

lot at the Church. Can we help it if our voices carry? We all should have been opera singers (or hog callers).

Mother said that the only people who made any money in Oaxaca were those who ran cattle. Oaxaca itself was too small an area for that. But those who had cattle used the surrounding lands to run their cattle. James Harvey Langford, Jr. ran a grocery store in Oaxaca and had a small farm across the river. Those who had farms in Oaxaca had to have them outside the main settlement, except for small gardens. While the Chlarsons were there, besides raising produce on their small two and a half acres, Mother's father did carpentry work. Her father was a good carpenter and made most of the money the family had in Mexico doing carpentry work. Often he would pack up his tools and go back to the states to work to get cash for the family.

CHUACHUPA

In 1902 Heber and Ida moved their family to Chuachupa, Chihuahua, (usually referred to as "Chupe") and so missed the terrible flood that came later and caused the Langfords and everyone else in Oaxaca to move. But their move didn't prosper them. Of their move, Mother said:

Charlie Scott drove our stock up there and we hit Chuachupa in a drought. Everything was burned up. Most of the springs went dry. We had a peculiar formation in Chupe. In the south end of the town was a big spring and for two or three hundred feet around that spring it just teetered when you walked on it. It sounded hollow. The men of the town had brought the spring water into town by digging quite a deep ditch into the spring and running water into the town in this ditch. And that's the only spring that didn't go dry.

The town was maybe a mile and a half long and you could find what we called an underground river all the way through town. [Apparently on the surface, the edge of the underground river was slightly lower than the surrounding terrain]. when you went over it with a wagon or a horse you would come to the edge and it would go "perplunk" and then you'd go over it just as if you were going over a bridge. Near that spring, on the part that teetered, if a horse went banging across that area, the horse could break through the crust and go into it up to the belly. I always wanted to dig down on that edge and see what was there. Why didn't the *men* do that?

Our stock would go down in a big cut near the spring to get a drink of water and get bogged down and couldn't get out. They would starve and die. All of Dad's stock died that way that year except one. I couldn't understand my father's reasoning. All the other men drove their stock into the canyon where there was plenty of water and grass, but Dad left all his stock in town. He lost everything he took up there--everything. Which was unfortunate, because his intent when he went up to Chuachupa was to go into the dairy business. He was going to make cheese. And this was not a bad idea because Chupe was way up in the mountains at a high altitude and the season was so short it was difficult to mature a regular crop. But the grasses were good for grazing stock.

Another thing Mother remembers about the Chupe area was the beautiful flowers ← that grew there. Her story continues:

THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING

I had a lot of fun in Chupe, though. It was a wonderful place for kids. There was water, trees, springs, and horses and the most beautiful flowers you ever in your life saw. There were millions of different kinds of flowers. "White Stars" as big as a cup--just like wax--and they grew up in the grass and you could see them by the miles--just acres and acres of them. The Delphiniums were prettier than anything I've seen in the gardens here--beautiful things!

President Ivins--afterwards in the Presidency of the Church--remember? He was our Stake President down there--and he would come up to Chuachupa and hire the boys in the area to dig up the "White Star" bulbs, which he sent down to Jaurez. They did not grow wild down there, but they transplanted well. In the garden catalogues they call them "Aztec Lilies".

We also had Tiger Lilies in all different shades.

GIVE THE HORSE ITS HEAD

The country around Chupe was covered with heavy timber--except where there were hardpan formations. Mother (Charlotte) said the forest would come right up to the hardpan and then there wouldn't be a tree where that hardpan was located. When the hardpan ended the trees would start again. Ida Norton was afraid of those forests--especially for Lou, who was so adventuresome. She was sure that the children would get lost in those heavy woods. Because of this worry she told the children that if they were ever lost in those woods, to tie the reins behind the horse's head and give the horse his head, and the horse would bring them back to town safely. Mother tells a couple of stories about "giving the horse it's head:"

Lou came home one night and said, "Well, Mother, what you said was true. I had to trust my horse this time. He just took me in the opposite direction that I wanted to go. I had the time of my life to keep my hands off the bridle. I knew I was going farther and farther from town and lo and behold, here I am."

I had the same experience one time. I can't remember the name of the other girl we were with. George Brown and Brigg Johnson took us horseback riding out in the forest. I was with George and this other girl was with Brigg Johnson. Brigg Johnson was the laziest guy I ever knew. If we ever wanted to call someone "lazy" we simply called them "Brigg."

The Mancinita there grows quite big--it's just a bright red shrub--and I said to the boys, "Let's carve our initials in the Mancinita." So I and this other girl sat down under the bush, and the boys gave us their knives and left us there alone.

After a while the other girl said, "We'd better go after then or we'll get lost."

I said, "I don't care how lost we get, I'm not going after them." And so we stayed there quite a while, thinking they would come back. But they didn't. They were just trying to frighten us, I suppose. I thought I knew what direction they went, but that was no way of saying that we would know where they were when we went to look for them. The boys knew where they were, but we were lost. Before

we even got on our horses we were lost. We didn't know where town was more than anything.

I said to her, "Let's get on our horses."

And she said, "We'd better stay right here, so we won't get lost. The boys know where we are, but if we get on our horses we will get lost."

"I don't care how lost we get," I said, "I'm not going to stay here. I don't want them to find us."

"Well, I sure do!" she said.

Well, I got her on her horse and I just went off in any direction. It didn't make any difference to me which way we went just so we would get away where they might not find us.

"Don't let's do this Charlotte," she said, "we're going to get lost for sure."

And I said, "Oh we won't get lost. We're on horses that stay in town and all we have to do is let the horses take us home." It was getting late. It must have been four or five o'clock and we had been out all afternoon.

"I don't know," she said, "I don't know anything about horses. Maybe they won't take us home."

"Oh yes they will. They'll take us home. You just tie your reins and tie them on the neck of the horse, and then don't touch them--just never touch them," I told her.

And the horses just took us right home and we never saw the boys. And they looked all over the place and fired their guns so we could come to them. When they came into town they were the scariest boys you ever in your life met up with. Brigg came up to me and said, "Wherever were you? Didn't you hear our guns?" (We must have been a long way away from them not to have heard their guns.) "We've been all over that place and we couldn't find you. We knew you were lost. You might have gone in the opposite direction. Why didn't you stay where we left you?" Brigg complained.

I said, "Well you shouldn't have left us. You might have known we wouldn't stay there."

We sure had a good time that night. It was all the conversation. George Brown was so mad at me he could have beat me. That was fun, though.

"How did you do it?" George asked me later.

"I didn't do a thing," I said. "We just let the horses bring us home."

"I didn't think you were that smart," said George.

But I wasn't a bit scared. Not a bit. Because I knew that the horses would take us home. Mother had taught us and trained us ever since we came to Chupe that that was the thing to do--just give the horses their head.

THE MAD DOG SCARE

While the family was still in Chuachupa, there was a mad dog scare. Charlotte's mother was alone because her father had gone somewhere looking for work. As Charlotte tells it:

That mad dog scare gave me nightmares for years. The dog came into town on Saturday night. He wasn't one of our own dogs but was a stray. Howard Vader had a special dog. He was a cattle dog. And Vader thought the world of him. That dog was king of the dogs. He stood up to every dog in town, but when he saw that mad dog he ran under the porch and wouldn't fight him. And Howard Vader made him come out and fight that dog. Someone in the crowd said, "I don't think that dog would have acted that way if that stray dog had been right. I wonder if that dog is mad?"

"Oh, no!" said Howard Vader. (Because, of course, if his dog had been bitten in the fight he would have to be destroyed, because the dog would get rabies.)

