

THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING

We had a lot of fun in Chupe, though. It was a wonderful place for kids. There was water, trees, springs, and horses and the most beautiful flowers you ever in your life saw. There were millions of different kinds of flowers. "White Stars" as big as a cup—just like wax—and they grew up in the grass and you could see them by the miles—just acres and acres of them. The Delphiniums were prettier than anything I've seen in the gardens here—beautiful things!

President Ivins—afterwards in the Presidency of the Church—remember? He was our stake president down there—and he would come up to Chuachupa and hire the boys in the area to dig up the "White Star" bulbs, which he sent down to Jaurez. They did not grow wild down there, but they transplanted well. In the garden catalogues they call them "Aztec Lilies".

We also had Tiger Lilies in all different shades.

GIVE THE HORSE ITS HEAD

The country around Chupe was covered with heavy timber—except where there were hardpan formations. Mother (Charlotte) said the forest would come right up to the hardpan and then there wouldn't be a tree where the hardpan was located. When the hardpan ended the trees would start again. Ida Norton was afraid of those forests—especially for Lou, who was so adventuresome. She was sure that the children would get lost in those heavy woods. Because of this worry she told the children that if they were ever lost in the woods, to tie the reins behind the horse's head and give the horse his head, and the horse would bring them back to town safely. Mother tells a couple of stories about "giving the horse its head:"

Lou came home one night and said, "Well, Mother, what you said was true. I had to trust my horse this time. He just took me in the opposite direction that I wanted to go. I had the time of my life to keep my hands off the bridle. I knew I was going farther and farther from town and lo and behold, here I am."

I had the same experience one time. I can't remember the name of the other girl we were with. George Brown and Brigg Johnson took us horseback riding out in the forest. I was with George and this other girl was with Brigg Johnson. Brigg Johnson was the laziest guy I ever knew. If we ever wanted to call someone "lazy" we simply called them "Brigg."

The Mancinita there grows quite big—it's just a bright red shrub—and I said to the boys, "Let's carve our initials in the Mancinita." So I and this other girl sat down under the bush, and the boys gave us their knives and left us there alone.

After a while the other girl said, "We'd better go after them or we'll get lost."

I said, "I don't care how lost we get, I'm not going after them." And so we stayed there quite a while, thinking they would come back. But they didn't. They were just trying to frighten us, I suppose. I thought I knew what direction they went, but that was no way of saying that we would know where they were when we went to look for them. The boys knew where they were, but we were lost. Before we even got on our horses we were lost. We didn't know where town was more than anything.

I said to her, "Let's get on our horses."

And she said, "We'd better stay right here, so we won't get lost. The boys know where we are, but if we get on our horses we will get lost."

"I don't care how lost we get," I said, "I'm not going to stay here. I don't want them to find us."

"Well, I sure do," she said.

Well, I got her on her horse and I just went off in any direction. It didn't make any difference to me which way we went just so we would get away where they might not find us.

"Don't let's do this Charlotte," she said, "we're going to get lost for sure."

And I said, "Oh we won't get lost. We're on horses that stay in town and all we have to do is let the horses take us home." It was getting late. It must have been four or five o'clock and we had been out all afternoon.

"I don't know," she said, "I don't know anything about horses. Maybe they won't take us home."

"Oh yes they will. They'll take us home. You just tie your reins and tie them on the neck of the horse, and then don't touch them—just never touch them," I told her.

And the horses just took us right home and we never saw the boys. And they looked all over the place and fired their guns so we could come to them. When they came into town they were the scariest boys you ever in your life met up with. Brigg came up to me and said, "Wherever were you? Didn't you hear our guns?" (We must have been a long way away from them not to have heard their guns.)

"We've been all over that place and we couldn't find you. We knew you were lost. You might have gone in the opposite direction. Why didn't you stay where we left you?" the boys complained.

I said, "Well you shouldn't have left us. You might have know we wouldn't stay there."

We sure had a good time that night. It was all the conversation. George Brown was so mad at me he could have beat me. That was fun, though.

"How did you do it?" George asked me later.

"I didn't do a thing," I said. "We just let the horses bring us home."

"I didn't think you were that smart," said George.

But I wasn't a bit scared. Not a bit. Because I knew that the horses would take us home. Mother had taught us and trained us ever since we came to Chupe that that was the thing to do—just give the horse its head.