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Title: **REC-Autob25**
Provenance: **Courtesy of Carol Nielson of North Salt Lake**
Category: **Volume**
Person:
Date:

or about her. She has always been a credit to me. She has always been the sweetheart of the Clark family.

Four our honeymoon we borrowed Porter's Model T and went to Provo, danced at the B.Y.U. dance, stayed overnight at Hotel Roberts, and next day went to Timpanogas Cave and back to Salt Lake so we could both go to work Monday. We rented a little apartment at 56 Vissing Place, between 5th and 6th South on West Temple Street. Daisy was within walking distance of her job, and I rode my bike all winter to my job, a little south of 33rd South on 23rd East, nearly 8 miles and back.

When March came (1925) they started laying off at my job, so I lost my job. It was a weekend and early spring. Next day (Sunday) Porter came to see me. A friend of his who had a job as a hod carrier was called to southern Utah and he had to go now. He tried to find his boss to tell him, but could not, so he left it for Porter to tell his boss, or find a replacement. So Monday morning when Mr. Lester and his hired bricklayer showed up, I had brick stacked up and mortar on the boards ready for them. Mr. Lester was put out but said if I could "do the work" he guessed I would do.

The house we were building was for the hired bricklayer, Mr. Hoagland. After we got the brick to the square, Mr. Lester and his apprentice left to start another house and left me there to tend the bricklayer on the chimneys and etc. This man, being the owner, was interrupted quite a lot by salesmen and etc. Once he left with a salesman for a couple of hours and when he came back I had another four feet on his chimney. He looked at it critically and asked where I learned to lay brick. I told him and he told Mr. Lester about it, so Mr. Lester had me work as a bricklayer most of the time. He did not pay me as much but it was all learning. I worked 2-3 months. He was a tough man to work for, but I was fit.

One Sat. afternoon as I was working along I thought I was doing OK, but he came over and chewed me out terribly. "I was loafing and he didn't care a nickel whether I stayed or not, etc." I took it, but Sat. afternoon (we did not work Sat. p.m.) I rode my bike around on the east bench looking. I found a man putting the floor joists on a new foundation and contracted to do the brick work. I was to start next Tuesday. I looked for another bricklayer to help me and found Ray Lund. He had been in the "school" with me and was on a big job at $6.00 per day, but he would quit and come with me for $6.00 per day next Tuesday. The I found a man to tend us.

Monday I went to work as usual. When noon came Mr. Lester announced "It's twelve o'clock." As I was going down the runway for lunch and Mr. Lester was right there I said, "I'm quitting today at noon. Bye."

He sure didn't want me to go and begged me, but it was too late. Next morning as I was riding my bike to my job, I met him and he stopped me and offered me another dollar, and then two more, then three more. Ray Lund and I did that house. I paid him and had $8.00 per day for me.

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