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Title: **REC-Autob11**
Provenance: **Courtesy of Carol Nielson of North Salt Lake**
Category: **Volume**
Person:
Date:

over me. The next morning I arrived in Farmington in the p.m. I had slept in a good bed every night except at hunting camp and by Wellsville and had plenty to eat. My sole expense for the whole trip was the 25 cents for the hay.

I was eight years old, it was winter and it was cold. In the middle of the night I awoke and heard father moaning and worrying out loud. He was a great worrier. We could hear the cattle off in the field bellowing as a herd of cattle will do when it is terribly cold and they are hungry. You can hear them for miles and it curdles your blood. My bed was upstairs, but I could hear him worrying to mother, "I'm afraid those cattle will be in the stack, and if they are they'll eat so far in that the stack will topple and smother some of them." He kept worrying and moaning this way and then, "Elwin. Oh Elwin." I knew what it meant and I pretended not to hear. He kept quiet a little while then I could hear him moaning again and finally he called so much that I had to answer him.

"Elwin, I can hear those cattle howling. I'm afraid they'll be in the stack yard. If they are, it will probably tip over on them and kill some of them. Why don't you get on Old Black and slip down there, and if they are in the stack, drive them down in the south forty and put up the gate."

The south forty is a mile and a quarter away and it was coooold, but I drove them into the south forty and came back and went to bed.

It was winter and awfully cold. Hyrum T. and I were on horses driving a herd of cattle to a different feeding place. We were north of the river barn about the middle of the forenoon. I was whimpering with the cold. I guess I had never been so cold. Suddenly a warm glow came over me. It was glorious and I was comfortable, only I was drowsy, so I got off my horse and lay down on the snow to go to sleep. Hyrum T. paid little attention to my whimpering, but when he saw me lie down, he knew what it meant. He dashed over to where I was and grabbed me and made me run around with him, then we left the cattle where they were and rode about a quarter mile to where the hired man was living in the river house, where I recovered. I had gone through all the pain and experience of freezing to death.

I have observed through my life that when a person recalls what they did when they were young, there is a tendency to over draw or exaggerate, so I have checked carefully the above two incidents, realizing that I was probably older than I remembered. Hyrum T. arrived home from his mission July 4, 1907. Later that winter he went to Logan to school, so the near freezing incident had to be late 1907. I was eight.

The incident of taking cattle to the south forty could not have been later than the winter of 1907-8 because that was the last winter I ever spent in Star Valley until 1918; so, near 8.

About the middle of March 1914 I had to quit school as usual to help on the place. About April 1 Heber and I left for the ranch. Mother was very sick with pneumonia. We waited a couple of days until the crisis had passed and then left for the valley.

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