to Michigan --- I was thirteen years of age. The rest of my family's ages were as follows: Dad was forty-four; Mom was forty-two; Ninfa was twenty; Socorro (also known as Coy) was nineteen; Lilia was eighteen; Emma was sixteen; Corina was eleven; Ernesto (also known as Neto) was seven; Delia was four; Amanda was three; and Elma was one. (Ninfa did not travel to Michigan with my family and me; she had married Tomas Garza in 1947 and she and Tomas stayed in Texas. 1948 was the only year that my sister Coy traveled to Michigan with us; she married Ramiro Cortinas in 1949 and stayed in Texas.)

It was probably Ramon Davalos (my Dad's friend from Mirando City) that talked my Dad into going to Michigan. Ramon and his family --- which consisted of his mother, two sisters, one brother, one brother-in-law and one niece --- had apparently been going to Michigan for some time, and the entire family traveled in a truck owned by Ramon. In May 1948 and May 1949 my family and I joined the Davalos family and traveled to Michigan in Ramon's truck. (1949 was the last time we traveled to Michigan in Ramon's truck; my Dad bought a brand new GMC truck in 1949 while we were in Michigan, and it was this truck that we used for our subsequent trips to and from Michigan.)

The manner in which we went to work in the Michigan beet fields was as follows: We would drive from Mirando City to a processing center in San Antonio, Texas where we would spend the night. (We slept in the truck and/or the porch-like platform of the processing center.) My Dad ---as well as all the other families being processed --- would receive an advance of funds at the processing center, and the advanced funds were used to get us to Michigan and the beet fields. (The advanced funds were repaid with the monies we earned in the beet fields owned by Alma Sugar Beet Company in Alma, Michigan.)

After the processing center was finished with us, we headed to Michigan. We traveled day and night on our way to Michigan. (When traveling in Ramon Davalos' truck, Dad no doubt helped drive the truck. However, after Dad bought the GMC truck in 1949, he was the only driver for our vehicle. Dad bought an old travel trailer in Mirando City and converted it into a cargo trailer which we pulled in our new truck.)

We went to Michigan before there was anything resembling our current Interstate Highway System. On our way to Michigan we went through the downtown areas of such cities as San Antonio, Austin, Texarkana, Little Rock, Indianapolis, and Lansing. We crossed the Mississippi River at Cairo, Illinois. (I don't recall how many days it took us to reach our destination in Michigan --- but it must have been quite a few days as my brother Ernesto recalls that Dad did not like to drive over 45 miles per hour.)

On our way to Michigan, we stopped to eat by the side of the road. (There were no "rest areas" around back then.) Our meals consisted of cold cuts --- baloney, salami, and weiners. (We purchased the cold cuts and the bread at the local grocery stores which we ran across on the road.)

Our destination in Michigan was a very small town called Beebe. It was at Beebe that the Alma Sugar Beet Company (our new employer) owned houses that were assigned to the sugar beet workers. Our first house was a two-story house with a coal-burning stove.

In addition to providing a house for us, the Alma Sugar Beet Company also assigned an overseer/foreman to guide us through the sugar beet season. The overseer's/foreman's name was Don Houlden. Don Houlden had two kids --- one boy and one girl --- but I do not recall us ever playing with them.

Prior to our arrival in Beebe, Michigan, the farmers had planted their beet fields and the beet plants were just coming up from the ground at the time we arrived in Beebe, Michigan.. Our job in the beet fields was to "make space" between the individual beet plants in order to allow them to grow and expand. The "make space" work that we did in the beet fields was done with short-handled hoes (i.e., stoop labor) which was tough on our backs.

It was at one farmer's beet field that we experienced some sort of discrimination. The farmer had a son (Gary) who allowed only Delia and Ernesto

to play with his toys (and his fort that was made with bales of hay). The son did not allow Amanda and Elma to play with his toys and his fort because they were dark-skinned! (Gary would also give Delia and Ernesto rides on his father's tractor --- but not Amanda and Elma. However, Amanda and Elma would hang on to the rear of the trailer and get to ride as well.)

In another instance where discrimination was also present involved a farmer's field that we worked, and the farmer --- with a weapon in his hands --- ran us off and refused to pay us for the work we did. (The work we did for this farmer must not have been beet work; our beet work was done through Alma Sugar Beet Company.)

In Beebe, Michigan, we were surrounded by towns where we did our shopping for clothes and groceries, as well as where we visited the movie theaters to see movies. These towns surrounding Beebe were named Alma, Brackenridge, and Ithaca. (There was also a small town south of Beebe that showed movies in a vacant lot --- for free. The screen was the white wall of a building.)

We worked the beet fields from late May to approximately late June. Once we worked all the beet fields that were assigned to us, we loaded up and headed north to the cherry orchards in the Traverse City, Michigan, area --- specifically to Redpath Orchards in Lake Leelanau, Michigan.

For the years 1948 and 1949 (if I recall correctly) the cherry-picking families --- including our family --- all lived in a big barn. I don't recall how many families lived in the barn, but I'd guess it was about a dozen families. Each family was assigned a section of the barn floor, and this was our "home" for the entire cherry-picking season. We cooked and slept in our own area. We slept on the floor.

