

"No fooling?" he said.

And I said, "Let's go out and I'll see if I can find it." And we walked out into the yard, and I looked around and I said, "It's over there." And I walked right to it. It was exactly as I had dreamed it. The hen was sitting on only one egg, and the rest were down the mountain. The hen had won her fight, but she only had one egg left to hatch.

She added that when she was a girl, traveling around in Mexico, she would dream that she saw a scene, and soon after, while they were traveling, they would come to what she had seen in her dream, and it would be exactly the same as it had been in her dream. When asked if she had dreams like that after she was married, she replied that she hadn't. Only when she was young.

AS GOOD AS MONEY IN THE BANK?

Before Mother's family moved to Mexico, her father quit working for his father in the sawmill, and built a brick store that had about two rooms, in Central, Arizona. He had decided to go into the grocery store business. The trouble with Heber Otto Chlarson was that he was too kind hearted. He just let everyone have endless credit for groceries—even those who didn't need it, and then he could never collect.

When he built the store, one of the two rooms in the store was a bedroom for him and Ida. To get some heat into the bedroom, her father ran the stovepipe from the store room through the bedroom. But before Ida knew it, the bed clothes were all dirty from that stove pipe. The stove pipe was too long, and so the moisture condensed in the pipe and dripped out of the joints onto the bed. The moisture was black from the soot inside the stovepipe.

When her father bought the land he built the store on, there was an old house already on the property and that's where they had their kitchen and where the children slept. Her father built a breezeway between the new store and the old house, and my mother said that was the coolest place to be in the summer. The roof of the breezeway was covered with branches and leaves to make it shady.

Sometimes her father would go over his books and add up all the money people owed him, and he'd say, "Why, I'm worth ten thousand dollars!"

And his wife would say, "What do you want to keep going over those old books for? I'd think it would make you feel terrible!"

"Well," he'd say, "it doesn't. It makes me feel pretty good that the other fellows owe me that much and maybe I'll get it some day."

WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY

Her father decided (even though it was after the Manifesto) that one reason he wasn't prospering was because he hadn't obeyed the Lord and entered polygamy. He had his eye on the oldest daughter of a man named Clemens. And Clemens was moving to Mexico, so Mother's father went down with Mr. Clemens to look the Mexican colonies over to see if there was a place that looked like a good place to move his family. Note: He did not marry the Clemens girl.

While he was gone, Ida proceeded to go after the deadbeats on the store's books and see if she could collect some of the money owed them. If they didn't pay she'd take them to

court and take their horses, or cows, or crops—or anything they had to pay the debt. Because of this, people said that Ida "wore the pants" in the family. Mother said that this wasn't true, though. Her father was very stubborn, and if he didn't want to do something, nothing would move him, not even his wife.

If her dad had stayed away for six months, Ida would probably have collected most of the bad debts, but as soon as he got back he put an end to the collecting.

"You wouldn't want to be treated like that," he told Ida

PUMPKINS AND PIGS

Mother tells another thing that she did while they were still living in Central. The family had a pig pen in the corner of the lot and the hired boy had been hauling in a lot of pumpkins. Great huge things. And mother had to feed the pigs these pumpkins. She just kept throwing those pumpkins into the pen until it was so full that the pigs could walk out of the pen over the pumpkins. "I was going to see that those pigs didn't get hungry in a long time," she said. She was still quite young—she hadn't yet started school so she was probably five or six.

THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE

Mother always had trouble with spelling. When she did start school, she started at a new school that had just been built in Thatcher. Her first teacher was Sister Irene Cluff. Every day the class would sing, My Country Tis of Thee and say The Pledge of Allegiance. It remained her favorite song. A few years after they had moved to Mexico, her father sent her back to live with his mother, Johanna Charlotte Scherlin Chlarson, to go to school for a year. (1900) And she had the same teacher again. Her words:

The teacher would stand beside me and hear me spell a word right and when I wrote it I would spell it wrong. The teacher would say: "Will you never learn to write the way your mind tells you to? Students all around you get their spelling right by following you and then you're wrong because you don't write it the way you spell it out loud."

THE WIDOW'S MITE

That year I was staying with Grandmother to go to school, my father put me on the train and didn't give me a cent for the trip. And as far as I know, all the time I was with Grandmother, he never sent her a cent for my keep. And Grandmother was a widow. While I was staying there I overheard a conversation between my Grandmother and my uncle Hi Chlarson which made me aware, for the first time, that I might be a burden on my grandmother.

Uncle Hi had some pigs and I had been helping him by cutting alfalfa to feed them. I heard Grandmother Chlarson say, "Charlotte needs a new pair of shoes. She has been helping you feed the pigs, why don't you get her some shoes?"

And Uncle Hi said, "Why doesn't Heber take care of his own brats—I've got enough of my own to worry about."

Looking back on it, I can't understand why my father didn't send her some money. At the time he was working as a carpenter and making good money. I just don't understand why he would let his mother suffer like that.