

it sure got me—but it didn't touch me—just seemed to shock me from head to foot! Up until that time I had been deathly afraid of lightning—our Bishop was killed in a lightning storm in Oaxaca—and I simply got a phobia about those storms. But after that I just enjoyed electric storms. I guess I got so I thought they wouldn't hurt me.

RIVERS OF GRAVY

More about the board and room place they were running in Madera. For some reason Mother didn't make clear on the tape, she seemed to be running this place by herself. I think her mother had gone to visit her folks in Central:

I was keeping boarders—we also had roomers—but I would never keep a woman. One man came to me and said, "My wife is going to come to visit me, and I'd like to have her take meals here. She'll room at the hotel, but I don't want her to eat there."

I said: "No, I don't want her!"

She stayed over at the hotel for a couple of days and then she came over and said: "Please let me come here and have my meals."

And I said, "Uh, uh!"

She said, "Do you know what I get over there? They gave me a biscuit that was half cooked and do you know what I did with it? I rolled it into a ball and climbed up and put it on their light bulb. Please let me come over and have my meals here."

And I said, "No. I don't want to have anything to do with women. They're too fussy. You'd probably do the same with my biscuits."

"No, I wouldn't. My husband says you're a wonderful cook."

So I broke down and let her come over for her meals. After the first meal she had with me she said, "That kind of gravy is surely what my husband wants me to make. When I was first married, he just tormented me to death about gravy—gravy—gravy—until I had night mares about it. One night I dreamed I saw a wide river of gravy, and I followed it to see where it was going and it ran right into my husband's mouth."

Mother said she didn't have any trouble at all with that woman. She was just as nice as she could be.

ON THE MOVE—AGAIN!

At Madera her father worked for a big lumber company. He was a carpenter, and all of the boys in the family that were big enough had jobs with this company. The Mexican government was building a railroad from Madera to Pearson, and her father and two of her brothers got jobs on the railroad. The family moved to La Boquilla, where they had another mad dog scare. (See Lou's account of this.)

Mother came down to Pearson to cook for the men, and her father took Ida Wilson up to La Boquilla where he and his Wilson father-in-law were trying to get title to twelve hundred acres, which they were going to colonize. But they couldn't get a clear title. So her dad went to work for the railroad. Heber moved Ida Isabelle and her children to

Pearson from Madera. The family thought, when they moved to Pearson, that it would be good for Ida Isabella to go back to Central, Arizona, to see her folks once more.

My grandfather Chlarson and two of Mother's older brothers were working for a subcontractor for the railroad. Everyone padded their hours because they didn't think that there would be a final payment by the railroad. They would put in hours for a book-keeper (their wife), and for a cook (a daughter), etc., and this way they got extra money. They advised Heber Chlarson to do the same, but he felt he needed the money in a lump sum, so he kept his hours and submitted them at the end of the job. The men were right. There was never a final settlement, and her father didn't get a cent for all that time he had worked for the railroad.

BACK TO THE WASH BOARD

All the time Heber had been working on the railroad, Ida Isabelle had been in Central visiting her relatives and her parents. Of this trip my mother said:

I don't suppose Dad gave her much money when she left and he never sent her a cent while she was there. She had to take in washings to make money enough to support herself. She washed for women who had washed for her before they moved from Central to Mexico. I am so mad about that—it still makes me burn when I think that I didn't push Dad into doing what he should have while Mother was in Central visiting her folks.

"Taking in washings" in those days, meant, in many cases, boiling the wash to make sure it got white, then scrubbing the washing on a washboard in a wood or metal tub. After wringing the hot clothes out, they then had to be rinsed a couple of times—and then wrung out again. Then they had to be dried on a line outside (no dryers). Drying was usually no problem in Arizona. Then the clothes had to be removed from the line, folded, and returned to the owner. If the contract included "ironing", the ironing had to be sprinkled with water, starched, and then ironed with (probably at that time), a heavy iron flat-iron that had to be heated on a stove. In the Arizona heat, before air-conditioning, that would have been terrible. Let's hope that Grandmother Ida Isabelle did not contract for ironing. Considering our modern washing machines and driers, we have it easy—especially if we are smart enough to buy clothing constructed of non-iron materials.

DOWN THE "SQUEEZE" TO SAN JOSE

Ironically, it was Aunt Ida Wilson who brought my mother and my father together. Ida Wilson was not like Ida Norton. Ida Wilson just couldn't manage her household. In fact she lived a good deal of the time with her parents.

The year that her mother was in Central was the year that James Harvey Langford Jr. sent his son, Ernest F. to bring the Chlarsons down to San Jose. It was Spring of 1911. The Langfords had sold their place in Oaxaca after the flood and James Harvey and another man were colonizing one thousand acres in San Jose del Rubillo. James Harvey had 500 acres which he was selling off to colonizers. Her father had gone down to San Jose and (in Charlotte's words) and "had picked out a piece of land no one else wanted and he never paid a cent on it [To James Harvey Langford Jr.]."

Her father had sent Charlotte over from where they were working on the railroad, to help take Ida Wilson and the rest of the family down to San Jose. Ida Wilson was supposed to be the "mother" and take charge of all the children while Ida Isabelle was in Central, but my