Since they couldn't take any chances, the Bishop said there would be no services the next day, and for everyone to stay off the streets. And the men planned to hunt down that dog and see if they could get rid of it. But that dog disturbed our dogs that night. We had a female dog who had little puppies. And he would attack her and she would leave her puppies, which was an unusual thing for a mother dog to do. Mother and the boys could hear that mad dog throwing the puppies around. The dog would leave our dog and go up the street and attack the Nelson's dog and then come back to our house again. And Dad wasn't home, of course.

At the time we were living in a log cabin and Dad had put up a tent behind the house and that is where the boys ordinarily slept, but of course they were in the house with Mother that night. The mother dog was in the tent. Mother was afraid the mad dog would come through the window because the windows were low. There were large enough cracks between the logs so that she could put her gun between the logs to try to shoot the dog. Lou was a better shot than Mother, but he was too scared.

Later that night, the dog seemed not to be around so Mother slipped out and went a few doors down to George Martineau's and asked him if he would go over to Aunt Ida's house and tell me not to come home in the morning, but to stay there until I heard from him. I had been sleeping nights at Ida Wilson's because she was afraid to stay alone. It was about three or four o'clock in the morning when George got to Aunt Ida's house. I saw that he had his gun with him. I didn't ask any questions, I just got dressed as fast as I could and lit out for home. I just knew that something was very wrong!

When I got to the Martineau home, Mrs. Martineau said to me, "Didn't George tell you not to come home?"

"Yes," I said, "but he didn't tell me why."

"Well, there's a mad dog about, that's why!" she said. And I just kept going. I don't know why she didn't make me stay at her house, but that's the longest block I ever walked in my life. I just died a thousand deaths before I got home.

The men caught up with that dog when daylight came. It came into town and this time it was attacking humans. When the dog finally fell, they found that the dog was literally riddled with bullets, but for some reason it had just kept going. They had to kill most of the dogs in town, and several cattle. The women were afraid to use the milk for a while until they knew which cows had been infected with rabies. Although the Bishop had cancelled meetings for that day, and told people to stay off the streets, there were clusters of people all over--talking about that dog.

Mother said that their gentle female dog was rabid by the next morning because she had been bitten so many times. She approached them snarling and snapping. They had to shoot her.

Child number seven, William Adolph, was born 23 March 1904, in Chuachupa, Chihuahua, Mexico; and was joined two years later at the same place by child number eight, Birta Lovina, born 1 February 1907. Emma Isabelle (Emmabel), born 31 March 1910, was the ninth and last child. She was born in Madera, Chihuahua, Mexico.

From the children's birthplaces in Mexico you can tell they did a lot of moving around. My mother said that if her father had left my grandmother Ida Isabelle in one place long enough she could have supported the family all by herself. Once the family lived up in the mountains in Madera while my grandfather was hauling logs for the railroad. My grandmother started cooking for the workers, and did very well financially.

AUNT IDA

Don't ask me why, because my grandfather Chlarson could hardly afford a second family, but Heber Otto married another Ida--Ida Wilson, 18 September 1907, in the Salt Lake Temple. This means that while Ida Isabelle was having Birta Lovina, born 1 Feb 1907, in Chuachupa, Mexico, her husband was courting and marrying his second wife. After he married Ida Wilson, he brought her down to join the rest of the family who had apparently moved from Chuachupa up to Pearson, Chihuahua. Three children were born to this marriage. A boy, Lyman, born 26 June 1909, in La Boquilla, Chihuahua, Mexico; and a girl, Hanna Elizabeth, born 6 Dec 1911, in Juarez, Mexico. After the family left Mexico, a girl, Lavina Shirlene, was born 9 February, 1913, in Aurora, Sevier, Utah.

Ida Wilson had previously been married to Edmon Claybourne Nelson, by whom she had two children. Cyrus Edmon Nelson, b. 1889 (same year as Mother) and Ida Buryl, b. 1900. It is not known if these children were with Ida in Mexico. They may have been living with their Wilson grandparents. There is no mention of them in Mother's tape, so I assume that they probably were not with Ida Wilson when Heber Chlarson brought her to Pearson, where the family had moved after leaving Chupe.

FORBIDDEN PASTIMES

My grandfather Chlarson was a very good fiddler and played for all the dances wherever they were living. His wife, Ida Isabelle, did not approve of this talent. She felt playing the violin was not "manly". I wonder what happened to his fiddle? Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could go back in time and listen and dance to his fiddling?

Every generation thinks the "younger" generation is becoming degenerate. Especially when it comes to dancing and music. Mother says that when the waltz became a popular dance, the brethren frowned on it and forbade it at their church dances. Only dances like the Virginia Reel, and other round dances where there was no "touching" were allowed. The young people would sneak away and dance their waltzes in the barns of the

community. But if they were caught, they had to confess in sacrament meeting and were sometimes banned from going to the weekly Friday dances for a while.

Charlotte's brother Louis says in his story of their stay in Mexico, that the young men would frequent the Mexican dances in the area in spite of the disapproval of their parents; who were probably afraid that they would marry the lovely Mexican girls they met at these dances.

COURTING CUSTOMS

Since a man could have more than one wife, he could court the local maidens even though he was married. Mother said although she wouldn't go out with him, one of the men of the colony taught his children to call her "Aunt Charlotte". "Aunt" was a common name for a second or third polygamous wife. She said that often the younger married men would go with the young people on their outings. They were always in a group--but the wives weren't present. Even though the Manifesto had been issued, it took a while before it became operative in Mexico. After all, that is why most of the LDS families had come to Mexico in the first place--so they could live the principle of plural marriage in peace.

It would seem very strange (even offensive) if a married man approached, with romantic intent, a single woman in my generation. Likewise, if a single girl flirted with a married man, she would soon be called to repentance by the Bishop. I'm grateful that I don't have to face my husband's courting of "another wife." It isn't hard to imagine how I would feel under the circumstance. And contrary to the picture often portrayed in polygamous family stories, many men took subsequent wives without the consent of their first wife.

However, in spite of these (to us) strange courting customs, in reply to my question of "how many girls of her generation married into polygamy?", Mother said, "not one!" In fact, after the manifesto none of the young men took additional wives either--except for her father. And did she ever get kidded about that--by one young man about her own age.

A BLOW FOR THE FEMINISTS

Mother was in school. (Schooling was very intermittent for my mother and her brothers and sisters.) A boy named Harv Elliot was one of three boys who lived quite close to Mother and she went with all three of them. They often went about in a group of young people. But Harv was the one that gave her the most trouble and he was the one that was her shadow, at home, in church, and in school. He was just younger than she was or about the same age. Also, he was in the same class (but that didn't mean anything in Mexico because young people of all ages could be in a class). In Mother's own words:

One day we were having a terrible snowstorm, so I went over to Ida Wilson's [her father's second wife] for lunch and after lunch I came into the schoolroom. Harv always sat in front of me, beside me, or in back of me. Anyway, he was sitting sideways on the seat with his elbow on my desk. And he said to me, "Been over to Aunty's have you?" And I just hit him--just like that--and knocked him into the aisle. I was surprised at the result--I didn't think I had hit him that hard. And he just bounced to the next seat and into the aisle. Judge Howell was teaching and I thought I was going to catch it, too, and the Judge said to Harvey--"Now you behave yourself." But he didn't change.

This incident must have happened in La Boquilla or Pearson, because as near as I can piece together the story, Heber's secondwife, Ida-Wilson, was not with them in Chuachupa.

