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Farmington. When we got to the highway we found great wall of mud had flooded across the highway 3 to 5 feet deep. We walked back to the Bamberger tracks and followed the track through water and mud to Farmington. Next morning I was awakened by a neighbor to go out and search for some folks drowned in the flood. My cousin Wealthy and her husband were camped on an outing in Farmington Canyon. We found one of her legs torn off at the hip; later the other leg and her torso. Her husband's body was found a day or two later and four boys were between the mouth of the canyon and the lake. The storm washed out all of my farm.

On Aug. 15 I started in the bricklayer's school. Ted Cotterell of Farmington was the teacher. The school was sponsored by the Associated Industries, in an effort to supply more masons and thus lower the wages, I presume. Of course we did not know about it at the time, but the union hated us. I completed my 90 days and then there were a few jobs they had for us at 3-4 dollars per day, but it was all learning.

I was so broke I stayed with my older sister and her husband, Ephriam and Edna Ericksen at 252 University St. He was a professor at the U. of U. I did odd jobs to try to pay my board. I built a garage and driveway, chimney and fireplace, etc. When the winter came and work stopped I went to Bingham and worked at the Utah Copper open pit mine.

On Feb. 27, 1924 I had heard that there was a little brick work, so I quit and went to Salt Lake and started laying brick. I boarded with A. Thornburg and family at 661 E. 21st South. Myron White, a cousin from Star Valley, also boarded there. He was doing carpenter work on the same project I was working on.

On occasion I would spend the night or weekend with my brother Porter, who was now living in the Highland Park area. He was selling real estate for Kimball and Richards Co. One Sunday morning he said he had just sold a home in Highland Park to an English family and needed to see them about a detail. He asked if I would like to go along, "They had a couple of nice daughters." I went.

The Halls were in the midst of Sunday morning disarray, getting ready for Sunday school, etc. I barely noticed the two girls. A few days later was a rainy day in March, Myron White and I were both rained out from our work, so we went to town together. As we were walking up Main St. and passed Daynes Jewelry Co. I noticed a lovely girl dressing the show windows. After we passed I took Myron's arm and led him back on the outside by the curb to see this lovely girl again. She was one of the Hall girls of a few days before. Myron was a few years older than I and some of us were on the lookout for a suitable wife for him. I was so impressed quite suddenly with this lovely girl that I sincerely said, "Myron, there's a lovely girl that would make a man a good wife. You ought to get acquainted with her." He did not heed my advice, but I did. I married the girl before the year was out.

A few weeks after the rainy day incident I was downtown with my brother Porter. It was about six in the evening and folks

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