

"You know you shouldn't come around here shooting like that--you know Charlotte goes out every night. Maybe she's out there with a bullet in her head".

Bill said, "I know where I'm shooting." He sat there talking to the Neils, waiting for me to get back. He began to wonder if maybe he didn't know where he was shooting, because I still hadn't come back--for hours I was gone.

I was going out towards Tombstone and climbing all the time and I kind of lost track of the time. When I turned around to go back home, I saw that there had been a storm in the valley--everything was just as black as your old hat and there was a lot of water in the valley from the rain. All my life I had been afraid to cross water--especially when it was muddy and you couldn't see the bottom of it. There was an old railroad through the valley and the storms had left the barrow pits full of water and there was one place that everyone crossed over that railroad track.

The valley floor itself was just full of earth cracks. These would sometimes be two feet wide and twenty feet deep--all over the county. Everyone would jump these cracks, but I would always go around them. Between that water and the earth cracks, I didn't know how I was going to get home because it was so dark I couldn't see a thing--not a thing. So I just tied the reins together and said, "Billy, go home." And that horse was the cutest thing. He went home like a dog. Every two or three steps he would put his nose to the ground just like he was tracking his way back home. He went back home in his own tracks! The things I had gone around on my way out, he went around on his way back. Before I knew it he was going over that railroad track, and then I knew where we were. He took me right back to the ranch gate.

Mr. Neil--he was so mad and excited when I got down off of Billy. They were all there--every cowboy on the ranch and Bill. Mr. Neil said, "Don't you ever go out on that horse again! If you do I'll shoot him. Just as sure as you get home again, I'll shoot him!"

Then I turned to him and told him what Billy had done, "Well," he said, "of all things! You can ride Billy until you drop. He's never treated anybody else like that."

I went in there in September and at Christmas time he raised me \$5.00 a month. I was getting five dollars more than the cowboys. Imagine that--\$25. a month for all the work I had to do on that ranch. I saved every cent of it, except for five dollars a month which I sent to a bank in Douglas for the family. Dad came out of Mexico every month to collect that five dollars. I was there a year to the day, and then I went up to Thatcher to go to the academy.

BACK TO SCHOOL

When she got to Thatcher, she had saved enough money for a year at the academy, but she didn't have enough money for board and room while she was there.

You, know, I was an independent cuss. Central was lousy with my relatives and I had an Uncle in Thatcher--that was where the academy was. I'm sure I could have stayed with some of my relatives. Especially if I could pay some board and room. I didn't have enough money to board anywhere, so I had to work for my board and room. I just had enough money for tuition and books. I was just going to enjoy myself. I didn't take anything I had to work at--like math--or spelling. [She

should have!] knew that year was the only one I was going to get--and I took only what I wanted to. I took Book of Mormon--got an "A" in it, too. I took Literature and Ancient History, and Botany. And I took Sewing.

I decided to go to the professors at the academy and ask if any of them needed a girl to help them with housework and child tending for board and room, and the first one I asked said "Yes." His name was Mr. Jones. He was the professor of business--he taught typing and shorthand and had all the athletic programs under him. He was a wonderful man and she was a wonderful woman--but she could never get anywhere.

Her children were always sick. She would shut her doors and windows as tight as she could nail them and then put sheets all around her babies to protect them from drafts. She gave me one room for my own. I would go in and throw the windows open. She would come into the room and say, "I'm afraid to death you'll catch cold. Why don't you let those windows alone?"

That's the year I took down with appendicitis, and she just knew that having those windows open was the reason for it. [Mother didn't have her appendix removed until she was married and the family had moved from New Mexico to Ogden, Utah. Dr. Edward E. Rich, Sr. did the operation, and when he first came in to see her after the operation, she smiled at him. He let out an oath and said: "I'm and old man, and that's the first time in my life anyone's given me a smile for taking out an appendix]"

Whenever they had a lightning storm, Mrs. Jones went into a closet and took all her kids with her and sat on a trunk in the dark. The chimney, which was the highest point on the house was just to her back.

I told her one day, "If lightning did strike this house--it's likely to strike that chimney and would probably come right down on you."

"Oh why did you tell me that, Charlotte,--I felt so safe there!" she said.

One time Mrs. Jones sent to Montgomery Ward for a skirt. And when she wore it, I kept wondering what was wrong with that skirt. It just didn't look right. Finally I realized she was wearing it backwards, and I said, "You must have that skirt on backwards--skirts always button on the left side and you've got it on so that it buttons on the right."

She turned it around and said, "It does look better this way." And she had been wearing it like that all winter.

I shouldn't have taken sewing because there wasn't a thing the teacher could teach me. She had us do a dust cap for an example of hand stitching. When I finished it, from the front it did look like machine stitching, because it was done with a back stitch. I took it over to show it to my Grandmother Johanna Charlotte Chlarson and she said "That's machine stitching."

And I said, "Look at the back of it."

And she said, "Oh, that's surely good." [This pleased Mother because her grandmother was an excellent seamstress].