MAN AGAINST NATURE

Once while they were still in Chuachupa, Mother's father took on the hard-pan in that area. He had brought some fruit trees down from the States, and he thought if he dug large enough holes for those trees and brought in good soil to put around them they would do O.K. The men in the valley told him he was just making ponds for the trees and that they would all drown, but he wouldn't listen. The trees all died. Some of the men in the valley had some success with fruit trees by breaking up the hard-pan with dynamite, thus giving the trees some drainage. That must have been some hard-pan.

THUNDER AND LIGHTNING

Mother had several experiences with lightning. It seems that they had really spectacular--and frightening--lightning storms in Mexico. Almost everyone knew someone who had been killed or injured seriously by lightning. Lou gives an excellent description of the lightning storms they had in Mexico on page seven of his "Memories." From my mother's tape:

I had several experiences with lightning when I was a girl. My first experience was when I was in Madera. I was running a board and room house there. All the electric lights in the town came from the lumber mill, which made its own electricity and when lightning hit, the lights would go out and we would have to substitute coal-oil lamps for the electric ones. This day we had a fierce lightning storm and the lights went out. We had a man working for us named "Sharp"--I didn't know him by any other name except "Sharp"--and he came into the pantry to help me get the coal-oil lamps going, and "bang!"--the flash came and we both went down. I came out of it before he did and when he got up, he shouted, "Let me get out of here--let me get out of here--I'm bleeding!" He ran right into the wall in his confusion. He wasn't bleeding, but he had a burn on his neck, and had to go to the company doctor. I went with him.

The doctor gave us some advice. "Don't ever leave your light sockets without light bulbs in them. If you have bulbs in the sockets, the electricity comes and goes back out. It dropped right down on you folks because you were under the open socket."

One time when I was out at the tie camp [I presume her father and the boys were at a camp where they were cutting logs and forming railroad ties], I had my own little camp--a dog camp--just big enough for a bed. I was on my bed and lightning hit a tree about twenty feet from my camp and just set that tree on fire. It went right through my camp and it just tingled me. I went clear off! [unconscious]. I don't know if it was a fainting spell, [Mother fainted easily] or if it was the lightning that took me off, but I sure got it that time.

The other time was when I was in Chupe. I was sitting in the living room on my Mother's bed--it seems like there was never a place where we didn't have to have a bed in every room, and Mother's bed seemed always to be in the living room--I was sitting on her bed doing something, and the lightning hit the corner of the house and came right down and tore the door frame off--just splintered it--and went clear through the house, and out the back window and splintered it! I just grabbed my head--never said a word--and just rolled off the bed. Mother thought 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 thunder. 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 LaBoquilla, 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 Isabelle 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 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 had to be rinsed a couple of times, and then wrung out again. Then the laundry 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, 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 my Grandfather, 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) "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 Mother had to take care of everybody including Ida Wilson. It was 1911. She was twenty-two and Ernest was twenty-three. They were both impressed with each other.

Mother was impressed with the efficient way he handled the wagons and the way he took care of his horses. He picked out good camping places and stopped early enough to make camp and let the horses graze and feed before dark. And he got them up early enough in the morning to get a good start. He was tall, and good looking, and she could not have helped but notice his striking blue eyes. This was in direct contrast to her father, who never seemed to know how to take care of his animals. And when the family traveled, her father would start late in the morning, and travel late in the evening, so that it was difficult to make a good camp. On the other hand, Dad was impressed with Mother. He liked the efficient way she handled the children (and her Aunt Ida) and she did all the cooking. And she was a good cook! Besides, she was very pretty!

As they approached San Jose they came to a steep downgrade called the "Squeeze." It was a narrow, rock ledge, just barely the width of a wagon. The grade was so steep that the rear wheels of the wagons had to be locked so that they dragged instead of rolling. This caused the rear wheels to act as a brake. Wagon wheels had worn ruts in the rock road--just the width of a wagon and the ruts were three or four inches deep. Once into the Squeeze, you could only go down or up, whichever way you were going. There was no way to turn around, or for anyone to pass you. There had been more than one fatality on that road.

The first day out, Mother had ridden a horse, but after that she rode up beside Dad. She said:

That's the first time I had ever ridden down a canyon in any wagon, and I guess that was the worst place a wagon could have gone. Down the Squeeze! And I rode down the Squeeze with Ern Langford. I guess I just had enough confidence in Ern's ability with the wagon. Before that I had never ridden down a canyon anywhere or with anyone. I'd get out and walk, walk, walk. But I rode down that Squeeze with Ern Langford!

From then on he dated me and--and do you know? Dad wasn't going to pay Ern for moving us!

After we got to San Jose, Dad came to me and said, "What do you think I should do? Shall I pay Langford for this trip? We need the money here."

And I said, "Indeed! You will pay him!" Now why would you suppose Dad would ask such a thing of me? But I told him he had it to pay and he paid!

Actually, Mother was engaged at the time to marry a young man by the name of Joe Foutz. But she never told Dad about it--and I guess she wasn't wearing an engagement ring. After they had been dating for a while, Mother's sister, Vivian, let the cat out of the bag. Vivian told Dad that he didn't need to think it would do any good to date Charlotte, because she was engaged to Joe Foutz. Dad didn't say anything to Mother. He just kept dating her. Later when Dad was in Douglas, he ran into Joe Foutz, and Foutz was complaining that Harvey Langford (Dad's half brother) had taken Charlotte away from him. Dad didn't say anything--he just let him go on thinking the culprit was Harvey.

THE 4-BAR RANCH

Three months later, in the fall of 1911, Mother wanted to go out to the States and get a job so she could earn enough money to go to school. There was an academy in Thatcher, and since she had relatives in Thatcher and Central she wanted to get at least one more year of schooling. Her father took her by train out to Douglas. Mother says:

I must be cocky. I just went into a hotel, found the manager, and said I was looking for a job cooking.

The manager said, "There was a man in here looking to hire a cook. Will you go out on a ranch?"

I said, "I'll go anywhere."

So he got hold of the man that was looking for a cook and told him about me. The man's name was Mr. Neil. I never knew him by any other name. He walked up to me and looked at me and said, "you're just a kid. Do you think you could hold down a job cooking for cowboys and all?"

And I said, "I can hold down a job of any kind!" So he hired me at twenty dollars a month and keep. And I thought I was on top of the world. Mr. Neil was a wonderful man. Everyone thought a lot of him. His ranch was called the 4-Bar Ranch. And the nearest Post Office was MacNeil.

OPPOSITION IN ALL THINGS

But Mrs. Neil was a horse of a different color. She was a devil on wheels. The cook before me chased her around with a butcher knife. But I told myself, "I'm going to work here until school next year and I don't care what!" I just went in and built up a wall within myself against her.

My duties: I had to churn butter from the cream of two Jersey cows. The fellow who milked them would pour the milk in pans. I had to skim it, churn it, and take care of it. I had to cook for the two Neils, myself, their boy, her brother and four cowboys regularly. I had to make bread, pies, and cakes and do all the baking. From scratch. Even the coffee beans had to be ground. And during round-up I would have to cook for up to thirty people at a time. I was also supposed to take care of the cleaning of everything in the house except Mrs. Neil's bedroom and the living room..

I had to learn how to handle and cook the whole beef. The hired man would cut it up for me, but I had to cook all the cuts--from the head to the hoof. Bacon was not cut. It came in slabs and I had to slice it. [Mother's experience cooking for the boarders in Madera must have come in handy. At least she was used to cooking for about as many people as were in the core crew at the ranch.]

TEMPER! TEMPER!

Speaking about "cutting"-- that's how I got this scar on my thumb. When Thanksgiving came, the chore man, Jarvis, got drunk and so he was in no condition to cut the steaks which I had ordered for breakfast and that meant that I had to cut them. And I was mad of course! If I hadn't been I wouldn't have sawed

myself. But when I started to cut those steaks, I put that saw clear through to the bone on my knuckle. And I came out holding that thing and it was just streaming blood.

