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After we finished the house, Ray and I decided to try to get some other jobs and work as partners. We heard of project, a Mr. Fillingame was building sixteen houses on each side of a street. We agreed on a price per 1000 and he had us and another crew, and whoever was ready first got the next house. We built 17 of the 32. Ray walked and I rode my bike. When the project was about half done I bought my first car, a 1924 Model T Roadster in 1925 for $245.00. We sure had a lot of fun in that car -- young and in love and gay and a roadster. We went all the time and everywhere.

Ray and I worked together all the year. We worked hard and did pretty good for a couple of starters. When we started on the Fillingame project we were soon informed that Mr. Fillingame was the "stingiest" and "crookedest" and "hardest to get money from" than any other builder in Salt Lake. Each Sat. before noon he would drive to the project to pay the men. The first Sat. we were there we did not have the first house to the square and so didn't expect any money till it was squared. All the workmen quit and ran out to his car, but we stayed working. The next Sat. they all ran out for their checks as though they were afraid they wouldn't get it. We kept working. We had one house finished and another squared. After Fillingame was finished paying the others he drove by our house and called, "Are you going to get a check today?" I replied, "I don't care," meaning I didn't care if we did. He drove away. The next Sat. when he came we had three houses finished and he came right to our job and said, "you're going to get a check today." All the rest of the summer, pay day was right at our job and we could get "anything" from him. Once he paid us in full for a house we hadn't started. When I pointed it out to him he just shrugged and said, "Never mind. That's OK." From then on we couldn't do anything wrong and it is very seldom that I have got as much money out of anyone so easily as from that man, who was supposed to be tight.

This has taught me a valuable lesson in human relationships When our children were little we had a child's doctor. The best in Salt Lake, Dr. Felt. I did a few little jobs on his home. He would never send me a bill. I was always trying to pay him and he was always refusing to accept it.

My dentist (he retired this summer) was Dr. Haymond. I have often kept track of the time I was in his chair, and he has often charged $7.00 per hour and he furnished the office, equipment, material, etc. A bricklayer gets more than that. A few times I have forced a little more on him. And I always give him a check when he is finished, before I leave.

I have had a real expert house painter the same way, and now I have a plumber friend, etc. It makes business a lot easier and friendlier and more satisfactory.

When the Fillingame project was over for that year, Ray Lund and I split up. I contracted alone for a year or two and hired my help. Then Kenneth Clark and I went into partnership which lasted until we went to Los Angeles after the earthquake of 1933.

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