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One spring about 1910 in Farmington father had Porter plowing a field we had on Haight bench -- about two miles away. He had to cross the Rio Grande tracks 3 times (the R.R. went on the diagonal N.W.). Instead of making the last two crossings, Porter in his careless way would drive right up the tracks with the wagon and five horses each morning and night. One evening father told him to put the horses in the pasture and close the gate. Porter put the horses in and then called to me to go close the gate. I didn't like him telling me to close the gate after father had told him to do it, so I did not close the gate. That night the horses left the pasture and headed for the field. A train came along and killed all five horses. Any moral to this story?

Winter 1909-1910. I was ten years old. Porter and Edna were attending the L.D.S. College and were batching in an apartment. I was sent from Farmington to take some supplies, food, etc. to them. It was a winter day and I got a late start to drive the fifteen miles and return. I duly found their apartment and left for home about 5 o'clock. It was very cold and an east wind was howling. I was in the white top carriage, which had side curtains. I rolled down the curtains on the east side and fastened them, but the wind was so hard it nearly tipped over the carriage, so I had to unfasten the curtains, then my fingers were so cold I could not roll them back up so they just flapped in the wind. When we got through Bountiful there was open country and the wind was so hard it would blow the carriage cross-wise and the horses or I could hardly stand it, so I determined to try to find a place to stay overnight.

When we got to the first house in Centerville I went to the door. The lady, Mrs. Duncan, was alone with her small children. Her husband was in Mon-

tana. She told me where to put the horses in the barn and feed them. Then I went to the house and helped her arrange some beds so I would have a place to sleep. I phoned home to let them know where I was.

The next morning it was terribly cold and the east wind was blowing as it can in Centerville. We heard an explosion in the house next door (a large square 2-story house, belonging to Ben E. Rich). The water pipes had frozen and the water jacket exploded when they built a fire. It blew parts of the stove through a lot of the house and demolished the kitchen. No one was hurt and the house did not burn.

About 10 o'clock I left for Farmington. I was taking care of the horses when someone called out that the hotel in Farmington was on fire. Several of us ran up to the hotel. The firemen were all around playing [putting] water on the fire. They were all covered very heavily with ice. The wind was still awful hard and it was still terribly cold. The hotel was gutted.

Father gradually accumulated a few more cattle at Farmington. We grazed some a couple of years in the mountains east of Farmington, so I had a little experience riding those mountains, but they were steep and rough for riding, not like the hills west of Star Valley.

[Page 8]