The Neils had a big yellow cat and when he saw that blood he just yowled at me and whipped his tail. I thought that cat intended to eat me, and I got mad at him and fainted dead away! When I came out of it, I was wet from head to foot. They had thrown water all over me. And my hair was as straight as string. My hand was still streaming blood. But my straight hair didn't keep me from going to the dance that night, and I did all the cooking that day--and the dishes--in spite of my knuckle.

But Mrs. Neil was so mean. Every once in a while she would come into the kitchen and say, "I'm going to make a cake that's decent to eat--(inferring, of course that my cakes weren't.)" And she'd get flour on the ceiling. It would take a week to clean up after her, and she would always end up just putting the whole thing in the soil. [Same as the "garbage", I guess].

AN ANONYMOUS GIFT

Oh, but we had a fun time once. Mrs. Neil was gone to California for something or other. And when she left she would always have the chore man's wife, Mrs. Jarvis, come over and act as chaperone to protect me (I suppose) from the cowboys. Mr. Neil had gone down to Douglas. And while he was gone a package was delivered to the house. Groceries. We knew something was wrong. We had never had groceries like that delivered at our house.

But we kidded ourselves that it must have been meant for us. Why else would they have delivered it to our door? But there was all kind of goodies in it that we never had. Fine-cut bacon. Grated pineapple. Things that never would come out to a cow ranch. It was delivered when both I and Mrs. Jarvis was gone. And there it sat. It came in the morning and Mrs. Neil's brother opened it. I said: "You shouldn't have opened that--that's not ours. It isn't for us at all."

Neil had his cowboys living at different places all over the valley. The nester's were coming in and so he had cowboys homesteading the areas around his land, so he could get the land in his name and extend his holdings. And the cowboys had to live on the land. They would send out orders to the cowboys, but nothing like this order. Especially the grated pineapple. Neil's brother said: "How are you going to use this?"

And I said, "I know a fine way to use this. I'll give it to you for supper." So I made a big bunch of cake in big loaf tins, and I whipped some cream that I had and just loaded it with that pineapple. The cowboys came in, and they never did get enough of eating that cake and pineapple. It lasted two or three days. And we had fine-cut bacon and eggs and instead of grinding the coffee beans for coffee for the cowboys, I used that pre-ground coffee. By the time the Neils got back, we had finished that whole bag of groceries.

You know, Mrs. Neil had a fit over that! She just blew her top! But her husband just roared and laughed over it. "That's a fine way to feed cowboys, Charlotte," he said. We never did find out who that sack of groceries belonged to.

RIDING THE RANGE

Mother was a fast worker and when she finished with the duties that had been outlined for her, she thought she would have the rest of the time free for herself. Mrs. Neil just couldn't stand not to have her busy every minute, and would think up extra things for her to do. To have some time to herself, Mother would have the cowboys saddle up a horse for her each evening, and she would regularly go for a ride out on the ranch. This really bothered Mrs. Neil, so one day she told the boys that Charlotte wouldn't be riding that evening.

When Mother came out to go riding, the cowboys told her that her horse was already out and the only other horse available was an ornery old horse which even the cowboys had a hard time riding. They told her Mrs. Neil had told them she would not be riding that evening, or they would have saved her regular horse for her:

Mother said, "Well, saddle him up. I am going riding." So they saddled him up and she headed out.

That cured Mrs. Neil. She was just sure that horse would throw me and I'd be off in the bushes someplace. She never told them that again. She knew my work was done--she was just being ornery.

The horse I rode regularly was a little horse named Billy. A mean little horse. He ran away with Mrs. Neil, and he ran away with her brother. He was "hard mouthed" and when he'd get the bit in his mouth, he would run and no one could stop him. She didn't want me to ride him and neither did any of the cowboys. But he was awfully nice to me. He never did anything like that to me.

One day I was going to MacNeil to pick up the mail, and I had a big bouquet of chrysanthemums to give to the postmistress. The cattlemen called the settlers who were coming in to farm the prairies "nesters" and there was constant trouble between the nesters and the cattlemen. The nesters would buy a piece of ground and put a fence around it, cutting off the usual trails and traffic patterns both for man and beast. The cattlemen would cut the fences as fast as the nesters put them up.

The nesters had put up a fence across the road and we had to make a detour, and Billy didn't want to accept that new fence. He got to snorting and going sideways right into that fence. I just flipped out of the one stirrup and let him take it sidewise; and when he went back away from the fence, I put my leg back over the saddle, talking to him all the time.

Another time he got frightened by a rattlesnake in the road and stopped "just on a dime." It's a wonder I didn't go over his head. And he snorted and went to stepping to one side and I patted him and said, "Billy, you're not afraid. Behave yourself," and he straightened out and went lopping off.

LOST ON THE RANGE

Mother never dated the cowboys who worked on the place, and that bothered Mrs. Neil, who thought she was not being "loyal". (She probably hoped Mother would marry one of the home cowboys and then she'd have a permanent cook.) But Mother once in a while

dated a cowboy named Bill who worked on a neighboring ranch. They usually went to the weekend dances that would be held near by. She continues her story:

One night when I had gone riding, Bill came over about the time he thought that I would be getting back from my ride. He had been doing target shooting and Mrs. Neil was scolding him.

"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 off 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 five dollars a month. I was getting five dollars more than the cowboys. Imagine that--twenty-five dollars 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!] I 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 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 and 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 appendicitus, 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 an 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 her 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.]

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 practically had 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 a disaster for the Chlarsons.

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].

Note: I finished writing this story on November 12, 1995. November 13, when I was going through some of my Uncle Hyrum's genealogy, which he had left me when he died, I found a letter from Uncle Lou to Uncle Hy. Lou had written to Hy asking him to clear up some family history questions. Hy answered, but I don't know if he ever sent it back to Lou. But his last paragraph read as follows:

Dad was always looking for land and the best was always over the hill--he was a born gypsy. He moved his family sixteen times in seventeen years.

MY FATHER, ERNEST FOUNTAIN LANGFORD

The genealogy on my father's side also goes back to Kentucky and Virginia to the time no of the Revolutionary War. The lines were mostly English, with a smattering of Scotch Irish and German. For a detailed account of his lineage, see The Descendants of Fielding Langford. A copy of this book is in the possession of all the children and grandchildren of H. Tracy Hall and Ida-Rose Langford Hall. Copies are also found in many libraries in Utah and Idaho. A pedigree chart showing some of his pedigree is printed in the front of my mother's story.

My father's grandfather, James Harvey Langford Sr., came across the plains with his father, Fielding Langford and mother, Sarah Bethurem Langford, in the company of Captain James W. Bay. The company left Council Bluff, Nebraska, 27 May 1852, and arrived in the Salt Lake Valley Friday, August 13, the same year.

James Harvey Sr. was twenty-one when they arrived in Salt Lake City. Four years later, he married Mary Caroline Turnbaugh, September 14, 1856. Mary Caroline's family had been in the same pioneer company. They moved to Willard, Utah, where the family lived when Dad's father, James Harvey Langford, Jr. was born 27 March 1884.

Dad's mother was Rose Ellen Jackson, whose parents, both English, had emigrated from Yorkshire County and Kent County England to Utah to gather with the Saints in Zion. Her father, James Jackson Jr., had crossed the plains with his parents, but Annis Bedford, her mother, had come by herself in a wagon company as a young woman. Annis had taught school in England. Both James Jackson and Annis Bedford settled in, of all places, Lehi, Utah, and were married there. [My Mother's Norton family had also settled in Lehi after returning from California.]

