

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD AND EXPERIENCES IN MEXICO

BY LOUIS R. CHLARSON

I was born June 20, 1893 in Central, Graham County, Arizona. My father's name is Heber Otto Chlarson, my mother's, Ida Isabelle Norton Chlarson. I am the second son, third child. The oldest child was a girl named Charlotte [Zina Charlotte Chlarson Langford]. It was she who raised most of us kids. She was strict but fair, and from the time she was twelve or thirteen, it seemed that Mother would born us, then hand us over to Charlotte. By the time she was twenty-one, she had raised four brothers and four sisters, so when she married at twenty-four she was an experienced madrecita. My oldest brother, Heber P., two years older than I, was the fair-haired, blue-eyed boy of the family. Mother said that it was a constant struggle to keep Charlotte's bonnets in shape, as she would use them fighting Heber's battles for him.

MY FIRST RECOLLECTIONS

Heber and I were going to see Grandma Norton. We had to pass through a mesquite thicket where there were many birds, only I called them boards. Heber said they were birds. We argued all the way to Grandma's. She soon straightened it out.

Just a word about Grandma Norton [Zina Emma Turner Norton]. She was English and one of the few midwives in Gila Valley. She kept a horse in the barn day and night. There were no doctors at all. She had two girls and four boys of her own. She was five feet tall and weighed ninety-eight pounds--but she was double dynamite when angered and had love enough for the whole county.

My second recollection was of a holiday. It could have been the fifth of May or the Twenty-fourth of July. It was at Thatcher, where Grandpa and Grandma Chlarson [Hans Nadrian Chlarson and Johanna Charlotte Scherlin Chlarson] lived. The men made a merry-go-round by planting a post for the pivot and a 2"x14"x14' plank attached to a wagon wheel. The people would set us kids on the board, and around and around we would go. Grandpa Chlarson put me on the board and helped push the wheel around. That is the only memory I have of Grandpa Chlarson, and I have none at all of Grandma Chlarson at that time.

COVERED WAGONS TO MEXICO

I was three years old when we went to Mexico. We had two