The only one bathroom available for use by all the families was an outhouse that was located behind the barn. (The outhouse was mostly used by the women; it was easier for the men to do their business in the woods.)

As for baths, we all used the lake that was across the road, Lake Leelanau. The water in the lake was crystal clear. On washdays, the families also used the lake for washing their clothes.

During the 1950 and 1951 cherry-picking season, we lived in a huge place

we called "the garage" (because that's what the place looked like). The garage had bunk beds along the two walls, and there were approximately ten families living in the garage. As in the above-mentioned barn, each family was assigned an area in the garage containing so many bunk beds for sleeping. That bunk area was also used by the families for cooking their meals. (Dad and I did not sleep in a bunk; we slept in our truck. Our truck had a canvas cover and a sleeping area for two people.)

There were some families (very few) that preferred living in tents set up outside the garage.

The cherry-picking season lasted approximately three or four weeks. Workdays were Monday through Saturday noon. On workdays we would all wake up real early (I recall it was still dark outside) and head to the cherry fields before breakfast and start picking cherries. Mom and Corina would stay in the barn and/or the garage and prepare breakfast and the noon meal --- and then walk to the cherry fields carrying the prepared food items with them. Upon arriving at the area where we were picking cherries, we would all stop and have breakfast.

The cherries that we picked were black cherries and red cherries --- the black cherries being picked first. We picked the cherries from trees that were tall and where ladders were required. (Ernesto, Delia, Amanda, and Elma picked cherries from the lower limbs, so they did not climb ladders.) We were each issued a bucket where we placed the cherries, and when the bucket was full, we poured the cherries into a box which measured approximately 18 inches long, 10 inches wide, and 10 inches deep. Periodically, a tractor would come by and pick up the boxes full of cherries. For each boxful of cherries, our Dad would receive a ticket worth fifty cents --- and the tickets were redeemed at the end of the week (on Saturday). Our family goal was to pick 100 boxes per day --- most of the times we picked more --- which would give us \$50.00 per day. (Redpath Orchards kept track of the number of tickets issued to each family. If a family stayed the entire cherry-picking season, that family would receive an additional 10 cents per ticket.)

As stated above, on Saturdays we picked cherries only until noon. In my family it was a "tradition" that any boxes of cherries that we individually picked on Saturday mornings was considered our spending money. We would fill our own boxes, and the tickets given to Dad for each box belonged to us individually. For example, if I picked five boxes of cherries on a Saturday morning, I would get

\$2.50 cents from Dad.

On Saturday afternoons, all the cherry pickers would dress up and head for Traverse City to spend our money and watch a movie. There was a parking area in Traverse City where one could see at least fifty trucks (or more) of cherry pickers who had come to Traverse City for the day.

There was one fun activity that we kids really enjoyed during cherry-picking season. There were cow fields in the area, and there were no Texas-like fences (i.e., no barbed wire) to keep the cows from straying. Instead, the cows were kept from straying by one single electrified wire strand surrounding the field. What we kids would do was to hold hands and form a line, and the person at the head of the line would grab the electrified wire. This would cause an electrical current to travel through all the kids in the line --- and it seemed to give a stronger current when the last person in the line would reach down and place his or her other hand in a pool of rain water.

After cherry-picking time was over, we would pack up and head back to Beebe, Michigan and the beet fields we had worked on prior to leaving to the Traverse City area. The purpose of our second stay in Beebe was to clear the beet fields of any weeds that had accumulated during the time we were picking cherries in northern Michigan.

After clearing the beet fields of any weeds, we would again pack up and head to southern Michigan and/or northern Ohio. It was probably in 1948 that we picked tomatoes in the area around Adrian, Michigan. But in the next three years, we picked tomatoes in the area around Swanton, Ohio.

The tomatoes that we picked were placed in baskets, and we were probably paid by the basket.

It was in Swanton, Ohio that we attended our first county fair. There was all kind of entertainment, but the only kind that I personally remember is the harness races. (There is one more thing that I remember happened in Swanton: there was a railroad track that ran through the city, and the train that went by would travel at a high rate of speed.)

After working in the tomato fields all day, one's hands were black from handling so many tomatoes. The only way we found to clean our hands was to rub our hands with a tomato. The juice of the tomato somehow removed the

blackness from our hands.

One year that we picked tomatoes in the Swanton area, we lived in a shed that was located by the farmer's home. The farmer's last name was Langenderfer, and the tomato field was located behind the barn. The shed was a one-room shed --- very small --- and we ate and slept in that tiny shed. Dad, however, slept in the farmer's barn. (One incident that happened to me at this tomato field was the loss of the soles of my shoes. I jumped from a wagon where the tomatoes had been loaded and when I landed, the entire sole of my shoes came off --- they must have been old shoes! The following weekend, Mom and Dad bought me a new pair of work shoes.)