After the birth of the Jackson's first child, Mary Lydia, b. 26 September 1860 at Lehi, the Jacksons were called down to the wine mission in Southern Utah. The rest of the children of James and Annis Jackson were born in Toquerville, where they settled after leaving Lehi. Rose Ellen Jackson, my grandmother, was born there 1 December 1865.

During the next few years James Jackson married three other wives. Annis died when Mary Lydia and Rose Ellen were teen-agers. With all those wives, wouldn't you think Annis' children would be cared for within the nearby homes of the other wives? Instead, after the death of Annis, James Jackson told the oldest daughter, Mary Lydia, that she was responsible for the other children of the family. An awesome responsibility for a young girl.

ROMANCE IN PANACA

James Jackson often traveled to Panaca (then in Utah, now in Nevada), to sell fruit and vegetables which he grew on his farm. He could get good prices for his produce in the mining areas near Panaca. On one trip he took his daughter Rose Ellen with him, and she stayed there for a while to recover from a recent illness. She met my Grandfather, James Harvey Langford Jr., while in Panaca. His family was living there at the time.

TWO FOR ONE

When James Harvey asked for Rose Ellen's hand in marriage, James Jackson said, "Yes, if you marry her older sister, Mary Lydia as well." James Harvey left it up to Rose Ellen, and married them both in the St. George Temple, 27 March 1884. James Harvey was 23 years old, Mary Lydia was 24 years old and Rose Ellen was 19 years old. Rose Ellen and James Harvey had been courting for two years, and her father, James Jackson knew that Mary Lydia was also in love with James Harvey.

PIONEER JUSTICE

Persecution against polygamists intensified and James Harvey moved his wives and children about quite often prior to his arrest and incarceration in prison for unlawful cohabitation. During the year of 1888 Harvey moved Mary Lydia to Grass Valley, Utah. That same year Rose Ellen was living in Junction, Utah. Rose Ellen had just given birth to my father, Ernest Fountain, 5 September 1888, in Junction, and Mary Caroline Turnbaugh, James Harvey's mother was staying with them. Mary Caroline was a midwife and had delivered Ernest. James Harvey had come to be with Rose Ellen when my father was born, and my father said his dad was arrested that same day.

After his arrest, the federal agents came to get Rose Ellen to act as a witness against her own husband. [Illegal now.] Mary Caroline grabbed a shotgun and dared the officers to take Rose Ellen. The officers left, but were back in three weeks. They didn't get much satisfaction from Rose Ellen's testimony. She answered: "I don't know!" to all of the questions. [Early version of the fifth amendment.]

Nevertheless, James Harvey was convicted and taken to prison December 18, 1888. James Harvey was fined \$300. [Do you realize how much \$300. meant in those days?] and spent six months in prison. While in prison, he hand-whittled six intricate wooden rattles. One for each of the children in both his wives' families. Mother put my father's rattle in the Christmas decoration box, and every year it was lovingly placed on our Christmas tree.

The federal officers in Utah in those days believed in a speedy trial. As an example, when Tracy's grandfather, Helon Henry Tracy was convicted for unlawful co-habitation, they took the testimony, and the Judge told the Jury to deliberate and return their verdict. They didn't even leave the Jury box. It took them three and a half minutes to return a verdict of "Guilty."

Harvey was released from prison 17 June 1889. Shortly after his release from prison, he wrote to Elder George Q. Cannon, who was then an Apostle of the Church, and asked what he should do. Elder Cannon, who had also served time in the same prison at the time James Harvey was incarcerated, advised him to take his family and go to Mexico.

ON TO MEXICO

In 1892, when my father was about four years old, James Harvey, with both his families, started for Old Mexico. After a harrowing trip in wagons, they settled in the Mormon colony of Oaxaca, Mexico. Rose Ellen often said there were times at this place when they thought they would starve, but they always managed somehow. A more detailed story of their trip to Mexico is told in The Descendants of Fielding Langford on page 141, and was written by Blenda Langford Butler, Dad's sister.

When they settled in Mexico, James Harvey built a three-room adobe house with a log roof with dirt on it. One room for Mary Lydia and one room for Rose Ellen, and a kitchen. This was in a place called Ray's Flat. The first thing that Dad said that he could remember as a child was when Adelaid died. Adelaid was twin to Aunt Lily's Orlando, born 26 October 1892. Adelaide d. August of 1893 when not quite a year old. Blenda was also born there 9 November 1892. Dad relates this first remembrance of Mexico:

We took Adelaid, who was about nine months old when she died, across the river and to what was called the "townsite". (Oaxaca was not yet settled.) We had to go clear around to the mesquite flat and along the river bench and buried her at the foot of what they called "the townsite". They were going to lay this site off in lots, but later they laid the townsite off where Oaxaca was built, and so the family moved down there.

OAXACA

Oaxaca was laid out much like Brigham Young laid out Salt Lake City. With ten acre blocks, one block assigned to each family. The farms were located across the river or outside of the settlement itself. Dad describes how it was:

Father built a three bedroom adobe house. We were living in that house when Mother's twins (Earl and Ervin) were born. They were premature and both died the same day they were born. (4 January 1900).

While living at Oaxaca, Rose Ellen also had George William, 18 November 1894; Rose Ella, 7 February 1897; Lulu Alice, 18 February 1901. She died 7 November 1901; Angus Leroy, 18 October 1903; and Vera, 10 April 1906. Children born in Utah before the Mexican exodus: Rose Ellen had Annis Jackson, 30 January 1885, in Junction, Utah. Also in Junction, she had Alva Bedford 22 March 1893; and Ernest Fountain, 5 September 1888. Eleven births in all. Twelve babies, of whom nine lived to maturity.

Mary Lydia had the rest of her family in Oaxaca. Besides Orlando and Adelaide, already mentioned, she had: Milton Lafayette 7 October 1894; Pearl Victoria, 16 September 1896; Clarence Jackson, 8 October 1898; Anthony Walter, 5 March 1900; Mary Caroline, (stillborn) 6 Mar 1903; and Horace Fountain, 19 Aug 1905. Before they left Utah, Mary Lydia had James Harvey III in Toquerville, Utah, 11 December 1885; and Lillie May, 4 January 1886 in Grass Valley, Utah. Mary Lydia had 10 babies, eight of whom lived to maturity.

MAKING BRICKS

As you can see, James Harvey had his hands full to provide for his large family in a pioneering situation. The Langford experience in Mexico was as stable as the Chlarson experience was unstable. Until they were flooded out, the Langfords lived in Oaxaca. After the Langfords moved down to Oaxaca, James Harvey went to making bricks. Dad's words:

The first kiln he built was on our lot. He screened the dirt for the bricks out of that part of our lot that was on the hill, and made about 50,000 bricks and kilned them, and when he opened the kiln the bricks all crumbled to the ground. That pile of brick dust was still there on the lot when we left Oaxaca.

The next time my father kilned bricks he went down farther in town and made the brick on a lot that was owned by John Rancher. But Rancher didn't live in Oaxaca, he lived up in Chilitapen. He never did build on that lot in Oaxaca. So Dad went down and kilned brick on it and hauled the clay from our own lot and mixed it with

the ground in Rancher's lot. The product was a nice red brick. He built three kilns there. He would fire a kiln of bricks and then build a house for someone out of those bricks. Then he'd build and fire another kiln and so on. He was a good mason. He built a home for Frieda Naegle and they built an addition to the church from my father's brick.

In the meantime he built our home. It took about three or four years for Dad to complete a duplex of brick for his family. One side for each wife's family because he could only work on it part time. This house is still standing in Oaxaca, although Oaxaca itself is uninhabited.

