



Title: **REC-Autob06**
Provenance: **Courtesy of Carol Nielson of North Salt Lake**

Category: **Volume**
Person:
Date:

need more hay as the weather was very cold. He phoned mother to send Porter and me with another load of hay. Porter was 15, I would soon be 8. We hooked the team to the bob sleigh with a hay rack on it and loaded it with hay. Mother fixed a lunch. The day was well advanced before we got away. About half way we came to a place where the side hill was quite steep and we did not ride the high side and the load tipped over. It took quite a while to right things and reload. Then Porter handed me the lines to the drive while he got the frozen lunch ready to eat. In about 20 feet we tipped over again and had to go through the whole thing again. This made the day quite late and it was awfully cold, but there was a long stretch of level land and we got the team into a good swinging trot. Then all of a sudden the corner of the hay rack hit a telephone pole that was too close to the road. This nearly ruined the hay rack and lost some more hay and took a time to fix.

My brother Porter always seemed a bit careless and prone to accidents. An accident finally killed him.

It was now getting dark, it was snowing and the wind was howling. The horses seemed to not be able to follow the road which was buried in snow, so Porter got out in front to lead the way while I drove from the hay rack. We finally reached Wells ranch where father had arrived with the cattle and the hired man had arrived with his big load of hay. We bedded down in a snug log cabin that was built for that purpose.

Before daylight next morning, the hired man left for the ranch with his team and hay rack and I left right behind him with our outfit. Porter came with father to help drive the cattle.

We had on the ranch a special yard of maybe an acre where we kept the bulls in the winter. We had about eight. We put the bulls from the new herd, about the same number, in the yard also. Boy! the bull fighting that went on for a couple of days!

Chapter 3. My Youth

When Edna and I boarded the train in Montpelier it was 1908, about October. I was nine years old. I was to huddle small-like, close to Edna, and ride without a ticket. We went to Logan where Avery and Heber were attending school and Edna hoped to coax father to let her also go to school. We stayed in Logan 2 or 3 days, then they decided to send me on to Farmington. They put me on the train and had me sit by an old man they had known, but this old man couldn't care less about me and I guess I did not look so small by him. When the conductor came along I did not have a ticket or any money, so he stopped the train about a couple of miles from Logan and put me off. (I left a pair of extra pants in a paper sack on the overhead rack.) I walked the track back to Logan. In the time I had been there I learned the way to the house from Main Street. So I found Main Street and showed up at the house a couple hours after I had left. The

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