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Title: **REC-Autob14**
Provenance: **Courtesy of Carol Nielson of North Salt Lake**

Category: **Volume**
Person:
Date:

(I had attended B.Y.U. the school term before but as usual had to quit at the break of spring to work on the place.)

As fall was about to turn into winter, one day I helped father drive a bunch of cattle to the Auburn area where he had bought a stack of feed. When we came back we stopped in front of where Porter lived. Here occurred one of the important events of my life.

Porter was living in a log house on the site of our large house that had burned. Father was living with his other wife Aunt Mary, a half-mile south (H.T. house). I was living with Porter, I guess because I was such a big trial to Aunt Mary.

As father and I sat on our horses in front of Porter's place, I could see the fall work was about all done, and I asked him if I could attend the B.Y.U. Father launched into quite a lecture of how he could not afford it. I was too much of an expense on him, he had a large family, etc., etc.

It has always been a tradition in our family, and everyone has understood it clearly, that until you are 21 you belonged to your parents and were very definitely under their direction. The day you turned 21 you were on your own. So when he said I was such an expense I said, "If I am such an expense to you and you can't afford me, why don't you let me go on my own just as though I was 21? I'll keep myself and be off your hands."

We discussed it for a little while and then he said, "All right, you are on your own."

When Porter came home a little later, I told him, "I don't know whether to laugh or cry or get drunk or celebrate." Then I told him what had happened. He said, "I think if I were you I'd celebrate." Then I asked him if he wanted a hired man. So I started working for him for $30 per month and board and room.

The next day I was in the field and father came to Porter's house and told Porter he was leaving for Farmington and to tell me that should I be called on a mission he would support me.

I was 19 and eligible for the draft. Accordingly, I had taken my physical and was expecting orders momentarily when the Armistice came Nov. 11, 1918.

It was at this time that we had the great flu epidemic of 1918 that lasted until May and June, 1919. Neighbors and relatives, rich people, poor people and all groups and classes were taken suddenly. Roy Porter (cousin) died at military camp. John Tolman (prominent rancher) was returning from marketing cattle in Omaha. As he arrived in Montpelier he felt a little ill but needed to be home in Fairview, so he rode most of the night to get home and died the next day.

Two doctors, Byron Reece and brother Lafayette Reece, were practicing in Afton. Lafayette died. Etc. Etc. School, church meetings and all public gatherings were discontinued. Quarantines and regulations were in effect in most of the western world.

About the middle of January, 1919 (Jan. 16, 1919), I stopped at the post office in Auburn and got the mail. There was a letter for me from "Box B" (The First Presidency of the Church

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