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Title: REC-Autob24

Provenance: Courtesy of Carol Nielson of North Salt Lake

Category: Volume

Person:

Date:

no C.O.D. or anything. I did not care for any of them, so I went in Daynes Jewelry while my girl was out to lunch and bought a mounting from Ray Frost, a clerk. He estimated the correct size and the ring seemed just right to me. I mailed it with the three rings to Harrison, and told him to put a diamond in it, about dollars. I did not have much money and she worked at Daynes, so it was sure to be looked at, so it should be perfect. The ring came in a few days. I was pleased with it, and on her birthday, Aug. 16, I put it on her finger.

On Labor Day we went for a hike up Farmington Canyon. We went to Farmington the evening before and stayed overnight with my mother and left early the next morning (Labor Day). We hiked clear up to Little Lake, had lunch and rested, then up the steep mountain to the top and down the west face of the mountain to Farmington. My sweetheart seemed as agile as a young deer. We went to Lagoon that evening and danced. We were sure tired after all of it.

Work was very scarce and for me there was no brick work and I was broke after the trip and the ring. I heard that they were hiring men at Baldwin Radio, south of 33rd South on 23rd East. I rode my bike up there every morning for some time.

At eight o'clock Mr. Wooley, an old man, would come out and choose four or five from the hundred or so, but he didn't ask me. One morning I waited till nearly noon when all the men had gone and with an effort I saw Mr. Wooley. He was the age of my father and knew him when they were kids together. He explained that there were some of the men who had worked there in previous winters and he had to use them first, but he would remember me and put me on when he could. I was

there a few more mornings, but he did not seem to notice me, so the next morning he chose 4 or 5 and turned for them to follow him. I also fell in and followed him. The crowd gave a lot of cat calls telling me I wasn't chosen and telling him he had an extra one, but he nor I looked to the right or left but went straight down the hall and in a room. He gave us some instructions, etc., and took us out to our places of work. We passed the mob again and got the cat calls again and we did not look again and I had a job. I don't think Mr. Wooley ever knew he had an extra man, or if he did he just let it go. I was sure glad to have a job. I wanted to get married, but did not dare without a job.

From that night on I kept trying to set the date. We were married Oct 31 (Halloween) 1924, a Friday, in the Salt Lake Temple by George F. Richards.

Just before my sweetheart was born her mother read "a girl should be like a daisy, a flower of the purest white and with a heart of gold." So they called her name Daisy. It has ever been a miracle to me: how was placed in these careless hands such a flower. And now, November 15, 1976, after fifty two years, she is still "a flower of the purest white and with a heart of gold." Wherever she has gone or wherever she goes, with me or without me, I never hear anything but good and complimentary reports of

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