

THE MAD DOG SCARE

While the family was still in Chuachupa, there was a mad dog scare. Charlotte's mother was alone because her father had gone somewhere looking for work. As Charlotte tells it:

That mad dog scare gave me nightmares for years. The dog came into town on Saturday night. He wasn't one of our own dogs but was a stray. Howard Vader had a special dog. He was a cattle dog. And Vader thought the world of him. That dog was king of the dogs. He stood up to every dog in town, but when he saw that mad dog he ran under the porch and wouldn't fight him. And Howard Vader made him come out and fight that dog. Someone in the crowd said, "I don't think that dog would have acted that way if that stray dog had been right. I wonder if that dog is mad?"

"Oh, no!" said Howard Vader. [Because, of course, if his dog had been bitten in the fight he would have to be destroyed, because the dog would get rabies].

Since they couldn't take any chances, the Bishop said there would be no services the next day, and for everyone to stay off the streets. And the men planned to hunt down that dog and see if they could get rid of it. But that dog disturbed our dogs that night. We had a female dog who had little puppies. And he would attack her and she would leave her puppies, which was an unusual thing for a mother dog to do. Mother and the boys could hear that mad dog throwing the puppies around. The dog would leave our dog and go up the street and attack the Nelson's dog and then come back to our house again. And Dad wasn't home, of course.

At the time we were living in a log cabin and Dad had put up a tent behind the house and that is where the boys ordinarily slept, but of course they were in the house with Mother that night. The mother dog was in the tent. Mother was afraid the mad dog would come through the window because the windows were low. There were large enough cracks between the logs so that she could put her gun between the logs to try to shoot the dog. Lou was a better shot than Mother, but he was too scared.

Later that night, the dog seemed not to be around so Mother slipped out and went a few doors down to George Martineau's and asked him if he would go over to Aunt Ida's house and tell me not to come home in the morning, but to stay there until I heard from him. I had been sleeping nights at Ida Wilson's because she was afraid to stay alone. It was about three or four o'clock in the morning when George got to Aunt Ida's house. I saw that he had his gun with him. I didn't ask any questions, I just got dressed as fast as I could and lit out for home. I just knew that something was very wrong!

When I got to the Martineau home, Mrs. Martineau said to me, "Didn't George tell you not to come home?"

"Yes," I said, "but he didn't tell me why."

"Well, there's a mad dog about, that's why," she said. And I just kept going. I don't know why she didn't make me stay at her house, but that's the longest block I ever walked in my life. I just died a thousand deaths before I got home.

The men caught up with that dog when daylight came. It came into town and this time it was attacking humans. When the dog finally fell, they found that the dog was literally riddled with bullets, but for some reason it had just kept going. They had to kill most of the dogs in town, and several cattle. The women were afraid to use the milk for a while until they knew which cows had been infected with rabies. Although the Bishop had cancelled meetings for that day, and told people to stay off the streets, there were clusters of people all over-- talking about that dog.

Mother said that their gentle female dog was rabid by the next morning because she had been bitten so many times. She approached them snarling and snapping. They had to shoot her.

Child number seven, William Adolph, was born 23 March 1904, in Chuachupa, Chihuahua, Mexico, and was joined two years later at the same place by child number eight, Birta Lovina, born 1 February 1907. Emma Isabelle (Emabel), born 31 March 1910, was the ninth and last child. She was born in Madera, Chihuahua, Mexico.

From the children's birthplaces in Mexico you can tell they did a lot of moving around. My mother said that if her father had left my grandmother Ida Isabelle in one place long enough she could have supported the family all by herself. Once the family lived up in the mountains in Madera while my grandfather was hauling logs for the railroad. My grandmother started cooking for the workers, and did very well financially.

AUNT IDA

Don't ask me why, because my grandfather Chlarson could hardly afford a second family, but Heber Otto married another Ida--Ida Wilson, 18 September, 1907, in the Salt Lake Temple. This means that while Ida Isabelle was having Birta Lovina, born 1 February, 1907, in Chuachupa, Mexico, her husband was courting and marrying his second wife. After he married Ida Wilson, he brought her down to join the rest of the family who had apparently moved from Chuachupa up to Pearson, Chihuahua. Three children were born to this marriage. A boy, Lyman, 26 June 1909, in La Boquilla, Chihuahua, Mexico; and a girl, Hanna Elizabeth, 6 December 1911, in Juarez, Mexico. After the family left Mexico, a girl, Lavina Sherline, was born 9 February 1913, in Aurora, Sevier, Utah. [Note: I don't know how the "Sherline" was really spelled. Mother's version of it did not seem logical.]

Ida Wilson had previously been married to Edmon Claybourne Nelson, by whom she had two children. Cyrus Edmon Nelson, b. 1889 (same year as Mother) and Ida Buryl, b. 1900. It is not known if these children were with Ida Wilson in Mexico. They may have been living with their Wilson grandparents. There is no mention of them in Mother's tape, so I assume that they probably were not with Ida Wilson when Heber Chlarson brought her to Pearson, where the family had moved after leaving Chupe.

FORBIDDEN PASTIMES

My grandfather Chlarson was a very good fiddler and played for all the dances wherever they were living. His wife, Ida Isabelle, did not approve of this talent. She felt playing the violin was not "manly". I wonder what happened to his fiddle? Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could go back in time and listen and dance to his fiddling?

Every generation thinks the "younger" generation is becoming degenerate. Especially when it comes to dancing and music. Mother says that when the waltz became a popular dance, the brethren frowned on it and forbade it at their church dances. Only dances like