In a subsequent year, while picking tomatoes in the Swanton area again, we and the Lorenzo Ortega family lived in another small shed. The Ortegas cooked and slept on one side of the shed, and the Garzas cooked and slept in the other side of the shed. As for sleeping, it was the women who slept in the shed; the men all slept in the farmer's barn.

If I recall correctly, it was in 1951 that we lived in a barn which was located next to the tomato field. We were the only family living in the barn, and apparently the only family working for this one farmer. It was this farmer that one day hired Dad and me to help him pick hay bales and store them in his barn (not the one we were living in). After working with the hay all day, the farmer and his wife invited Dad and me to eat supper with them. It was during supper that Dad asked me how to say "paz" in English (i.e., peace). When I answered "peace" the farmer's wife said, "Oh, you want more peas, Mr. Garza?" --- and Dad got another serving of peas!

After the tomato-picking season was over, we would pack up once more and head back to the beet fields in the Beebe, Michigan area --- to harvest the beets.

The harvest of the beets --- which now had grown to resemble oversized carrots --- began by the farmer plowing up the beet fields which served to expose the beets. We would then use our "machetes" --- with a sharp hook at the end --- to pick up the beet, cut off the leaves, and place the beet in a pile or row to be picked up by the farmer.

Once we harvested all the beet fields assigned to us, we would pack up and

head for home --- i.e., Mirando City. (This had to be early November because we remember corn stalks being placed on the road by the kids on Halloween.) As soon as we came home to Mirando City, we would enroll in school and continue our education. (I don't recall having to "make up" any homework we had missed.)

Some of the most memorable moments recalled by my siblings and me during our migrant days included the following:

On our way to/from Michigan...

-----Sleeping on the floor at the processing center in San Antonio.

-----Chago's and Maria's baby dying at the processing center in San Antonio. (Chago was Ramon Davalos' brother-in-law and Maria was Ramon Davalos' sister.)

-----Ramon Davalos advising Dad to gas up and buy something to eat prior to entering Arkansas. Arkansas apparently had a reputation of not serving Mexicans.

-----Being refused service at a restaurant in Arkansas.

-----Chuy Davalos falling asleep and driving the Davalos pickup truck into a ditch. (No one was hurt.)

-----Eating cold cuts by the side of the road.

-----Helping Dionicio Hernandez, Sr. drive his old Dodge pickup at night while Mr. Hernandez slept. Mr. Hernandez's snoring kept me awake while I drove.

-----My sister Corina and her friend Maya Hernandez being left behind at a gas station where our vehicles were filled up. Corina and Maya were missed, and we returned to the gas station to pick them up.

-----Cristan family dog "La Chumina") chasing after the Cristian's truck after being left behind.

While working beet fields in Beebe, Michigan...

-----Using a coal-burning stove for the first time.

-----Using an outhouse behind the company-supplied house that was assigned to

us.

-----Drawing our water from an outside water pump. All the workers in the company-supplied houses used the same water pump.

-----Heating water and bathing in a washtub.

-----Picking (and eating) wild strawberries along the road.

-----Watching television for the first time at the little country store in Beebe. We would stand outside and watch the screen through the glass window.

-----The older men playing "malia platicada" under the tall tree in front of the company-supplied housing.

-----Going to the Catholic Church in Alma, Michigan on Sundays. (My brother Ernesto recalls that he was accused of writing on the wall of the women's bathroom at the church, and one of the nuns made him clean up the wall --- while women were still coming in to use the bathroom!)

-----My sister Lilia and me getting a bad case of poison ivy. (We had a heck of a time getting rid of it.)

-----A few of us being picked to work a beet field while riding on a motorized contraption which carried about five men. (I was one of the five men picked.) Ramon Davalos was the "driver" on the motorized contraption, and he was in the middle of the group. We all were face down and worked with our hands --- instead of short-handled hoes --- to separate the beet plants. I recall that the beet field consisted of dark soil, and the soil was very soft and easy to work with our hands. Thinking back, I now believe that this was an experiment to see if the motorized contraption would work in the beet fields.

While picking cherries at Lake Leelanau, Michigan/Redpath Orchards...

-----Going to Traverse City, Michigan every Saturday.

-----Visiting the miniature city at the park in Traverse City. The park also had a small aquarium.

-----Amanda leaving the theater in Traverse City and walking to our truck where Dad and Ramon Davalos were apparently waiting for us. (Amanda's leaving the theater gave Mom a big scare!)

-----The incident involving Dad and Ramon Davalos at the pool hall in Lake Leelanau. Ramon and another patron (an anglo man) got into an argument, and Ramon and the other patron were about to get into a fist fight. In order to prevent a fist fight, Dad grabbed Ramon around the shoulders. Ramon would tell Dad "Let me go!!!" --- but then, in Spanish, Ramon would whisper to Dad "No me sueltas!!!" (i.e., don't let me go).

-----Swimming in Lake Leelanau after a long day at the cherry orchards.

-----My brother Ernesto recalls that he almost drowned in Lake Leelanau, but I pulled him up by his hair and saved him. (I do not recall the incident.)

