

But I wouldn't take the prizes, because I felt that I was more experienced and older than the rest of the students. That's what I told Miss Maughn who was from Logan, and who was the sewing teacher. Her sister was the literature teacher.

I left the academy about a month before school ended in the spring and both of these teachers ask me why I was leaving early.

"There's no possibility of me ever passing those final exams," I said.

It was grammar that bothered me. As long as they stayed with literature, I was an "A," but put me on grammar and then I went down to nothing. Schools in Mexico were just nothing at all. I had practically no education. I was a good student in what I wanted to do, though. I'd like to have my cards and my examination papers for that year. My paper for the Book of Mormon was an "A".

I left early to go home. The ball team was going to Tucson to play a game and Mr. Jones told me I could go down with them. My parents had been driven out of Mexico by the Revolutionaries and were trying to farm in Tucson.

TWO SIDES TO EVERY STORY

And that's another mistake my father made. Poor Dad--he seemed to make more mistakes. They had built a home in Tucson and they sold that home and the farm in Tucson and went back down into Mexico again to Santa Loa. Mother told me that it was my father who did that, but my sister Vivian told me that it was really Mother who had pushed for that move. Vivian said that Mother had said that she wanted some of that money before she died, and the Naegles were going down to old Mexico, and: "You never saw a Naegle that came out the little end of the horn--and I'm going down with them." The move was apparently a disaster for her parents.

Mother said that it made her wonder. She had heard mostly her mother's side of the stories, and what Vivian told her made her wonder if her Mother had always given her the straight story. [This move back to old Mexico happened however, after Mother had married Dad and they had moved to Hurley--or maybe even after they moved to Ogden. Mother didn't say on the tape].

I finished typing this story on November 10, 1955. The next day in going through a box of genealogy which Hiram F. Chlarson had indicated should be delivered to me, I ran across a letter from Louis R. Chlarson asking Hiram some family history questions. In his reply, Hiram said:

In seventeen years in Mexico, Dad [Heber Otto Chlarson] moved us sixteen different times.

You know, I was an independent cuss. Central was lousy with my relatives and I had an Uncle in Thatcher--that was where the Stalkers--and I stayed with some of my relatives. Especially if I could pay some board and room, I didn't have to come to the house. I just had enough money for board and room for myself. I didn't take anything I had to work at--like math--or spelling. But

MY MEXICAN HERITAGE

MY FATHER, ERNEST FOUNTAIN LANGFORD



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