

"Then follow your heart," Brigham told her. She did and waited valiantly. After spending some time in jail for beating up his "friend", Hans joined one of the wagon trains to the Salt Lake valley and was reunited with his wife and child in the fall of 1866.

They settled in Salt Lake City where Johanna had been earning her living by weaving and sewing. Hans prospered, and with Hannah's consent (even urging, according to my mother) Hans took other wives, all of them of Scandinavian descent. Hans started earning his living in Salt Lake City as a photographer, but soon branched out into silver mining and beer brewing. Family tradition is that he was also involved in an amusement park.

He built an impressive home for his wives on the bench in Salt Lake City about 11th East, between 3rd and 4th South. Members of the family remember a beautiful, winding staircase. According to family tradition, a jealous partner burned the home down. The partner was angry because the girl he wanted to marry had married Hans instead. When I interviewed Albert Chlarson in 1980, the last surviving son of Hans, he said he could remember being lowered from a second story window in a blanket during that fire. After the fire, Hans moved his families to Granite, Utah, probably to be nearer his mining interests in Cottonwood canyon.

When the persecution against polygamists became intense, Hans took one of his younger wives, and headed to Mexico to find a home for his large family. On their way to Mexico, they stopped in Thatcher, Arizona, and were persuaded by the local Saints to stay in Arizona. He built homes for each of his wives in Thatcher. My grandfather, Heber Otto, grew up in Arizona and met and married Ida Isabella Norton on 25 December 1888, in nearby Central Arizona.

Mother's paternal line, Norton, dates back to Revolutionary War times in Virginia and Kentucky. Her grandparents, David Norton and Elizabeth Benefield joined the church in Indiana, and went through the building of Nauvoo, and the exodus of the Saints from that city. Their son, John Wiley Norton, was a scout in Brigham's first company to cross the plains to Utah in 1847. The family came by wagon to Utah in 1848.

I could not find the family in the 1850 census of Utah, however. Someone recommended I go and interview a Norton relative who was living in a rest home south of Salt Lake City. She was a very astute lady and during the interview told me that the Nortons had gone to the gold fields in California in 1849. What? In spite of Brigham Young's admonition for the saints to avoid the gold fields? I then found them in the 1850 census of Placerville, California. David and Elizabeth were running a boarding house in California. They were back in Utah by 1860.

In Lehi, a younger son, Hyrum Fletcher, met and married a young English convert, Zina Emma Turner, and infused some fresh immigrant blood into the Norton line from Lancashire County, England. Their first child, Ida Isabella, was born in Lehi, but soon thereafter the young family moved to Central, Arizona, where the rest of their children were born, and where some of the other members of the Norton family had settled.

Mother was the oldest child born to Heber Otto Chlarson and Ida Isabella Norton and spent her early childhood in Thatcher, Arizona. Before she died she asked me to be re-baptized for her. Mother said she knew that she was baptized and the Lord knew it, but she wanted her baptism and confirmation to appear officially on the records of the Church. We had been unable to find her baptism on any of the ward records for branches and wards where

the Heber Chlarson family lived, both in Arizona and Mexico. I did this for her soon after she died.

CHARGE IT!

While the family lived in Thatcher, Heber Otto worked for his father at the family saw-mill in Show Low. Concerning this saw mill, Mother once said to me:

Grandpa [Hans Chlarson] was a good-hearted fellow, but he was always in debt. He could get credit anywhere. I guess that was his fault. But they knew he was working—he had his sawmill, and mines, and he seemed to be able to get credit anywhere. And that's the only way he paid his boys [Heber and Hyrum]. The boys very seldom saw any cash, but they would just charge what they needed to their father at the local stores. Mother [Ida Isabella Norton] had never been raised to do anything but pay for what she got. She wouldn't let Heber charge things to Grandpa Chlarson. The rest of the family did, however, and that is the way they got their wages. But mother—she got down to nothing. She swept her floors with a rag and stood in Dad's clothes to wash—while she washed the one dress that she had left. But she wouldn't let Heber charge at the store. They worked for him for years, and it just seems as if it had been me, I would have quit after about a month.

BLUE EYED SWEDES

Shortly after Mother was born on October 15, 1889, her Grandfather Hans Nadrian Chlarson came into the room where my Grandmother Norton and the baby were, and Ida Isabella asked him if he didn't want to see his new grand-daughter..

"What for?" he said, "She's just another blue-eyed, blond-headed Swede!"

This remark so offended Ida Isabella, that she kept baby Charlotte covered whenever Grandfather Chlarson was around. When he finally got a look at Charlotte, he called a saw-mill holiday and had a big party for all the workers. She had black hair and brown eyes! The brown eyes come from the Norton side of the family. All nine of Heber Otto's and Ida Isabella's children had brown eyes. Blond-headed Swedes indeed!

While still in Arizona three more children were born into the family: Heber Philbert, born 1 June 1891; Louis Rudolph, born 20 June 1893; and Vivian, born 9 October 1896. According to Lou, 1896 was the year the family moved to Mexico. My mother, Charlotte Chlarson Langford, would have been seven years of age on 15 October, of that year.

DEADLY NUTRITION

I remember Mother telling about an incident which must have happened while they were still in Arizona. Mother almost killed her brother, Heber. Heber was the third child and was just a toddler at the time. Someone was plowing a lot near their home (in Central) and the children, including Lou, were playing nearby, watching the plowing, and mother picked up a root that had been turned up by the plow. It was white, but she thought it was a white carrot, so she picked it up, wiped it off and gave it to Lou to eat. He ate a little of that, but mother thought that he couldn't have eaten much of it because he didn't have many teeth. There was a girl that worked for her mother, and she would take the children to primary each week. When she brought the children back from primary, Lou kept running into the fences. She wondered what was the matter with him—the fences were barbed wire and it was dangerous for him, When she got home she told my grandmother what had happened