

Heber was to stay on the ranch until time for him to go to Logan to summer school. I was to stay until late summer. Father gave me three dollars to meet all my personal needs. We took the train to Georgetown, Idaho, then a couple of horses to ride to the ranch. We stopped at the old Bigler house--a half mile south of the big frame house that had burned. We called it the Hyrum T. house, and it was vacant. There was a bed, stove, table and a few things there. We were to keep the whole thousand acres of meadow irrigated and prepare as much as possible for the summer haying.

In a few weeks Heber left for Logan. Before leaving he hired my cousin, Horace Porter, to stay and batch with me. We could get any supplies we needed from any of the stores and charge it. We would go to Aunt Emma's, Horace's mother, in Fairview (5 miles) for the Sundays. One day Horace and I were riding the range. It was the time Horace's brother Roy was to return from his mission, and we were wondering if he would stop in while we were away. Horace went in the house first. When I went in he was in the bedroom lying on the bed. He said, "Well, they have been here and eaten that big can of cherries we bought the other day, but you go on home (it was Saturday) and I'll follow in a little while."

I knew within myself that they had not come, nor taken the cherries. He wanted to have a feed with one of the Leavitt boys, whose ranch was by us. I looked and looked and looked, trying to find the cherries, then opened the oven door and there they were. I took them and got on my horse and left for Fairview. On the way I went off the road among some bushes and ate a size 2 1/2 can of cherries all alone.

Horace was four years older than I, and as time went on he became more and more abusive with me, kicking me around, etc. I finally told him to go on home, "he was fired." He said, "You can't fire me." I replied, "You won't be paid any after today anyway, I'll promise." He left.

I was alone on the ranch. I would fool around some with the Leavitt boys and went with them to their home in Afton a few times for Sunday. Mr. Leavitt had a new 1914 Model T and soon I heard that father had bought a new Ford. I had Ray Leavitt draw a diagram in the dust explaining how to run it so when I finally saw ours I got in it and drove away. Nineteen fourteen was the first year in Utah that they sold yearly license plates. Before these plates were out your license was a permanent number, painted on the back of the car (about 6 inch letters). Our number was 5866. That was the number of cars licensed in Utah to that time.

I appreciated the Leavitts being so kind to me and when I was going to come no more I bought Sister Leavitt a 1/2 pound box of chocolate.

My \$3.00 did not last very long. I loved to shoot and there was an old .22 in the house. I bought some .22 shells and charged them, but I knew father would frown on that so I rode the range a couple of days and brought in a few likely looking cows