-----Mom (and the other ladies) doing the wash in Lake Leelanau.

-----A shooting involving two individuals, one individual being shot in the leg. (My sister Corina recalls the victim as a Mr. de la Cruz, and he was Mr. Mariano de la Cruz's brother.)

-----Mom falling from a ladder while picking cherries.

-----Amanda falling from a ladder while picking cherries and then asking for her lost "cuvetita" (i.e., bucket).

While picking tomatoes in Southern Michigan/Northern Ohio...

-----Washing our hands with tomatoes.

-----Amanda being stung by a bumblebee.

-----Going to the county fair in Swanton, Ohio.

-----Going shopping in Toledo, Ohio.

-----Playing in the barn.

-----Davalos dog ("El Golo") getting killed while crossing the road.

While most of the work during our migrant days was hard on our backs (from the short-handled hoes during beet season, from the heavy buckets full of cherries, from picking tomatoes while stooped over all day), overall I think us young kids considered it an adventure --- an adventure that took us out of the small town of Mirando City and exposed us to other parts of this spacious and

beautiful country of ours. As for Mom and Dad, I believe that our trips to Michigan and Ohio were hard and difficult times for them --- and they probably hated to expose us to such a difficult way to earn a living. However, I'm glad that we went to work in Michigan's beet fields, in Michigan's cherry orchards, and Ohio's tomato fields. This "adventure" certainly taught us one thing: don't do this migrant thing for a living --- go to school, get a good education, and get a job where you use your brains instead of your muscles. (Maybe that's the lesson that Mom and Dad were teaching us when they decided to expose us to the beet fields, the cherry orchards, and the tomato fields!)

PHOTO OF THE GARZA FAMILY IN MICHIGAN...

This photo of the Garza family (minus my sisters Ninfa and Socorro) was taken by Mr. E. R. Hancock (one of the bosses at Alma Sugar Beet Company) in the summer of 1950. We were working in a beet field when Mr. Hancock came to take our photo; that's why we are in our "work clothes."

Top row (from left to right)....Corina, Emma, Mom, Dad, me, and Lilia.

Bottom row (from left to right)....Amanda, Elma, Delia, and Ernesto.



LETTER FROM MR. E. R. HANCOCK TO DAD.....

This letter (dated May 1, 1951) was written by Mr. E. R. Hancock (one of the bosses at Alma Sugar Beet Company) to Dad regarding the upcoming beet season.

BEET GROWERS' EMPLOYMENT COMMITTEE, INC.

504 Second National Bank Building

SAGINAW, MICHIGAN

DIRECTORS

JOHN B. SMITH
President, Alma
Sugar Beet Gr's Assn.

CHARLES MAVIS
President, Caro
Beet Gr's, Inc.

HAROLD GOUGH
President, Crosswell
Beet Gr's Assn.

CLARENCE DIEHL
President, Lansing
Sugar Beet Gr's Assn.

WM. P. HART
President, Saginaw
Sugar Beet Gr's Assn.

ALFRED STOCK
President, Sebewaing
Sugar Beet Gr's Union

RAGOLT HAUCK
President, Mt. Pleasant
Sugar Beet Gr's Assn.

May 2, 1951

Please Address Reply To:

E. R. HANCOCK, ASST. SEC'Y.
ALMA, MICHIGAN

Mr. Eugenio Garza
Mirando City, Texas

Dear Garza:

I am here with Ramon and his wife Maria. As you know Ramon has a very special house. In fact you have to knock on the door and then clean your feet before they will let you in. They have a sign on the door no Texas Mexicans allowed.

I was over to their house tonight and had Pacos for supper.

Ramon is working everyday for me and helps with equiping the labor when it arrives from Texas.

I am planning on moving a house to Beebe for a Mexican called Garza.

Ramon says he wishes Garza will hurry up and come to Michigan

If you can get over to Mexica will you get me those stamps and send them to me. Be sure you get four of each one.

The weather is fine here and farmers are planting the beets.

I guess Ramon is going to work pickles this year. He says no more short hoes for him.

When you come we will have a party.

We sent your truck title to you and hope you received it. Ramon told me you lost your bill-fold, and I am sorry for you.

If you can find some more good labor I will be glad to have them come to Alma.

Everybody is fine and waiting for you to come.

Y Contestame Chingado

Yours truly,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "E. R. Hancock".

E. R. Hancock
Field Manager

ERH/a

P.S. Ramon and Maria says to give you their regards and stop picking your nose.

