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Title: **REC-Autob20**
Provenance: **Courtesy of Carol Nielson of North Salt Lake**
Category: **Volume**
Person:
Date:

I decided to go home to Farmington. I had saved over four hundred dollars after paying board, tithing and all. I drew it out of the bank. Sublet is near 20 miles north of Kemmerer. The road was snowbound. The only way out was on the coal train. I carried my suitcase and rode my bike on the packed snow between the rails to Kemmerer, then bought a ticket to Farmington. I had to change trains at Granger, Wyo. and wait about five hours. The railroad station at Granger had burned so they had a box car for a temporary station. It was about nine o'clock at night. There were a few who were breaking the same change I was. We sat in the station and in a little while the station man announced that he was going to lock up. Everyone except an older man and I left. The other man asked me what I was going to do. I told him I thought I would stay right there. Then the agent, a young man about my size, announced again that he wanted to lock up. I said "go ahead and lock up." He said he couldn't with us there and we would have to get out.

"And if we don't?" I said.

"Then I'll put you out."

The older man got up to go, and I said, "I don't think you are big enough." I didn't want to wander around in a strange town with $400.00 in my pockets. I told the agent that the railroad had to let us wait in the waiting room for a connection. He said they did not. Then I told him if he would give me a written order to leave and sign it and put the station stamp on it, I would go. Then he left without locking the door.

While I was on the ranch the summer before I went out quite a lot with an Afton girl, and began to think quite seriously about her. When fall came she moved with her mother to Logan to attend B.Y.U. I had not seen her since she went to Logan, though we corresponded. After I got home from the mines, I went to Logan on the train to see her for a few days. While in Logan I thought I should visit my cousin Irvin, from Farmington, who was in the hospital for a knee operation. Then I thought I should take my girl with me, then I thought I wouldn't want to introduce her to Irvin, then I asked myself "Why not." Then I had to admit that it was because I was not proud of her. Then I thought, "If I'm not proud of her I'd better leave this man's town." It was there that suddenly I decided to leave her. I did not know how or what to tell her. I did not want to hurt her, but even that would be better than making a serious mistake.

She walked with me to the station. Just before the train was to leave I got her in a sort of independent frame of mind and asked if she wanted me to write to her. She said, "I don't care," meaning, of course, she didn't care if I did. I said, "Well, I won't then." She of course thought I was joking, but I never did write to her again.

I sure felt lonely. It is easy to greet a girl if you have another you like better, but to quit the only one you have, that's different. I could think of no reason why I should not be proud of her, but that is the way I felt. A lifetime together is tough enough even if everything seems right, but if there is any

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