Bishop Scott had a little store, and Hainey had a little store, and Father had a little store and so they all went together and built a Co-op store. Everyone in Oaxaca could buy shares in the store. Father built a good nice brick store up on the block next to us where the main road came into town. The Church was just a block above us. They put Dad [James Harvey] in to run the co-op.

Dad's grandfather, James Harvey Sr. came down to live with them in Oaxaca. They built a small home at the back of their property and gave him a two and a half acre area, on which he grew fruits and vegetables. The children took turns taking his dinner to him and cleaning for him. Dad says that the melons and other fruit that James Harvey Sr. grew on his garden plot were the best that he ever tasted. He died while in Oaxaca and is buried there beside his five grandchildren.

THE BIVESPIE

Dad continues:

Oaxaca was located on the Bivespie River. Occasionally we had small floods, but they were never very serious. The river started to rise in June or July when the summer thunderstorms started. Then it would run high until late in the summer. Sometimes up until November. We had to have a boat to cross it unless we swam it. Most of the time we swam across to a small farm on the other side of the river, where we raised vegetables and things. Orlando and I often would float melons in sacks as we swam back from the farm to Oaxaca.

The Bivespie played an important part in their lives, and eventually it ended their stay there. Dad describes some of their life in Oaxaca:

LOCAL ORTHOPEDICS

There was only one boat on the river and that belonged to John MacNeil. It was large enough to ferry wagons and horses across the river. He was a carpenter and he was the one who built our house and the Naegle house, and Dad did the brick work. MacNeil was the only bone setter we had in the town, too.

I broke my arm once. We boys, after a late evening working in the garden, went swimming and we rode this mule down to the river to swim. It was only about four or five blocks to the river and we'd go up the river to the deep places and then swim back down the river.

One time when we were coming home from swimming, there were two of us on that mule. Harvey and myself. Harvey was up in the front, and I was way back on the mule's rump. When we were almost home, Harvey decided to jump off and

didn't say anything to me about it. When he jumped off the mule, the mule jumped and threw me off. I guess Harvey figured the mule would just keep going for me, but I wasn't holding onto any reins or anything, and I fell off and broke my arm. Mr. MacNeil came over to the house and set my arm but he didn't set it straight. I've always had a bump where it was broken.

PIONEER DENTISTRY

We didn't have any doctor at all but we did have one man who pulled teeth. He didn't do any dental work, but he would pull a tooth when you needed one pulled. He had a pair of dental forceps. I had a bad toothache one time and so I went down to him to get my tooth pulled. He had a big stump out in the back of his yard and he sat me down on that and said, "Which one is it?"

And I said, pointing to the one I thought was the culprit, "Well, it's this one right here." He didn't use any anaesthesia or anything. They didn't have anything like that down there. He just reached down in there with his forceps and pulled the tooth out. But that didn't stop the pain.

Next day I went back and he pulled the next one. And it still ached. It had been aching for a week and it's kind of hard to tell exactly which one is aching when the whole side of your face hurts. If he had examined the tooth, he could have told if one of them had a cavity in it. Well, I had lost two teeth and still had the tooth that had the hole in it. But by this time I could see the hole.

Anyway, the next day I went to the cupboard and got some crystalline carbolic acid. I put a little piece of cotton around a little stick, stuck that cotton in carbolic acid and put it in that cavity, which I could now find easily. And it stopped aching! I never did have that tooth pulled. Later in life that tooth came out piece by piece.

PIONEER MIDWIVES

In answer to my question of who delivered the babies in Oaxaca, Dad said:

Aunt Lilly [Mary Lydia Jackson Langford] and Sister Jones delivered the babies. And if they had problems they could send for a white doctor who was lived twenty miles up the river among the Mexicans. But usually, the baby had arrived and it was all over by the time he got there, or the mother had died.

Sister Haymore died in childbirth, and his daughter, Mary Haymore Naegley died in childbirth when she had her first child. They sent for the doctor, and he was able to save the baby, but the mother died. I think that was the only two. Well--come to think of it--I think that later Haymore lost his second wife in childbirth, too. But usually the midwives were able to handle the delivery of the babies.

[Since I was listening to the tape orally, when I came to a place with a Spanish name I had a problem with knowing how to spell it. Sometimes I could find the correct spelling, but sometimes I would just have to guess at the spelling. With Mother's Mexican experience, I could rely on Lou's story for most of the place names, but I could not always do that with Dad's Mexican experience].

THE MAILMAN COMETH

Young men grew up fast in Mexico. They had to herd and milk cows, and do a lot of things that our young men don't have to do now. Often both James Harvey, Jr. and Heber Otto had to go out to the states to work to get enough funds to keep their families fed. This would leave the young men to keep the farms going and to be the men in the house.

The young men in Oaxaca took turns going after the mail. Oaxaca couldn't afford to hire a man to do this regularly, so the teen age boys took turns going north up to where there was a big mine. The mail would be delivered to the Palaris de Terrace mine and picked up there by the young men once a week. Dad describes one such trip:

We used to have to go over to the Palaris de Terrace mine to pick up the mail. It was my turn. I usually went over once a month. The river was quite high and there was a ferry there, and the man who owned the ferry would ferry horses and things like that across. So he charged me a quarter and then took me over the river and from there I would go up to the mine. I would stay overnight with a Mexican family, then pick up the mail and come home.

FIRST JOB

I went up to the El Tigra mine when I was about fourteen to help a negro cook in El Tigra--about twenty miles across the mountain. I stayed about two weeks and then got homesick.

At that time Alva was working with Uncle Jeff [Jefferson Jones Langford]. Uncle Jeff had a contract to furnish the mine workers with beef and Alva was helping him, so I went down there and stayed with him and his wife. Her name was Sarah [Sarah Elizabeth Loving] and she had one little baby. [Sarah Adeline]. I stayed with them a month and then Uncle Jeff sent me over to Oaxaca to take some letters and stuff for the store over to Father. I went over to Oaxaca one day and came back to Uncle Jeff's the next day.

THE MULE BALKS

I was riding a mule. When I got up to the top of the mountain, there was two trails that branched off. I put that mule on the one that went to the Palaris de Terrace mine, and he balked. He just didn't want to go down that trail. He just poked along, and there was nothing I could do to hurry him up and it was getting late. It took me hours to get down that trail.

When we got down the mountain where that trail branched off onto another trail, that mule knew where he was and he took a little dog trot and went right on home. [Dad must have been riding Uncle Jeff's mule]. But I had an awful time getting him over that road he hadn't been on. As a result I didn't get to Jeff's that night until eleven o'clock and it was so pitch dark you couldn't see your hand before you. But the mule knew the way and I just let him go. Jeff and his wife were worried for fear something had happened because I should have been there before sun down.

THE HORSE KNOWS THE WAY

Before Grandfather Langford came down to Mexico from Utah to live with us, he sold all his teams and wagons and traded them for cattle. But he saved one mare named Daisy, and after they got down to Mexico, Daisy had a colt. Grandfather Langford made a regular pet of that colt. When it got big enough to ride, he would ride it out on the range. When Grandfather got tired of riding, he would just turn the colt loose and it would follow him around where ever he went.

One time, Grandfather told me to take the colt and go up to the reservoir to look for some cattle. I took her up there and when we stopped I didn't tie him up. When he found he was loose, he beat it for home. I had to walk about five or six miles home. I guess I thought she would stay for me, as she did for Grandfather. I was used to the walk, though, because I often made that trip even in the dark to turn on the water.