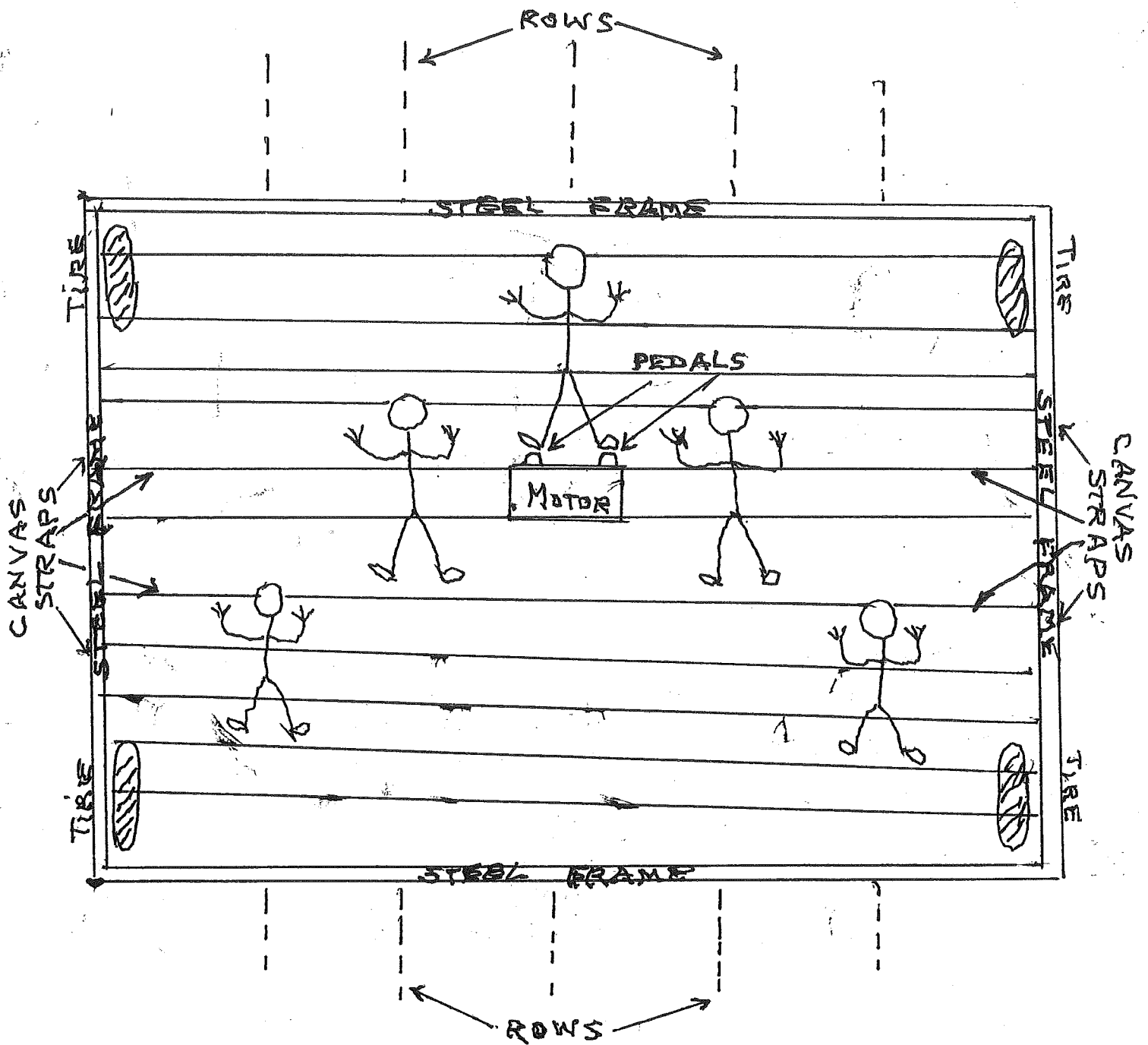


Processing center in San Antonio, Texas where all the beet workers gathered to receive their cash advances prior to taking off for the State of Michigan and the beet fields. The processing center was located at the corner of North Medina Street and West Travis Street. (This photo was taken on 03-24-2001 and it shows four of my sisters: Elma, Amanda, Lilia, and Delia.)

DECISO S. GARZA S. A. TEX.

