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Title: **REC-Autob13**
Provenance: **Courtesy of Carol Nielson of North Salt Lake**
Category: **Volume**
Person:
Date:

with small calves and started milking them and sent a can of milk to the creamery and was getting a little check. I don't remember the time I could not rope a cow on the right hind foot, so their being wild did not matter. I kept the calves penned up so the cows always came home.

Father finally came. He stayed a couple of weeks and he had Jennie Porter (cousin) to come and cook for us. He acted real put out to find out that I was milking some of his cows and sending some milk, but he did not turn the cows back on the range. I kept on milking but he got the check.

When he got the store bills, he asked why I needed so many .22 shells. I told him there were lots of ground squirrels around. A day later as he was walking past a lot of empty tin cans in the yard, he said, "Hm jucks?, funny how the squirrels like to hide in these tin cans."

Every can had two or three bullet holes in it. He did have a sense of humor.

Father left me alone a few days while he went to Logan and brought Aunt Mary (his other wife) and her family to the ranch to stay the summer.

Heber came in time for haying and ran the place that summer. Father went to Farmington and got mother and they went to Yellowstone for a much-needed vacation. I grew fast and put on weight that summer and was able to do a man's work. There were no other boys near my age to play with. I staked out a round track (50 yards around) and in the evenings I would run around the track for what seemed like hours. I wanted to be tough.

When I started high school that fall at Davis High, I went out for football. When father discovered that, he put a stop to it. I couldn't fool around like that, I was needed on the place. (Before this time, when I was old enough to be a Scout, he wouldn't let me join the Scouts. He thought it was a semi-military affair.)

I had heard that it was good to take a cold bath. I wanted to be tough, so every evening during the winter I would run the water in the tub and early in the morning when I got up I would break the ice and take a plunge, rub down with a rough towel and thereby make myself tough.

The next summer I did not go to the ranch, but stayed in Farmington, milking the cows and taking care of the place. In the summer of 1918 while father was on the ranch and I in Farmington, he phoned and instructed me to bring the Ford and come to the ranch. I went by way of Soda Springs, Idaho, and spent the night with two buddies from B.Y.U. who were working on a ranch at Way, Idaho, near Bancroft. Next day I entered Star Valley from the north. I worked that summer on the ranch and into the fall. Prices were high and the ranch prospering. Father sold 100 two year old steers for the then high price $100 each. Then he sold 100 head of old fat cows for $30.00 each.

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