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Title: **REC-Autob03**
Provenance: **Courtesy of Carol Nielson of North Salt Lake**
Category: **Volume**
Person:
Date:

As the day wore on the weather did not abate, so the folks decided to not do any baptizing on that day. But I put up such a howl that they relented, we hitched the team to the white top and I was baptized in the first slough (a Spring river that ran through the field about a half mile east of the house). I have always been glad I was baptized on my birthday.

The winters in Star Valley were cold and deep and it seemed never-ending. I remember how often I would look out the south window and long and wish and hope to see a bit of bare ground. When it did appear how happy and hopeful I would be! Then a couple of mornings later I would wake up to another two feet of snow and all my efforts had been wasted. Sometimes mother would scatter the ashes from the stove over the snow and that would make the snow melt faster. I wished that she could scatter ashes over the whole valley. We were very isolated on the ranch, our nearest neighbors were over half a mile, the post office and school and church were two and one half miles away. In spring and fall, between sleighs and wagons the road was deep -- just mud. We often rode horseback in those times.

In February and March when the days would get warm and nights cold, a crust would freeze on top of the snow. You could ride a horse on top of the snow across the fields, over the top of the fences, etc. Then it was fun sleigh-riding down the hills. We could look out the east window and see a lonely coyote or two trotting across the fields. My brother Porter would establish a bait line over the fields and foothills to poison the coyotes. I would follow the line and get a dime for every coyote I would drag home. It used to seem so scary to me to see a half-dozen coyote pelts, stuffed with hay to keep them stretched, hanging in a row over the hay in the barn, especially at night.

My most constant companion in the family was my older brother Porter. He was seven years older than I, and my next younger brother was Morrell. He was six years younger than I. Porter liked to play so he was a good brother to me. We used to ride horses a lot. I don't remember the time in my life when I did not ride or shoot a gun. On occasion we rode the range together and he would have a fishline and hooks in his packet. He'd tie the line to a willow for a pole and he could catch fish out of Stump Creek faster than I could clean them. We'd roast them over the coals and eat them for lunch.

In haying time I would ride the pull-up horse (Old Champion) to put the hay in the stack.

My eldest brother Hyrum T. finally returned from his mission. I loved him, in a sort of hero worship fashion. I loved to be with him on any kind of job or errand and after his mission he was "the best preacher in the world."

Then all summer, each Sunday afternoon he would shut himself in his room and spend "hours" writing love letters to his girl. She was Lu Emma Cox. Her father was Hyrum T.'s companion and through him they started a correspondence. On his way home Hyrum T. detoured to Overton, Nevada and met his bride-to-be. He later

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