THE WATERMASTER

In case some of you who read this don't know what a watermaster is, in areas where they depend on irrigation to water their crops, each community on the irrigation ditches appoint a water master who is responsible for turning the water from the main irrigation ditch into the community ditches. He also has to know who in the community has ordered water, the times of their turns, and see that everything goes smoothly. There is a watermaster for our irrigation system on our farm in Payson. But he has it a lot easier than my father did when he was watermaster. Dad [Ernest F.] says:

When I was 16 or 17, I was the watermaster. I was supposed to turn the irrigation water down on Sunday night. We kids--you know--we'd get together on Sundays in a crowd. So one Sunday Jo Western and I and Ella Naegle and Grace Scott, decided to all go up together to turn on the water. Our water came from Pulpit Canyon and we walked up there. It was about five or six miles. I had to turn the water on at eleven o'clock and it was pretty late when we got back. And the girls' mothers were really cross because we took those girls up there at that time of night.

SOME PEOPLE NEVER LEARN

We had a mule that Father had taken in from a Mexican man on a bad debt at the store. One Sunday, I rode that mule up there to turn on the water, and when I got up there and got off the mule, I forgot to tie him up, and when I got back to where I had left that mule he was gone. But he had not gone far because I could hear him biting his bit in the dark. He was just ambling down the road, chewing on that bit and I could hear him. I was afraid to come up behind him for fear he might kick me. I had to sneak around to the front of him and it was so dark I couldn't see a thing. I managed to get in front of him, though, and he came up to me and just stopped. So I didn't have to walk back that time.

THE FLOOD

On May 5, 1905, there was a cloud burst up high on the Bivespie river which ran beside Oaxaca. The river started to rise in the morning, and by evening, 30 families were left homeless. They moved into the school house. The only buildings left standing were the Langford home, the school, and the Langford store. The store had three feet of water in it, however, so there was a heavy loss of inventory. Many families owned stock in the store, and as they left Oaxaca, Dad's father, James Harvey, gave everyone of those families what they had put into the store. Dad continues his story:

THE MESCAL RANCH

to After the flood, Haymore built a store up farther along the river, closer to the Mexican settlements, and that cut off all the Mexican trade from Oaxaca. Dad had quit the store because there was no business. So Dad decided that if he made a mascale ranch out of his farm, he might be able to sell or trade his land holdings in Oaxaca to Mexicans.

Mescale is a native plant that grew in the hills above Oaxaca, and the Mexicans make a strong alcoholic beverage out of it. It gets as big as two or three feet in diameter and we'd have to split it in four pieces to put the pieces on the burrows. The Mexicans in the area would plan on a two day trip to harvest mescal. One man would take five or six burros and load them down with these mescal heads. They would come down one day and go back the next. Then they'd put the mescal heads in a kiln and roast them.

Father took Alva and Harvey and Orlando and I--that was all the boys that were big enough to do something. So we got some mules and went out to get some mescal. The first day we went up there, we just couldn't cut those heads down. We had knives and borers which were the tools the Mexicans used, but we didn't know how to use them. So Father got a Mexican to come and show us how, and the first thing he did was sharpen our tools. And when you knew what you were doing, you could take a bore and cut those mescales down and they would just knock down like a cabbage.

The plant had leaves around the head that were about three feet long and the leaf came to a long sharp point and there were prickles all up and down the leaves. We had to cut the leaves off, and then we'd leave one leaf on each side, and split the heads and put them over the saddle horn on the donkey and that's how we carried them down.

Well, we went up one trip and that's all we wanted of that kind of work, so Father hired a mexican to come and Orlando and Harvey took one bunch of burros and the Mexican took another bunch of burros; and they went up in the hills after the mescale and hauled it in. I hauled wood for the kiln.

THE RECIPE

We'd take some shavings from the mescal and put them in the bottom of the pit and then two or three feet of big mesquite poles and things like that, and then fill it all up with the wood and burn it down until it burned into red coals. Then we'd throw these heads in onto those coals and then cover them over and bake them. Some of them were eight inches thick and when we took them out, they were just as brown as could be all the way through.

Then we'd take them out and cut them up. We had a big wooden wheel with spikes in it and we'd put a horse on that and turn it around and mash this stuff up. Then we'd put it in a barrel and ferment it. Then we'd put it in a still and distill the alcohol out of it. That was the same year grandfather died and he was helping us to make mascale whiskey with us on our place in 1908 the same year he died.

We only ran the Mescale ranch that one summer. We would haul the liquor down to Sonora and sell it to the Mexicans. We got fifty dollars Mexican money for a fifty

gallon barrel. We'd take six or eight fifty gallon barrels at a time to Sonora. The flood had happened in 1905 and we moved to San Jose in 1908. [Maybe that is where James Harvey got the money to send some of the children over to Jaurez the school year of 1908-1909.)

That fall Dad sold the home and the mescal ranch for half interest in a one thousand acre piece in San Jose. San Jose was thirty miles closer to the Mexican border than Oaxaca, and Dad and a Mr. Nichols thought San Jose would be a good place to start another Mormon settlement.

BACK TO SCHOOL

The school year of 1908-1909, after the family had moved down to San Jose, his father sent Dad and several of his other brothers and sisters from the two families over to Jaurez Academy to attend school for a year. His father gave all their money for tuition, books, and room and board to Annis because she was the oldest. After they got over to Juarez Annis lost all their money.

So the children went over to the academy and reported their loss to the school principal. Meanwhile a young man had found the money, and instead of turning it in, he went over to a store in Jaurez and started to spend it. The store owner knew the young man, and he also knew that he wouldn't have that much money, so the store owner began inquiring around. Somehow the story got back to the principal of the Academy and they called the young man in. He confessed and gave back the money and the day was saved. Just one problem--he had spent twenty dollars of the money.

Up to that time Dad had only been through about the fifth grade. The academy gave him a test and put him in a high school preparatory class. This was the first year that Dad had a full, uninterrupted year of schooling. At the commencement the next spring, Annis got sick and they had to take her home to Oaxaca. She was ill most of the next summer.

SAN JOSE

Of their stay in San Jose, I quote from Blenda's history of this period, Page 144, The Descendants of Fielding Langford:

The family kept increasing, and soon there was a total of eighteen living children. James Harvey couldn't make a living, so by 1908 he traded the home and store for a farm of 500 acres that was about thirty miles closer to the U.S. border. The ground was very fertile there and the family lived there almost four years. These turned out to be the four most prosperous years the family had in Mexico.

Mother's brother Heber describes San Jose as follows:

There was no town, just farms on both sides of the river Batapito. There was the usual schoolhouse and church that acted as a social center. San Jose was located about ten miles north of Colonia Morales. We planted a summer crop of corn, beans, potatoes, and the usual garden. We helped in the harvest and took most of our pay in wheat--the farms were from ten to a hundred acres, but most were forty or more. The small farmers would pool their grain in some central place to save moving time. The thresher was jointly owned by the Langfords and Nichols. They had the largest farms. After their wheat was threshed, they [the Langfords and Nichols] would thresh on the shares. I don't know what percentage they took.

When they first arrived in San Jose, the land had been cleared of brush but the stumps of the mesquite bush were all over the place. The first year James Harvey only had a horse and a one-way plow to plow one hundred acres. Mesquite, if the stump is not removed, will put out a new growth and grow four or five feet in one year. So they had to cut the new growth off the trees, before they could plow.

Dad said they would come to a stump, lift the plow over, and start plowing on the other side of the stump. That year they plowed and planted 100 acres of wheat on their new property. And they got a beautiful crop, which was as difficult to harvest as it was to plow, as they had no equipment. Most of it they cut by hand, but the rest of it they were able to have harvested by someone else who had the equipment.

WHO WILL GRIND THE WHEAT?