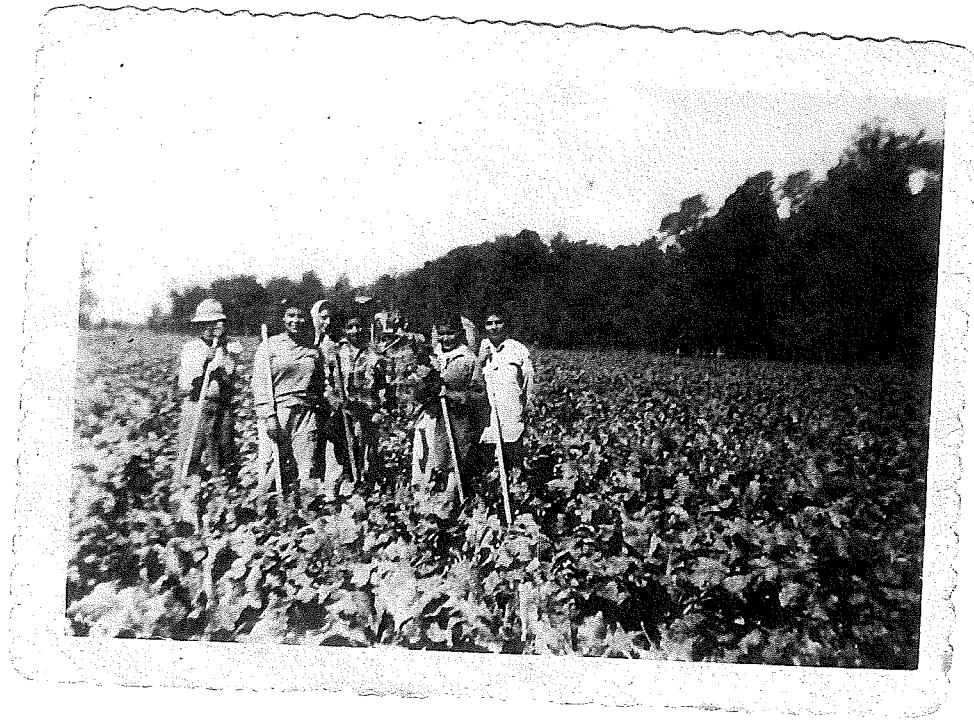


1949 GMC truck that Dad bought in 1949 while in Michigan. This is the truck that the Garza family used to travel to and from Michigan.



This is what I remember about the experimental contraption which we used to work the beet field mentioned in the story. Ramon Davalos was the the person who "drove" and guided the motorized contraption, and he did this by pressing the pedals with his left or right foot. Ramon rode in the center of the contraption. (The motor for the contraption, if I remember correctly, was behind Ramon.)

All five of us were lying face down, and our hands were free to work the beets in the soft spoil. We all had canvas straps holding our heads and bodies up as we went down the rows.



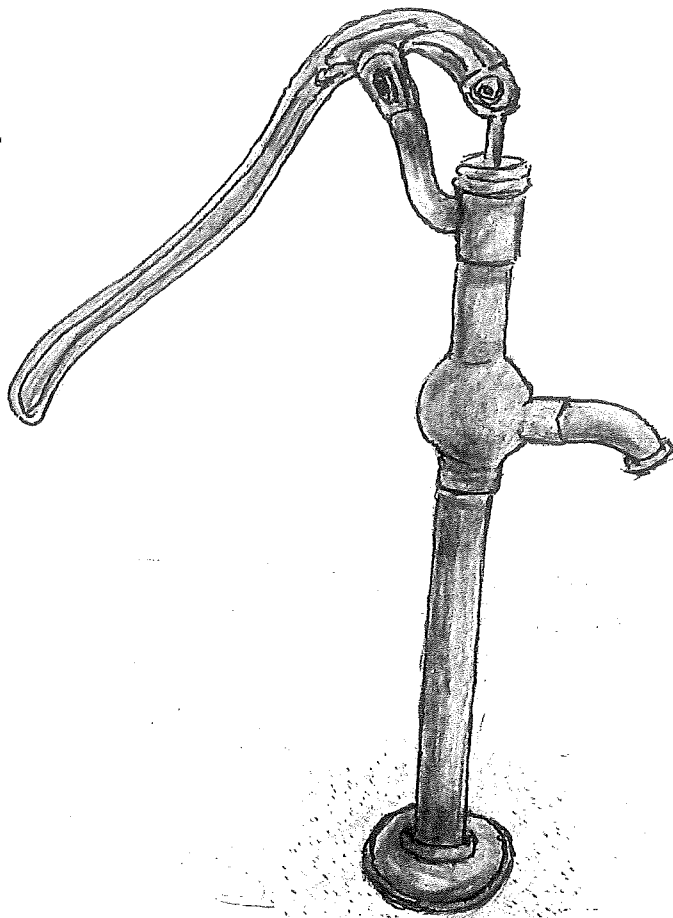
Clearing the beet field of weeds. Shown in the photo are (beginning on the left) myself, my sister Coy (Socorro), my sister Emma, Jesus Davalos, Gela Davalos, and my sister Lilia.



St. Mary's Catholic Church in Alma, Michigan. This is where the Garza family attended mass on Sundays.

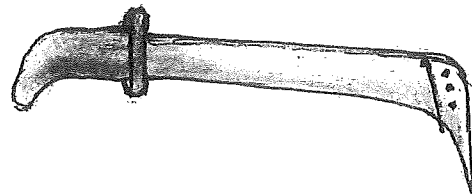
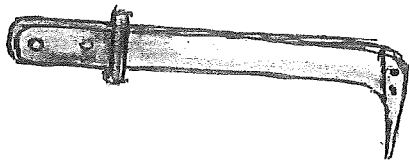


Clearing the beet field of weeds. Shown in the photo are my Dad (on the left) and my sister Emma (on the right).



