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Title: **REC-Autob23**
Provenance: **Courtesy of Carol Nielson of North Salt Lake**
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were heading for their cars as we were. As we were getting in Porter's car, a Model T, the Halls were getting in a car next to us. It was a new Oldsmobile. There was Bro. Hall and his son and two daughters. I did not know the girls' first names, so I called "Miss Hall, why don't you come and ride home in a good car." All of them looked and Bro. Hall said "Which Miss Hall? This one?" The thought flashed through my mind in an instant and I thought of the mix up it might lead to of starting with the wrong sister. I replied, "No, not that one. The other one." She quite sportingly obliged, and I had the lovely girl of the jewelry store in the back seat with me, alone.

This "lovely girl of the jewelry store" was born in England. She and all her family converted to Mormonism when she was nine. As she grew up she insisted that she was "going to Zion," so her family gradually made preparations. In her later teen years she went to Nottingham to work in a department store, "living in." She chummed with another girl, Wynn Keeth, not L.D.S. After all the other members of the family had come to America the two girls came. About this time I returned from my mission. After a couple of years Wynn went to San Francisco and got a job. Her friend was to follow "in a few months" when I met her. She had no intention of settling down in the foreseeable future at the time she got into Porter's Ford with me.

By the time we got to her house, we had a date for a movie next week. One date followed another in succession. I soon found myself falling in love. I knew better than to ask her to marry me. She revolted at the word "marriage" or "wife." One night as she sat, quite contented, next to me, I asked, "Do you like to be my sweetheart?"

"Mmhmm."

"Would you like to be my sweetheart all the time?"

"Mmhmm."

"For ever and ever?"

"Mmhmm."

"For time and all eternity?"

"Mmhmm."

After I left she was real worried at what she had said, but rationalized, "When he brings up the subject again I'll correct it." I never brought it up again. One answer was good enough.

On July 5, 1924 we left with her brother Edwin and his new wife in their father's Olds for a trip to Yellowstone Park. We took nine days for the trip and had a wonderful time. It was marred by one accident. Soon after we entered the park by the south entrance, Edwin hit a bump which caused us in the back seat to bounce high up and as we came down my girl hit her eyebrow on the top of the bow. It made quite a gash and worried us. She wore a bandage over her eye the remainder of the trip, but it healed OK.

I decided to buy a diamond for my sweetheart. I was totally inexperienced at this. I wrote to Ed Harrison, Pocatello, whom my folks had patronized when I was little, and told him. In a few days I received a package from him with three diamond rings,

[Page 23]