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Title: **REC-Autob09**
Provenance: **Courtesy of Carol Nielson of North Salt Lake**

Category: **Volume**
Person:
Date:

We shipped a carload of cattle back to the ranch. Father and I drove them to North Salt Lake to load them and a wagon with hay to feed them. On the way home that evening we met a man about Centerville who had two or three horses and a donkey. We stopped and visited a while and father bought the donkey for $5.00; supposed to be for me. We had the burro a few years. He was quite a lot of fun, but stubborn. I finally sold him to some other kids for $4.50 while father was in Star Valley.

At October Conference time in 1911, the whole family made a big effort to come together in Farmington. It was the first and last time we were all together alive. We had a large family group picture taken: father and mother and thirteen children.

Late in November, Hyrum T. accidentally shot himself in the heel while hunting ducks. He died a week later from blood poisoning. They brought his body to Farmington for burial. This was a great sorrow for me. I cut his picture and obituary out of the paper and put it under my pillow. For a long time nearly every morning I would read it again and again.

My father was quite neglectful of his children's schooling. In 1912 I was held back and not promoted so I had to take the 6th grade again. In the two years, I was at school less than the school days of one year. Anything was an excuse to keep us out of school.

Several of the local farmers used to haul loads of hay to Salt Lake and deliver to pre-arranged buyers. We also did, to some extent. The best hay was put in the barn for this purpose. This afforded a variety of experiences. The hay would be loaded the day before. An early start was usual. At times, after the hay was unloaded, I would walk to the old Salt Lake Theatre and from nigger heaven watch a good play. It did not matter much that the day was passing. You did not need to drive home, just tie the lines and maybe sleep while the horses took you home.

Father traded a few loads of hay to the Romney Lumber Co. for lumber to build a barn and corral. I would deliver the hay and load up with lumber. On one of these trips during winter I had quite a load of lumber and it was dark and winter when I left Salt Lake. In front of St. Marks Hospital the right front wheel fell off. The skin had broken and let the wheel, boxin and all, fall right off the end of the wood. I went to the boiler room of the hospital. Two men got some poles, blocks, wire, etc. and went out to help me. We blocked up the axle, slipped on the wheel and wired it on all sides and twisted the wires tight. The wheel cold not turn, but slid beautifully all the way home and for the rest of the winter. I got home about 3 a.m.

Another time in the winter I took the hay on bob sleds (plenty of snow). It was dark when I was on the way home. In North Salt Lake I came across an auto stuck in the snow, a man and family. I pulled them through the snow a couple of miles and we came to their road that was not snow bound, so he left me after making me take $3.00. He was very grateful. I did not tell father about it.

[Page 9]