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heat as bad in my life as in St. George. I became aware of the poor pioneers who settled there with no protection except their covered wagons. I remarked, "I would not make my home here for the whole county and everything in it." There are things worth more than material things. Those pioneers went because their prophet sent them.

When building a building with stone, you rake out all the mortar joints about 1/2 to 3/4 inches deep and at the end you fill them with a tool making for uniformity in material and work. We did this on the court house and bank. That was going to be a big slow job to fill all those joints.

Sherman Clark, Ken's brother, was working for us and discussed it with us. He had worked for Miller Floral in Farmington where they had lots of glass replacement. He said, "Why not do it with a putty gun?" He borrowed one for us and we tried using it with several different mixes of mortar until we discovered how to make it work with mortar. A man can do nearly ten times the work with a gun (caulking gun). That helped us a lot on the job, and after that we did quite a lot of pointing up that way. We could figure lower and still make big money for these generally small jobs. I have never heard or talked with anyone who has heard of doing that work with a gun before we did. It helped both Ken and me in subsequent years while working for ourselves and others. Everybody uses them now.

About this time there was a large remodeling and rebuilding on the Salt Lake post office and federal building. The whole building was faced with new granite. Ken and I took a contract to fill point all the joints between the stones. This was quite a large building and gave us a good opportunity to use our skills of pointing. Before we were finished with this job, we contracted to reline the lime kiln for the sugar factory at Preston, Idaho. Ken's sister and brother-in-law lived in Preston and he worked in the sugar factory office and helped us get the job. We were away about two weeks and came home with about $110.00 each. On the way home I stopped at the bank in Farmington and paid them $100.00 on my notes and came home with $10.00.

When my wife saw it she cried, "I thought that at least I could buy a few clothes for the children. They are wearing holes in the patches."

I said, "Well, you'll just have to patch the patches." I was determined to not lose the ground in Farmington.

It was hard for me to meet my agreed payments to the bank and there seemed to be no sign of activity on the proposed highway. I decided on a little stratagem. My sister Mary owed me for building a fireplace for her, so I hired one of her boys. We staked out a proposed house on my corner, straight in front of the portion of highway that was roughed in. I started my nephew digging a basement with a pick and shovel and wheelbarrow. I made sure the county commission were informed of the digging. Sure enough, on the commission meeting day at the court house, they came down and informed me that I could not build there where

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