



company. Two or three trees may have stood in the yard. A "sort of a general store" still did business, though. Remembered as a "jumble of things," the store did, however, contain a telephone, the post office (the owner was postmaster), and a liquor department, which the owner partook of.

The district was hot and "pretty dreary," Mrs. Engleman recalled. "I thought I had gone to the end of the earth. And on our return, I got to ride in the caboose. That was something." There was little for a girl to do in Lee. "I remember being in the backyard, knocking one rock against the other, making the sparks fly." All water had to be hauled into camp in barrels. (Water was so scarce that in San Bernardino in later years, May would be horrified to hear a dripping faucet.)

After two weeks, mother and daughter returned to San Bernardino. They rode to Barstow in the caboose — their railroad passes limited their use of trains. "That was quite an experience," Mrs. Engleman recalled.

Their train stopped briefly at Ludlow, where there "seemed to be a lot of activity." The chief owner of the town, "Mother" (Mary) Preston, came strolling along the sidewalk. She was quite a sight, wearing a man's bathrobe, "sloppy" slippers, and bobbed hair, not then fashionable on women. Keys dangled from her belt. Mrs. Engleman asked her mother if Mrs. Preston was a "he" or a "she."

Back in Lee, Harry Nicholson and Elmer Johnson continued to haul for several more years. The Johnsons finally moved to a dairy farm near Yermo in 1913. Harry and his family moved to the Imperial Valley in 1914.