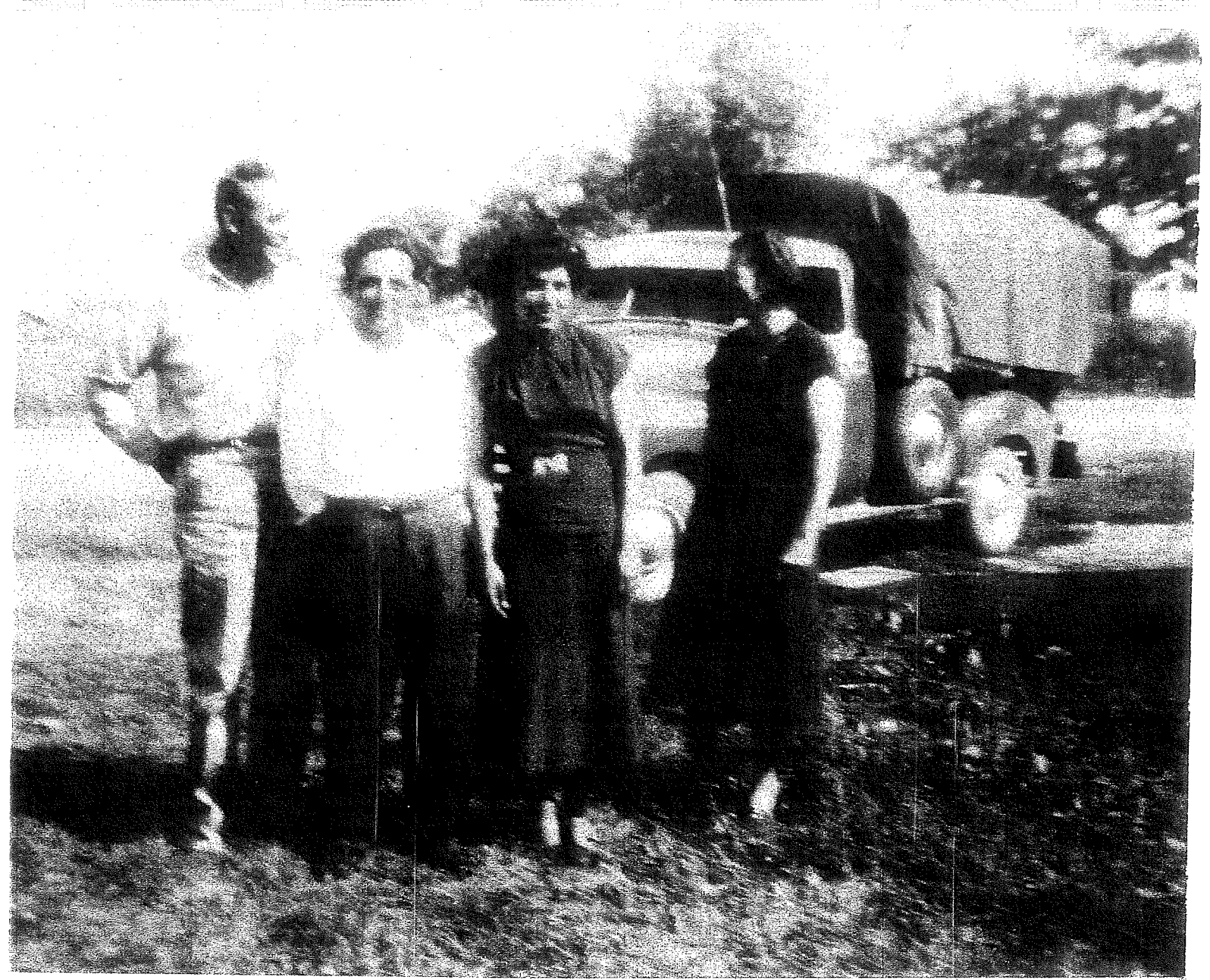
This is the type of outside water pump we had in Beebe, Michigan during the beet season. It was a community pump (i.e., every family living in Alma Sugar Beet Company housing got their water from the same pump).

(The above water pump was drawn by my sister Elma.)



This is the type of machete we used to (1) pull the beet out of the ground (note the point at the end of the machete) and (2) chop off the leaves from the beet (note the blade). After the leaves were chopped off, we would toss the beet into a stack and the farmer would pick up the beets with his specially-equipped tractor.

(The above machetes were drawn by my sister Elma.)



This photo shows my Dad (on the left) and my Mom (on the right) with Ramon Davalos and his wife, Maria Lopez. The photo (which shows our GMC truck in the background) was taken in Beebe, Michigan.

SETTLEMENT STATEMENT FOR 1950

The following page shows a Field Workers Settlement Statement from Alma Sugar Beet Company reflecting the amount we earned working the beet fields during the 1950 season (\$948.00), as well as the charges against the earnings (\$510.00). The net earnings for the 1950 beet season was \$438.00. [The settlement statement does not reflect the earnings from harvesting the beets. There must have been a separate settlement statement for that work.]

Note that the settlement statement shows that Dad received an advance of \$175.00 on 05-23-1950 at the San Antonio processing center.

Also note that Dad's weekly rate of food allowance (which was charged against any earnings) was \$32.00 weekly.

