kindex®
< Scan QR to view this original record online, or visit https://ezratclark.kindex.org/s/163500

Title: **REC-Autob19**
Provenance: **Courtesy of Carol Nielson of North Salt Lake**

Category: **Volume**
Person:
Date:

I arrived home in Farmington Aug. 26, 1921, was met at the train by my younger brothers Morrell and Antone and sister Blanch and niece Gwenevere, and dear old mother was waiting for me at the gate. Thus ended this great experience.

After returning from my mission I borrowed a hundred dollars from the bank and enrolled for school at B.Y.U. I boarded with Aunt Alice Clark from Georgetown, who was living in Provo. Before going on my mission I had gone to high school about six months for three different years -- two years at Davis and one at B.Y.U. -- so I was a long was deficient in my schooling, considering my age. It worried me a lot and I seemed unable to bring a direction to my life. I quit school about near 27 and arranged to sell woolen goods for Jenkins Knitting Mills.

On April 16 I arrived in Star Valley to sell woolen goods. Porter was selling life insurance, so he and I started working lower Star Valley. I did pretty good, so Porter joined me in selling woolen goods. We took his Model T and covered Star Valley, then Teton Valley, then Jackson Hole, etc., then back to Star Valley. Then I spent the rest of the summer helping father with the hay on the ranch.

On Sept. 29, 1922 Porter and I left in his Ford for Sublet, 15 mi. north of Kemmerer, Wyo., where we picked up his wife and children. Porter already had a job in Mine #6, and soon I started in a room #77. A.P. and a Greek who knew hardly any English were in room 76. Mr. Green, my partner, was experienced so he did all the drilling and shooting and I did the shoveling. It was very hard work. When I complained about him not helping me a little, he offered to trade me. I readily accepted. He thought I would flunk out at his expert work, but I had watched him a little and I did OK. Work after that was a lot easier and I helped him shovel.

After a few weeks Green left and joined a friend, so Porter left his partner and joined me. I was supposed to be an expert now, and Porter the shoveler, so we got on OK. About a month later we finished room 77. The boss wanted to give us a very difficult place to work, so we quit and went to work in mine no. 5, owned by the same company and next to no. 6 where we had been working, so we need not move. Our coal digging was on contract -- so much per ton. When we started in no. 5 we had to spend a few days getting the room ready -- working for daily wages ($7.92). The evening of the day we finished getting the room ready I drilled and loaded some holes and slid down the chutes. I hit the crossbar and got a bad sprained ankle. I laid off three or four days mending. The bright sunshine of Feb. was too nice. When I went back in the mine and ran my pick in the wall the roof cracked and I jumped back. I decided that moment to quit. I worked that day and put my coal on Porter's check.

I never had intended to stay in the mines. You charge all you want at the company store and when spring comes and work slows you can't pay your bill. Then is when the song says, "I owe my soul to the company store." You can't leave while in debt to the store.

[Page 19]