There was no mill in San Jose, and so James Harvey sent Dad over to the mill in Dublan to get their wheat ground into flour. One time when Dad arrived in Dublan, the flour mill was broken down and he had to wait almost a week before the mill was repaired and he got his flour. That time they had two wagons, and Orlando was driving one of the wagons. Crossing the desert one of the iron rims on a wheel of the wagon that Dad was driving came off. Dad had watched the blacksmiths fixing wagon rims, so he built a fire, propped up the wheel, and heated that tire rim and put it back on the wagon. It worked really good until they got to the Squeeze, and then the rim came off the wagon wheel again.

They were lucky that it happened before they got the wagon into the Squeeze. Otherwise they would really have been in a fix because there wasn't even a wide enough edge on the Squeeze to allow a man to fix a wagon wheel. They decided to take the other wagon down to the bottom of the Squeeze and then Dad would send Orlando home to get another wagon wheel.

OH, NOT AGAIN!

So they unhitched the horses from the one wagon, and took them down to the bottom of the road. When they got to the bottom of the Squeeze, they ran into a friend from Oaxaca. They had unharnessed the horses on Orlando's wagon, and let the horses graze. They got talking and lost track of time. Dad could see one of the horses grazing and so he thought all of them were around, but when they went to get them, the other horses had taken off for home. So Dad told Orlando to get on the other horse and go round up those horses. That left Dad with a wagon on top of the hill and a wagon on the bottom of the hill and no horses.

Well after a long time, Orlando hadn't returned. Dad figured (correctly) that he had gone home, too. Dad decided he'd better start walking. After he had walked a mile or two one of his brothers came back with the horses and a wheel. Orlando said he couldn't get the horses to come back so he just went home.

Remember that by the time the Chlarson's got down to San Jose, the Langfords had been there for three years (1908 to 1911). During those years, the Langfords had cleared the stumps from their farm, and by selling off some of their acreage, they had been able to buy large equipment to help them in clearing, plowing, planting, and threshing. Things were looking very rosy for them.

DISTANCE MAKES THE HEART

Dad went over to Jaurez for another full year of school, from the fall of 1910 to the spring of 1911. And in the Spring of 1911 his father sent him up to bring Charlotte and Aunt Ida

and the Chlarson family down to San Jose. They dated that summer, and that fall of 1911 mother went out to Douglas and got the job on the ranch so she could earn enough money to go to school in Thatcher in 1912-13. While she was at the ranch, Dad and she corresponded. They did not see each other again until both of them ended up in Tucson after the Langfords and the Chlarsons had been driven out by the Mexican Revolutionaries.

If the Langfords could have stayed in San Jose, they would have become prosperous if not wealthy, but in 1912 the Mexicans issued an ultimatum that all Americans must leave Mexico. The situation in northern Mexico was getting critical. Over in Juarez, the Revolutionaries were putting the Mormon boys and the men on the train and making the women stay. One family had been killed. The Church had advised all members to leave Mexico, and the American government offered to pay the transportation costs incurred by the settlers when leaving Mexico. Furthermore, the U.S. government would pay their transportation to anywhere they wanted to go.

BACK TO THE U.S.

At the time they were told to leave Mexico, James Harvey and his big boys had formed and kilned enough bricks to build both wives their own homes. Dad said they opened a kiln to see what the bricks were like and then just left the bricks still in the kilns. Their wheat harvest was in and it was a wonderful harvest. They packed up their things and left for the U.S.

The Chlarsons had crossed into the U.S. at Douglas and camped four miles northwest of Douglas. Apparently there was land available near Tucson, Arizona, and Mother's dad had gone to Tucson to see if he could get land. Heber writes: ...

He (Heber Otto) tied down eighty acres and four mules and came back to Douglas and sold the wagon. He had no horses of his own and had returned the borrowed team. So after sixteen years in Mexico, we were back at the line less one wagon and five horses, but with five more kids.

I went back to San Jose to see if there was anything to salvage. The Mexicans had cut the fences and had turned the horses loose in the fields. What the horses hadn't eaten and stomped into the ground, the range cattle had. There was a man named Lunt loading two wagons at the Langfords' place. The Mexicans hadn't scattered all the wheat for their horses to eat and to feed the birds, [at the Langfords.] I helped him load. We started for Douglas.

My father (Ernest F. Langford) told me that he and his brothers went back into Mexico and brought out all that wheat. Several times they just missed running into one or the other of the Mexican armies. It took them six months. On the last trip they were just ahead of the Mexicans. They went over the border into Douglas and watched the Mexican armies fight it out just west of the border. They brought out 2000 pounds of wheat and they sold it in Douglas for \$2.00 per hundred pound. I imagine that there were many people in Douglas and in the neighboring towns who were able to buy many things from the refugees at a very reasonable price.

LET'S GET SERIOUS

When Mother came back to Tucson in the Spring of 1913, after her year in Thatcher, Arizona, the Langfords were also in Tucson. But Mother did not see Dad until he came back to Tucson with his brother Harvey's body. Just after his brother had been released from his mission in California, he came down with a ruptured appendix. In those days

they didn't really know what to do for something like that, and he died of it. Harvey died 1 August, 1913, and was buried in Tucson.

Dad and Alva, who had married Jacosa Alldredge while they were still in Mexico, were both working at Hurley, New Mexico, installing a settling pond for the copper mill there.

Dad proceeded to date Mother seriously. He took her everywhere. Mother said Dad was so shy that she practically had to propose to him. They got engaged in the spring of 1914 and set the marriage for September first. However, as September approached, the mine closed down and Dad was laid off. He told mother he wouldn't get married until he knew he could take care of her. One week later, the mine called him back to work and so on the 24 September 1914, they were married by a Justice of the Peace in Tucson, and immediately boarded a train for Hurley. Mother had wanted a temple marriage, but Dad promised to take her to the temple as soon as they could save enough money.

They stayed the first night in Deming, New Mexico, where they had to change trains. When they arrived in Hurley, New Mexico, they stayed with Dad's brother Alva and his wife, Jacosa [we always called her Aunt Cozy], until they were given a company house. They paid twenty dollars a month for the house. Dad was paid \$2.50 a day wage.

The house had a living room, one bedroom, and a kitchen and a bath. There was--wonder of wonders--hot and cold running water. Mother did not say what kind of stove was in the kitchen for cooking purposes. Before she was married, Mother had bought for her trousseau, sheets, blankets, pillowcases, towels, and other basic household linens with money she had made working for people in Tucson after she came down from Thatcher. Five months before Mother married Dad, she made a white indian-head dress, trimmed with ecru lace. This was the dress she was married in, and the dress which she wore when they had their picture taken after Irma was born, 22 July 1915.

In 1916, on the 8th of October, Dad took Mother to Salt Lake city, Utah to go through the temple. Irma was sealed to them the same day. Before they moved from Hurley, the twins, Iona and Iola were born, 21 March 1917.

Thus ended the Mexican experience for my parents. If it hadn't been for the Mexican Revolution, I probably would have been born in Mexico and my life would have been very different. Who knows--maybe the children of Ernest Fountain Langford and Zina Charlotte Charlson would have continued to pioneer the Mormon settlements in northern Mexico. As it turned out, my parents' Mexican experience ended pioneering history for my branch of the Langfords, and for my branch of the Nortons, etc. Pioneering which extended back three generations or more to Kentucky and Virginia.

I am proud of them, and the long line of pioneers before them. Nevertheless, I like the way it turned out. After the twins were born in Hurley, Mother and Dad moved to Utah where they could be closer to the body of the Church and where their children could get good educations. Mom wanted to go to Logan, but Dad thought the opportunity for a plumbing contractor would be better in Ogden, and that is where the next four of the E.F. Langford children were born and where all of us grew up. But that is another story.

Viva la Mexico! Or rather, Hurrah for the Mexican Revolution! It changed our lives!