19 50

Fieldman Houdien

FIELD WORKERS SETTLEMENT

Reg. No. 542

Number of Workers 6

Ident. No. _____

Number of Non-Workers 4

Head of Group Eugenio Garza

Established Weekly Rate for Food Allowance \$32.00

Origin Miranda City, Texas

Location Beebe

CREDITS

Date	Note No.	Cont. No.	Grower's Name	Type of Work*	Acres	Rate per Acre	Amount Earned	Accumulated Earnings	
7-27	0164	850	Clarence Lawrence	B	10.9	13.50	147 15		
"	0161	990	Nicholas F. Wagner	B	5.4	15.50	83 70		
"	0155	1015	Clarence Lawrence	B	8.6	13.50	116 10		
"	0071	973	Ronald Marsh	B	11.8	13.50	159 30		
8-4	0393	3	Clyde King	A	.4	10.00	4 00		
8-8	0281	881	Francis Messer	B	6.7	15.50	103 85		
8-8	0282	935	Lloyd Heavin	B	9.6	15.50	149 80		
8-23	0694	850	Clarence Lawrence	D	10.9	3.50	38 15		
8-23	0695	881	Francis Messer	D	7.6	3.50	26 60		
"	0696	1015	Clarence Lawrence	D	8.6	3.50	30 10		
8-24	0714	973	Ronald Marsh	D	11.8	3.50	41 30		
8-24	0714	990	Nicholas F. Wagner	D	5.4	3.50	18 90		
8-24	0716	881	Francis Messer	D	6.7	3.50	23 45	948	
Total Earnings							53.4		

* A. - Block & Thin
 B. - Block, Thin & 1st Hoing
 C. - Block, Thin & All Hoing
 D. - Hoing
 E. - Harvest

CHARGES AGAINST EARNINGS

Date	Description	Ref.	Amount Charged	Accumulated Charges	Date	Description	Ref.	Amount Charged	Accumulated Charges
4-3-50	Texas Advances: x	542	175 00	175 00		Brought Forward			
"	Grass	108	23 00	198 00					
5-24	"	151	32 00	230 00					
3-31	License	4880	41 00	271 00					
6-1	Grass	245	32 00	303 00					
6-8	Grass	276	32 00	335 00					
6-13	"	244	32 00	367 00					
7-18	Grass	2190	32 00	399 00					
6-30	Grass	2327	10 00	409 00					
7-6	Grass	2331	32 00	441 00					
7-7	Advances	2946	16 00	457 00					
7-13	Grass	2462	32 00	489 00					
7-14	Advances	2714	10 00	499 00					
7-20	Advances	2462	32 00	531 00					
8-23	Grass Charge	2462	32 00	563 00					
7-26	Advances	2946	16 00	579 00					
				Total Deductions					510 00
Forward					Bal. Due Worker (Ck. No.)				438 00
					Bal. Due Mich. Sugar Co.				



Lake Leelanau. This was the lake where we would go swimming during cherry-picking season. The lake was across the road from where we lived while picking cherries for Redpath Orchards of Lake Leelanau, Michigan. The photo shows (from left) my sister Amanda, Juanita Rios (daughter of Santiago and Maria Rios), and my Mom. My Mom must be washing our clothes as the photo shows a washtub in front of her.



Miniature city located in Traverse City, Michigan, the town where all the cherry pickers would congregate on Saturday afternoons during cherry-picking season.

DEC 1950 SIMON SALTER



Picking tomatoes. The tomatoes were placed in the basket, and we were paid by the basket. Shown on the photo are my sister Lilia (on the left) and Mercedes Ortiz (on the right).

DEC 1950 - Sluiter & A.T.F.X.



Picking tomatoes. The tomatoes were placed in the basket, and we were paid by the basket. Shown on the photo are my sister Lilia (on the right) and Mercedes Ortiz (on the left).



One of the houses that we lived in while picking tomatoes in northern Ohio, near Swanton. My sisters Amanda, Elma, and Delia are shown in the photo.

DEC 1930 - Shaker S.A.T.P.



One of the houses that we lived in while picking tomatoes in northern Ohio, near Swanton. My sister Emma is shown in the photo.

MIRANDO CITY FAMILIES THAT ALSO WENT TO MICHIGAN

The following families from Mirando City also went to Michigan:

---Ramon Davalos family, which included his mother Maria, his sisters Maria and Gela, his brother Jesus (Chuy), his brother-in-law Chago (Santiago), and Chago's and Maria's daughter Juanita.

---Pancho (Francisco) Ramon and his two daughters, Irene (Nena) and Elida (Laya).

---Dionicio and Hortencia (Tencha) Hernandez, their three sons --- Dionicio, Jr. (Nicho), Raul, and Arturo --- and their two daughters ---Amada (Maya) and Cipriana (La Guera).

---Anastacio (Tachito) and Virginia Ortiz and their two nieces, Mercedes Ortiz and Maria Ortiz.

---Jose and Maria Cristan, their sons --- Jesus (Chuy), Guadalupe (Lupe), and Victor (Tarrango) --- and their daughter Julia.

---Lorenzo and Rumalda Ortega, their sons --- Margarito (Mague), Felipe (Pipe), and Fernando --- and their daughter Antonia (Tona).

---Natalio and Maria Lopez, their sons --- Abel, Natalio (Talo), and Israel (Ralo) --- and their daughter Maria.